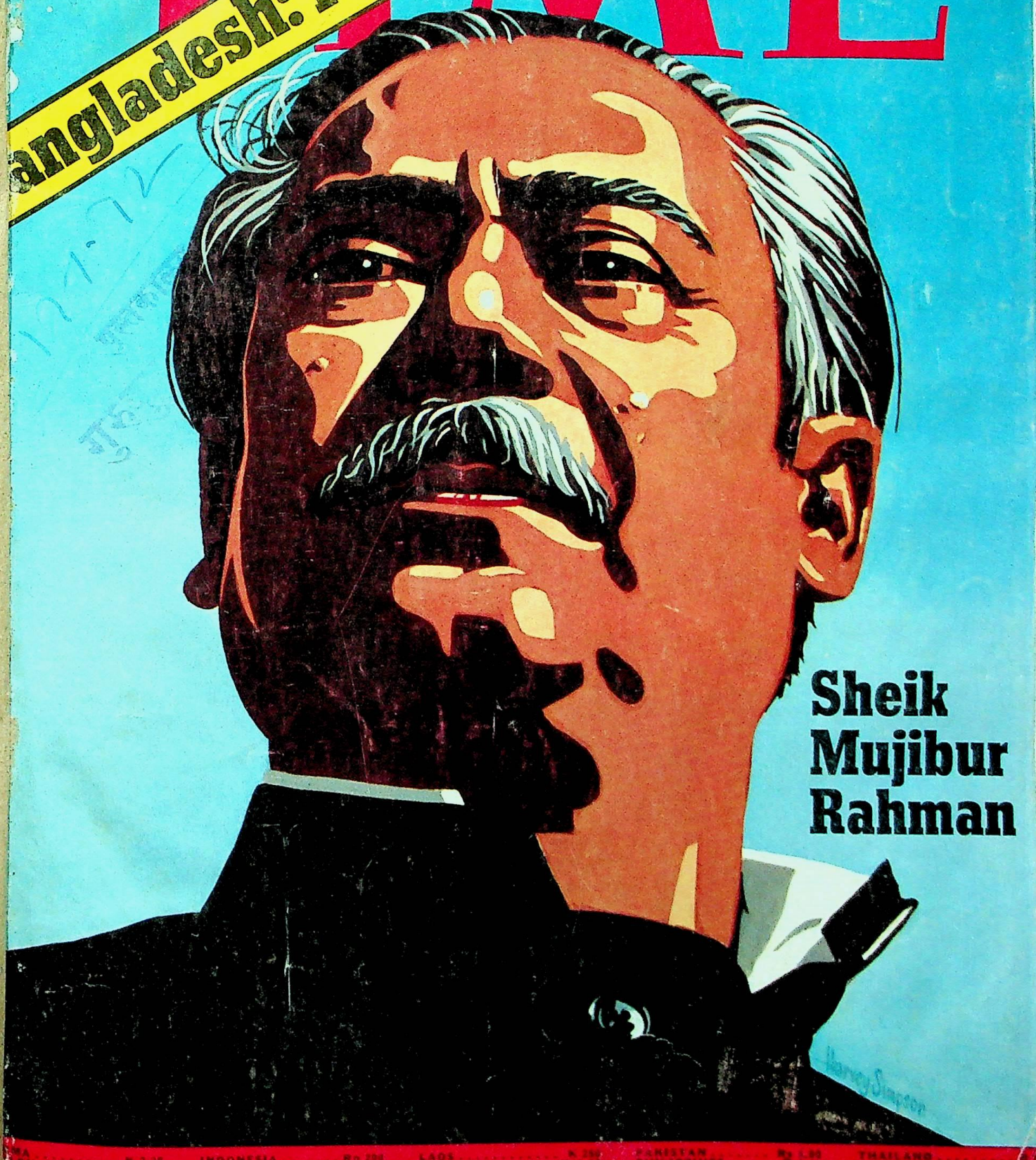
ANUARY 17, 1972

TIME

angladesh: From Jail To Power



Sheik Mujibur Rahman

Harvey Simpson

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Man of the Year

Sir / I commend you for naming Richard Milhous Nixon as Man of the Year [Jan. 3]. At the time of his inauguration, he was faced with troubles at home and many more abroad. Yet he has taken his stand and made for himself a well-deserved place in history. This country isn't perfect and neither is Mr. Nixon, but his undying concern and his faithful help have led me to believe that someone finally turned on the lights. Things do look brighter. This man has filled American minds with hope, replacing the despair that lived there for so long.

GLENDA M. GOODRICH
Washington, D.C.

Sir / Crime is up. The economy's down. The war goes on. Hordes of unemployed walk the street. White and black are farther apart than ever. Our elderly find it impossible to exist. Yet TIME picks Nixon as Man of the Year.

NAT H. TOLEN
Stamford, Conn.

Sir / By picking Richard Nixon, you have once again voted for planned mediocrity in Government office and many things contemptible in American life.

MICHAEL G. BALLINGER
New York City

Sir / The year must be 1984. Otherwise, I know that such a perceptive and objective magazine as yours would not have named Richard Nixon its Man of the Year.

(MRS.) ISABEL J. FORD
Jefferson, Mass.

Sir / Mr. Nixon made news in the past year, but the country at large hardly profited by his endeavors. A President who views world politics as if it were a football game has no comprehension of world affairs and little regard for the wishes of his people. Unfortunately, that is the basis of the Nixon presidency.

DAN SCHLOSSBERG
Passaic, N.J.

Heroic Helpfulness

Sir / Your article "The New American Samaritans" [Dec. 27] helped to redeem the sadly faded images of "charity" and "doing good" from their demise at the hands of cynics, ego-trippers and radicals of both right and left.

Pondering your nine vignettes of heroic helpfulness may not lead your readers to imitation, but it may help sensitize them to see such courage and compassion all around them.

L. ALEXANDER HARPER
Director for Domestic Affairs
Council for Christian Social Action
United Church of Christ
New York City

Sir / Hurray and hallelujah for the do-gooders. That name still makes people sound like goody-goodies, but you have proved there's no sissiness about the guts that these people have and the good work that they do.

ANNE PARKER
Arlington, Va.

Sir / I was interested but not surprised at the complaints of Do-Gooder Frank Ferree's neighbors about his house. If his neighbors had his spirit of brotherhood, they would take brush and hammer in hand and help him put his "damned eyesore" in order.

MARY ANN CONNERY
Coon Rapids, Minn.

Sir / Your title "The Do-Gooders" was a flippant smirk at those people with a true compassion for and a ready willingness to help those in need. There are still a few true Samaritans left in this troubled world.

MRS. PHILIP L. SPENCER
Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir / Thank you for including the Perpetual Mission and Mother Waddles in your story, but I feel it is necessary to point out that Integrated Medical Services (not McKesson & Robbins) of Detroit has totally funded the clinic to date and will continue to fund it.

Although we have eight volunteer doctors, we will also have two full-time doctors and a full-time paramedical staff, furnished and paid for by Integrated Medical Services.

CHARLESZETTA WADDLES
Mother Waddles Perpetual Mission
Detroit

According to the Prophets

Sir / Gee, fellas, it's real nice of you to give us back the right to our Jewish city of Jerusalem [Dec. 27]! We're glad you're big enough to swallow your doubts and to tell the world you think Jews are fit to govern a city that's had a Jewish majority for the last 100 years.

We're trying, we really are, to act with the decency, humanity, compassion and mercy that our prophets taught us in Jerusalem 2,500 years ago. Thanks for advising the Israelis to take especially good care of the Arabs; it never hurts anyone to hear a good sermon a few thousand times. But we do wish the world would stop yammering about Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is the center of Judaism, and if Christianity and Islam also chose it as a holy place, it was because of what the Jewish people did there 2,000 and more years ago.

(MRS.) EDITH SAMUEL
New York City

Sir / The unanswered question still remains: Does a Russian of Jewish faith have more right to live in Jerusalem than a Palestinian whose ancestors have lived in the Holy City for generations, but whose home or lands have now been expropriated by the Israeli government?

The crux of the problem still remains: the Palestinians, their identity a flame without a candle, a people without a country to call their own.

MAY MANSOOR
Houston

The Feather Pillow

Sir / If Ralph J. Bunche was "a man without color" [Dec. 20], the U.N. during 1971 was also colorless. But whereas Bunche's impartiality was laudable, the U.N.'s transparency was lamentable.

The U.N. has always been like a feather pillow. It simply takes on the shape of anyone who sits on it. While the superpowers caper and struggle for possession of the pillow, men like Bunche are the stuffing inside it.

It is a terrible irony that the U.N. year for the promotion of racial harmony should be marked by the death of one of its greatest exponents, a man who did so much yet deserved to achieve more.

WARREN L.W. SHARROCK
Wellington, N.Z.

Irreconcilable Confusion

Sir / The article "Who Has the Good News Straight?", about the accuracy and order of the Gospels [Dec. 27], was unnecessary. That a solution to the synoptic problem might be of interest is obvious, but to wonder as to its possible effect on Christian faith reveals an irreconcilable confusion between the "good news" and the *Six O'Clock News*.

JOHN J. RAGER
Ottawa, Ont.

Sir / What on earth does the place given to the Nativity have to do with determining the accuracy of a Gospel? Why should the Nativity be described more than once? After all, Christians celebrate Christ's birth only once a year, but they celebrate his death and resurrection every time they re-enact the Last Supper.

GEORGE JOSEPH
Greencastle, Ind.

Sir / Re "Who Has the Good News Straight?": God used four faithful men to write independent accounts. Each writer tells his own story using his own theme, objective, personality, and keeping in mind those to whom he is writing.

Matthew wrote his book primarily for his own people, the Jews, and quoted many times from the Hebrew Scriptures to serve his purpose. Since he had been a tax collector, it was natural that he would be explicit in his mention of money, figures and values. He alone emphasizes that mercy is required in addition to sacrifice.

Mark wrote mostly for the Romans, which required him to make many explanatory comments on Jewish customs and teachings with which non-Jews would be unfamiliar. Mark's writing is so vivid that his account must have been obtained from an eyewitness, probably Peter. He portrays Jesus as the miracle-working Son of God, the conquering Saviour. He puts considerable stress on the activities of Christ rather than on his sermons and teachings.

Luke wrote for "men of good will" of all nations. To achieve universal appeal, he traces Jesus' genealogy back to "Adam, the Son of God," and not just to Abraham. Being a doctor, he employs more than 300 medical terms or words. Keeping his audience in mind he also made it a point to tie in events with secular history.

John wrote primarily a supplementary work, in both what it says and fails to say. The more we search these writings, the more we appreciate that each has its distinctive features, and that the four inspired Gospels are independent, complementary and harmonious accounts of the life of Jesus Christ.

DAVID M. MILLS
Stone Ridge, N.Y.

Sacred Bulls

Sir / I disagree with your speculations about the Amazon women's practice of kidnaping males for sexual rites [Dec.

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27]. It is equally probable that thes women maintained males to preside as ti ular priests of fertility and sacrifice The benefit in maintaining these sacre and sacrificial "bulls," while excludin males from any other social activitie was the formation of a nonaggressive f male cult dedicated to motherhood an survival. It would seem disadvantageou for the Amazons to kidnap male "en emies," yet it would be an advantage t control their own men, and to cultivat peaceful coexistence.

SHERRY FUZESY
Alameda, Calif.

Sir / It is interesting to note that the leg endary Amazons went much further thar the bra-burning liberationists of today. These hunters amputated the right breast so it would not interfere with their bow and arrow ability during their battles.

MARK YARWOOD JOHNSON
Washington, D.C.

Home for the Instruments

Sir / I was very gratified to read TIME's report on the long-awaited new musical-instruments galleries at the Metropolitan Museum [Dec. 27].

However, I would like to draw attention to the fact that Mrs. André Mertens made possible the installation of the instruments, which have "moldered in storage for more than half a century," as a memorial to her late husband, André Mertens, the distinguished impresario and concert manager. The galleries have been named the André Mertens Galleries.

THOMAS HOVING
Director
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

Witless Days

Sir / The pun-filled Letter from the Publisher [Dec. 20] was a sheer delight. How many times have we lamented that wit is currently out of style, and that this humorless generation doesn't know what it is missing? Thank you for the nostalgia.

VIRGINIA THOMASON
Sarasota, Fla.

Sir / One need not be an especially shark reader to catch the porpoise of the Letter from the Publisher. Let me seas this oppor-tuna-ty to net-tle you and perchance put an end to this.

You've got a lot of gill to keep carping on those same old puns! It really disturbots me and fillets my sole with roe. O to be hard of herring!

I don't mean to be so crabby, but my cod, let's fin-ish the topic for once and for all. I've haddock!

MARY NED NYBERG
Framingham, Mass.

Magazine for People

Sir / How can Editor Gloria Steinem call her publication *Ms.* a "non-sexist 'how to' magazine for the liberated female human being" [Dec. 20]? It is a contradiction in terms. I will subscribe to the first non-sexist magazine for "people."

MALCOLM JAMES
Wellington, N.Z.

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TIME

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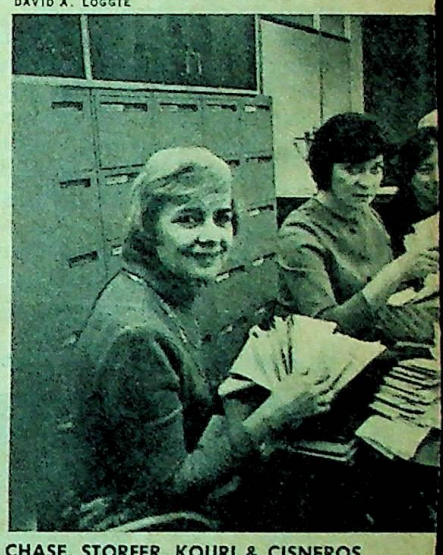
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

EDWARD EVERETT, the versatile statesman-educator-clergyman, once said that he was "compelled to regard the post office, next to Christianity, as the right arm of modern civilization" because the mails circulate "the moral sentiments, the intelligence, the affections of so many millions." The Rev. Mr. Everett was guilty of 19th century hyperbole, but he did have a point. Each week we get 1,000 or so letters filled with the moral sentiments, intelligence, affections (and the opposite) of our readers.

Letters Chief Maria Luisa Cisneros and her staff of ten read the entire stack and circulate a weekly digest that keeps the editors up-to-date on reader reaction. She has observed two trends in recent years: TIME's audience has become increasingly concerned with serious issues in the news, and the letters are generally more thoughtful and balanced than in the past. In 1971, the biggest magnet for mail was the trial and conviction of William Calley; the Pentagon papers case and the "Jesus Revolution" cover story ranked second and third. Many readers took a stand on the Calley court-martial outcome, supporting the verdict, 649 to 422. Sentiment concerning the Pentagon papers case was more closely divided, with those favoring the disclosure of the classified material slightly outnumbering those opposed.

DAVID A. LOGGIE



CHASE, STORFER, KOURI & CISNEROS

Two of our cover subjects got decisive votes of non-confidence. Psychologist B.F. Skinner and his theories about human behavior drew 354 critical comments *v.* 71 admiring ones. Edward Kennedy's count was 213 in opposition, 30 in support. In general, people wanting to express opposition seem more eager to write than those who are in an approving mood.

Only a small number of our readers' letters can be printed, and each week Reporter-Researcher Nancy Chase culls the mail for a representative and interesting sample. But all correspondence is answered. Miss Cisneros' staffers make a rough division by subject matter. Isabel Kouri, for instance, specializes in national affairs; Barbara Storfer in foreign news, science and environment.

About 20% of our correspondents want to get facts rather than give opinions. In 1971, requests ranged from information on cases mentioned in LAW to the names of all 47 Charlie Chan movies (we came up with 39). Others are eager to let us know when they think that they have detected an error. Often they are right, but occasionally the "corrections" themselves need further checking. When the origin of the Pop art smile button was at issue, 40 readers claimed credit—individually.

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The Cover: *Portrait in opaque watercolor by Harvey Simpson.*

BANGLADESH/COVER STORY

Mujib's Road from Prison to Power

TO some Western observers, the scene stirred thoughts of Pontius Pilate deciding the fates of Jesus and Barabbas. "Do you want Mujib freed?" cried Pakistan President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, at a rally of more than 100,000 supporters in Karachi. The crowd roared its assent, as audiences often do when subjected to Bhutto's powerful oratory. Bowing his head, the President answered: "You have relieved me of a great burden."

Thus last week Bhutto publicly announced what he had previously told TIME Correspondent Dan Coggin: his decision to release his celebrated prisoner, Sheik Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, the undisputed political leader of what was once East Pakistan, and President of what is now the independent country of Bangladesh.

Five days later, after two meetings with Mujib, Bhutto lived up to his promise. He drove to Islamabad Airport to see Mujib off for London aboard a chartered Pakistani jetliner. To maintain the utmost secrecy, the flight left at 3 a.m. The secret departure was not announced to newsmen in Pakistan until ten hours later, just before the arrival of the Shah of Iran at the same airport for a six-hour visit with Bhutto. By that time Mujib had reached London—tired but seemingly in good health. "As you can see, I am very much alive and well," said Mujib, jauntily puffing on a brier pipe. "At this stage I only want to be seen and not heard."

A few hours later, however, after talking by telephone with India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in New Delhi and with the acting President of Bangladesh, Syed Nazrul Islam, in Dacca, Mujib held a press conference in the ballroom of Claridge's Hotel. While scores of jubilant East Bengalis gathered outside the hotel, Mujib called for world recognition of Bangladesh, which he described as "an unchallengeable reality," and asked that it be admitted to the United Nations.

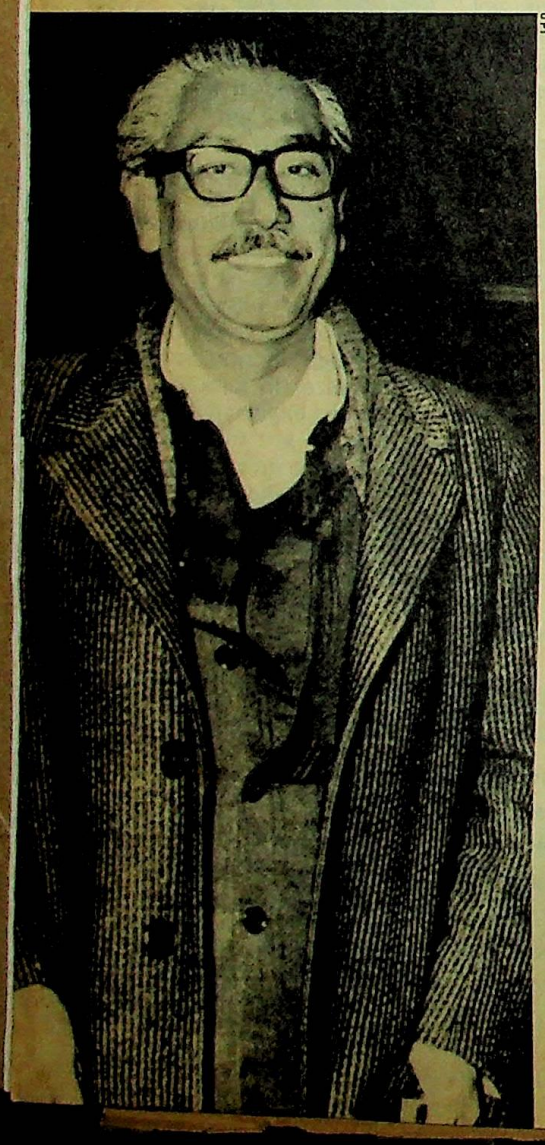
Clearly seething with rage, Mujib described his life "in a condemned cell in a desert area in the scorching heat," for nine months without news of his family or the outside world. He was ready to be executed, he said. "And a man who is ready to die, nobody can kill." He knew of the war, he said, because "army planes were moving, and there was the blackout." Only after his first meeting with Bhutto did he know that Bangladesh had formed its own government. Of the Pakistani army's slaughter of East Bengalis, Mujib declared: "If Hitler could have been alive today, he would be ashamed."

Mujib spoke well of Bhutto, however, but emphasized that he had made no promise that Bangladesh and Pakistan would maintain a link that Bhutto anxiously wants to have. "I told him I could only answer that after I returned to my people," said the sheik. Why had he flown to London instead of to Dacca or some closer neutral point? "Don't you know I was a prisoner?" Mujib snapped. "It was the Pakistan government's will, not mine." Mujib's stay in London lasted only 24 hours. On Sunday he flew off in an R.A.F. jet to New Delhi and then to a triumphal welcome in Dacca.

Little Choice. Although Mujib's flight to London rather than to Dacca was something of a surprise, his release from house arrest was not. In truth, Bhutto had little choice but to set him free. A Mujib imprisoned, Bhutto evidently decided, was of no real benefit to Pakistan; a Mujib dead and martyred would only have deepened the East Bengalis' hatred of their former countrymen. But a Mujib allowed to return to his rejoicing people might perhaps be used to coax Bangladesh into forming some sort of loose association with Pakistan.

In the light of Mujib's angry words about Pakistan at the London press conference, Bhutto's dream of reconciliation with Bangladesh appeared unreal. Yet some form of association may not be entirely beyond hope of achievement. For the time being, Bangladesh will be dependent upon India for financial, military and other aid. Bhutto may well have been reasoning that sooner or later the Bangladesh leaders will tire of the presence of In-

SHEIK MUJIBUR RAHMAN IN LONDON



UPI

BENGALI WOMAN CELEBRATING NEWS OF MUJIB'S RELEASE





MUJIB'S WIFE WITH SON RUSSELL
This time, 21 guns of joy.

dian troops and civil servants, and be willing to consider a new relation with their humbled Moslem brothers. Bangladesh, moreover, may find it profitable and even necessary to re-establish some of the old trade ties with Pakistan. As Bhutto put it: "The existing realities do not constitute the permanent realities."

Stupendous Homecoming. One existing reality that Bhutto could hardly ignore was Bangladesh's euphoric sense of well-being after independence. When the news reached Bangladesh that Mujib had been freed, Dacca began preparing a stupendous homecoming for its national hero. All week long the capital had been electric with expectation. In the wake of the first reports that his arrival was imminent, Bengalis poured into the streets of Dacca, shouting, dancing, singing, firing rifles into the air and roaring the now-familiar cry of liberation *"Joi Bangla."* Many of the rejoicing citizens made a pilgrimage to the small bungalow where Mujib's wife and children had been held captive by the Pakistani army. The Begum had spent the day fasting. "When I heard the gunfire in March it was to kill the people of Bangladesh," she tearfully told the well-wishers. "Now it is to demonstrate their joy."

The people of Bangladesh will need all the joy that they can muster in the next few months. The world's newest nation is also one of its poorest. In the aftermath of the Pakistani army's rampage last March, a special team of inspectors from the World Bank observed that some cities looked "like the morning after a nuclear attack." Since then, the destruction has only been magnified. An estimated 6,000,000 homes have been destroyed, and nearly 1,400,000 farm families have been left without tools or

Great Man or Rabble-Rouser?

THE history of the Indian subcontinent for the past half-century has been dominated by leaders who were as controversial as they were charismatic: Mahatma Gandhi, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Jawaharlal Nehru. Another name now seems likely to join that list: Sheik Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, the President of Bangladesh. To his critics, Mujib is a vituperative, untrustworthy rabble-rouser. To most of the people of his new nation, he is a patriot-hero whose imprisonment by West Pakistan has only enhanced his appeal. "He was a great man before," says one Bangladesh official, "but those bastards have made him even greater."

Even his detractors concede that Mujib has the personal qualifications to become an extremely effective popular leader. He is gregarious, highly emotional and remarkably attuned to the needs and moods of his supporters. He has an uncanny ability to remember names and faces. Mujib is also a spellbinding orator with a simplistic message and a pungent, fervent style.

It is not yet clear whether Mujib is more profound than his stirring rhetoric. His political success so far is due largely to his ability to marshal public opinion in East Bengal by blaming all of its troubles on its former rulers in West Pakistan. He has a tendency to make extravagant promises, and to oversimplify complex economic and agricultural problems. "My brothers," he once told a gathering of East Pakistani jute farmers, "do you know that the streets of Karachi are paved with gold, and that it is done with your money earned from exporting jute?"

■

Mujib's supporters insist that he has shown a capacity for growth. He was born 51 years ago, one of six children of a middle-class family that lived on a farm in Tongipara, a village about 60 miles southwest of Dacca. At ten, Mujib displayed the first signs of a social conscience by distributing rice from the family supplies to tenant farmers who helped work the property. "They were hungry, and we have all these things," the boy explained to his irate father, an official of the local district court.

As a youth, Mujib developed a strong antipathy to British rule. While a seventh-grader, he was jailed for six days for agitating in favor of India's independence. A long bout with beriberi left his eyes weakened, and Mujib belatedly finished high school when he was 22.

After earning a B.A. in history and political science at Calcutta's Islamia College—where he developed a taste for the writings of Bernard Shaw and Indian Poet Rabindranath Tagore—Mujib enrolled as a law student at Dacca University. He supported a strike by the university's menial workers, and quickly found himself in jail once again. He indignantly rejected an offer to be set free on bail. "I did not come to the university to bow my head to injustice," he said grandly. When he got out of jail, Mujib discovered that he had been expelled from the university. He promptly set out on a turbulent political career and spent 10½ of the next 23 years behind bars. "Prison is my other home," he once shrugged.

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Between jail terms, Mujib helped found the progressive Awami (People's) League of East Pakistan, and in 1954 briefly served as the provincial minister in charge of industry and fighting corruption. Mujib had long been disillusioned by the exploitation of poorer East Pakistan by the more dominant western half of the divided nation. He was further disenchanted by the 1965 war with India. Like many other Bengalis, he was appalled to discover that the West Pakistanis had left the country's eastern sector virtually undefended. The next year, Mujib propounded his now famous six points, which demanded domestic autonomy for East Pakistan within a confederation with the West. Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan rejected the demands as a secessionist conspiracy, and had Mujib and other Awami League officials arrested and taken to West Pakistan. When Mujib was released for lack of evidence in 1969, more than 1,000,000 people turned out to greet him at a homecoming rally at Dacca's Race Course. By then East and West Pakistan already were drifting toward the course that led to Mujib's imprisonment in West Pakistan—and to last month's war.

■

As was customary in East Bengali villages, Mujib was pledged to his wife in an arranged marriage when she was three and he 14. They have five children ranging from a 6-year-old son to a 25-year-old married daughter, who recently gave birth to a boy. Soon after his return to Bangladesh, Mujib will get his first look at the new grandchild, whose name, Joi, was taken from the new country's wartime rallying cry, *Joi Bangla!*—Victory to Bengal!

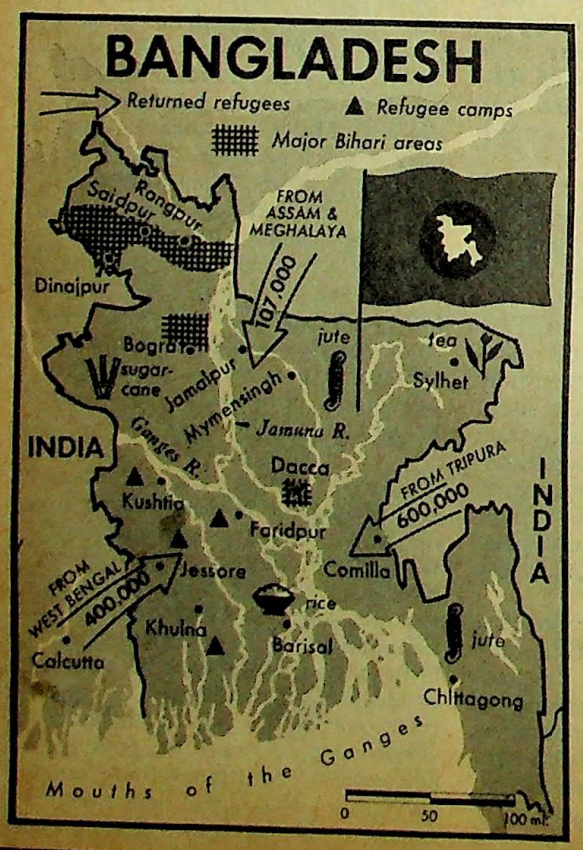
animals to work their lands. Transportation and communications systems are totally disrupted. Roads are damaged, bridges out and inland waterways blocked.

The rape of the country continued right up until the Pakistani army surrendered a month ago. In the last days of the war, West Pakistani-owned businesses—which included nearly every commercial enterprise in the country—remitted virtually all their funds to the West. Pakistan International Airlines left exactly 117 rupees ($16) in its account at the port city of Chittagong. The army also destroyed bank notes and coins, so that many areas now suffer from a severe shortage of ready cash. Private cars were picked up off the streets or confiscated from auto dealers and shipped to the West before the ports were closed.

Ruined Gardens. The principal source of foreign exchange in Bangladesh—$207 million in 1969-70—is jute; it cannot be moved from mills to markets until inland transportation is restored. Repairing vital industrial machinery smashed by the Pakistanis will not take nearly as long as making Bangladesh's ruined tea gardens productive again. Beyond that, the growers, whose poor-quality, lowland tea was sold almost exclusively to West Pakistan, must find alternative markets for their product. Bangladesh must also print its own currency and, more important, find gold reserves to back it up. "We need foreign exchange, that is, hard currency," says one Dacca banker. "That means moving the jute that is already at the mills. It means selling for cash, not in exchange for Indian rupees or East European machinery. It means getting foreign aid, food relief, and fixing the transportation system, all at the same time. It also means chopping imports."

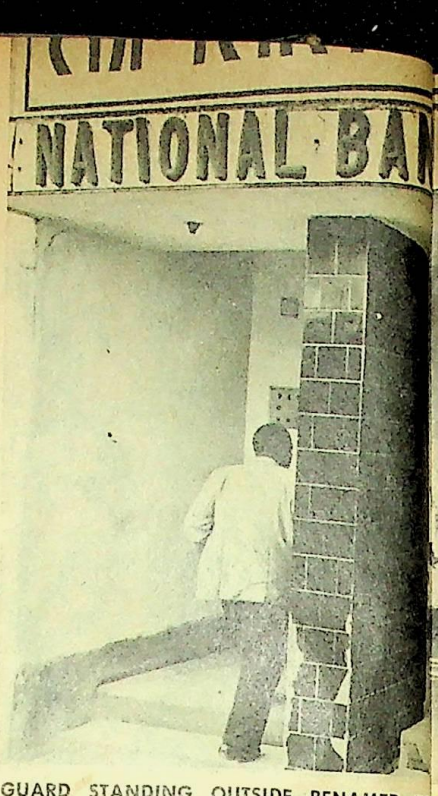
The Bangladesh Planning Commission is more precise: it will take $3 billion just to get the country back to its 1969-70 economic level (when the per capita annual income was still an abysmally inadequate $30). In the wake of independence, the government of Bangladesh, headed by Acting President Syed Nazrul Islam and Prime Minister Tajuddin Ahmed, has instituted stringent measures to control inflation, including a devaluation of the rupee in terms of the pound sterling (from 15 to 18), imposing a ceiling of $140 a month on all salaries and limiting the amount of money that Bengalis can draw from banks. Such measures hit hardest at the urban, middle-class base of the dominant Awami League, but there has been little opposition, largely because most Bengalis seem to approve of the moderately socialist course laid out by the government. Last week Nazrul Islam announced that the government will soon nationalize the banking, insurance, foreign trade and basic industries as a step toward creating an "exploitation-free economy."

Not the least of the new nation's problems is the repatriation of the 10 million refugees who fled to India. As of last week, Indian officials said that more than 1,000,000 had already returned, most of them from the states of West Bengal and Tripura. To encourage the refugees, camp officials gave each returning family a small gift consisting of a new set of aluminum kitchen utensils, some oil, charcoal, a piece of chocolate, two weeks' rations of rice and grain and the equivalent of 50¢ in cash.



Within Bangladesh, transit camps have been set up to provide overnight sleeping facilities. The government acknowledges that it will need foreign aid and United Nations assistance. Some U.N. supplies are already stockpiled in the ports, awaiting restoration of distribution facilities.

The political future of Bangladesh is equally uncertain. For the moment, there is all but universal devotion to the words and wisdom of Mujib, but whether he can institute reforms quickly enough to maintain his total hold on his countrymen is another question. Many of the more radical young guerrillas who fought with the Mukti Bahini (liberation forces) may not be content



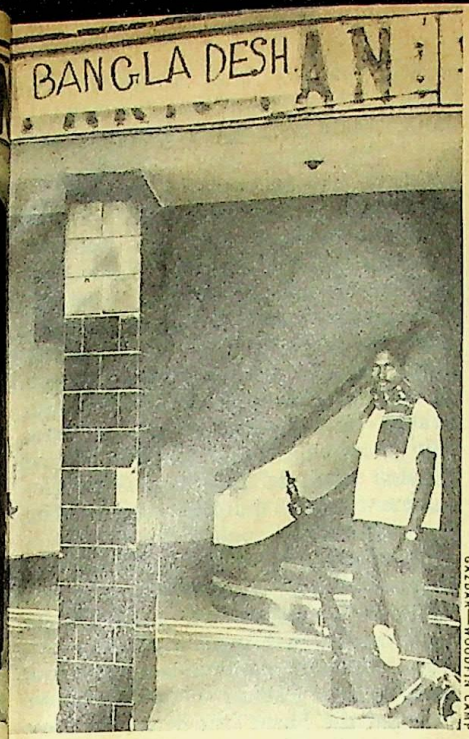
GUARD STANDING OUTSIDE RENAMED FOTIONA
When peace came, only 117 rupees in th

with the moderate course charted by the middle-aged politicians of the Awami League. Moreover, the present Dacca government is a very remote power in country villages where the local cadres of the Mukti Bahini are highly visible.

Already the guerrillas have split into factions, according to India's Sunanda Datta-Ray in the *Statesman*. The elite Mujib Bahini, named after the sheik, has now begun to call itself the "Mission," and one of its commanders, Ali Ashraf Chowdurdy, 22, told Datta-Ray: "We will never lay down our arms until our social ideals have been realized." Another guerrilla put the matter more bluntly: "For us the revolution is not over. It has only begun." So far the Mujib Bahini has done a commendable job of protecting the Biharis, the non-Bengali Moslems who earned Bengali wrath by siding with the Pakistan army. But the government is anxious to disarm the Mujib Bahini, and has plans to organize it into a constabulary that would carry out both police and militia duties.

Front Windshields. Despite its ravaged past and troubled future, Bangladesh is still a lovely land to behold, according to TIME's William Stewart. "There is little direct evidence of the fighting along the main highway from Calcutta to Dacca," he cabled from Dacca last week, "although in some areas there are artillery shell craters and the blackened skeletons of houses. Local markets do a brisk business in fruit and staple goods but by Bengali standards many of the villages are all but deserted.

"Dacca has all the friendliness of a provincial town, its streets filled with hundreds of bicycle-driven rickshaws each one painted with flowers and proudly flying the new flag of Ban



GAZDAR—WOODFIN CAMP

NATIONAL BANK OF PAKISTAN IN CHITTAGONG
in the airline account.

gladesh. In fact every single car in Dacca flies the national flag, and many have Mujib's photo on the front windshield. The city is dotted with half-completed construction projects, including the new capital buildings designed by U.S. Architect Louis Kahn. Some day, when and if they are completed, Dacca will find itself with a collection of public buildings that might well be the envy of many a richer and more established capital.

"But whether you arrive at Dacca's war-damaged airport or travel the tree-lined main road from Calcutta, it is the relaxed, peaceful atmosphere that is most noticeable. Even as travel to Bangladesh becomes more difficult, customs and immigration officials are genuinely friendly and polite, smiling broadly, cheerily altering your entry forms so that you conform with the latest regulations. There is no antagonism to individual Americans. Once it is known that you are an American, however, the inevitable question is: How could the Nixon Administration have behaved the way that it did? There is in fact an almost universal belief that the American people are with them.

"That sentiment was echoed by Tajuddin Ahmed, who told me in an interview: 'The Nixon Administration has inflicted a great wound. Time heals wounds, of course, but there will be a scar. We are grateful to the American press, intellectual leaders and all those who raised their voices against injustice. Pakistan turned this country into a hell. We are very sorry that some administrations of friendly countries were giving support to killers of the Bengali nation. For the people of Bangladesh, any aid from Nixon would be disliked. It would be difficult, but we do not bear any lasting enmity.'"

PAKISTAN

Toward a Revolution

On the same day that he released Sheik Mujibur Rahman and saw him off to London, Pakistan President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto—in a supreme irony—ordered the house arrest of his predecessor, Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, the man who imprisoned Mujib in the first place.

Both actions produced headlines round the world. But in Pakistan they were almost overshadowed by what Bhutto grandly called "the first steps toward an economic and social revolution." These first steps were large ones. After seizing the passports of members of the country's wealthy ruling "22 families"—who, by prewar estimate, controlled more than two-thirds of Pakistan's industrial assets—Bhutto ordered them to repatriate the $220 million that, he said, they had stashed away abroad. Bhutto also threatened a crackdown on Pakistan's oligarchy by ordering the house arrest of two of his country's richest men. "Pakistan is one of the poorest countries in the world," Bhutto has said, "and yet some of our capitalists are among the world's richest men."

No Competition. In addition, Bhutto nationalized ten of his country's basic industries, including iron and steel, heavy engineering, automobile assembling, chemicals, cement and public utilities. "There was no competition in these industries," he declared. "They were fed on licenses. Favorites of the government and those who were privileged—these were the ones who got licenses." He insisted, however, that the government would not take over foreign investments, nor seize other industries, provided they were guiltless of financial irregularities.

To heighten the contrast between himself and his sluggish, dissolute predecessor, Bhutto kept to an exhausting 18-hour-a-day schedule. The whirlwind of activity was designed not only to solidify his one-man rule over Pakistan, but also to restore the shattered confidence of his countrymen. He has purged the bureaucracy as well as the armed forces, firing, among others, the attorney general, the chief of intelligence and the governor of the state bank. He has outlined plans for land reform, free primary education and an improved public health program.

Bhutto has lectured the long-captive Pakistani press against blaming the country's problems on other nations. Hosting a buffet luncheon for foreign correspondents on the lawn of his family home at Larkana, where he had gone to celebrate his 44th birthday, Bhutto promised to make an announcement soon about "the first phase of our movement toward democracy," adding: "Believe me, I mean it. If I am pulling a fast one, you'll soon realize that." Meanwhile, though, Pakistan remained under martial law.

Bhutto also announced last week that he would visit China, Pakistan's principal ally in Asia, at the end of the month. In earlier years, particularly from 1963 to 1966 when he was Pakistan's Foreign Minister, Bhutto was noted for his pro-Chinese and anti-American views. Since he became President last month, however, he has gone to some pains to emphasize that he wants to have friendly relations with the U.S.—in recognition, no doubt, of Washington's support of Pakistan during the war.

In New Delhi, anger over the Nixon Administration's open support of Pakistan's cause still runs very deep. Last week, in reaction to U.S. policy and the cancellation of most U.S. economic aid (which amounted to $159 million last year), the Indian government announced that it was granting full diplomatic recognition to North Viet Nam—while retaining only consular-level relations with Saigon. Until now, New Delhi had maintained a formal neutrality on the Viet Nam issue because it was chairman of the International Control Commission, which was charged with supervising a cease-fire in Viet Nam under the Geneva accord of 1954. India pointedly refrained from advising Washington of its decision in advance. The U.S., in turn, protested to India that its action could jeopardize its chairmanship of the commission. For the moment, both governments were clearly too angry to be interested in repairing the breach.



BHUTTO ADDRESSING RALLY IN KARACHI
Working to restore confidence.

DIPLOMACY

The Kissinger Tilt

KISSINGER: *The President is blaming me, but you fellows are in the clear.*
SISCO: *That's ideal.*

That fleeting moment of levity during the secret deliberations of the elite Washington Special Action Group enlivened the classified documents released last week by Columnist Jack Anderson (*see* THE PRESS). While providing a rare, fascinating glimpse of uncertainty and candor among the President's top advisers as India waged its swift war to dismember Pakistan, the papers revealed nothing new of substance and fell far short of proving the columnist's assertion that the Administration had grossly deceived the public about its pro-Pakistani stance. They did discredit Henry Kissinger's claim during the action that the U.S. was not "anti-Indian," but the Administration's lack of neutrality had been evident all along.

While not comparable in scope or substance to the Pentagon papers, the Anderson revelations similarly constitute more an embarrassment to Government than a threat to national security. They include the minutes of three meetings of the Special Action Group, a unit of the National Security Council, which were attended by up to 19 representatives of such agencies as the CIA, AID, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the State and Defense departments. The dialogue at the meetings turned out to be coolly colloquial. Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson referred to the emerging nation of Bangladesh as "an international basket case," while Henry Kissinger argued that at least it need not be "our basket case." Pakistanis were always called "Paks," and the two sections of that nation were the East and West "wings." An impending U.S. decision became "the next state of play." There was discussion of whether India intended to "extinguish" West Pakistan and whether the U.S. would be asked to "bail out Bangladesh."

Twelve Days. More substantially, even on the second day of fighting the highest experts seemed to know little more about the action than they could have read in their newspapers. The minutes note that CIA Director Richard Helms "indicated that we do not know who started the current action." Kissinger asked the CIA to prepare a report on "who did what to whom and when." The military representatives stuck their necks out when asked how long it would take the Indian army to force a Pakistani surrender in the East. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, Chief of Naval Operations, estimated one or two weeks; Army Chief of Staff William Westmoreland said as many as three. It took twelve days.

As reported widely last month, President Nixon was furious at Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi because during her visit to Washington in November, she gave no indication that India intended to go to war with Pakistan. The Anderson papers illustrate the intensity of Nixon's anger at New Delhi: "I am getting hell every half-hour from the President that we are not being tough enough on India," Kissinger told the meeting on Dec. 3. "He has just called me again. He does not believe we are carrying out his wishes. He wants to tilt in favor of Pakistan. He feels everything we do comes out otherwise."

This apparently indicated that Nixon was being frustrated by lower officials at the State and Defense departments who wanted a more even-handed approach. At a later meeting

HERBLOCK—WASHINGTON POST



"Somebody around here has been putting out accurate information."

Nixon was still unhappy with the bureaucratic resistance. The secret minutes later reported: "Dr. Kissinger said that whoever is putting out background information is provoking presidential wrath. The President is under the illusion that he is giving instructions, not that he is merely being kept apprised of affairs."

Among those who opposed the Nixon-Kissinger policy was the U.S. ambassador in New Delhi, Kenneth Keating. In a secret cable, he complained that Washington's policy did not fit the facts and injured American credibility in the world. The White House was also unmoved by concern in some Pentagon quarters that the Administration's policy was giving the Soviet Union new military advantages in South Asia.

What motivated Nixon to reject such arguments? The Administration claims—and the documents confirm this—that a major concern was to discourage and prevent India from trying to knock over all of West Pakistan as well as the East "wing." Nixon and Kissinger evidently believed that if India were encouraged by a more or less friendly U.S. attitude, New Delhi would strike at West Pakistan (although there is no real evidence to support this); hence they reasoned that the U.S. had to cool the Indians by adopting a pro-Pakistan "tilt." Referring to the West, Kissinger told the group that "it is quite obvious that the President is not inclined to let the Paks be defeated." Kissinger even inquired whether the U.S. could secretly supply arms to West Pakistan through a third party, such as Jordan or Saudi Arabia—an action that would have totally deceived the U.S. public—but he desisted when advised by a State Department official that this would violate longstanding U.S. policy.

Nixon and Kissinger obviously also believed that the Soviet Union, which signed a friendship treaty with India last August, was well entrenched in New Delhi; an evenhanded policy not tilted toward Pakistan would not have changed the basic fact of Soviet arms aid to India. But a pro-Indian policy would have antagonized Pakistan and its mentor Peking. Thus, apparently afraid that the President's Peking mission might be jeopardized, the Administration favored Pakistan over India. The Moscow summit was in hazard as well, since the big powers might have come to a direct confrontation over the war.

Cardinal Rule. This rationale makes a certain amount of sense, but is also open to serious criticism. The most emotional but least pertinent argument is that Pakistan was a corrupt military dictatorship while India is "the world's largest democracy." The U.S. has sided, and will have to side again, with all kinds of unpleasant regimes, including Communist ones. The more serious case against the Administration's actions is that 1) the pro-Pakistan policy may actually have encouraged the war; for instance, the Indians were infuriated that the U.S. failed to protest vigorously the imprisonment of Bengali Leader Sheik Mujibur Rahman, and that it never spoke out forcefully against Pakistan's brutal repression in its eastern province; 2) a more careful, neutral stance rather than publicly branding India the aggressor need not have jeopardized the President's China initiative and could have reduced Soviet influence in India at least marginally.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the whole unhappy episode was the surprising extent to which the President seemed to be acting out of anger at what he considered India's duplicity and its threat to his grand design in foreign policy. He apparently had ignored his own cardinal rule of presidential decision making, stated only last month to TIME White House Correspondent Jerrold Schecter: "Great decisions, if they are to be good decisions, must be made coolly; and if you respond in hot blood, you cannot make good decisions."

THE WAR

Talking Tough in Paris

Until recently, the only place that rivaled Saigon as a U.S. diplomatic hardship post was Paris—if one happened to be assigned to the Viet Nam peace talks. Inside or out of the velvet-curtained ballroom in the former Hotel Majestic, where the sessions are held, American negotiators have had little to do over the past three years beyond eating canapés and trying to keep their tempers while their Communist counterparts gleefully played to the grandstands. "For the first time anyone could remember," says one U.S. delegate, "Foreign Service types in Paris were requesting reassignment to places like Ouagadougou, where at least there was something happening."

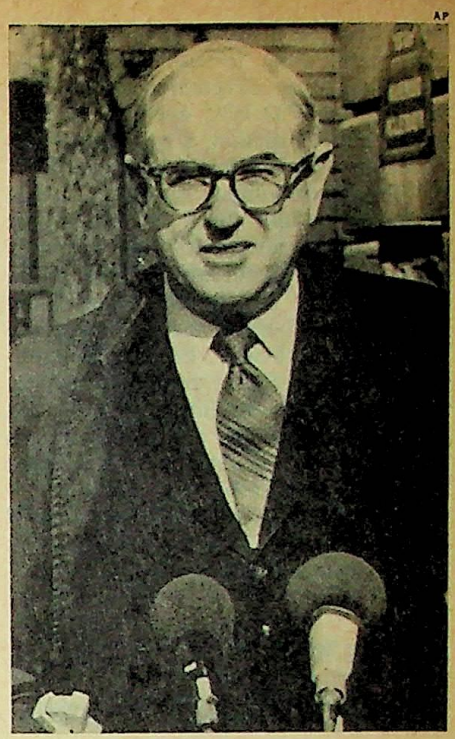
But now the talks are coming alive for the first time since last spring, when David K.E. Bruce, then U.S. chief negotiator, upbraided the Communists for insulting Richard Nixon. Since his takeover of the U.S. negotiations four months ago, Ambassador William J. Porter has totally changed the once patient and restrained U.S. style in Paris—not by negotiating, but simply by talking tough. The result has been a verbal offensive that has startled the Communists. It is unlikely that this will bring about any progress, but it has changed the atmosphere and cheered the 19-member U.S. delegation, for whatever that is worth.

139th Session. Last month, Porter shocked the North Vietnamese by announcing a boycott of the negotiations—a ploy that had always been their specialty. When he returned to the Majestic last week, Porter jousted with the Communists for four straight hours. He warned them against trying any "military adventures" in Indochina, adding that the result could only be "the loss of many more lives." The Communist delegates accused him of not "responding positively" to their proposals, but Porter rasped back that Communists made a practice of turning "proposals into ultimatums, and you are in no position to issue ultimatums." At the end of the session, the 139th since the talks began, Porter snapped that "your failure to negotiate here is an established fact."

When the North Vietnamese clammed up over a question in the past, U.S. negotiators usually let the point pass. Porter likes to glare across the green baize table top and say: "Maybe you didn't hear me." He is particularly irked by the manners of one Communist delegate, who ostentatiously leafs through TIME and other U.S. publications as well as the Dow Jones stock averages during some sessions —especially when the news has been bad. Porter plans to make the Communists more responsive by trying to open the talks to the press.

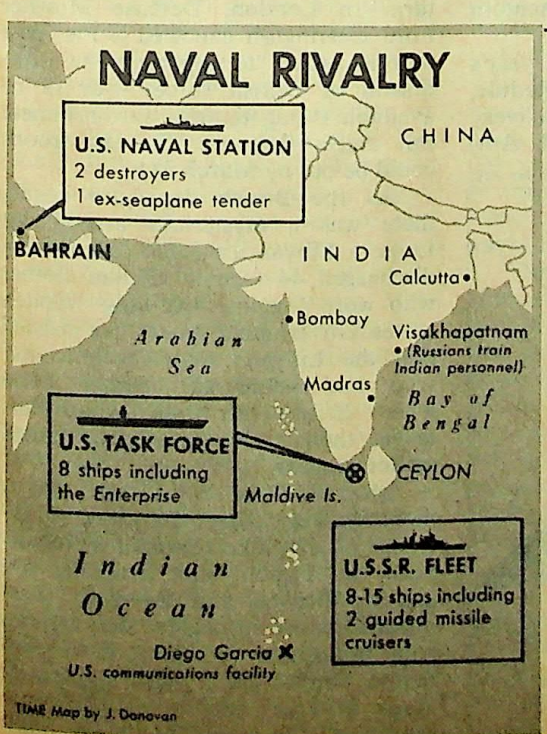
Born in Britain, the deceptively mild-looking Porter has a well-deserved reputation as an earthy and adroit negotiator. But he also went to Paris with a special franchise. His predecessors—Averell Harriman, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bruce—all treated the talks seriously, partly because U.S. domestic politics demanded it, and partly because there was still hope that the Communists would negotiate. Porter's quite different mandate is to stop the talks from being used as a Viet Cong soapbox—even if it means being beastly to the Communists.

There is no expectation in Washington, however, that merely being beastly to the Communists will help bring about serious talks. The U.S. has switched to a more aggressive stance mainly because Richard Nixon reckons, at least to his own satisfaction, that Vietnamization is working, and therefore the American bargaining position has strengthened substantially in recent months. Even so, there is almost no confidence within the Administration that a negotiated Viet Nam settlement is possible—in Paris or anywhere else. In fact, the main question that the U.S. hopes to resolve at the talks is the fate of the American prisoners of war. In his CBS television interview last week, Nixon announced that a "residual force" of some 30,000 troops would stay on indefinitely in South Viet Nam after the regular withdrawal program has



AP

U.S. AMBASSADOR PORTER IN PARIS
A lefthanded compliment.



AT the height of the India-Pakistan war, Naval Task Force 74 of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, led by the attack carrier *Enterprise*, sailed into the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal. The purpose of the mission was to evacuate Americans from East Bengal if necessary, but another reason was to impress the Indians and to counter any Soviet ships that might appear in the region. Last week, even as the ships began returning to their normal area of operations, the Pentagon announced that henceforth the U.S. Navy will be seen more often, and in greater strength, in the Indian Ocean.

The reason is that the Soviet navy has asserted its sway over the ocean almost by default. The British fleet, which once ruled the waves east of Suez, began to withdraw its forces in 1966. The Russians, meanwhile, have gradually created a squadron of ten or more ships on regular patrol, occasionally including nuclear submarines. During the recent war, there were 15 ships in the Soviet flotilla, including two guided missile cruisers.

Washington worries that an overwhelming Soviet presence in the Indian Ocean might raise an implicit threat to the Strait of Malacca, through which Japan gets its oil from the Middle East, as well as to Indonesia and even Australia. The U.S. until now has had only a brace of destroyers and the *Valcour*, an ex-seaplane tender stationed at the former British base in Bahrain. From now on, though, task forces from the Seventh Fleet will be periodically patrolling the strategic sea lanes and showing neutral nations something other than the Russian flag.

been completed around midsummer. The U.S. aims to use the residual force in future bargaining for the return of the P.O.W.s, even if, as now seems almost certain, a negotiated settlement of the war is not in the cards.

The Communists seem to be in no mood to talk about anything. Last week Hanoi reiterated that the U.S. must not only pull out of Viet Nam but also end all support to the Saigon regime before the P.O.W.s are freed. As for Porter, he has got nothing from the Communists so far but a lefthanded compliment. After last week's session, Viet Cong Spokesman Ly Van Sau told TIME Correspondent Charles Eisendrath: "The Nixon Administration should be well pleased by a man who so admirably carries out its obstructionist policies."

MIDDLE EAST

Phantoms and Bargains

One English word that both Arabs and Israelis instantly recognize is "Phantom." Meaning not ghost or specter, but the U.S.-built F-4 fighter-bomber, which has been the backbone of Israel's clearly superior air force since 1969. Considering the importance of the planes, Israelis should have been happier—and Arabs more furious—than they were after it was announced at year's end that the U.S. was prepared to resume shipment of F-4s to Israel.

During her visit to the White House last month, Israeli Premier Golda Meir bluntly asked President Nixon to sell her the 50 Phantoms that Israel had been requesting for 15 months. Until Mrs. Meir's visit, the U.S. response had been that Middle East military forces were in balance—which really meant undiminished Israeli superiority—and that Israel had no need for more than the 76 Phantoms it now owns. After the White House talks, President Nixon reversed that stand. The U.S. will provide Israel with Phantoms as well as slower but versatile A-4 Skyhawk fighter-bombers. No official totals have been mentioned, but knowledgeable estimates put the figure at 40 Phantoms and 80 Skyhawks. Both sides insist that Israel had given nothing in exchange, which seemed hard to believe. "Official denials do not have a very convincing ring," said the Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz*.

Actually, Israel appeared to have given up one thing: obstinacy over talks with Egypt toward a reopening of the Suez Canal. The U.S. last year attempted to arbitrate such a discussion, but it was suspended after Israel objected to a U.N. speech by Secretary of State William Rogers. Rogers proposed that the Israelis withdraw some troops from the Bar-Lev Line, that a U.N. peace-keeping force be stationed in the Sinai, and that Egyptian "police" be allowed to cross the canal to the Israeli-occupied east bank.

Soon the talks may resume under new arrangements that both sides seem to favor. Arab states refuse to deal directly with Israel, but Egypt is amenable to "proximity discussions," in which representatives of the two nations would closet themselves in separate hotel suites while U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco shuttles between them. U.N. Mediator Gunnar Jarring, acting under a U.N. resolution that calls on Israel to withdraw from occupied territories in return for secure and agreed borders, is also trying to resume his own negotiations. They have been stalled for months because of Israeli intransigence, and he will almost certainly fail.

The reason Israel might well be less adamant in the hotel talks—and the reason Arab capitals reacted to the Phantom announcement with what Washington considers relative restraint—is the procedure for Phantom deliveries.

Although 40 planes over a year's time was mentioned as a schedule, the actual negotiations for delivery will not take place until Israeli Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin returns to Washington this week. Obvious but unmentioned is the U.S. intention to tie the flow of shipments to Israeli cooperation at the negotiating table. If Israel becomes recalcitrant again, the Phantoms may suddenly stop coming.



Cartoonist's view of F-4 deal: "We'll send you the wings later!"

MALTA

Gaddafi to the Rescue

When one love-smitten member of Malta's 55-man Parliament neglected legislative duties last week for marriage and a brief honeymoon, Prime Minister Dom Mintoff promptly told the entire house to take a five-day recess. There was nothing festive about the holiday. Maltese opinion is sharply split over Mintoff's order that British troops either pay higher rents or quit the island (TIME, Jan. 10). With tensions rising as his Jan. 15 deadline approached and with only a one-vote parliamentary advantage, Mintoff was afraid to risk a vote of confidence while the groom—one of his own Labor Party supporters—dallied elsewhere.

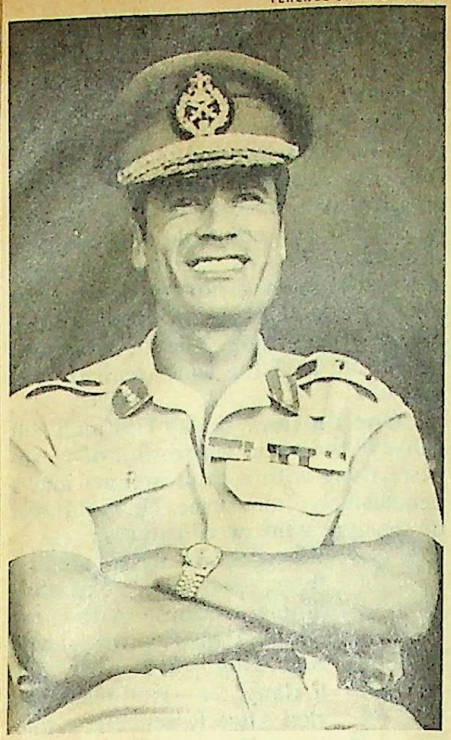
Evacuation. The legislative holiday was one in a series of bizarre events on the tiny Mediterranean island brought on by "Deadline Dom" and his decree. He wants a $33.8 million hike over the present rentals of $13 million a year that the British pay for their bases. Since Malta is no longer strategically vital, London is willing to pay an additional $11.7 million and no more. To underscore British determination, Whitehall last week flew in a party of expert "dismantlers" to knock down its facilities. Evacuation began of 4,994 British dependents aboard R.A.F. VC-10s at Luqa Airport.

There were some signs that Britain may not want to pass the point of no return. In London, Defense Minister Lord Carrington canceled a Far East tour in order "to supervise the withdrawal of British forces"—or to be available if negotiations were resumed. But unless they are, the last troops could be out by March 31.

As the British departure began, there was a mysterious arrival. At Luqa, a Libyan air force cargo plane discharged 44 men in civilian clothes who were lugging 4-ft.-long wooden crates. Government spokesmen insisted that the Libyans were "technicians" who had come to operate Luqa when British air-traffic controllers leave; their crates merely contained technical gear.

Most Maltese considered that a most unlikely story; Libya is so inexpert at air-traffic control that its airports at Tripoli and Benghazi are run by French and Egyptian technicians. More probably the arrivals were policemen and their crates contained arms. They had apparently come in case riots break out over the British evacuation and Maltese pe

TERENCE SPENCER—LIFE



LIBYA'S COLONEL MUAMMAR GADDAFI
Gifts from a growing hoard.

lice are unable—or unwilling—to cope.

Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi appears willing to support Mintoff financially. Gaddafi has already loaned Malta about $3,000,000 to replenish the government's diminishing social security fund. Now he seems ready to do more. The end of 170 years of British use of the island would mean eliminating 22,000 full- or part-time jobs and losing a $54 million annual contribution to the economy. Gaddafi recently dispatched a plane to Malta to fly Mintoff to Tripoli. The upshot of their discussions was believed to be an agreement that Libya will cover such losses.

Uncertain Return. Gaddafi is more than able to do so. His oil industry, the Middle East's richest, provides annual revenues of $2.4 billion; these will undoubtedly increase as a result of his sudden nationalization of British Petroleum's Libyan wells last month. From this hoard Gaddafi doles out about $125 million a year to Egypt, some of which compensates for lost Suez Canal tolls, $40 million to Syria and $10 million to the Sudan. He is reportedly ready to advance Mintoff $140 million over a three-year period, just what the Prime Minister is demanding from the British.

What Gaddafi wants in return is not clear. Libya hardly needs Malta's bases. The most plausible explanation is that the youthful Gaddafi—at 31, a xenophobic nationalist and Moslem fundamentalist who detests Communism as much as colonialism—is seizing an opportunity to neutralize Malta. His money is payable only after the British leave and on condition that the Russian Mediterranean fleet is also barred. He particularly wants to get rid of British planes, which, he insists, have been overflying Egypt from Malta to spy for Israel. If their reconnaissance flights are ended, he recently told startled Maltese visitors, the Arab nations should be able to defeat Israel within three years.

FINLAND

Ice-Bucket Tempest

Finland has long winters (the ice sometimes lasts until May), long one-word palindromes (up to 15 letters) and long political arguments (it took four months to form a government after the 1970 election). By contrast, Finnish Cabinets themselves are exceedingly short-lived: the 55th in 54 years of independence was dissolved last October by President Urho Kekkonen, who himself has remained in power since 1956. Kekkonen acted primarily because the center-left coalition incumbents could not solve a row over lagging farm incomes.

As politicians campaigned through the wintry countryside preparing for last week's parliamentary elections, farmers gave one candidate the cold shoulder by drowning out his voice beneath the roar of their tractor engines. With 75% of the country's three million voters going to the polls, the election proved to be a tempest in an ice bucket. Almost nothing changed, and no single party dominated, leaving Kekkonen with the task of forming yet another coalition Cabinet.

In Finland, Cabinet-making is almost a folk art, primarily because there are too many parties. Eight major political groups ranging from Communists to Conservatives are further split by a host of quarreling factions. One Helsinki newspaper utilized a computer, which figured out that because of the splintered groups there were 123 possible combinations. It is virtually certain that the new Cabinet will include the Communists, who have 36 of the 200 parliamentary seats, and exclude the Conservatives (34 seats) because the Soviets are openly hostile to them. What other factions will join the Cabinet is still anyone's guess.

Despite the frequent Cabinet changes, Finland has a remarkable record of political stability. Almost all the parties and their disparate factions agree on the basic issues: absolute neutrality between East and West and trade with the Common Market. Rather like Greta Garbo, Finland vants to be left alone, but it cannot afford to be. Sharing 788 miles of its 1,583-mile frontier with the Soviet Union, with whom it fought brutal losing wars in 1939-43, Finland is secure only while remaining neutral.

While it must give guarded political glances to the East, economically Finland looks to the West. The country has a forest-based economy that suffered a letdown after the boom of 1968-70 and is now faced with inflation, rising unemployment, a drop in G.N.P. growth from 8% to 1% in 1971, and a trade gap that last year topped $250 million. The country is counting heavily on the favorable outcome of free-trade agreements now being hammered out with the Common Market—particularly important when Britain, Finland's most important trading partner, joins the EEC.

Because of Finland's economic problems, President Kekkonen wanted the parliamentary elections—which were originally scheduled for 1974—out of the way, especially since there will also be a presidential election that year. At 71, Kekkonen, who is well thought of by the Soviets, is a symbol of shrewdness and stability in the muddle of Finnish politics. A member of the middle-of-the-road Center Party, Kekkonen has managed to weld the leftists and moderates into a viable majority and is therefore the most likely candidate to succeed himself. In Helsinki they joke: "We've had 600 years of the Swedes, 100 years of the Russians and 15 years of Kekkonen." But there is no one else of his stature in sight, and his successful brand of neutrality enables Finns to live next door to Communists while governing themselves as democrats and acting like capitalists.

PHOTOREPORTERS



PRESIDENT KEKKONEN AFTER SAUNA
Stability in the muddle.

UNITED NATIONS

Hoffman's Decade of Aid

The United Nations was a major casualty of last month's Indo-Pakistani war, and not because of its already diminished prestige as an international peace keeper. Halted by the war were a U.N. emergency relief program and a host of development projects in East Pakistan, including a water-resources survey, management training, a fisheries program and the work of an agricultural-training center. No one can guess when they will be resumed in the new nation of Bangladesh. The U.N. Development Program has 86 such little-publicized projects under way round the world, which are often overshadowed by the windy debates of the Security Council. Yet they collectively represent the kind of practical success that the U.N. has seldom achieved in its larger diplomatic dealings.

This week the man who launched the development program and guided it for the past 13 years will retire. At the age of 80, Paul Gray Hoffman still radiates the optimism of the '50s, when many Americans believed that all it took to make a better world was a little more generosity. "All you have to do is focus on improving people's personal incomes," he says, "and you can't go wrong."

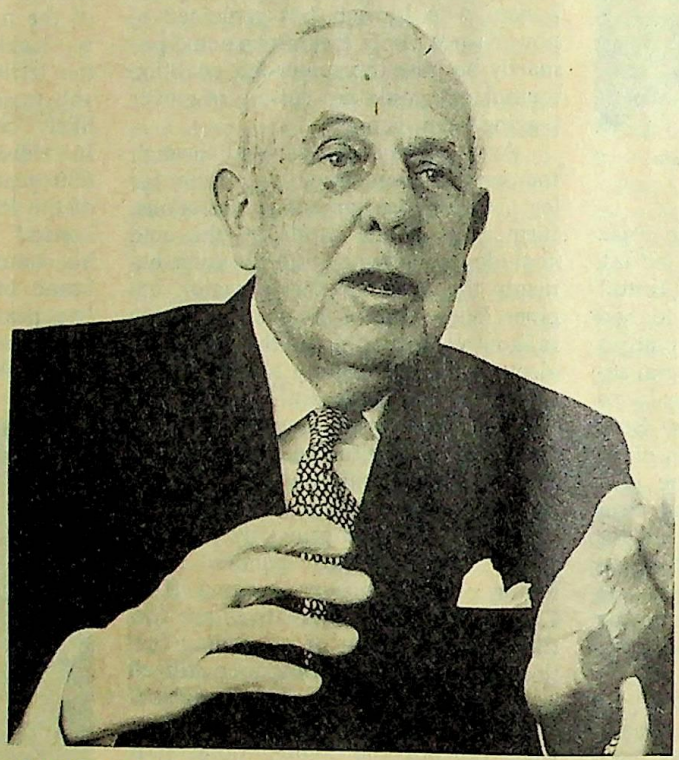
Two Rules. From the beginning, Hoffman ran the program by two hard and realistic rules. He demanded that recipient countries share in the cost and insisted that U.N. aid, instead of supplying factories and dams, be used as "seed money" to teach skills and pinpoint resources for others to develop. The Development Program and its predecessor, the U.N. Special Fund, have spent $3.4 billion on 1,430 projects; the program now channels 20% of all technical assistance going to developing nations. The results, though, have fallen short of Hoffman's goal of raising the per capita gross national product of developing countries by 5% per year over the decade (the actual increase has been around 2.5%), partly because population has more than kept pace with progress.

Another reason is that donor countries, asked to provide $300 million a year, have given only $240 million to the U.N. program. (The U.S. contribution of $86 million annually is the largest in total, but only 27th among the nations in relation to G.N.P.)

"It is all unfinished business," says Hoffman. "We have only made a feeble start." Actually, the U.N.D.P. has made a significant contribution to the quality of life in many countries. One of its first achievements was to rid North Africa and Asia of their historic plagues of locusts by means of cross-border aerial patrols and insecticide raids. Since 1966 the program's various studies—such as surveys that pinpoint copper lodes in Argentina, Panama and Turkey, iron ore in Chile and Gabon, and uranium in Somalia—have helped stimulate $5 billion in follow-up private investment. More than a third of all aid has gone to Africa, and more than a quarter to Asia for assistance in such basic needs as agriculture, industry and public utilities.

The program's success owes much to Hoffman, who has been described as the kind of man from whom anyone would buy a used car. A college dropout at 18, he began selling Studebakers in Los Angeles in 1911, acquired a dealership after World War I, and by 1925 had made his first million dollars. He became Studebaker's vice president for sales, and in 1935 was made president of the then-bankrupt company to bring it out of receivership. In 1942, he launched the Committee for Economic Development to prepare for postwar reconstruction; nine years later he became the first president of the Ford Foundation.

Drafted by Harry Truman in 1948 to head the Marshall Plan (Hoffman did not want the job, but Truman announced his appointment anyway), he set about his task with the precept that "only Europeans can save Europe"; the result has been called the world's only wholly successful foreign aid program. Hoffman came under fire during the 1950s for advocating so-called "foreign give-aways" and for heading up the Ford Foundation's civil-libertarian offspring, the Fund for the Republic. Even so, he could usually bring Congress round to voting the aid funds he requested. As Columnist Walter Lippmann once wrote, "Men found the worst they could do was disagree with him. He was patently not angry and not frightened, not envious and not scheming, not playing a game and not hiding his meaning. The air was fresh and clean, as if the windows had been opened."



AP

PAUL HOFFMAN SHORTLY BEFORE RETIREMENT FROM THE U.N.
Little-publicized projects brought practical success.

One Illusion. Today Hoffman still conveys the same impression of freshness, along with a calm manner and a persuasively quiet voice. He is the sort of person who would rather eat a cheeseburger in the cafeteria than patronize executive dining rooms. After the death of his first wife—who bore him five sons and a daughter—Hoffman married Anna Rosenberg, a wartime Deputy Secretary of Defense; she now owns a Madison Avenue public relations and management-consulting firm.

What has Hoffman learned about foreign aid after 13 years on the job that he has called "my real education"? A brief sampler of his insights:

▶ "One illusion is that you can industrialize a country by building factories. You don't. You industrialize it by building markets."

▶ "Our whole thinking has always been clouded and obscured by the term foreign aid as such. If you try deliberately to use aid to win friends and influence people you won't win any friends and you won't influence any people. On the contrary, you will make bad friends."

▶ "All countries tend to make better use of their physical resources than of their human resources. It is hard to conceive of a nation neglecting its diamond mines or overlooking its petroleum deposits. Yet human potentials of an immeasurably greater worth are wasted and frequently for the most unreasonable of reasons."

This week Hoffman will hand over his desk to another U.S. businessman, Rudolph Peterson, 67, former chairman of the Bank of America. Characteristically, Hoffman planned to depart without ceremony, though even the Soviets, who contribute less than India to the program, offered him a farewell dinner. Winding up "the most fascinating 13 years of my career," Hoffman last week saw at least one boon in retirement: "Now I will be able to stop dealing with the urgent and start thinking about the important."

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AMERICAN NOTES

Equal Time

The first time the idea of counter-commercials was tried on television, groups like the American Cancer Society sponsored warnings in answer to cigarette advertisements. That, ruled the Federal Communications Commission, was the spirit of the fairness doctrine, which requires broadcasters presenting one side of an issue of public importance to provide opportunity for the presentation of opposing views. Now the Federal Trade Commission would like to enlarge the practice. Last week it urged the FCC to order "counter-advertising" in a wider area.

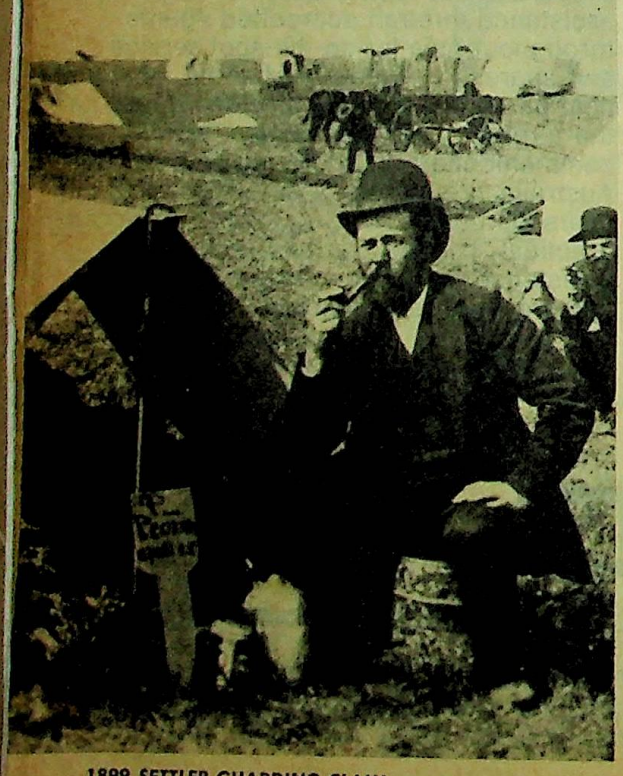
The idea is an inviting one. Environmentalists would surely want to reply to detergent manufacturers, oil companies and carmakers. Women's liberation—or for that matter, the most unliberated drudge in Schenectady, N.Y.—would certainly want to protest the TV-commercial image of American women as a sorority of dirt-crazed psychotics sniffing one another's laundry and kitchens ("Housitosis!") and holystoning the linoleum like Lady Macbeth. The Women's Christian Temperance Union might have some words about beer and wine ads. Eventually, perhaps, horse lovers might demand time to talk about dog foods. It is tempting to think that before long the great debate of commercials would expand to fill more and more air time, encroaching until regular programming is pre-empted entirely. It might even be more entertaining.

Closing "Q"

San Quentin belongs in American folklore as the kind of place where George Raft and a thousand other cons would pound their tin cups to scare the screws, a Cagneyesque sort of stir with even a certain nostalgic romance about it. Its reality, of course, has always been bleaker. Before Warden Clinton Duffy took over in 1940 and turned "Q" for a time into a model for penal reform, the vast sand-colored fortress on San Francisco Bay offered sadistic guards, shaved heads, the airless "hole" for solitary, dinner out of buckets and a gallows painted baby blue. But then, San Quentin compensated for its miseries by being fairly easy to escape from. Sometimes 60 or 70 prisoners at a time would go over the wall.

Q has been more famous in recent years as the place where Caryl Chessman was executed in 1960. Last fall Black Radical George Jackson died there, along with three guards and two other inmates, in what prison officials called an escape attempt. Now, with growing racial tensions, overcrowding and simple deterioration—the prison was built in 1852—California has decided to close it down. New homes must now be found for the 2,214 inmates in Q, including Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Manson and 97 others now living on death row.

CUNNINGHAM COLLECTION



1899 SETTLER GUARDING CLAIM
Anti-agribusiness.

New Homestead

It was homesteading that first opened the American West, but for decades the nation's small farmers have been slowly abandoning the land for the cities. Now, in an experiment, the Office of Economic Opportunity in Oklahoma has begun a homesteading program that will initially settle 300 families, many of them urban welfare clients, on wooded ten-acre farms near Stringtown. This month the first families will begin moving in. Each will receive a chain saw with which to clear the land, then will sell the timber in order to begin paying for the land at $80 an acre. Within three or four years, the homesteaders should be harvesting regular fruit crops and earning some $7,000 a year per family.

The OEO has received thousands of applications, many from out of state, including a number from Oklahomans who fled to California during the Dust Bowl days of the '30s. Many Viet Nam veterans applied, along with at least one out-of-work aerospace engineer. Despite the trend toward agribusiness, there is a widespread nostalgia for the land. Another applicant is a $190-a-week television film editor who lives in a suburb of Boston. "It's a chance for me to work at something that would be my very own," he wrote. "I'm sick of pollution, demonstrations and riots. I want to get away."

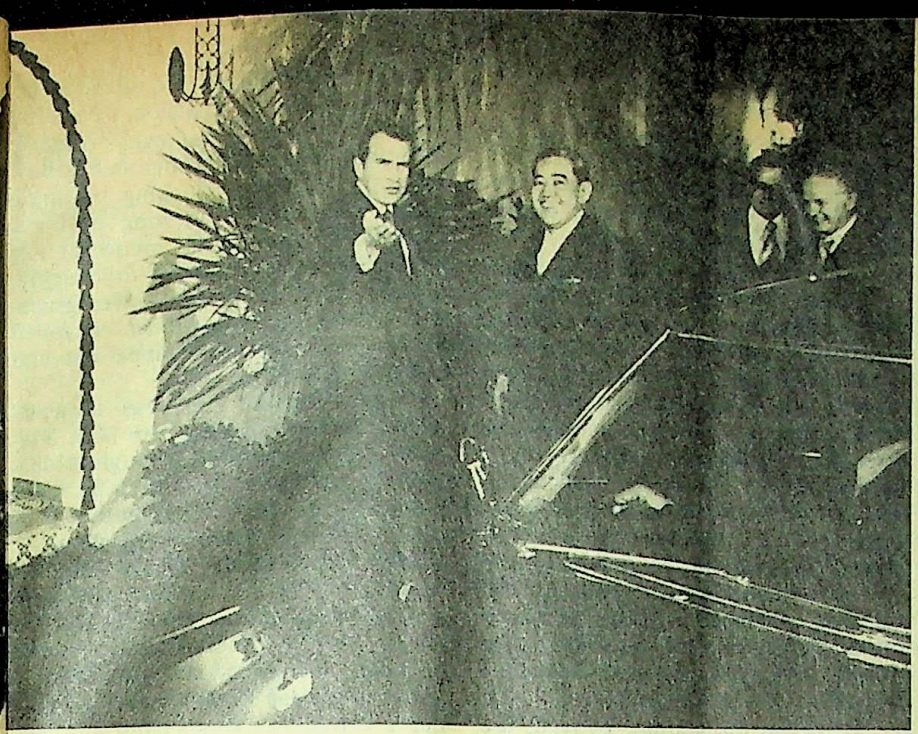


JULIAN WASSER

PRESIDENT NIXON WELCOMES JAPAN'S PRE[MIER] KU SA[TO]

White Slavery

Exactly 109 years after Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, the Justice Department announced last week that two black men are under federal indictment in South Carolina on charges of holding at least nine white migrant farm workers in peonage and involuntary servitude. The two blacks, both from Florida, are accused of holding the workers confined against their will last summer during peach picking around Spartanburg, S.C. They allegedly charged the whites exorbitant amounts for such things as wine, soap, razor blades and cigarettes, and forcibly prevented them from leaving until their debts were paid. According to the indictment, the blacks, with perhaps a backward bow to Simon Legree, beat one white migrant who tried to leave the camp.



KU SATO TO THE CASA PACIFICA IN SAN CLEMENTE

DIPLOMACY

Trying to Make Up with Japan

WHEN the Japanese pay somebody a visit, they often take a gift. If the person happens to be wealthier, they expect to return home with a nicer gift than the one they brought. That is more or less what happened last week when Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato met with President Nixon in San Clemente—the last in a series of presidential conferences with heads of state before Nixon goes to the bigger summits in Peking and Moscow. After two days of talks, Sato could go home with the satisfaction of seeming to have got a little more than he gave.

If so, it was only deserved. Of all the nations in the world, Japan, a faithful U.S. ally, was hardest hit by the dramatic American policy reversals regarding China and international finance. Relations between the U.S. and Japan had deteriorated to such an extent that the State Department made frantic preparations for the meeting. Up to the last minute, experts were scrutinizing embassy reports from Tokyo, preparing papers and debating issues. Telephone lines between Washington and San Clemente hummed constantly.

No More Shocks. When the two-day round of talks ended, U.S.-Japanese relations had recovered at least some of their old cordiality. Standing with Sato under a towering pine in the garden of Casa Pacifica, the President said that they had just finished the "most comprehensive discussion which has ever taken place between the Prime Minister of Japan and the President of the U.S." Sato concurred. The talks, he declared, "contributed to strengthening the unshakable relationship of mutual trust and interdependence between the people of the U.S. and Japan." Less enthusiastic, a Sato subordinate remarked: "I guess we will never be completely satisfied."

The main topics of conversation were China and Taiwan. Completely surprised by the President's about-face on Peking, Sato wanted to make sure that he was not caught off guard again. Nixon assured him that no more *shokkus* would be coming. When he goes to Peking, he will make no agreement that affects Japan. He did not reveal details of his agenda, but he told Sato that he expects to make only modest progress in China: some steps to expand trade, tourism and diplomatic contacts. Sato was especially fretful about Taiwan. Japan had been pressured by the U.S. into signing a peace treaty with Chiang Kai-shek in 1952, and it has complicated relations with the mainland. If the U.S. made a deal with China at the expense of Taiwan, Japan would be the largest nation retaining strong ties to Chiang. The U.S. position is that ultimate disposition of the island should be directly negotiated by China and Taiwan. Sato was still uneasy and hinted that Japan might have to take a more independent approach toward Taiwan.

Better communications between the U.S. and Japan were discussed by Secretary of State William Rogers and Japanese Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, who is considered the leading candidate to succeed Sato. Rogers rather lamely explained that the U.S. did not forewarn Japan of the presidential visit to Peking because it was afraid there would be a leak that would jeopardize the trip. When Rogers finally did call Sato to inform him, 20 minutes were lost in a search for a translator. To make certain of quick contact from now on, the U.S. agreed to install a hot line between Washington and Tokyo.

Sato won another concession that should help him at home. The U.S. had wanted to return Okinawa no sooner than July 1. Under Japanese pressure, Nixon agreed to move up the date to May 15. Sato badly needs some accomplishment to let him end his career in honor. Nixon also made explicit an earlier U.S. guarantee to remove all U.S. nuclear weapons from Okinawa. He would not agree to reduce the 88 U.S. military facilities on Okinawa allowed under the treaty, but he promised to review their status periodically.

The two heads of state wanted to keep the talks on a general political level and not give the appearance of doing too much haggling over details. Still, there was little question that the U.S. expected something in return for its concessions on Okinawa. When asked if political issues would be linked with trade matters, Secretary of the Treasury John Connally replied: "Well, if I were President of the U.S. or Premier of Japan, they would sure be linked." Faced with close to a $3 billion-a-year trade imbalance with Japan, the U.S. is anxious to sell the Japanese some products that are now kept out by quotas—feeder cattle and oranges, for example. But the Japanese contend that they have already done the U.S. a favor by putting a voluntary limit on textile exports to America. No firm commitments were made during the meetings between Connally and the Japanese negotiators; trade talks will resume later this month.

Ambiguous Stance. One basic problem remains: Japan's place in the world. While advancing economically at a stunning rate, Japan has shied away from assuming increased military responsibility. Though not wanting Japan to become a nuclear power, the U.S. would like it to spend much more on conventional armaments and exert more political influence in Asia. But Sato and Fukuda emphasized that they prefer to stay comfortably under the U.S. security umbrella for the time being.

It is an ambiguous stance. As much as the Japanese need the U.S., they resent their dependence. At a final press conference, Sato was asked if he would invite Nixon to visit Japan. Out of the question, said the Premier. He recalled that when his brother, former Premier Nobusuke Kishi, asked President Eisenhower to come to Japan, such a storm of protest broke out that the visit had to be canceled. "This incident is stuck in my memory," said Sato. Today the same anti-American elements could still cause trouble, "and that would be a case where two brothers would be committing the same sort of error."

African Queen for a Week

DURING World War II, Eleanor Roosevelt logged thousands of miles visiting American troops overseas and meeting with exiled leaders in London. Mrs. John Kennedy lent her special brand of jet-set elegance to her husband's presidency by making unofficial trips to India and Pakistan. Lady Bird Johnson, who generally confined her traveling to the continental U.S., journeyed to Greece for the funeral of King Paul. But no First Lady in history has quite matched the Pat Nixon traveling road show, which last week wound up a resoundingly successful eight-day, 10,000-mile, jet-propelled good-will tour of the West African nations of Liberia, Ghana and the Ivory Coast. Mrs. Nixon so endeared herself to Africans that she won the ultimate tribal accolade of the Ghanaian chieftains, who told her she had cemented a friendship that "not even a lion could destroy."

No lion would dare take on the First Lady's imposing retinue of 40, which included Evangelist Billy Graham, Mrs. John H. Johnson, wife of the publisher of *Ebony* and *Jet*, and Bernard Lasker, former chairman of the New York Stock Exchange board of governors.

The official purpose of the trip was to have Mrs. Nixon represent the President at the inauguration of William R. Tolbert Jr., a longtime friend of both the Nixons and Graham, as President of the Republic of Liberia.*

* The Nixons met the Tolberts in 1957 on a visit to celebrate the independence of neighboring Ghana. Both Nixon and Tolbert were then No. 2. Graham and Tolbert are fellow Baptist ministers.

Ghana and the Ivory Coast were added, Mrs. Nixon candidly admitted, "because I only had time for two others, and they asked me first."

After a sleepless nine-hour flight to Liberia, followed by a frenetic twelve-hour day of state activities, she told a news conference: "Being First Lady is the hardest unpaid job in the world." The eager, enthusiastic Liberians helped prove her point. She was greeted by Tolbert in a red-carpet ceremony complete with the ruffles and flourishes and 19-gun salute usually reserved for a head of government. Dressed in red, white and blue, she kept solemn step with the military tattoo as she reviewed the Liberian honor guard. Following the ceremony, she rode at Tolbert's side in an open-car motorcade along the 40-mile highway to Monrovia, the capital. Beneath the welcome banners that punctuated the arch of entwined banana trees, villagers abandoned their huts to greet her with cheers and, of course, miniature American flags. Liberians have a historical tie to the U.S.: their country was settled by freed American slaves in 1822.

Grand Cordon. At the inaugural ceremony, held in blistering 100° heat, President Tolbert praised Mrs. Nixon as a "testimony of the strength, solidarity and permanence of this special relationship between our countries." Afterward she conferred privately with Tolbert for half an hour; among other things, they discussed President Nixon's forthcoming China trip. The fun began the following day, when brightly clad tribal dancers performed for her on the rooftop terrace of the eight-story presidential mansion. To Mrs. Nixon, the dance was extraordinary: the pulsing beat of drums and hollow logs, the rhythmic clacking of anklet shells, the sinuous writhing of bare-breasted women within inches of her chair. She enjoyed herself thoroughly, and at the end of the dance, gracefully stood as two women wrapped her in a brilliant blue lappa suit and a towering head tie.

The Liberian visit was crowned by the inaugural ball, where Mrs. Nixon was given the nation's highest decoration, the Grand Cordon in the Venerable Order of the Knighthood of the Pioneers of African Redemption.

Points of Pride. In Ghana, the First Lady renewed another friendship —with ancient Chief Nana Osae Djai II. At his tribal home in Aburi, she sat next to the blind old chief while a glittering ribbon of royal ladies brought her a garland of kente cloth and baskets of fruit. Mrs. Nixon, who rarely dances at her White House parties, joined the ladies in a tribal dance. Later she met with President Edward Akufo-Addo at his sumptuous hilltop palace in Accra, where she was greeted by seven heralds sounding throaty blasts on their elephant-tusk horns. She quickly changed into an absinthe-green dress and was escorted to luncheon in a reception salon between the asphalt tennis courts and the Olympic-sized covered swimming pool.

Mrs. Nixon and her entourage took off for the Ivory Coast capital of Abidjan for more of the delightful and exhausting same: a quarter of a million people spilling into the streets, a lavish banquet in President Félix Houphouët-Boigny's palace, and a visit to a school for modern homemaking. Throughout the trip, with laudable subtlety, she avoided all American aid projects, concentrating instead on local points of pride. Finally, depleted but happy, the Pat Nixon troupe flew back to Washington.

The trip brought to 74 the number of foreign nations the peripatetic Pat Nixon has visited. It also satisfied her husband's unabashed penchant for firsts. Never before had an American First Lady visited Africa, acted as the nation's official representative at an event of state, or conferred with heads of state on behalf of her husband.

More important, Mrs. Nixon won thousands of new friends and once again proved that, taken from beneath the penumbra of the White House, she is an engaging, effervescent personality in her own right. "I wanted to show that we are good neighbors, good friends," she said of her trip. At a press conference in Accra, she also announced that her husband would run for re-election and pronounced his chances "very good." Asked if she would politic for the President, Mrs. Nixon got understandable laughter with the reply: "I thought that's what I've been doing."

LIBERIAN WOMEN SWATHE MRS. NIXON IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME.



POLITICS

No. 1 and No. 2 for the Democrats

LOOKING as craggy as the coast of Maine, Edmund Sixtus Muskie last week spent eight minutes and $35,000 on national television to confirm what everyone already knew—that he was a candidate for his party's nomination for the presidency. A few days later Richard Nixon quietly followed suit. This week Hubert Humphrey was all set to end the non-suspense over his intentions with a speech in Philadelphia, thus formalizing the contest between the two 1968 Democratic running mates. In themselves, the declarations will have small effect on the relative positions of the candidates of either party; the President has a firm grip on the G.O.P., while Muskie remains the Democrats' No. 1 in the running with Humphrey a close No. 2. But the occasion offered a contrast in the styles and substance of the two leading Democrats.

No Smile. Muskie's talk was taped in the family's yellow-shingled house on Kennebunk Beach, and broadcast the following day on CBS during the final ten minutes of a shortened *Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour*. His performance was solid but unspectacular, flintily eloquent and unemotional; not once did he smile. If elected he promised "a new beginning," a phrase provided by his chief speechwriter, Robert Shrum, a former Lindsay aide. In inflection, tone, even phraseology, he evoked the refrain of John Kennedy's 1960 standard campaign speech: "We are going to have to do much better." Nine times Muskie started sentences with the words, "It is not good enough," as he recited a litany of national needs and failures. "We were promised an end to war," he said. "We were given a continuing war—with more American deaths, more American prisoners taken, and a resumption of massive bombing."

He charged that the Administration had broken promises to achieve price stability, prosperity and domestic peace. Although much of the criticism was aimed at the President, Muskie was curiously nonpartisan. He never mentioned the Democratic Party, and correctly, if somewhat naively, conceded that "it would be foolish to blame all the nation's ills on the present Administration," a statement that rubbed many Democrats the wrong way.

"The speech worried me," Muskie said afterward. He had reason to worry. With less than 24 hours remaining before the scheduled taping, Muskie was still without a final version, having considered and rejected four separate drafts from his speechwriters. That night he slept little; his wife Jane later told a staff aide that "Ed got up every ten minutes." The next day brought several more revisions, and not until 10 p.m., some five hours late, did the taping begin. The TV crew, hired by Muskie's TV consultant, Robert Squier, was the same that had filmed his successful 1970 election-eve speech.

Humphrey, in an unusually brief address (for him), was ready to invoke a legion of founding fathers to usher in his campaign in "this city of William Penn, who spoke of peace and brotherhood; and Thomas Jefferson, who gave us the great documents of our democracy." Such worthies, his text suggested, would take a dim view of the Nixon Administration were they present today; the G.O.P. has failed to attack every conceivable urban, rural, social, economic and ecological problem besetting the country. Specifically, "our urgent immediate need is to end the war—and to do it now." The deficiency, in Humphrey's assessment, is not one of resource—"A nation that developed a Marshall Plan to rebuild Europe can develop another to rebuild our cities"—but of will. As he sees it, "America is not sick. What we lack is leadership and vision. 'Without vision,' said Isaiah, 'the people perish.' "

In contrast to Muskie's New England reserve, Humphrey is bounding after the nomination with all the enthusiasm of a wallaby on a pogo stick. Where Muskie is somewhat ill at ease in crowds, Humphrey plunges right into what reporters call "armpit politics." He thrives on old-style tub-thumping political affairs. Muskie abhors them; he does not respond to the hoopla. Humphrey does. In Shreveport, La., last week, he burst into the lobby of his hotel, called out merrily: "Well, how's everybody this morning?" Then he headed directly for the desk clerks and began shaking hands. Next it was the bellhops' turn, and then two startled customers in the hotel barbershop. He never says who he is, but thus far he has not had to. Says Humphrey: "There are no real differences between Ed Muskie and me on the issues. The only differences are in our personalities and our styles."

At this point Humphrey stands as the only serious alternative to Muskie for the nomination. In his own poll taken in Florida, Humphrey leads Muskie, although both narrowly trail George Wallace (*see following story*). While Muskie has more independent and G.O.P. support nationwide, both Gallup and Harris polls report that, with Ted Kennedy out of the race, Humphrey is the first choice of Democrats. On the other hand, many party leaders feel that Humphrey is too familiar a face, too shackled with a loser's image, to defeat Nixon in November. Muskie obviously shares this view (*see box opposite page*).

All of that helps to account for Humphrey's refusal to risk a party brawl by attacking Muskie. Nonetheless, intimates say, Humphrey is obviously disturbed by Muskie, not simply because of conflicting ambitions, but because he feels that Muskie on occasion has become needlessly testy toward him—and has dared to suggest that H.H.H. was responsible for the defeat of the 1968 ticket.

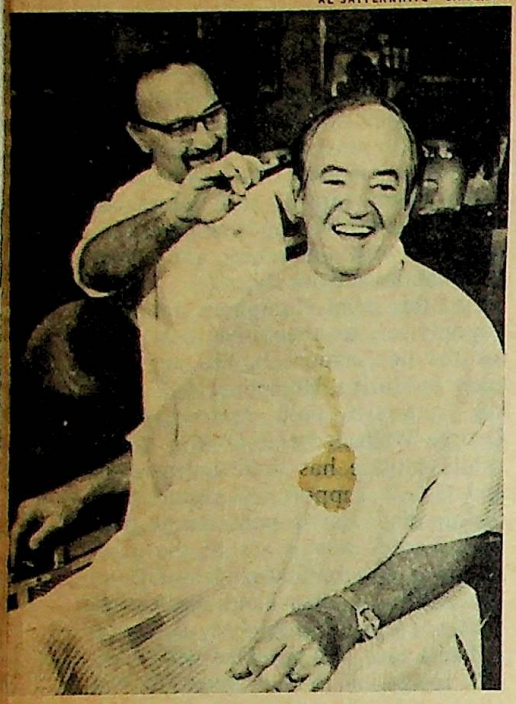
Fourth Party. The declarations of Gene McCarthy and Shirley Chisholm lengthened the list of Democratic candidates to ten. Chisholm made her announcement in Florida and will enter the state's March 14th primary. With no organization and little money to create one, she must rely on her novelty and intensity to attract support. McCarthy, who languidly announced in New York that he would field a slate in the June 20th primary there, could be a very serious threat to the other Democrats. He is as cynically caustic as ever. Chiding Muskie for his relatively late opposition to the war, he said: "If he'd been Paul Revere he would have arrived in Lexington two days late and said, 'The British are here.' " More important, he is well financed and retains much of his 1968 support among the party's left. Should the party not nominate someone to his liking, he has threatened to mount a fourth-party effort. That could well divide the Democrats and throw the election to Nixon.

The President, of course, would like nothing better. From San Clemente, he



ED MUSKIE IN KENNEBUNKPORT
A litany of needs.

AL SATTERWHITE—CAMERA 5



HUBERT HUMPHREY IN MIAMI
Ending non-suspense.

made a low-key announcement of his candidacy: he simply wrote to New Hampshire Secretary of State Robert L. Stark that he would allow his name to remain on the ballot for the March 7th primary. He also wrote his approval to former New Hampshire Governor Lane Dwinell, who had collected the necessary signatures to enter the President in the primary. Continuing to take an above-the-battle stance (TIME, Jan. 3), Nixon emphasized that he would "refrain from public partisan activities," at least until the convention, "in order to conduct the business of government with the minimum intrusion of purely political activity." In the past, that posture has proved to be excellent politics.* Nixon can count on opposition in both the New Hampshire and Florida primaries. Ohio Representative John Ashbrook, a conservative, has said he will enter both contests; California's McCloskey has been campaigning in New Hampshire on an antiwar platform for the last six months. Neither man is likely to intrude much on the President's political future.

The Wallace Factor

In the years since his 1968 presidential campaign, George C. Wallace has taken on a comely new wife, an old job as Governor of Alabama, and a mod wardrobe to complement both. But on one point he has remained constant. The man who once stood in the schoolhouse door to prevent integration now wants to stand at the gate of the White House to prevent either

* Both the Democratic National Committee and Representative Paul McCloskey felt Nixon's recent interview on CBS television was sufficiently political to request equal time.

Muskie: Maintaining Momentum

En route from New Hampshire to Florida, Senator Edmund Muskie relaxed, lighted up one of the three cigars that he permits himself a day, and discussed his views on the upcoming presidential campaign with TIME *Correspondent Dean Fischer:*

How do you feel about the announcement of your candidacy?

I think it was a little stiff and stern; yet it is difficult to work in a change of pace in an eight-minute speech. You can't very well start with jokes and in eight minutes get into a serious subject. But with respect to the basic question of what an announcement speech of this kind should be, the announcement was what I wanted it to be. I felt it should be a clear signal of where my priorities lie, where my commitment is, and of my determination to pursue it. In this sense, I wanted it to be a tough speech, since this would be for some time to come the only national audience I would have.

How important to your candidacy are the first eight primaries?

I don't think I need to get eight successive victories. That's almost an impossible requirement to meet. In New Hampshire, it's clear that I have to win. Wisconsin is a very important test, as it's always been, and since George McGovern ties his prospects pretty heavily to the results there, and since Hubert Humphrey can't avoid having his prospects pretty heavily tied to the results there, Wisconsin can be a very important primary—in many ways the most significant primary up to that point in the sense that it's likely to be more crucial for more of the major candidates than some of the other primaries.

Is Humphrey your chief competition for the nomination?

That's hard to say. Obviously he has great strength, and the polls show that, Ted Kennedy aside, he is standing higher than anyone else. Of course, Hubert has a great many friends across the country built up over a quarter-century of national activity, especially in labor unions and the black community. I regard him as a friend, and I've been committed to him in the past. But I don't know how he will stand up in the polls and in the face of this persistent feeling that his time is past.

What role will independents play in this year's presidential election?

I suppose I've been particularly sensitive to the independent vote because in order to build a constituency in Maine I had to turn very heavily to them. As long as 17 years ago, as many as 25% of the votes were cast by independents in Maine. I don't know that there will be any great jump in the magnitude of independent voters. I don't know if it's possible to measure any great jump in the proportion of people who focus primarily on the issues. Whether or not they'll become a majority—well, I doubt very much if we've reached that point in 1972. But I do think they're likely to be the balance of power in this election.

Will Viet Nam be a major issue?

I don't know that people want to hear it discussed at great length so much, but they want to know where a candidate stands and how he disagrees with our present policy. But it's in the background of their feelings about this Administration, about our country and its values. It's an issue involving public attitudes and will be until we're out of it.

How does it feel to be rated the underdog in a race with Richard Nixon?

I think that's to be expected. After all, the President has taken all those initiatives. But his own standing in the polls is below 50%. At a time when my visibility was low, when I had no chance to take similar spectacular initiatives, when I was carefully building an organization, traveling around the country preparing—with all that, and with sharp contrast in exposure besides—he's still only four points ahead of me in one poll [the Harris survey, with George Wallace as a third candidate]. One thing I've learned this past year is that you don't want to tie yourself to the polls so closely that you feel you have to be on top every day. You just can't. The important thing is to maintain your own timing, pace and momentum. You just can't do it on a day-to-day basis. If you try to create an impression of frenetic activity, shrillness, reaching and grabbing for headlines because that's the only way you can get them, that's just contrary to the image the public is looking for.

or-party candidate from gaining except on Wallace's own terms. only question that remains is not ether he will run, but which party be hurt more by his presence in campaign. In the early going at st, it will be the Democrats who suf- Wallace is set to announce this ek that he will run in Democratic maries in Florida and Pennsylvania. e first blood will be drawn in the rida contest.

Like the crowd of Democratic con- ders out to upset Front Runner Ed- nd Muskie, Wallace has had his e on the Florida sunshine since the te legislature voted last year to au- rize a presidential primary. The rida contest, on March 14, follows e opener in New Hampshire by just e week. With Maine's Muskie con- dered unbeatable in neighboring New ampshire, the remaining Democrats ve focused on Florida as the first op- rtunity to strike at his support: every ajor Democratic candidate will have spot on the Florida ballot.

Wallace's prospects are brightened y the historical schizophrenia of Flor- da politics. The southern portion of he state, dominated by urban centers ke Miami, has favored liberal can- idates, while the less populous north- rn half has long been a stronghold f conservatism. During the 1968 pres- dential campaign, Wallace carried the hree northernmost congressional dis- ricts in the state; overall, he ran bare- y 50,000 votes behind Hubert Hum- hrey. Notes Senator Scoop Jack- on: "Northern Florida is Southern nd southern Florida is Northern."

Wallace's candidacy is particularly damaging to Jackson's presidential hopes. Jackson has pinned much on a good showing in Florida, and must carry the northern districts to prove the appeal of his conservative campaign. Jackson and Wallace will fight it out in the north, while liberals Muskie, Humphrey, McGovern, Lindsay and Chisholm concentrate on the southern vote.

The probable result: a Wallace plurality. A poll taken last fall by the Florida Democratic Party showed Wallace carrying 24% of the vote, compared with Muskie's 20% and Jackson's 6%. Muskie advisers concede Wallace's strength and, as a result, may not make an all-out effort in Florida, preferring to spend money and workers in more favorable political climates.

Smoother Image. For now, Wallace is content with his prospects in Florida. But he is considering entering primaries in Maryland, Wisconsin and Indiana to nibble away blue-collar support from Democratic contenders while pitching a national campaign based on law-and-order, busing and the economic plight of the little man. The same appeal—part populism, part demagoguery—won him 13.5% of the votes cast in 1968.

At the outset, Wallace is in a much better position to play the spoiler for both parties than he was four years ago. The arduous task of petitioning for inclusion on the ballot is largely behind him. A full-time campaign staff of 30—augmented by hundreds of volunteers—is already at work cranking out newsletters and magazines, planning fund-raising dinners and plotting strategy. Wallace will concentrate on regional television broadcasts instead of the helter-skelter personal campaigning of '68. To smooth his image, he has sought and received advice on television technique from Evangelist Billy Graham.

Still, the 1972 campaign should ultimately be more difficult for Wallace than '68. Republican strategists believe that President Nixon's stand against busing and his appointments to the Supreme Court will deny Wallace his two most emotional talking points.

On the Democratic side, economic unrest has replaced fear of crime as the major issue among blue-collar voters; many of those who voted for Wallace before should return to the Democratic fold. He has also lost support from the Democratic machines of the South. Lester Maddox and John Bell Williams have been replaced by more moderate leaders anxious to break the region out of its isolation (TIME, May 31). Yet the drawbacks neither dampen Wallace's enthusiasm for another campaign nor undermine his basic goal. He does not really expect to become President—just to keep forcing Southern strategies on anyone who wants to occupy the White House.

AP



WALLACES ON BEACH IN PUERTO RICO
Spoiler for both parties.

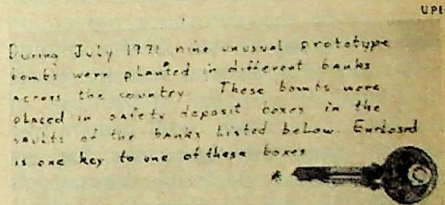
RADICALS

Bombing the Banks

Busy on a story, Tim Findley did not check his mailbox at the San Francisco *Chronicle* until 3:30 in the afternoon. Even then, he did not bother to open a letter addressed to him from Chicago until 5. Printed neatly by hand, it warned that bombs had been planted in safe-deposit boxes in nine banks in New York, Chicago and San Francisco by a radical political group calling itself "Movement in Amerika."* The letter went on to list the names of the banks as well as the numbers of the boxes; enclosed was a key to one of the boxes.

Findley took the letter and the key to the police, but it was too late in the day to do anything. The bank vaults were closed by time locks for the night. Meanwhile, other newsmen had taken identical letters to the police, who waited impatiently through the night for the vaults to reopen. Next morning bomb squads in all three cities moved into the bank vaults to locate and deactivate the devices.

UPI


During July 1971 nine unusual prototype bombs were planted in different banks across the country. These bombs were placed in safety deposit boxes in the vaults of the banks listed below. Enclosed is one key to one of these boxes.

BOMBERS' LETTER & KEY

Apparently placed in the boxes last July, the bombs were all equipped with a seven-month fuse—a device sophisticated enough to persuade the police that some radicals have upgraded their skills; they suspect that the bombs were the work of the Weatherman.

The boxes had all been rented by a person or persons using the name of Christopher Charles Mohr. Unfortunately, Mohr may strike again. The radicals' letter declared that the bomb scare was only a warmup. Movement in Amerika is considering kidnaping property—a luxury hotel, a corporate office building, a superhighway—in exchange for the release of "political prisoners." The letter concluded: "Who will want to vacation in that hotel, meet in that board room or drive on that superhighway for the next few months?" The radicals also warned that a seven-month time bomb with a more powerful explosive might be placed in the FBI building that is being constructed in Washington.

The nation is not likely to be brought to a standstill by such tactics. The manager of one of the banks where a bomb had been placed said he had much more trouble when an irate customer put a dead fish in a safe-deposit box; the vault stank for weeks.

* The Germanic spelling is used contemptuously to indicate that the U.S. is run by "fascists."

CONTROLS

Breaks in the Wage-Price Spiral

AFTER overseeing the nation's key wage decisions for two months, the federal Pay Board seemed well on its way to becoming the laughingstock of Phase II. Having set a guideline of 5.5% annually for wage increases, board members proceeded to approve labor contracts that called for first-year pay boosts of at least 15% for coal miners and 14% for railway signalmen. Last week, however, the board decided to show some New Year's resolve. By a vote of 9 to 5, the labor-business-public group rejected an aerospace agreement that would have provided an immediate 12% wage increase for some 150,000 workers.

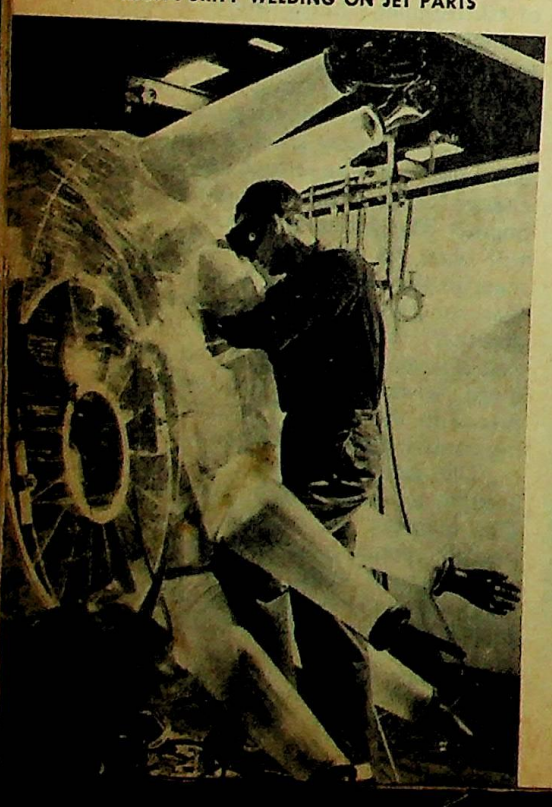
The Difference. Board Chairman George Boldt said that the contract terms were "obviously unreasonably inconsistent" with the guideline. In fact, what made the aerospace agreement different from those of the mining and railroad industries was the lesser likelihood of a strike. At the time of the earlier decisions, coal miners had already been off their jobs for six weeks, seriously depleting the nation's coal supply, and signalmen were clearly ready to begin an economy-crippling shutdown of U.S. railroads. By contrast, the nation's ailing aerospace companies have been forced to lay off more than 180,000 workers in the past three years, leaving most of the rest grateful to have any kind of job at all. The board's next major contract review will be a much harder test of its new-found will: it will soon have to consider a 41% pay increase called for in a three-year contract covering some 45,000 members of the tough-talking International Longshoremen's Association.

Labor Member Leonard Woodcock, whose United Auto Workers Union is one of the main labor groups that bargained with aerospace employers, described as "cynical" the board's decision to hold the line on workers employed by a depressed industry. But he also acknowledged its efficacy by pointedly omitting any mention of a strike. Public members suggested a compromise formula that would trim the first-year wage boost to 8.3% but increase the second-year raise from 3% to about 7%. That seemed equitable enough, but labor members, still smarting from their first real defeat on the board, were in no mood to take advice. Said U.A.W. Official Pat Greathouse: "Right now we'd like for the Pay Board to keep its mouth shut." The board complied, declining for at least a week to take a formal vote on the compromise plan. However, since the public members' terms of 8.3% apparently had the support of some of the five business members as well, union leaders had a reasonably clear picture of just how large a settlement could pass.

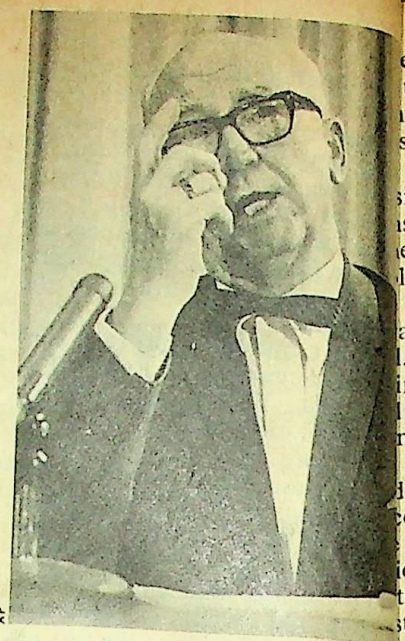
Statehouse Style. Although the aerospace decision was a welcome first sign of toughness, the Pay Board still showed all too much evidence of disarray. Its formal meetings, which convene around a T-shaped table in a brand-new Washington office building, are often only short voting sessions. The real business is conducted, statehouse style, in caucuses among members of one or more of the three groups. These are attended not only by the official members, but also by a bewildering array of aides and alternates.

One aide to General Electric Vice President Virgil Day, the informal business leader, is onetime U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough, a dirty word to many unionists. The labor men, for their part, have taken to sending alternates to most meetings. The choice of AFL-CIO President George Meany, who has been recovering from an attack of chest pains, is Nathaniel (Nat) Goldfinger, his acerbic director of research, whose constant needling frequently infuriates Chairman Boldt, who is a Federal judge from Tacoma.

This week the board is scheduled to begin considering its third position in six weeks on employee merit raises, after members decided that the first two decisions would prove unworkable or unfair. Such backtracking has convinced many critics that the board lacks top leadership. Woodcock, for one, has said that Boldt "may be an excellent Federal judge but in my opinion he is not qualified to be chairman of such an important body" as the Pay Board. Boldt strenuously rejects such criticism. "I have not just been sitting on my fanny around here," he told TIME Correspondent Mark Sullivan. "I am confident that from now on we are going to have a majority of individuals voting to tighten things up to hold down inflation." The tightening should also be applied to the board's own operation. After labor members freely discussed the aerospace vote with newsmen waiting in the lobby last week, P.R. Man Herbert Wurth was nonetheless forbidden by the board's new executive director, Robert Tiernan, to write a press release about it until the rejection had been framed in legalese. Furious at such mindless rules, Wurth quit.



HIGH-PURITY WELDING ON JET PARTS



BOLDT MAKING PAY PRONOUNCEMENTS
New Year's resolve.

Worn Welcome. Meanwhile, one of the fonder dreams of C. Jackson Grayson, chairman of the Price Commission, was realized with stunning speed. When he announced a 2½ yardstick for price increases in November, Grayson said that he hoped that some prices would go down while others went up. Last week, after several days of unpublicized price fighting in the steel industry, U.S. Steel Corp. announced that it will reduce prices $5 to $25 a ton on several major products, including some that the company had been given permission by the Price Commission to increase. As a result, the price hike for key items like cold-rolled sheet steel, which is used in the manufacture of cars and household appliances, will be cut by one-half to one-half.

The U.S. Steel move was aimed

eading off plans by Inland Steel to offer discounts on large sales. companies were reacting to strong sure from automakers, who must approval from the Price Com- sion in order to pass on any large in- se in steel prices to their cus- ers. For General Motors, such an lication would have been the third for a price hike since Phase II an; for Ford and Chrysler, the sec- l. None are anxious to wear out ir welcome on Grayson's doorstep, they thus began demanding relief m their suppliers.

Both the aerospace wage decision the steel price rollback provided couraging signs of a slowdown in wage-price spiral. In recent years, ions have justified exorbitant wage tlements by pointing to ever higher st of living increases, and companies ve been able to pass along higher sts to the consumer almost with im- nity. That game of economic leap- g now has some new rules. As rospace workers and steel executives rned, those who jump too far are t to land out of bounds.

HASE II

ed Ink at the A&P

Although business executives gen- rally have enthusiastically supported resident Nixon's wage-price controls, ey have always been aware that those ontrols might tip some none-too-prof- able companies all the way into the d. Last week that theoretical pos- ibility came true—and not for some mall, struggling concern but for the ation's second largest retailer, A&P. or its third fiscal quarter, ended Nov. 7—a period that included nearly all f the wage-price freeze and two weeks f Phase II controls—A&P reported a loss of $1.1 million, *v.* a profit of $12.9 million in the like quarter a year earlier. The deficit was the first re- ported by the supermarket giant for any quarter since it went public 13 years ago. It occurred, said A&P of- ficials, because the chain could not raise enough prices* to offset "sharp in- creases" in labor and other costs in- curred before the freeze.

Price control, to be sure, is only one of A&P's problems; the chain, noted for its conservative management, had been suffering a decline in profits well before the freeze. Price Com- mission officials in Washington know of no other companies that claim to be losing money because of controls. Still, A&P's troubles are not altogether untypical; big supermarket chains gen- erally reported flat or declining earn- ings for the third quarter, a fact that Wall Street analysts blame partly on the freeze.

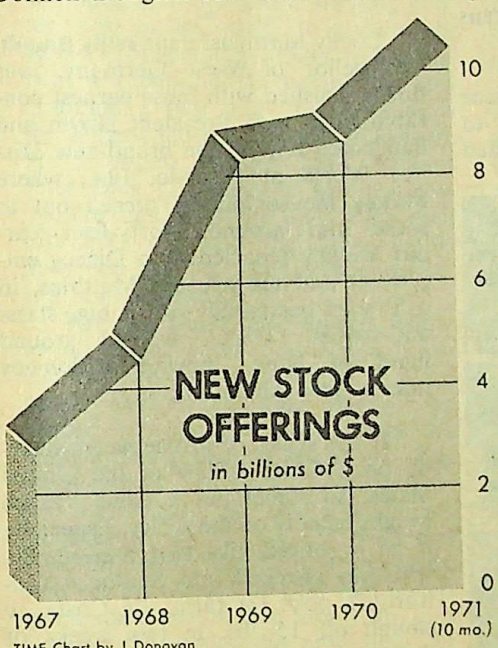
* A&P is not subject to price control on such items as fresh produce, shell eggs and fresh fish.

STOCK MARKET

A Tempered Enthusiasm

Like sunshine after a storm, a mood of calm confidence is brightening the stock market as it moves into the new year. Buoyed by cheering economic prospects, investors have pushed stock prices steadily upward for seven weeks in a row.

Last week the long rally gained new vigor. The New York Stock Exchange's Dow Jones industrial average spurted above the psychologically important 900 mark for the first time in three months. Volume in one session surged to 21.4 million shares, lifting a wide range of stocks, from blue-chip stalwarts to long-depressed aerospace issues like United Aircraft and McDonnell Douglas. At week's end less hectic trading had pushed the Dow Jones to 910, a gain of 112 points from last November's low.



TIME Chart by J. Donovan

The rise marks a complete flip-flop in investor psychology from mid-autumn, when prices were being steadily beaten down by a mixture of confusion about the President's economic-controls program and worry about the world monetary crisis. Then Phase II dawned without disaster, the dollar was devalued and the threat of a global trade war was dissipated. Now many market professionals expect a good year in 1972.

If so, the economy will clearly benefit. The stock market's swings have an unmeasured but perceptible effect on consumer and business confidence. A buoyant market would be of more direct help to the growing number of companies of all sizes that are trying to raise money by selling new stock. The volume of new stock issues has more than tripled in the past five years, to more than $10.5 billion in 1971 (*see chart*).

Wall Street experts are particularly keen on cyclical stocks like autos, steel, machine tools and lending institutions, which tend to rise and fall with the economy. Their reasoning: earlier predictions of a $100 billion gain in this year's gross national product are being reinforced by a proliferation of optimistic indicators.

One is the drop in interest rates on a broad front; last week most major banks cut their prime rate by yet another ¼%, to 5%, enabling businessmen to borrow money at the lowest cost in almost six years. Consumers are also spending more freely, and factory orders are rising sharply. Foreign investors are pouring their newly revalued money into the market. Most important is a feeling that in an election year the President will do all that he can for the market by working to preserve an ample money supply and shoring up weak spots in the economy. Few parties have been returned to power when stock averages by Election Day have fallen below the previous January levels.

A main factor tempering brokers' enthusiasm is a gnawing concern about increasing Government control of the market. The 1970 bear-market debacle swept more than 100 brokerage firms into merger or bankruptcy and badly shook the faith of the investing public. Since then, the effectiveness of the industry's all but autonomous self-regulating agencies —the New York Stock Exchange and the National Association of Securities Dealers—has been sharply questioned.

Clumsy Process. Two weeks ago the Securities and Exchange Commission asked Congress to grant it greater statutory authority over the industry—a request that is almost certain to be approved. For starters, the SEC has asked that it be given power to oversee the entire process of transferring stock ownership from one buyer to another. The unwieldy process now involves bankers and other transfer agents who are not directly subject to regulation. Failure to coordinate their efforts helped to cause the backlog of paperwork that did much to bring on the 1970 crisis. The SEC also wants the right to disapprove any new rules made by the self-regulatory bodies, to enforce the exchange's rules and, if warranted, to stiffen the penalties meted out by the exchange to erring members.

For the moment, Wall Street is quietly going along. There is some question whether exchange members will exhibit the same equanimity about the next set of SEC recommendations, due next month. These will deal with the far more abrasive issues of how much trading should be subject to negotiated rather than exchange-fixed commission rates, and whether institutional investors, such as mutual funds and insurance companies, should be admitted to membership in the exchange.

A 1952 Italian law stipulates that the widow of a Prime Minister gets a 50% higher pension than the widow of an ordinary Minister. So one 81-year-old woman is suing the government for a raise in her pension from $258.40 to $387.60 a month. After all, Husband **Benito Mussolini** was Italy's Fascist Prime Minister from 1922 to 1943 (he was eventually shot by anti-Fascist partisans and then hung by his heels alongside his mistress). When Italian newspapers questioned whether the dictator's widow really deserved more money—plus the return of three Mussolini farms that the government had confiscated—Donna Rachele retorted: *"Non facciamo ridere i polli"* (literally, "Let's not make the chickens laugh"—meaning "Don't be silly").

■

In a delightfully improbable piece of casting, **Raquel Welch** is going to play that blank-eyed, block-bodied moppet of the comic strips, Little Orphan Annie, in a CBS-TV special called *Funny Papers*. Annie's superrich, superreactionary guardian, Daddy Warbucks, will be portrayed by **Carroll O'Connor**, the Archie Bunker of *All in the Family*. "We got into a little discussion about just how sexy Daddy Warbucks was," said Raquel. "We wondered how close he should get to Little Orphan Annie, and whether we should indicate that there might have been a little something going on between them. It turned out that Daddy Warbucks is straight city, but Carroll O'Connor is pretty sexy. We compromised and played it halfway close."

■

Lucky Matthias! Papa **Willy Brandt**, Chancellor of West Germany, was finally finished with those earnest confabulations with President Nixon and had taken him to the brand-new Disney World at Orlando, Fla., where **Mickey Mouse** himself turned out to show him around. Forty-four-year-old Mickey (enacted by a Disney employee) and ten-year-old Matthias, in a T shirt decorated with a big, stars-and-stripes "USA," walked around hand in hand, moving diplomacy into a new dimension.

■

If the scales of justice weigh heavily on a Chief Justice of the United States, so sometimes a Chief Justice weighs heavily on the scales. Especially if he is retired, like **Earl Warren**, 80, who has checked into Southern California's posh fat farm, La Costa, to slough off 15 lbs. in two weeks of diet and exercise. And who should be outside the doctor's office o first day but his old friend Actress **ia de Havilland**, 56. "I w moved to meet him again af this time," gushed Olivia, also two weeks and 15 lbs. "He' most darling man—I've had a on him for 35 years."

■

Latest additions to the annual uary infestation of lists include th ditional couturier-cum-socialite c of Best-Dressed Women (No. 1 **Begum Aga Khan**, No. 2: **Mrs. Ro Reagan**); Fashion Designer Mr. B well's Worst-Dressed women (N Actress **Ali MacGraw**, No. 2: **Jacqu Onassis**); the *Motion Picture He* poll for 1971 Box Office Star (N **John Wayne**, No. 2: **Clint Eastwo Dr. Joyce Brothers'** radio poll for Sex-Appealing Men (No. 1: Vice ident **Spiro T. Agnew**, No. 2: A **Paul Newman**); and the Fashion F dation of America's categorized ro of Best-Dressed Men, which inex cably contains such rumpled mi as **Aristotle Onassis** for "internatio society" and **Walter Cronkite** for "c munications." Said Newscaster C kite: "This distinction was ear entirely by straightening my tie putting on my jacket just before TV camera turns on."

■

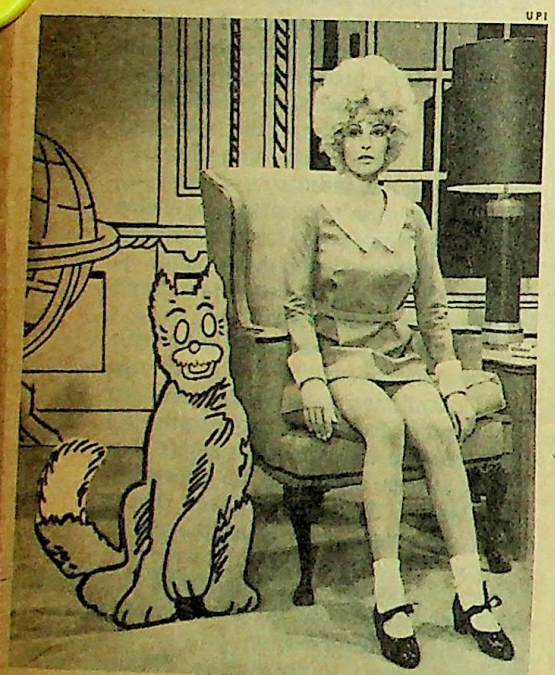
Strolling disconsolately along L don's Bond Street, Author **Anth Burgess** was accosted by a fri who wanted to know why all gloom. He was on his way, said B gess, to dine with Producer-Direc **Stanley Kubrick** and to see *A Clo work Orange*. But why the l face, asked his friend, since the f —made from Burgess's 1962 no of the same name—is the hit of year? "Precisely," said Burgess. sold the screen rights long ago fo few hundred dollars."

■

To dramatize an Administrat plan to purchase 565,000 acres of F ida's Big Cypress Swamp for a f eral water reserve, Interior Secret **Rogers Morton** and Presidential Dau ter **Julie Eisenhower** went swamp wa ing—right up to the edge of an ligator hole. No alligators. So J slogged around happily in her b rowed hip boots. "The water good," she chortled. "My feet w hot."

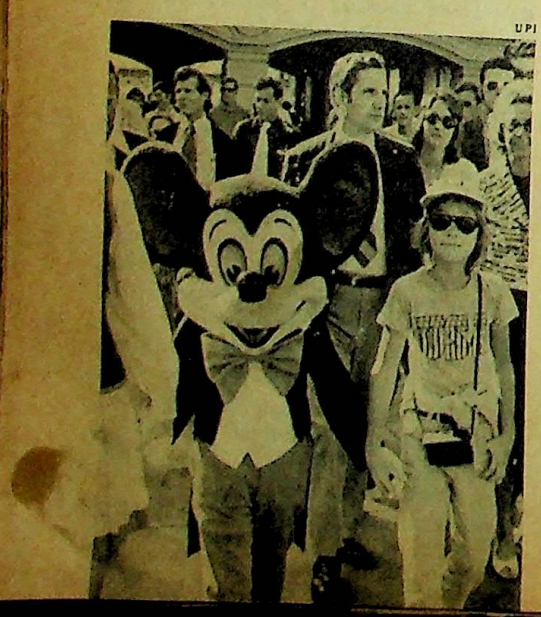
■

Millionaire **Cornelius Vanderb Whitney**, 72, called a press confere to tell the world that even though had not been asked to fill the vac post of U.S. Ambassador to Spa he was not going to take the job cause the ten-month period remain until the presidential election was short "to enable me to accomplish a thing enduring." After Novemb though, if anybody cares, "I speak to ist Spanish with a Mexican acce but I'm taking lessons."



UPI

RAQUEL AS ANNIE



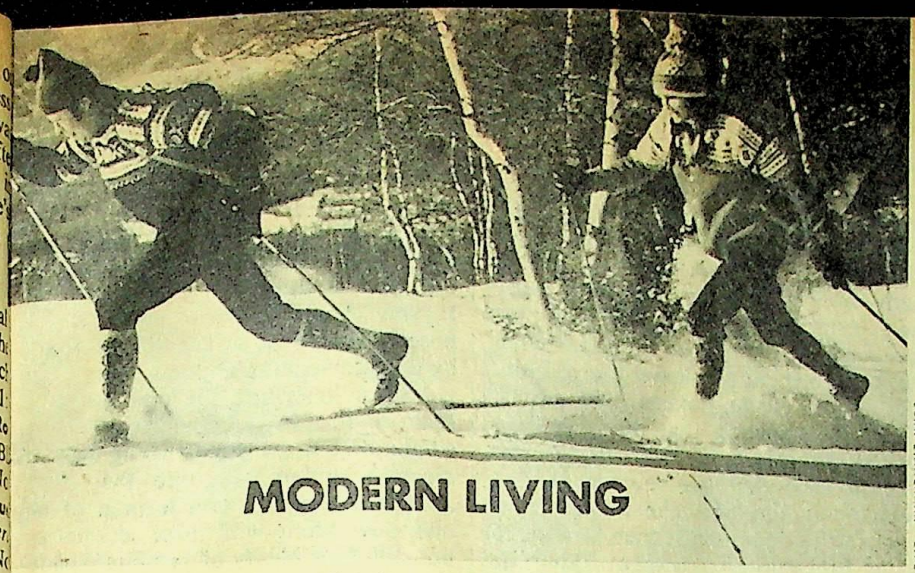
UPI

MICKEY & MATTHIAS



ELLEN BLUM GRAHAM

OLIVIA & EARL AT WORK



JOHN ZIMMERMAN—LIFE

MODERN LIVING

SKI TOURERS SKIMMING THROUGH POWDER SNOW ON VERMONT HILLSIDE



BEGINNER SNOWPLOWING AT STOWE

Skiing—the Easy Way

It is a brilliantly blue, bitterly cold winter afternoon, and Joe Downhill is 73rd in line for the chair lift. He shuffles his $200 fiber glass skis and $90 foam-injected Rieker boots, pokes forward a few inches with his $35 aluminum poles, and shivers in his $95 quilted parka, while his $10 all-day lift ticket flutters in the chill breeze and his stomach rumbles from that rotten $2.50 lunchtime ratburger.

If he glances toward some nearby slope, the suffering Mr. Downhill may observe a strange-looking character in knickers and a light sweater striding cheerfully across the snow on a pair of flimsy-looking skis clamped to his feet with a scrap of aluminum or something. His boots look like G.I. brogans, and he seems to be having a great time. The knickered apparition is indulging in the fastest-growing winter sport in the world. It is variously called cross-country skiing (the competitive version) or ski touring (the recreational type), and this season is the biggest the sport has ever known. "In downhill skiing," says Airlines Pilot Dick Gronning of Minneapolis, "you're tied to a lift line. Here you just hike out into the farm lands, and you feel a real independence. It's really gorgeous."

Family Sport. Ski tourers come in all sizes, sexes and ages. Steve Rieschl, who teaches skiing at Vail, says: "They're the same people who canoe, sail, backpack and camp. It's really a self-propelled sport." A novice tourer at Vail over Christmas was Wellington Koo, 84, formerly China's ambassador to the U.S. (1915-20 and 1946-56), who grew so enthusiastic over his first lesson that he summoned seven members of his family to join him on the slopes the next day. At Snowmass (Aspen), West Los Angeles Housewife Helen Mandel—so unathletic that she doesn't even use her family's swimming pool—took her first touring lesson over the holidays, and now glows: "What freedom! It's as easy as walking. It makes me feel I can go almost anywhere." Her downhilling family is thinking of converting too. Says her daughter: "If you stop on the slopes, 50,000 people run into you and another 50,000 yell at you."

Ski touring represents a return to the way people skied before skiing got fancy. Scandinavians have been wild about cross-country for centuries, and even in such strongholds of downhill skiing as Switzerland and Italy, the sport has caught on remarkably in the past few years. Enthusiasts break their own trails through any convenient field or forest, skirting icy ponds, clambering over fences. Even for novices, a ten-mile trek is routine. Ski touring is much easier to learn than the alpine version: a beginner can pick up all he needs to know in a day or so, while downhill skill comes only after two or three weeks of intensive coaching, if then. Cross-countrymen avoid plunging down the steep, icy slopes beloved by downhillers; their narrow skis do not provide as much control as alpine models. Milder inclines are no problem, however, and climbing is easier because of special waxes.

Touring also is considerably less expensive: ski stores in the Minneapolis area, for example, offer cross-country packages (skis, bindings, boots and bamboo poles) for $50 to $100, while a similar downhill package would run from $250 to $600. Lift tickets cost from $8 to $10 a day, while tourers ski over hill and dale for nothing. Alpine skiers, particularly at fiercely chic slopes like Vail or Sugarbush, often find themselves involved in clothing competitions (the latest: quilted bell-bottom ski pants in burgundy nylon for $65), while tourers stick to inexpensive knickers, battered denims and old sweaters.

Few Fractures. Safety is a no less important factor: cross-country skiers use soft, low-cut boots and bindings that do not lock the entire foot to the ski. So a spill that is serious enough to fracture a downhiller's leg usually causes a tourer nothing worse than a sprained ankle and a bruise or two. Beth Johnson, a housewife from Newkirk, Okla., quit alpine skiing after a crash that left her leg held together with three pins and a flock of staples, but now she is hooked on touring: "There are no schussboomers hitting you broadside—just a different world, with the quietness and stillness. It's great."

The sport's growing popularity has boosted sales of touring equipment. During the 1967-69 period, reports the Vermont-based Ski Touring Council, 50,000 pairs of cross-country skis were imported, mostly from Norway. The estimate for 1971 is 100,000. Mitch Field, manager of Berkeley's North Face Sports Shop, has dropped alpine equipment and now offers only cross-country gear, with sales doubling every year. New York's Paragon Sporting Goods also reports touring gear selling at nearly twice the rate of a year ago. Traditional ski resorts like Stowe's Trapp Family Lodge and Colorado's Scandinavian Lodge (in Steamboat Springs) are now offering regular instruction in cross-country technique, and both boast professionally laid-out touring trails for neophytes.

To the dedicated alpinist, cross-country skiing is an amateurish parody of the real art. "My kick is speed," says Jean Chrétien, Canada's Minister of Indian Affairs. "I like to go as fast as I can from the top to the bottom and hope to be alive when I reach it. I am a skier, not a cross-country skier." But the only worry among cross-country buffs is that the rest of the world will take over their cherished sport. "Please don't tell anyone else about it" is the usual line. "We want to keep it to ourselves."

Anderson's Brass Ring

Columnist Jack Anderson, Washington's most persistent sensationalist, thrives on contention. His column, *Washington Merry-Go-Round,* gives his audience frequent scoops, but many of his fellow newsmen regard as frivolous his uneven mixture of muckraking and kiss-and-tell gossip. Last week, however, Anderson was basking in more serious attention, after his *Merry-Go-Round* grabbed off something of a brass ring. In four columns, he disclosed private policy discussions of the Washington Security Action Group, composed of experts from the National Security Council, State Department and Pentagon, concerning Administration action in the India-Pakistan war (*see* THE U.S.). Both the New York *Times* and Washington *Post* asked Anderson's permission to print in full some of the documents on which the columns were based. He delightedly complied.

The affair raised three basic questions: 1) What did the papers prove about U.S. policy? 2) What did they prove about the Administration's information practices? 3) How did Anderson get them?

Overstatement. In fact, the papers did not add much to what was already known about President Nixon's and Henry Kissinger's strong pro-Pakistan, anti-Indian attitude. Anderson's charges notwithstanding, he did not catch the Administration in a gross deception. The Pentagon papers, dealing with more distant but more momentous events, showed the Government in a far more questionable light. But Anderson did provide fascinating detail about the Administration's decision-making processes as well as the tone and turn of its thinking.

As to information policy, Anderson exaggerated his accomplishment by trying to make it seem a victory of the free press over official censorship. Said he: "It is a secret now if a third-rate bureaucrat blows his nose. The security stamp is being used as promiscuously as a stapling machine." True enough, in general. But the Government obviously has a right to try to keep its consultations private.* The press, on the other hand, also has a right—and a responsibility—to print whatever inside information it can get, provided it does not violate military secrets or damage the national security. As to how Anderson got the goods, he suggests that he simply did a lot of hard digging to pry the documents out of a reluctant security establishment. Just how reluctant is far from clear.

Anderson will not, of course, identify his suppliers. "These are the same sources who have been giving me access to classified material for some time," he says. "The difference is that until now they have been very wary of letting me quote directly. But they became gravely concerned about what seemed to them a colossal moral blunder in the India-Pakistan situation." There is suspicion that the leak happened in the Defense Department. Anderson says that his sources at first would tell him only the general content of the documents, then consented to let him quote from them. When he insisted, "I must document this; you have to go all the way," they turned over copies of "dozens" of papers.

Legman. The columnist's desire for hard proof to support his articles is understandable, particularly because some of his previous revelations had been questioned or generally ignored. While he was still the legman and collaborator of the late Drew Pearson in 1964, Anderson cast doubt on the Johnson Administration's official version of the Tonkin Gulf incident. If he had been able to quote verbatim from Government papers, he says now, that story would have received the attention it deserved. Last year, nine months before the U.S. conducted its recent heavy "protective reaction" raids against North Viet Nam, Anderson revealed plans for just such air strikes, to last from three to ten days.

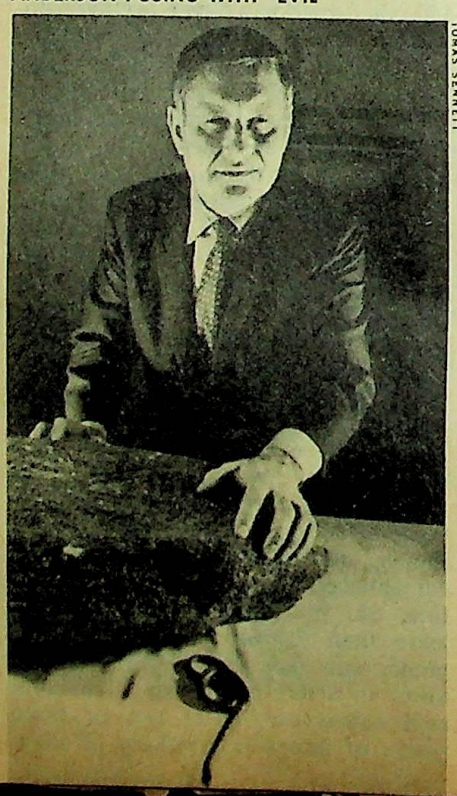
Not all of his exclusives hit important nails so squarely. It is impossible to come up with seven exposés a week, and occasionally he takes cheap shots, like his recent opus about a minor official who may have taken his secretary on a business trip for unofficial reasons. The Anderson reconstruction of the Chappaquiddick incident, accusing Edward Kennedy of asking a cousin to take the blame, is regarded as largely fictional. But sometimes Anderson columns draw blanket denials and then turn out to be true. It was Anderson who in 1966 exposed the misuse of campaign funds by the late Senator Thomas Dodd.

Since inheriting the column from Pearson in 1969, Anderson has added about 75 new clients, raising his syndication outlets to more than 700. Anderson employs two legmen of his own now, along with three secretaries, but still does plenty of personal spade work. He is rarely seen at press conferences or open events. Rather, he cultivates sources that other newsmen ignore and each week receives tips by the hundreds from bureaucrats and ordinary citizens who think that they have discovered wrongs that need exposure. He does not hesitate to deal in purloined papers; in the Dodd case, the Senator's aides filched office records. Anderson has even had J. Edgar Hoover's garbage cans ransacked, establishing for the record that Hoover serves Chivas Regal Scotch and takes pills to relieve stomach gas. His motive, he says, was to parody an FBI investigative technique.

He can be both puckish and staid. Last year, to illustrate an article about him in *Washingtonian,* he happily posed with a live snake slithering from under a rock—supposedly a symbol of his detection of evil. In his personal life, he is anything but flamboyant. A onetime Mormon missionary who attends church regularly, Anderson, 49, avoids Washington night life the way he avoids alcohol and tobacco. The father of nine, Anderson does much of his writing at home in Bethesda, Md., so that he can spend more time with his family.

Anderson may now be taken a little more seriously in Washington. His industriousness and courage have never been questioned, and the latest series of columns prove that his information pipelines indeed run deep. "Jack's right there on the cutting edge," says Washington *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, who runs the column on the comics page. Several years ago the *Post* moved the *Merry-Go-Round* to a more prestigious place in the paper, but a wave of reader protest forced it back among the funnies.

ANDERSON POSING WITH "EVIL"



TOMAS SENNETT

Short Takes

▶ A year ago, when he was promoted from Washington bureau chief to become the youngest managing editor in the Chicago *Tribune's* 125-year history, Russell Freeburg, then 47, seemed the certain heir to Editor Clayton Kirkpatrick, 57. His mission was to help brighten up the staid *Trib* and cheer

* The documents were classified secret-sensitive, a designation that falls between the official designations of secret and top secret.

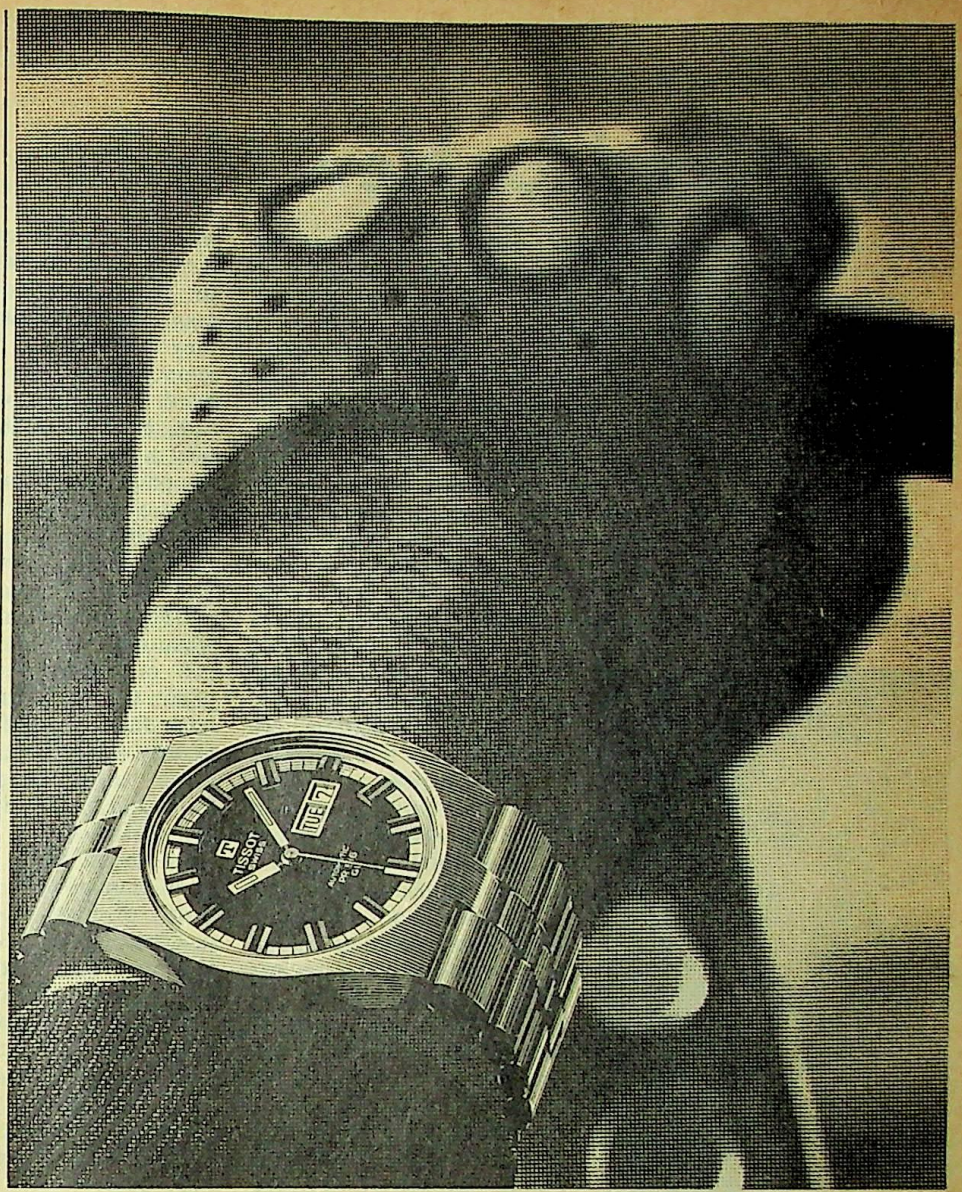


CHICAGO "TRIBUNE'S" McCROHON
Flair from a sister.

its long circulation slide, from 868,000 to 745,000 in the past decade. Last week Freeburg resigned abruptly from one of the top jobs in journalism, explaining that he wanted "to do things faster than the corporate management wanted to move." His successor is Maxwell McCrohon, 43, an amiable Australian who first came to the U.S. in 1952 as a correspondent for a Sydney paper. He settled in Chicago nine years later and has brought plenty of flair to the *Trib's* afternoon sister, *Chicago Today*, as its managing editor for the past two years.

▶ Media General, Inc., the Richmond-based communications conglomerate, has been forced to cut back its *Media General Financial Daily* to a weekly schedule. The chart-filled 72-page paper was begun last summer with a promise to report in detail on the performances and prospects of 3,250 separate stocks (TIME, Sept. 13). Targeted for a circulation of 10,000, it was selling only 2,500, mostly to stock market professionals. "We weren't getting any growth," laments Media General President Alan Donnahoe. "It was too much of an encyclopedia to digest every day." In hopes of better times, however, Donnahoe will keep the word "daily" in his weekly's title.

▶ In his swearing-in speech last week, Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo called for "an old-fashioned quest for jobs." His Honor has already delivered on that promise as far as the local press is concerned. Rizzo has signed up seven journalists for important city posts, including those of deputy municipal managing director and commerce director. The salaries range from $19,000 to $34,000—far more than they were making as newsmen. Rizzo, a tough-talking former police commissioner, has always shown a knack for cultivating local reporters. He has generally received a favorable press in Philadelphia, except from some editorial writers. The mayor sees nothing unusual in his recruitment policy: "Newsmen are perceptive and analytical. I never met one who wasn't sharp."



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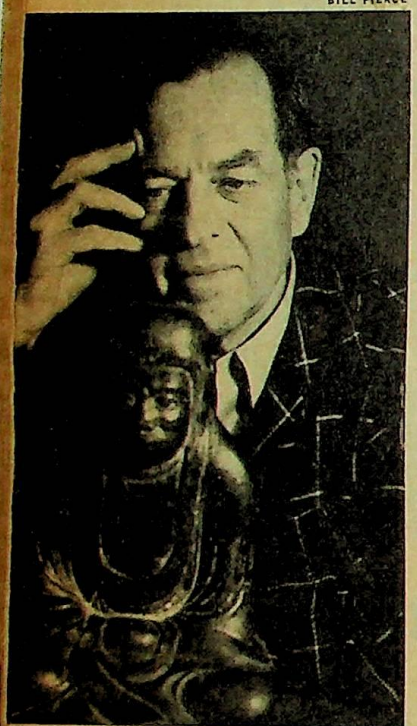
The Need for New Myths

The latest incarnation of Oedipus, the continued romance of Beauty and the Beast, stands this afternoon on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, waiting for the traffic light to change.

—Joseph Campbell

THAT statement, fanciful as it sounds, is simply a shorthand way of saying that everyone is a creature of myth, that the ancient legends and tales of the race are still the master keys to the human psyche. The science-minded Victorians who sneered at myths as superstitious twaddle were guilty of a kind of scientific superstition themselves: the belief that reason could explain all human motives. Aided by psychoanalysis, anthropology and three-quarters of a century of archaeological discovery, modern scholarship has replaced the Victorians' sneers with respect and even awe. Mythology, its partisans are now claiming, tells as much about humanity—its deepest fears, sorrows, joys and hopes—as dreams tell about an individual. "Myths are public dreams," says Joseph Campbell, who is probably the world's leading expert on mythology. "Dreams are private myths. Myths are vehicles of communication between the conscious and the unconscious, just as dreams are."

BILL PIERCE



AMPBELL WITH IMAGE OF BODHI-DHARMA

The trouble is, Campbell asserts, that this communication has broken down in the modern Western world. The old myths are no longer operative, and effective new myths have not arisen to replace them. As a result, he maintains, the West is going through an agony of reorientation matched only by a period during the 4th millennium B.C., when the Sumerians first conceived the concept of a mathematically ordered cosmos and thus changed utterly man's concept of the universe around him.

Campbell's words carry extraordinary weight, not only among scholars but among a wide range of other people who find his search down mythological pathways relevant to their lives today. A professor of literature at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N.Y., Campbell has written and edited some 20-odd books on mythology. They include a massive four-volume work entitled *The Masks of God; The Flight of the Wild Gander* and the book for which he is most famous, *Hero With a Thousand Faces*, a brilliant examination, through ancient hero myths, of man's eternal struggle for identity. *Hero*, which has had sales of more than 110,000 copies, an impressive figure for a scholarly book, has become a bestseller on campus. After 37 years of teaching in relative obscurity, Campbell, at 67, has now become a well-known and respected figure in academe.

What is a myth? In Campbell's academic jargon, it is a dreamlike "symbol that evokes and directs psychological energy." A vivid story or legend, it is but one part of a larger fabric of myths that, taken together, form a mythology that expresses a culture's attitude toward life, death and the universe around it. The Greek myth of Prometheus, the Titan who stole fire from Olympus and gave it to man, thus symbolizes the race's aspirations, even when they conflict with the powers of nature. The almost contemporary Hebrew myth of the trials of Job, on the other hand, symbolizes man's submission to a power above nature, even when that power seems cruel and unjust. The two myths are, in effect, picture stories that tell the philosophies of two totally divergent cultures. The Greek stresses man's heroic striving for human values and civilization; the Hebrew emphasizes, rather, man's humble spiritual surrender to God's will. Abraham's willingness to sacrifice Isaac is the supreme symbol of this attitude.

Though not true in a literal sense, a myth is not what it is considered to be in everyday speech—a fantasy or a misstatement. It is rather a veiled explanation of the truth. The transformation from fact to myth is endlessly fascinating. The battle of Achilles and Hector, for example, is symbolic, but there was a Trojan War in which great heroes fought. The psychological duel between Faust and the Devil is a philosophical and psychological metaphor, but Georg Faust, a German magician who was born about 1480, did live and did make claims to superhuman power, including the ability to restore the lost works of Plato and Aristotle and to repeat the miracles of Christ. Yet it was not until poets like Christopher Marlowe and Goethe took up the legend that Faust became famous—and mythic. The Faust story appealed to Marlowe and to Goethe because the times in which they lived, eras in which faith and reason were in basic conflict, called for such a symbolic struggle.

What should a mythology do? In Campbell's view, a "properly operating" mythology has four important functions:

▶ To begin with, through its rites and imagery it wakens and maintains in the individual a sense of awe, gratitude and even rapture, rather than fear, in relation to the mystery both of the universe and of man's own existence within it.

▶ Secondly, a mythology offers man a comprehensive, understandable image of the world around him, roughly in accord with the best scientific knowledge of the time. In symbolic form, it tells him what his universe looks like and where he belongs in it.

▶ The third function of a living mythology is to support the social order through rites and rituals that will impress and mold the young. In India, for example, the basic myth is that of an impersonal power, Brahma, that embodies the universe. The laws of caste are regarded as inherent features of this universe and are accepted and obeyed from childhood. Cruel as this may seem to Westerners, the myth of caste does give Indian society a stability it might otherwise lack and does make life bearable to the impoverished low castes.

▶ The fourth and, in Campbell's view, the most important function of mythology, is to guide the individual, stage by stage, through the inevitable psychological crises of a useful life: from the childhood condition of dependence through the traumas of adolescence and the trials of adulthood to, finally, the deathbed.

The churches and synagogues still provide mythological guidance for many, Campbell argues; for many others, however, this guidance fails. The result is that, where once religion served, many have turned to psychoanalysis or encounter groups. "All ages before ours believed in gods in some form or other," wrote Carl Jung, whose th

ories of the collective unconscious have most profoundly influenced Campbell's thinking. "Heaven has become empty space to us, a fair memory of things that once were. But our heart glows, and secret unrest gnaws at the roots of our being." In search of something that they can hold on to, many people in the West, particularly the young, are either returning to Christian fundamentalism through the Jesus Revolution (TIME, June 21) or turning to the religions of the East, chiefly Buddhism and Hinduism. "The swamis are coming from India, and they're taking away the flock," says Campbell. "They're speaking of religion as dealing with the interior life and not about dogmatic formulae and ritual requirements."

▪

For the vast majority, Campbell believes, the West's general lack of spiritual authority has been a disaster. Forty years in the study of eternal symbols have made Campbell a conservative of a rather dark hue. Though he is optimistic about the long range, he finds the present bleak indeed. "We have seen what has happened to primitive communities unsettled by the white man's civilization," he observes. "With their old taboos discredited, they immediately go to pieces, disintegrate, and become resorts of vice and disease. Today the same thing is happening to us."

Many Oriental and primitive societies even today have working mythologies, and Communist countries have at least the basis of a mythology in Marxism. The Marxist dream of the withering away of the state, after which each man will give according to his abilities and receive according to his needs, echoes numerous religious beliefs of a paradise on earth or a Second Coming. The Chinese Communists have, in addition, the myth of the "Long March" in the '30s and the subsequent sanctuary of Mao Tse-tung and his followers in the caves of Yenan. The events were real enough, but for this generation of Chinese, and probably for generations to come, they will have much the same deep mythological significance that the Trojan War had for the Greeks.

In the West there have been desperate attempts to provide at least fragments of a modern mythology. Churchill brilliantly re-created the myth of St. George and the dragon during World War II: the picture of little Britain, a citadel of justice, besieged by the evil Nazi hordes. The situation, of course, was much as he painted it—Britain was besieged and Hitler was evil—but a Neville Chamberlain would not have been able, as Churchill was, to light up his people with the basic themes of their culture. Charles de Gaulle, both as wartime leader and President of the Fifth Republic, quite consciously resurrected the ghost of Joan of Arc. "To my mind," he wrote, "France cannot be France without greatness." The founders of Israel similarly evoked, and still evoke, mythic images of the Bible's chosen people to enable Israelis to survive in their hostile environment.

Often, such attempts add up merely to rhetoric or incantation. John Kennedy sought to revive the American myth that the U.S. was a country with a messianic mission. "Now the trumpet summons us again," he said in his Inaugural Address, "to a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself." A post-Viet Nam U.S. can no longer quite believe in such an American mission. And Martin Luther King Jr. worked to provide the nation's blacks with a myth of their own. "I've been to the mountaintop and I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land," King said the night before he was killed, echoing the Bible's story of Moses on Mount Sinai.

For centuries Americans were emboldened by the myth of the endless frontier, the notion that a new life could always be started out West, whether the West was Ohio or California. That version outlasted the frontier itself, but no one believes in it today. Campbell hopes that the landings on the moon will reinvigorate that mythic tradition. Only a handful of people can go to the moon, and no one would want to stake out his 160 acres there, but the excitement of the journey itself is infectious, a re-enactment on the TV screen of Prometheus' stealing fire from the gods. Beyond that, Campbell believes, there is an even more durable myth: the "American Dream." That is the idea, grounded in fact, that a man is judged on his own ability rather than on his family or his place in society. "This pessimistic optimist thinks that that myth still works," he says. "The fact that Nixon was a poor boy and was yet elected President is a good example."

▪

In the final analysis, however, it is wrong in Campbell's view to ask for one grand mythology that will guide people today. Instead there must be many different mythologies for many different kinds of people. "There is no general mythology today," Campbell says, "nor can there ever be again. Our lives are too greatly various in their backgrounds, aims and possibilities for any single order of symbols to work effectively on us all." The new myths must be internalized and individual, and each man must find them for himself. Some, in fact, are following mythological paths today, unconsciously and without design. The hippie who leaves society and goes off to a commune, for example, is being guided by a mythological map of withdrawal and adventure laid down by Christ in the desert, the Buddha at Bodh-Gaya, and Mohammed in his cave of meditation at Mount Hira.

The man in search of an ideal could at least begin, Campbell thinks, by searching through the myths of antiquity, religion and modern literature. For the elite who can read and understand them, T.S. Eliot, James Joyce, Thomas Mann, among modern writers and poets, and Pablo Picasso and Paul Klee, among modern artists, have updated the ancient mythological motifs. Campbell and the other mythologists are, in a sense, providing the workbooks for the poets—the modern Daedaluses in turtlenecks. "It doesn't matter to me whether my guiding angel is for a time named Vishnu, Shiva, Jesus, or the Buddha," Campbell says. "If you're not distracted by names or the color of hair, the same message is there, variously turned. In the multitude of myths and legends that have been preserved to us —both in our own Western arts and literatures, synagogues and churches, and in the rites and teachings of those Oriental and primitive heritages now becoming known to us—we may still find guidance."

The mythologists are not providing myths, but they are indicating that something is missing without them. They are telling modern man that he has not outgrown mythology and will never outgrow it so long as he has hopes and fears beyond the other animals. ▪ Gerald Clarke

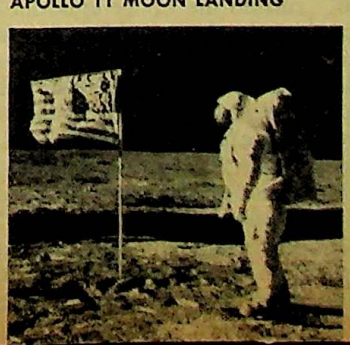
OMETHEUS AT WORK



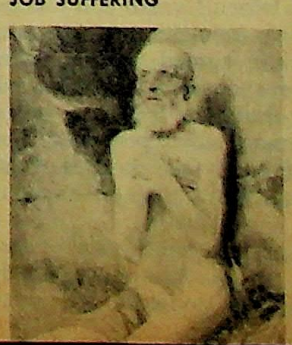
FAUST & MEPHISTOPHELES



APOLLO 11 MOON LANDING



JOB SUFFERING



ACHILLES & HECTOR

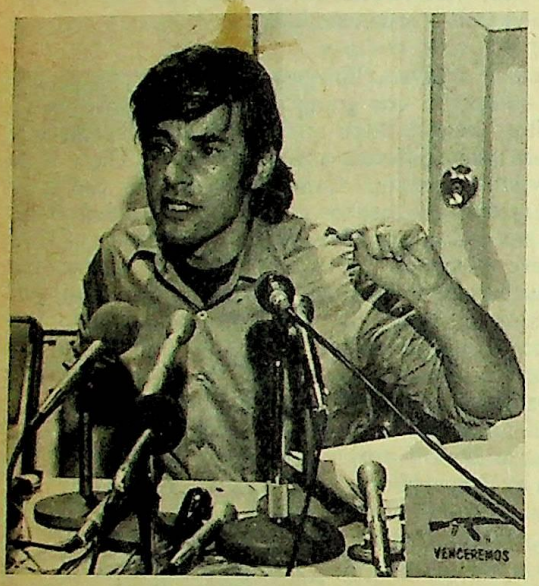


Inciting to Violence

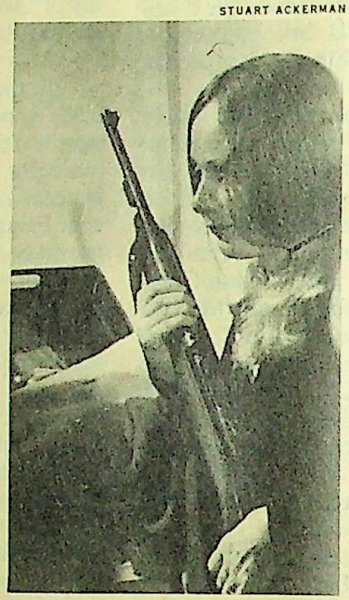
The uproar started just a year ago. Once again, the U.S. seemed to be escalating the war in Viet Nam—this time with an armored foray into Laos—and once again U.S. university campuses were up in arms. Stanford saw a fire-bombing and many smashed windows. Radical students decided to protest further by seizing the university's $5 million Computation Center. Angry students mobilized in White Plaza and found the center's doors all locked.

While the students milled about, a professor named H. Bruce Franklin harangued them on their duties: "So now what we're asking is for people to make that tiny little gesture to . . . shut down the most obvious machinery of war, such as that Computation Center."

STUART ACKERMAN



FRANKLIN DENOUNCING MOVE TO DISMISS HIM



WIFE JANE WITH CARBINE

A pattern of conduct constituting a challenge to the institution.

Shortly thereafter, the crowd broke into the building, took control and cut off the power to the computers. Officials countered by summoning the police. It was not an epic battle, but it was enough to convince Stanford President Richard Lyman that he had to deal with the question of H. Bruce Franklin, associate professor of English, recognized expert on Melville, and self-proclaimed Maoist. Only a month earlier, Franklin had joined a band of students in heckling Henry Cabot Lodge, former U.S. ambassador to Saigon, with cries of "oink-oink." When Lyman complained that Franklin's behavior was inappropriate, Franklin agreed, adding: "The appropriate response to war criminals is [that] they should be locked up or executed." Lyman now proposed that Franklin be fired on four charges of disrupting the university by incitements to violence.

Franklin, 37, a short, wiry figure who likes to appear in battered khaki Army shirts, had come to this crisis by a circuitous route. Son of a small stockbroker in New York, he was the first member of his family to go to college (Amherst), and there was no radicalism then. In the late '50s he even served as an intelligence officer for the Strategic Air Command. It was only in 1965, when he was already well established in Stanford's English department, that he began to turn into a "revolutionary," which he defined as "someone who believes that the rich people who run the country ought to be overthrown and that the poor and working people ought to run the country. Simple, isn't it?"

Franklin, claiming his rights of free speech, demanded a full hearing on his case. As a tenured professor (on the Stanford faculty since 1961), he had the support of many teachers who disagreed with both his views and his vehemence. To academics, tenure after several years of service is almost sacred; it represents job security, the freedom to speak and write without fear of reprisal.

Lyman arranged for a quasi-judicial hearing, probably the most elaborate ever held for a controversial teacher. A seven-member faculty board worked full time for six weeks, listening to more than 100 witnesses, as well as tapes of Franklin's various speeches. Last week it delivered its verdict. It dismissed the Lodge episode, but it decided unanimously that "Professor Franklin did intentionally incite and urge persons at the White Plaza rally to occupy the Computation Center illegally." More generally, the board said: "Professor Franklin engages in a pattern of conduct that constitutes a continual challenge to the institution." By a 5-to-2 majority, the board declared that Franklin should be dismissed forthwith, just as President Lyman had proposed. The minority filed a dissenting opinion that Franklin should remain a "a part of what this university or any university is meant to be."

Franklin's reaction was melodramatic. He called a press conference and brought along his blonde wife Jane, who carried an unloaded carbine to demonstrate that "that's where political power comes from" (a variation on one of Chairman Mao's favorite sayings). Franklin declared that the hearing had been "a roaring success" because it had "brought this fascism out from under the rocks." Would there be violence on the campus? "I hope so," said Franklin.

By week's end, Franklin's hope had not been realized. But a group of 75 professors expressed "outrage," and Nobel-prizewinning Chemist Linus Pauling denounced "a great blow to freedom of speech." Daniel Ellsberg of "Pentagon Papers" fame drew a crowd of 2,000 to Stanford's Memorial Church, where he defended Franklin's politics and admitted his own "bafflement" at the problem of ending the Viet Nam War. Later, some 200 students marched to President Lyman's office and nailed an ultimatum to his door: "Rehire Bruce by Tuesday noon." With Defense Department recruiters scheduled to visit Palo Alto before the ultimatum runs out, Franklin still had reason to hold to his hopes.

Others Under Fire

Among faculty members engaged in battle with their universities:

THE AGNOSTIC—Augustine Caffrey, 48, former Jesuit priest. Fairfield University President William McInnes declared that a professor at the Catholic institution could not teach theology while questioning the faith. Fairfield's board of trustees rebuffed McInnes and supported Caffrey, who is currently teaching Problems of Atheism.

THE DEMONSTRATOR—Political Scientist Michael Parenti, 36. The trustees of the University of Vermont canceled his contract "to protect the image of the university." Their main criticism: Parenti's conviction in Illinois, where he previously taught, for fighting with a policeman during riots after the Kent State killings. Despite strong support from students and faculty, Parenti will leave after this school year.

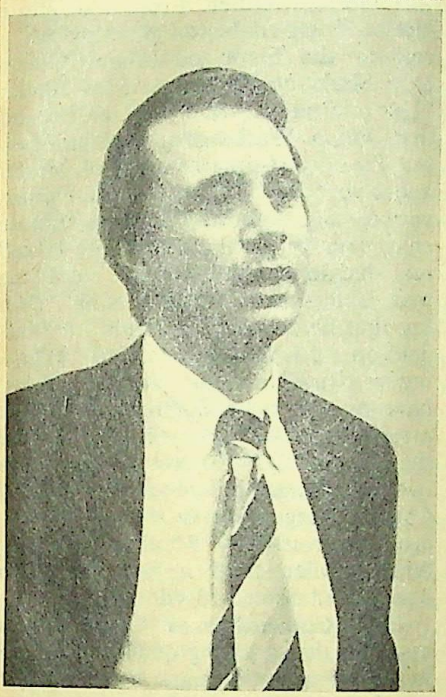
THE HUMORIST—Sociologist Lee Weiner, 32, member of the Chicago Seven. Weiner's appointment to the Rutgers faculty was controversial from the start, but his real trouble apparently came from a birthday party for Black Panther Leader Bobby Seale. A New York *Times* reporter asked Weiner what he was doing nowadays, and he jokingly answered, "I'm trying to organize a new kind of Communist Party in New Jersey." New Jersey legislators protested to Governor William Cahill. Weiner, anxious not to jeopardize his academic future, agreed to leave.

New Man Out

Young and energetic, John Hightower came down on the Museum of Modern Art like a wolf on the fold —only to find that the fold was full of veteran wolves. He told the trustees to their faces: "I am not interested in the museum as an elegant warehouse for gems, but in its value as an educational force. I'm interested in changing the direction of the museum."

At 36, Hightower came to the Modern's directorship from a successful

FRANK MARESCA



MODERN'S EX-DIRECTOR HIGHTOWER
Zealous but frustrated.

tenure as executive director of the New York State Council on the Arts, where he had made a reputation as an able administrator. But, as he readily admits, he had no art training.

In his new job, he confronted a bundle of trouble. Though attendance was steadily rising, so was the deficit, and endowment income was falling with the stock market. During his tenure, he pared services, cut the staff from 536 to some 420, managed to reduce last year's anticipated $1.8 million deficit to about $800,000. Hightower survived a strike by museum employees with honor, ultimately signing a contract that left both sides content.

Last week, Chairman of the Board David Rockefeller and William Paley, the museum president, fired him; some trustees were not even consulted.

Why? Perhaps because the museum has fixed in its memory the image of the late René d'Harnoncourt, who was director from 1949 to 1968. An amiable giant of a man, he had impeccable scholarship, gentle charm, and the kind of offhand authority that makes administration easy and donors eager. His successor, Bates Lowry, proved to be a disastrous administrator and lasted only ten months. Hightower remained 20. His failure has something to do with that impalpable thing called presence. He looked even more boyish than his years. Often compelled by his job as director to address fund-raising dinners or opening-show gatherings, he faced one of the world's most knowledgeable audiences with the admission that "I do not pretend to know much about art history."

This grated on the senior staff. There was a difference of purpose. He wanted to "put the museum into the streets." The trustees wanted the museum to remain "reflective and interpretive," in Hightower's phrase. And he had learned about trustees. "I had the responsibility all right," he said. "The problem was to get the authority." A good man in the wrong job.

As acting director, the trustees named Richard Oldenburg, 38, brother of Sculptor Claes Oldenburg and the museum's director of publications since 1969. The search for a new d'Harnoncourt continues.

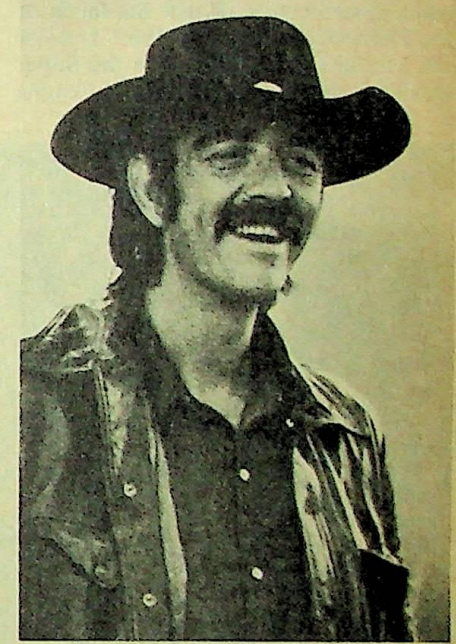
Quirky Angler

California these days harbors a whole generation of stoned, amiable ironists, who work at an angle to the High Seriousness of New York. They needle their audience with the suggestion that art, like experience, is inconsistent stuff, vulnerable and quirky, full of tackiness and paradox. Best known among them is a lanky, mercurial artist named William T. Wiley, 34, who lives and works outside San Francisco in a frame house with (shades of Brautigan!) a trout stream flowing beside it. His traveling show, organized by the University Art Museum in Berkeley, opens this week at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Wiley's paintings, watercolors and constructions have a cobbled-together air; negligence becomes a creative principle, and the joke is always on culture. Of a period spent in New York, he remarks: "I saw a lot of important work being done and thought, 'That's good; I don't have to do important things. It's like all that has been taken care of.' "

The notion that you are what you eat becomes expanded, in Wiley's work, to the idea that you are what you happen to have around, and Wiley has produced a whole iconography from the litter in his backyard. *Thank You Hide*, 1970, is a fair example of Wiley's *bricolage*, with its rusty pickax snagged, like an unwanted anchor, on a knotted line from an improvised fishing pole, its ragged sheet of ox hide, its confusingly labeled ("Fresh Bait," "Nietzsche") objects perched on a raw wood shelf. They can only be decoded in terms of Wiley's own convoluted memories, but their point has more to do with a remark of Marcel Duchamp, whom Wiley vastly admires: "There is no solution because there is no problem." This openness and tolerance toward objects and meanings is the essential subject of Wiley's work. It is all about not being hassled.

But attitudes are one thing, results another. Generally, the constructions are the flimsiest area of Wiley's art. His watercolors and oils are a different matter. *The White Rhino Injured*, 1966, is a marvel of surrealist compression: the unfortunate pachy-



CALIFORNIA'S WILLIAM WILEY
Funky but haunting.

derm's skin is reduced to several turns of gray, wrinkled hosepipe surrounding a block of white meat from which pink blood flows; it is a funky but hauntingly succinct image of vulnerability. "I'm a maze of information about reflections mirrored in opposites," begins the caption to his punningly titled *Wizdumb Bridge*, 1969, and the declaration fits the imagery, which manages to be both specific and curiously vague. The cracked concrete is Wiley's studio floor, the tipped-over paint tin that spreads its river beneath the "bridge" is an everyday accident. But the sum effect is a crazy quilt of potentially familiar objects, a mosaic of recollection that is suggested but eludes the viewer. In this way, Wiley manages to endow something as banal as a wooden stump with a tantalizing load of implied memory. The strategy is as old as surrealism. So are the verbal games, with their free association and childish puns. But in Wiley's hands it all acquires a special density. ▪ Robert Hughes

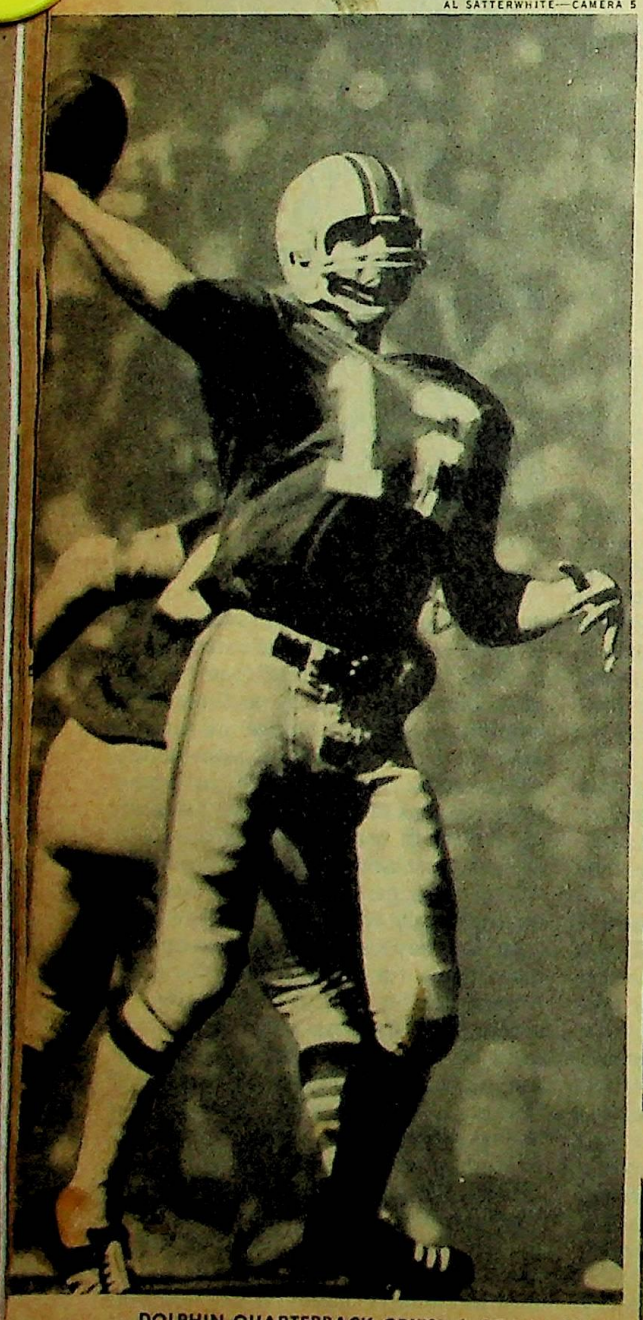
Bullet Bob v. Roger the Dodger

If you look at successful Aquarians, you will note that theirs is a new, unique, or progressive approach to whatever they are doing. They are blessed with a great fixity of purpose in completing what they started.
—Astrologist Carroll Righter

IT was perhaps inevitable in the Age of Aquarius that two young men born in the first week of February would ultimately battle for the same prize. But when Quarterbacks Roger Staubach of the Dallas Cowboys and Bob Griese of the Miami Dolphins meet in the Super Bowl for the National Football League championship this week, they will have more in common than their Aquarian fixity of purpose.

Staubach was raised in the Midwest. So was Griese. Staubach was a class president and star baseball, basketball and football player in high school. So was Griese. Staubach was turned down by Notre Dame, the college he passionately wanted to attend. So was Griese. Staubach was named a college all-America in his junior year. So was Griese. Staubach is a Roman Catholic, is married to a former nurse, sells real estate, has blue eyes, short-trimmed hair and is modest and reserved. Ditto for Griese on all counts. Staubach is the leading passer in the National Football Conference. Griese is the leading passer in the American Football Conference. Now, on the eve of the sixth annual Super Bowl, the two best young quarterbacks in professional football are preparing to establish a crucial difference in their parallel careers: the difference between winner and loser.

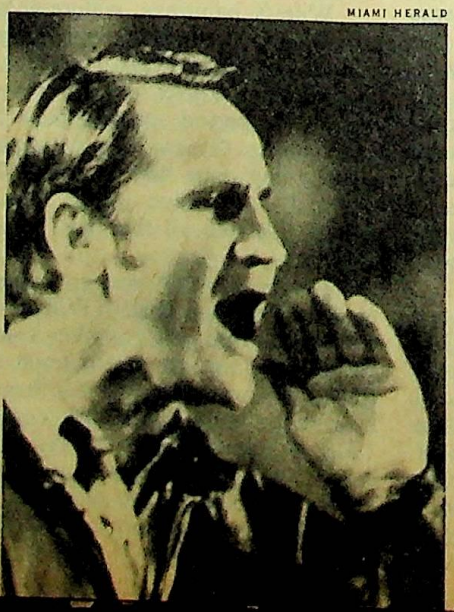
AL SATTERWHITE—CAMERA 5



DOLPHIN QUARTERBACK GRIESE & COACH SHULA

The match-up of the Aquarians and their teams—little old Miami (the Cinderella team) and big bad Dallas (the fiercest force in the West)—has stirred more than the usual frenzy among the nation's pro-football freaks. In Miami, where attendance at home games averaged a meager 34,687 just two seasons ago, more than 78,000 screaming, hanky-waving "Dol-fans" jammed the Orange Bowl last week to watch their beloved Dolphins score a stunning A.F.C. play-off victory over the Wo Champion Baltimore Colts. In Dall no less a booster than Lyndon Bain Johnson moseyed into town, cheer the Cowboys' N.F.C. play-off win ov the San Francisco 49ers, roamed t locker room shaking hands, a drawled: "They wouldn't let us ba on the range if you didn't win."

MIAMI HERALD



The nation's No. 1 football f was not idle either. From the Wh House, Richard Nixon put through call to the home of Miami Coac Don Shula at 1:30 a.m. Says Shul "He told me, 'Now you understar that I'm a Washington Redskin fa but I'm a part-time resident of Mian and I've been following the Dolphi very closely.' " During their ten-minu chat, says Shula, the President "talk real technical football. He told m that Dallas was a pretty tough clu but that he thought we could hit War field on a down-and-in pattern." Wash ington Redskin fans, among other have reason to be skeptical about th presidential strategy. Shortly befor the Redskins' 24-20 loss to the 49e two weeks ago, Nixon called Redsk Coach George Allen to suggest an en around reverse by Flanker Roy Je ferson. Allen tried it, and Jefferso was nailed for a 13-yd. loss.

Old Campaigners. Once, it w assumed that a young quarterback h to spend several years warming t bench before he could even begin master the complexities of the p game. No more. Staubach and Gr se, leading the top teams in each leag into the biggest game of the year, sy bolize a changing of the guard—the t umph of youthful field generals ov veteran campaigners.

Familiar names are still aroun but the best of the still-activ quarterbacks who reigned ov pro football for the past deca are getting long in the too John Unitas, still wearing t old high-top-style cleats that h sported when he broke in wi the Baltimore Colts 16 season ago, is 38. John Brodie, a su vivor of 15 colorful campaig with the 49ers, is 36. Bart St of the Green Bay Packers is and considering retiring. Son Jurgensen of the Washingt Redskins is 37 and ailing. Gr se, on the other hand, is on 26, and has already logged f seasons as a starter. Staubach 29 and "in the best physical co dition of my life."

With the ranks of the oldti

ers dwindling, the search for more Grieses and Staubachs has intensified. What the pros are looking for in their "dream quarterback" is aptly described by Minnesota Viking General Manager Jim Finks: "The future star quarterback will have the qualities of a single-wing tailback. He will have the size to see over and around big onrushing linemen, good strength to absorb the punishment, and speed to run past the defensive linemen and linebackers."

From All Sides. Some teams have already realized that dream. Indeed, there are four other young quarterbacks whose exploits come close to matching those of Griese and Staubach: the New England Patriots' Jim Plunkett, 24, 6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs., has more than lived up to his Heisman Trophy notices, passing the Pats to upset victories over the Colts and Miami this fall; New Orleans Saints' Archie Manning, 22, 6 ft. 3 in., 212 lbs., the sensational roll-out passer and scrambler from Ole Miss, was so spectacular as a rookie that he had defenses gunning for him all season long; Pittsburgh Steelers' Terry Bradshaw, 23, 6 ft. 3 in., 214 lbs., finding his groove in his sophomore season, sparked the Steelers to their best winning season in five years; Buffalo Bills' Dennis Shaw, 24, 6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs., the A.F.C. Rookie of the Year in 1970, fired eleven touchdown passes this season.

To be sure, Plunkett, Manning, Bradshaw and Shaw caught it from all sides as they learned their trade during on-the-field training. Or, in some instances, flat-on-the-field training. Bradshaw, for example, suffered the humiliation of being tackled for a safety in each of the first three games he started; it took him two more games before he threw his first touchdown pass. "The plain truth is," he says, "I didn't know how to attack a defense, how to set one thing up by using another."

Bob Griese knows, and his knowledge borders on the mystical. Take the blitz. "It's funny," he says. "Sometimes you can look into their eyes and you can *tell* they're blitzing." Buffalo Safety Pete Richardson is bugged by the Griese gaze: "He always seems to know which way I'm going. It's like he's looking into my head."

An extremely methodical man who approaches the game with the air of a Ph.D. candidate, Griese likes to equate football with chess: "In a game I think of myself as looking down on a situation from above, like a chess player. I can see moves coming and I'm ready to make them. When you're a rookie you feel just like another one of the pieces. You can't see everybody because you're down among them. But when you have total grasp and knowledge of what's going on, then you feel you can effectively maneuver people around, manipulate your offense to take advantage of what the defense is showing."

Blond, tan, dimpled and movie-star handsome, Griese, going to work in one of his Sears, Roebuck suits (he does promotion for the company), looks like a beachboy turned junior executive. For him, in fact, preparing for a game is "like a businessman going to a meeting. I have a 9-to-5 job like everyone else," he says. Not quite. When he goes home at night, he often lugs along reels of game film and then spends long hours in his den taking notes by the flickering light. His diligence has paid off in a kind of built-in instant-replay system. On the field, he says, "every time a defensive formation moves it reminds me of something I've seen on one of the films the week before."

To his teammates, Griese is a respected if somewhat distant leader. No rah-rah man, his most insistent utterance in the huddle is "Let's get going." Says Griese: "I don't say anything. I just call the plays and make them work." And work and work. Though he is a good swivel-hipped scrambler and has one of the quickest releases in the league, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 lb. Griese is running and passing less and enjoying it more. Once he threw as many as 35 passes a game; against Baltimore last week he threw only eight times. The fact that two of his tosses led to touchdowns supports his theory that nothing sets up a pass as neatly as a well-mixed running attack.

In the play-off battle with the Colts, Griese was expected to trade largely on the running attack of his battering backs, Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick. It would be futile, so the smart money figured, to pass against a zone defense that was reputedly an impenetrable wall. Although Griese used his aerial attack with restraint, the bombs that he threw picked the zone apart in short order.

Miami defensemen got in a few decisive licks of their own. In addition to manhandling Colt Quarterback Unitas, they combined for one of the most exquisitely executed maneuvers this side of the Bolshoi Ballet. It came in the third quarter after Miami Safety Dick Anderson picked off a tipped Unitas pass. Rallying around him in a kind of free-form flying wedge, Dolphin blockers cut down six Colt tacklers in sudden, shattering succession, as Anderson raced on unmolested for the score. Says Shula, still lost in the wonder of it all: "It was one of the great plays of all time, a classic." The 21-0 Miami victory marked the first time in 97 games that the Colts had been shut out.

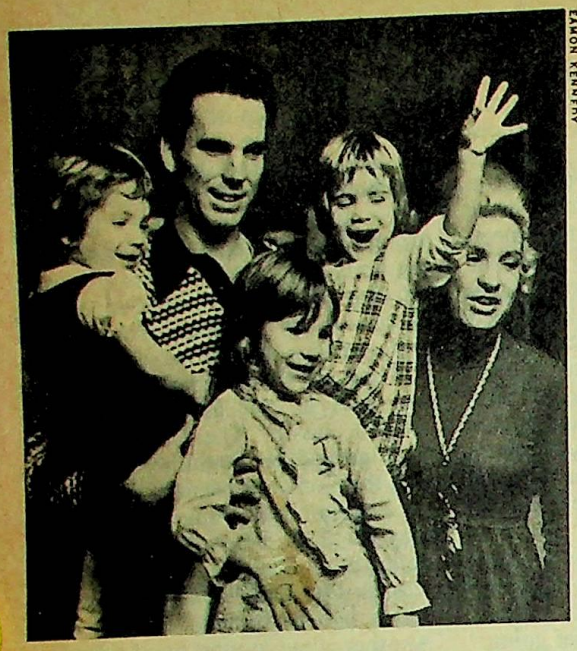
Freely and Feebly. The other play-off clash, between the hard-nosed defenses of Dallas and San Francisco, was, as 49er Defensive Tackle Earl Edwards had predicted, "an alley fight." Another 49er, noting Staubach's penchant for running with the ball when his receivers are covered, warned that



RUSS RUSSELL

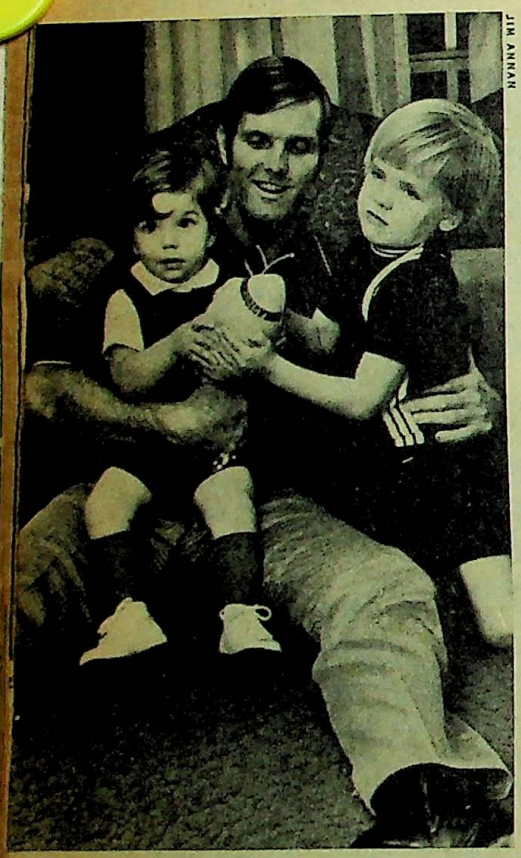


COWBOY COACH



EAMON KENNEFY

STAUBACH & FAMILY



JIM ANNAN

GRIESE & CHILDREN

Match-up of Aquarians.

"a quarterback who plays that way can get his neck broken." As it happened, nothing was broken except the 49ers' spirit. Staubach romped freely while veteran San Francisco Quarterback John Brodie passed feebly. Brodie had three passes intercepted, Staubach none; he was the Cowboys' leading ground gainer to boot.

Indeed, he befuddled the 49ers all afternoon with what might be called the Staubach Shuffle. In a third-and-seven situation on the Dallas 23, Staubach faded, found his receivers covered, circled as far back as the 3-yd. line, zigged away from one tackler, reversed his course, angled for the sidelines, doubled back and then, while running full tilt, flipped a 17-yd. jump pass to Running Back Dan Reeves for a first down. Shuffling this way and throwing that, Roger the Dodger led the Cowboys to a 14-3 victory.

The unusual thing about Staubach is that he calls almost no plays at all. That chore is handled by Dallas Coach Tom Landry, who shuttles in his calls from the sidelines via "messenger ends." Landry uses the messenger technique, he says, "to take the pressure off the quarterback." (Others say it is because only he and God fully understand the complex Landry multiformations.) Not all of the Cowboys are happy with the messenger service. Says one player: "The coach has become so conservative—playing mostly ball control—that some guys on the offense feel throttled back. Hell, we have the most explosive offense in the league, if Coach Landry would only loosen his short leash on us."

That does not seem likely, at least not right away. "We have 14 multiple offensive formations to cope with," says Landry. "It takes a while to learn how to run it smoothly and effectively." Perfectionist Landry even goes so far as to say that Staubach is still three years away from becoming a complete professional quarterback. "It will take him that long to learn to read defenses clearly." Staubach disagrees. He argues that "I cannot be a complete quarterback until I can call the plays," and wants to take over the team on his own next season. "I won't worry," he says, "until I see Landry working out in the offseason, like throwing a ball through a rubber tire in the backyard."

Scrambler. Actually, Staubach still has a very special hold on the team. Every time he fades back to pass and decides to run, for example, he is running the play his way. "Coach doesn't like my scrambling very much," he admits, "mainly because he's afraid of injuries." Staubach, who at 6 ft. 3 in. and 195 lbs. is no muscular giant by pro standards, seems to be afraid of nothing. Says New York Jets Line Coach Buddy Ryan: "The others lay down on you before you can hit them. This Staubach guy thinks he's a running back. He's still trying to win the Heisman Trophy in the pros."

Very often, the threat of a Staubach run is as damaging to defenses as the run itself. When he scrambles into his broken figure-eight patterns, swooping toward the line of scrimmage and then veering back again, defenses are grinned by a will-he-or-won't-he perplexity. Says Jet Cornerback Earlie Thomas: "In the time he's running around, your man can run two or three pass patterns, and if he runs two or three, he might beat you on one." After seeing him chased for many a zigzagging yard last week, 49er Assistant Coach Paul Wiggin marveled at Staubach's ability to stay on his feet: "That guy's got an inner gyroscope or something." Says 49er Coach Dick Nolan: "Staubach beat us. His scrambling was the difference."

Stunning Upset. More than one coach has voiced a similar lament when going against the likes of Roger Thomas Staubach and Robert Allen Griese. Everything about the two sons of Aquarius has remained remarkably similar, all the way to the Super Bowl. Both were outstanding high school athletes, Staubach in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Griese in Evansville, Ind. Spurned by Notre Dame, Staubach went to the U.S. Naval Academy, Griese to Purdue. In 1962, in his first game against Army, Sophomore Staubach passed and ran circles around the heavily favored cadets to lead Navy to a stunning upset. The next year he became the fourth college player in history to win the Heisman Trophy in his junior year. A year and a half later he was commissioned an ensign and later was sent to Danang, South Viet Nam, as a supply officer.

In 1965 Griese all but singlehandedly upset No. 1-ranked Notre Dame by completing an incredible 19 of 22 passes. Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian calls it "the greatest single performance I have ever witnessed." Then in 1967 Griese led Purdue to a 14-13 victory over Southern Cal in the Rose Bowl. That same year Griese was the No. 1 draft choice of the Dolphins.

In the opening game of the season, Quarterback John Stofa broke his leg, and Griese was sent in. Despite an injured shoulder, he helped Miami win three of its last five games while throwing 122 consecutive passes without an interception. Meshing well with meticulous Don Shula, who became the Dolphins' head coach last season, Griese led the Dolphins to the A.F.C. play-offs last year and into the Super Bowl this year.

In 1969 Staubach took off his Navy uniform and joined the Dallas Cowboys to serve on their taxi squad behind Quarterbacks Craig Morton and Don Meredith. Then, in quick succession, Don Meredith announced his surprise retirement and Craig Morton was injured—leaving Staubach to start the opening game of the season against the St. Louis Cardinals. In the first quarter Staubach fired a 75-yd. touchdown pass, and the Cowboys were never headed as they won 24-3. Then and on over the next two seasons Coach Landry, a Methodist minister known to his players as the "Rev. T.J.," alternated Staubach and Morton as the starting quarterbacks. After

Cowboys lost three of their first seven games this season, Landry announced that for "the sake of continuity" he would use only one quarterback: Staubach. Roger led the Cowboys to nine consecutive victories and straight into the Super Bowl.

Now the Super Bowl is all that remains of the season. Dallas has made the divisional play-offs four years running but has never won the big game. Miami is the youngest (organized in 1966) team ever to make the Super Bowl. Dallas has the "Doomsday Defense," big, tenacious, experienced. Miami has the "No Name Defense," young, quick, aggressive. Dallas has Wide Receiver Bob Hayes, the fastest man in the N.F.C. Miami has Paul Warfield, the most elusive. Dallas has Running Backs Duane Thomas and Calvin Hill, the best one-two punch in the N.F.C. Miami has Backs Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick, the best in the A.F.C. Dallas has Ron Widby, one of the top punters in the N.F.C. Miami has Place Kicker Garo Yepremian, the highest scorer in the N.F.L. Dallas has Tom Landry, aloof, cerebral, technical. Miami has Don Shula, driving, hard-nosed, elemental.

Finally, Dallas has Roger the Dodger: "Every time I step on the field, I believe my team is going to walk off the winner, somehow, some way." And Miami has Bullet Bob: "We will win." Who is right? In the age of the Aquarians the answer lies in the confrontation of the two stars.

The Time of the Television Football Freak

WHEN football first appeared on the home screen, TV coverage involved little more than a camera somewhere high above the 50-yd. line and a commentator who simply repeated the picture in words. Today the commentators are usually articulate experts, and batteries of cameras peer at the players everywhere but in the shower rooms. Hoisted on cranes, mounted on helicopters and shuttled along the sidelines, they can in effect keep the viewer everywhere at once. Using zoom lenses to peek into the huddle, or directional microphones to pick up the violent crunch of behemoth meeting behemoth, modern TV crews make the action so real that bulldozing backs sometimes seem to plunge over the goal line onto the living-room rug.

Such shots require a precise and intimate knowledge of the game, and no one is more aware of what is called for than CBS Director Tony Verna, the man who will choreograph the coverage of this week's Super Bowl. An 18-year veteran of TV sports coverage, he has been drilling his squad of 100 technicians and production people with the single-minded drive of an electronic Vince Lombardi. He is studying game films and continually revising his play book, a 36-page treatment of the deployment and minute-by-minute moves of men and equipment. In the TV equivalent of a football tactic known as "flooding the secondary," he will scatter 15 cameras, 40 microphones and 84 TV monitors around the stadium—the most equipment ever amassed for a football game. In the CBS control room, Verna will continually monitor shots taken by each of his cameramen. All through the game he will have to make snap decisions about which view he wants on the air. The job, says Verna, will be like "playing blindfold chess. I've already played the Super Bowl game in my head five or six times." In each make-believe version, CBS wins.

■

During a game, every time the quarterback calls signals, the TV cameramen have to second-guess him. Lest they be faked out, they learn like any linebacker that when the offensive linemen charge, it is usually a run; when they pull back, it is a pass. Verna's goal is to place the viewer on the 50-yd. line and then, through the cameras, let his eyes roam as they might if he were actually in the stadium. When a field-goal attempt is imminent, for example, the scene cuts to the kicker warming up on the sidelines. When there is a break in the action, one camera or another takes a lingering look at the inevitable pretty blonde cheerleader.

With all that, many viewers find that seeing the game on TV is not as good as being there—it's better. True, if they jump to their feet in time, fans who go to the stadium can often witness a startling play in its entirety. But if they are TV-trained, more often than not they feel lost without an instant replay. More than any other innovation, it is the ability to take a second look at what has just happened that has kept the armchair fan riveted to his TV set.* Not only can he second-guess a referee's call, but he can count on savoring thrilling moments in slow motion and from different perspectives.

Verna is only too well aware that despite the sophisticated electronic devices, TV is not infallible. In a game between the Washington Redskins and the San Francisco 49ers, Quarterback John Brodie fouled things up by faking out the defense—and the CBS cameraman—to hit Wide Receiver Gene Washington with a 78-yd. scoring bomb. All that appeared on home screens was a shot of Washington loping into the end zone. Like Lombardi, though, Verna wins more than he loses. In a similar situation in another 49ers game, Verna was so confident that Brodie would throw to Washington that he sent one of his portable "mini" cameras 50 yds. downfield from the line of scrimmage. Sure enough, Washington caught a Brodie pass only a few feet from the sideline camera and raced into the end zone for a touchdown; Verna's viewers saw it all in a stunning instant-replay closeup. It is in such moments that TV football freaks are born.

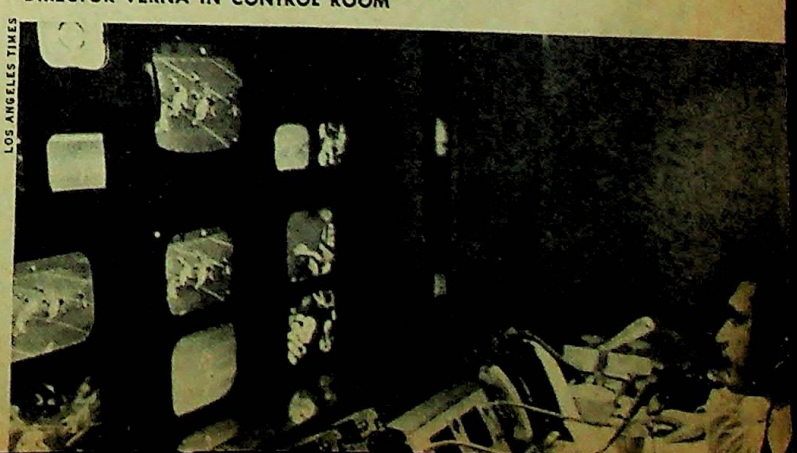
■

In recent years, that birth rate has been phenomenally high. In ever-increasing numbers, football fans lose themselves for hours every weekend in trancelike wonder before their home sets. The true TV football freak will watch anything that wears a helmet and moves—and he has ample opportunity.

For many, the season kicks off inordinately early—in the heat of July when the top team in the National Football League plays the College All-Stars. After that, for the next six months, the pros play 78 exhibition games followed by 182 regular-season games, followed by six play-off games, followed by *the* game: the Super Bowl.

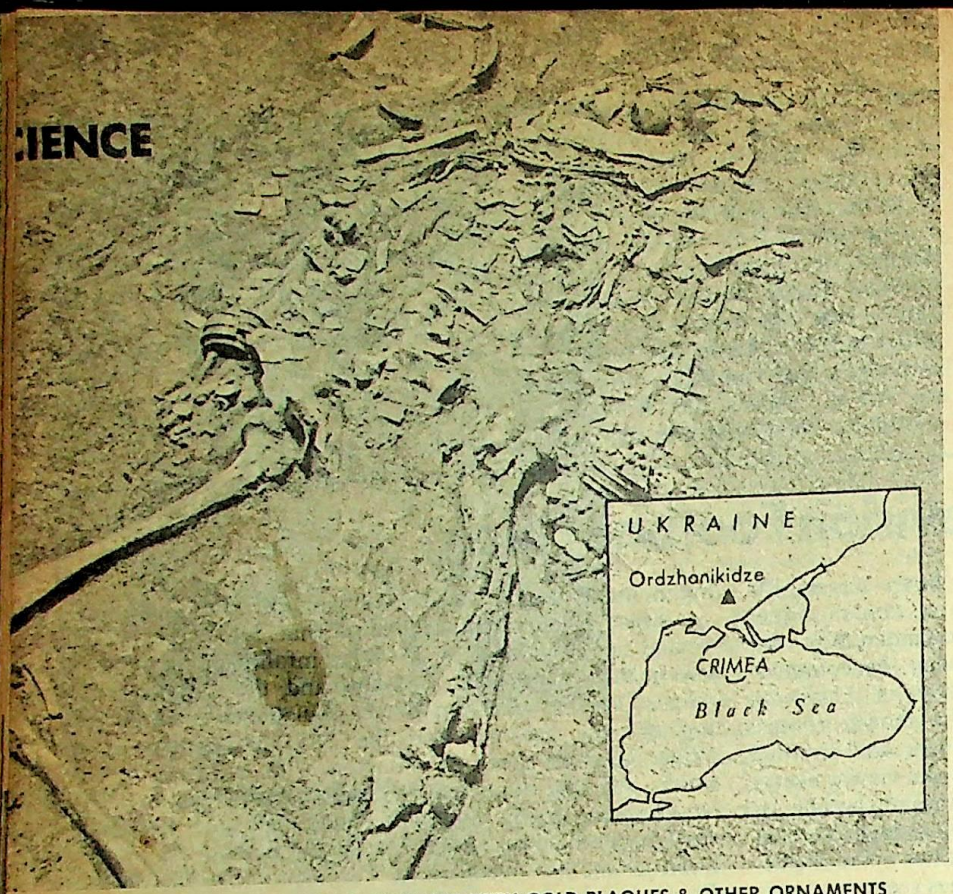
This Sunday, reaching from Manhattan penthouses to Mississippi farms, from rec rooms and rectories to the White House and Whitey's Bar and Grill, Super Bowl VI will draw an estimated 62 million U.S. viewers. In addition, it will be aired live in Canada, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Panama, Korea, the Philippines and West Germany, and replayed by videotape in England, thus bringing closer the day when the football freak will be a worldwide phenomenon.

DIRECTOR VERNA IN CONTROL ROOM



LOS ANGELES TIMES

* Recognizing the appeal of instant replay, the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum is currently erecting a 20-ft. by 48-ft. screen at one end of the stadium so that fans—and possibly the referees—can enjoy a second look at important plays.



SKELETAL REMAINS OF PRINCESS COVERED WITH GOLD PLAQUES & OTHER ORNAMENTS

Tracking the Scythians

Soviet archaeologists have long been tantalized by the huge mounds of earth outside the town of Ordzhonikidze in the southern Ukraine. But it was only when Soviet planners also began eying the region for its manganese deposits that the archaeologists acted to satisfy their curiosity about one particular site standing in the possible path of the bulldozers. What the archaeologists found there exceeded their most extravagant expectations. For the first time in more than half a century, diggers uncovered an unlooted royal tomb of the fabled Scythian tribesmen who roamed and ruled great areas of the Russian heartland more than 2,000 years ago.

The Scythians left behind no written record when they finally vanished from the steppes in the 2nd century B.C., victims of intermarriage and conquest. But there was no end of legends about their ferocity in battle and their great troves of gold. The Greek historian Herodotus devoted more than half a volume to them. Still, it was not until the 19th century, when archaeologists began serious studies of the puzzling remains found scattered from the borders of China to the banks of the Dniester, that scholars would admit there might be more than a shard of truth to the old Scythian tales.

Now, the discovery of the royal tomb, which contains the skeletons of a prince, a princess and an infant—as well as other recent digs in the U.S.S.R.—gives the old stories the ring of historical fact. Herodotus tells, for instance, how the Scythians beheaded their fallen enemies and brought the skulls back to camp to use as wine goblets. Archaeologist Renate Rolle, a young West German woman and the first Western scientist allowed to participate in a Soviet dig since 1920, reports that there is new evidence of Scythian ferociousness. Lances and bows and arrows found in graves along with female skeletons and ornaments suggest that the Scythian women fought beside their men. Thus Herodotus may well have been correct when he said that bloodthirsty Scythian Amazons had to kill a man in battle before they were allowed to marry.

Stitch Job. The Scythians were not always preoccupied with war. Besides tippling, they apparently liked tripping. Ancient bronze vessels found in Scythian graves in the Altai mountains, near China and Mongolia, still contain remnants of the nomads' favorite hemp seeds. They were also highly successful herdsmen and farmers who traded their grain to indulge their taste for expensive jewelry, such as a magnificent gold pectoral ornament recovered from the new-found grave in the Ukraine. Crafted by Greek goldsmiths, who probably lived among the Scythians along the Black Sea, the chestpiece contains no fewer than 44 exquisitely carved animals. Among them: such fantasy creatures as the griffin, which has the head, wings and forelegs of an eagle and the body of a lion.

Like the Egyptian pharaohs, Scythian rulers believed in taking their worldly goods with them. Their graves contain not only necklaces, rings and the small golden plaques that they fastened onto their garments, but also household implements, horses and even the remains of faithful servants. In one case, the fingers of a less richly adorned skeleton actually seemed to be clawing the ground. The telltale fingers lend credence to Herodotus' statement that servants were strangled at the grave, thus giving them the honor of serving their masters in the next world. Archaeologists also found scalped remains of Scythian enemies in frigid Altai graves, but those trophies were apparently not buried with any vengeful spirit. To spare their victims the indignity of a scalpless afterlife, the Scythians had painstakingly stitched hair back on.



GOLDEN PECTORAL WORN BY SCYTHIAN PRINCE

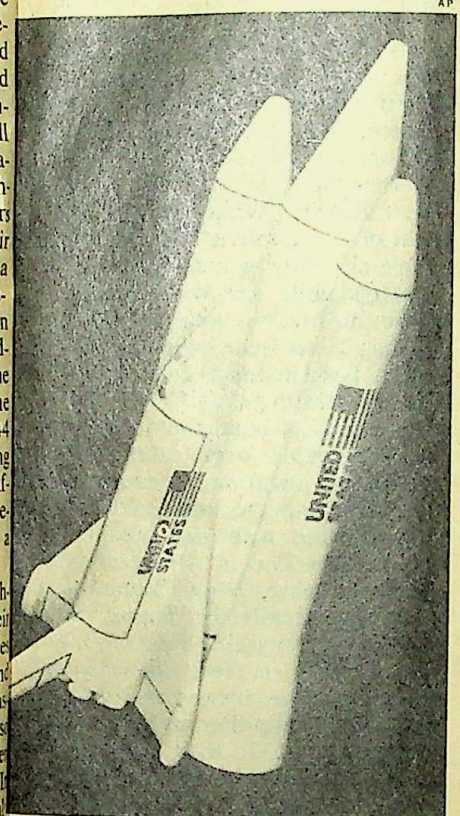
A Boost for NASA

For NASA and the aerospace industry, the announcement packed the wallop of a Saturn booster at lift-off. After much backstage deliberation, President Nixon last week ordered the space agency to proceed with its long-planned space shuttle. To be built at a cost of at least $5.5 billion over

next six years, the system will be designed to transport at least a dozen passengers and cargo between orbiting space stations and the earth. The vehicle is to be a hybrid that looks something like a jet fighter, takes off like a rocket and lands like an ordinary plane.

Coming only months before the penultimate Apollo shot,* Nixon's decision sets up an important new technological goal for NASA and the depressed aerospace industry. NASA Administrator James Fletcher estimates that work on the shuttle will restore about one-fourth of the 200,000 space-related jobs that have disappeared in the past five years. There will also be a resurgence of activity at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center and the Marshall Space Flight Center in Al-

AP



MODEL OF SHUTTLE & BOOSTER
Rocketing up, flying down.

abama, which will share responsibility for the program.

It will not be easy for NASA and its major contractors to meet the tentative target date (1978) for the first flight. There is considerable opposition in Congress to expensive new space ventures, and there are also formidable engineering problems. Initially, NASA hoped to build a piggyback shuttle system in which both the passenger vehicle and launching rocket could be piloted back to earth (TIME, June 22, 1970). But combining the characteristics of a rocket ship and a jet plane in both craft would be extremely costly. Now NASA will probably settle for a less sophisticated design.

* NASA last week ordered a month's delay, until April 16, in the St. Patrick's Day launch of Apollo 16, citing problems with the astronauts' suits, the emergency jettison system and a battery in the lunar lander.

MILESTONES

Divorced. Jim Brown, 35, who followed a brilliant football career with the Cleveland Browns by tackling movie acting in such rousers as *The Dirty Dozen* and *100 Rifles;* by Sue Brown, 35; after twelve years of marriage, three children; in Cleveland.

■

Died. John Berryman, 57, poet; by leaping from a bridge near the University of Minnesota's Minneapolis campus, where he taught. Berryman was a consummate verbal technician who had a deep love affair with the blowziest aspects of 20th century popular culture. Robert Lowell said that Berryman's "universe is more tearful and funny than we can easily bear." To help himself bear temptation, Berryman became a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. His *77 Dream Songs* won the 1965 Pulitzer Prize and four years later the National Book Award went to *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest:*

These songs are not meant to be
understood, you understand.
They are only meant to terrify
and comfort.

■

Died. Charles E. ("Electric Charlie") Wilson, 85, former president of the General Electric Co. and high-voltage mobilizer of U.S. industry during World War II and the Korean War; in Bronxville, N.Y. A product of Manhattan's seething Hell's Kitchen, Charlie Wilson earned $3 a week as an office boy at the Sprague Electric Co. in 1898, then rose steadily through the corporate ranks after Sprague was absorbed by G.E. In 1939 he took over as president, but three years later joined the War Production Board. Wilson returned to G.E. in 1944, where, aiming at the postwar market for toasters and refrigerators, he boosted production by 385%. He later served as Harry Truman's director of the Office of Defense Mobilization.

■

Died. Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, 93, pioneer efficiency expert and mother of the family described in *Cheaper by the Dozen;* in Phoenix, Ariz. Lillian Moller was working on the third of her 17 master's degrees and doctorates when she married Frank Gilbreth in 1904. The couple soon collaborated on several books (now considered efficiency primers), not to mention six sons and six daughters. Two of the children, Frank Jr. and Ernestine, wrote *Dozen* in 1949, describing the management techniques used in the Gilbreth household: a daily assembly call, a weekly family budget session, and a division of labor scheme whereby chores were assigned to the lowest bidder. During a lecture three years ago, Dr. Gilbreth pooh-poohed the burden of old age: "It's really a matter of marshaling your resources, using time sensibly."



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The Skin Touch

At first glance, nearly everything seems wrong. The lips are too thick and the nose is too flat, a porcine little button. For a woman who stands only 5 ft. 5 in., the bust is perhaps too heroic, while the stomach is—well—flabby. Yet somehow all the defective parts work together to make Dyan Cannon Hollywood's newest sex star. "She has the skin touch," explains Producer Mike Frankovich. "It's a vibrant sex that goes over so strongly it sets off most men."

Accessibility is the essence of her



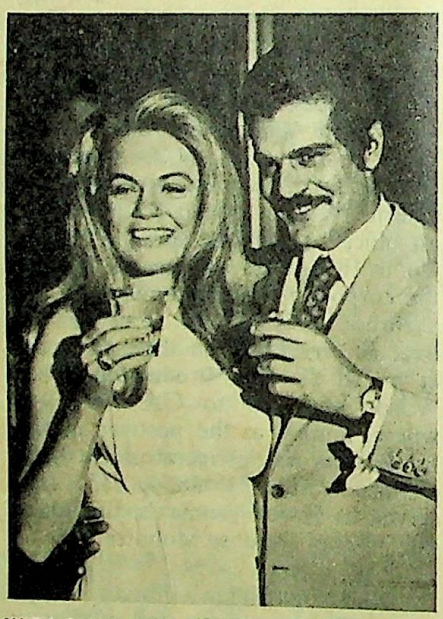
CANNON IN "SUCH GOOD FRIENDS"

appeal. The usual Dyan Cannon role is that of the good-hearted slattern, the readily available Miss—or Mrs.—next door. In *Doctors' Wives*, she was a bored spouse on the prowl for fresh medical talent; in *The Love Machine*, the nympho consort of the head of a giant TV network; in *The Anderson Tapes*, a high-class prostitute. Now Otto Preminger's *Such Good Friends* (TIME, Jan. 10) has her bedding down with her dying husband's best friends—how else is a girl going to cope with the discovery of her mate's past infidelities?

Until recently, Dyan's best-known part was that of Cary Grant's fourth ex-wife and the mother of his only child, five-year-old Jennifer. Born in the mid-'30s—she refuses to give her exact age—Samille Diane Friesen grew up in Seattle, the daughter of a Baptist father and a Jewish mother. After 18 months of drama courses at the University of Washington, she left for Hollywood. Eventually she tested for Producer Jerry Wald who gave her her stage name. "I see something explosive," said Wald. "Terrific! Bang! Cannon!"

At this point in her career, Dyan went into TV soap operas, which, she says, "taught me how to relax in front of a camera and how to work fast. I acted everything from committing murder to selling Girl Scout cookies, and I even had to read speeches while sets fell on me." Her performance in a TV film entitled—what else?—*The Diane Adventure* caught Grant's eye and prompted him to audition her for one of his movies. She lost the part (the picture was never produced), but gained a husband—eventually. She and Grant lived together for about four years before her "uptight" feelings about not being married led to a wedding, over his reservations, in 1965.

Less than three years later they split up in one of Hollywood's messier divorces, with Dyan charging that Grant was a weekly LSD tripper who beat her in front of the servants and tried to "remake" her. "He changed the way I wore my hair, my makeup, my speech



WITH OMAR SHARIF IN "THE BURGLARS"

Tiffs, tantrums and 58 retakes.

and my clothes," she says. "If I hadn't divorced him, I'd be dead by now."

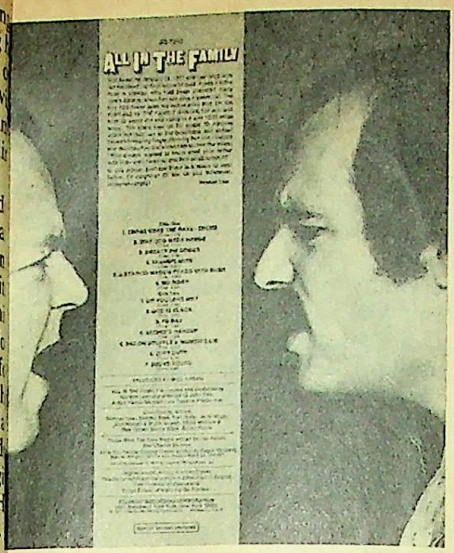
Eventually she landed the part that finally made her a movie star—Alice in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. With stardom, there quickly came a reputation for star temperament and all the late arrivals, weeping fits and temper tantrums that go with it. "Like any strong woman," shrugs Producer Frankovich, "she's got fangs." The director who seems to have felt them most keenly is Preminger, himself no Teddy bear. On the set of *Such Good Friends*, they clashed over her lateness, his penchant for exacting retakes (58 on one scene), and her refusal to pose completely in the nude. Bare breasts were as far as she would go, a problem that Premin eventually solved by superimposing head on another actress's body. At point she stamped off the set, leav Preminger, who tends to forget na under stress, chasing after her calli "Come back, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

Live-Sex Show. Dyan says tod "I would never make another film ra er than work with Preminger agai don't think he could direct his li nephew to the bathroom." To wh Preminger replies with a ferocio gleam: "Imagine how good her perf mance will be in her next film if performance in this one was so brilli with a bad director." He adds: "I did hire her to praise me; I hired her to g a good performance. And she did." H next film, to be released in the U.S. February: *The Burglars*, in which, top her list of easy-women roles, plays a performer in a live-sex sho The picture, which has already do well in Europe, was shot on location Greece, amid cake-throwing cast ce brations and plate-smashing parties tavernas. Says she of fellow Perform Omar Sharif: "What a man! He's ideal of a real movie star. He does whole bit—horses, cars, girls."

Meanwhile she lives in her ne house in Malibu with her daughte a young driver-helper, a maid, a fox te rier, a large mongrel and a deaf c She eats health foods ("Our whole s ciety is built around the dining tabl she complains over alfalfa spro and carrot juice) and spends a lot time watching the tide—and her p che. Starting with her breakthrou in *B. & C. & T. & A.*, she recalls, "pe ple kept saying, 'Wow! You're a st You must really be happy,' and kept asking myself, 'If it's so gre why doesn't it feel any better?' She sought the answer at Esalen, California group-therapy center sho in *B. & C. & T. & A.*, where, af some hesitation, she joined a nude s sion in a tub. After that she tried mal therapy, a far-out treatment t induces the patient to reenact his fancy, including kicking and scre ing. She still attends weekly gro therapy sessions.

As her attitudes on nudity sh Dyan retains a sense of the Puri ethic. In these days of four-letter wor for example, her efforts to avoid ing foul language seem almost self-c scious. She rarely talks about s and when she does, she shoots a wi ed glance, as if to say, "There, said it," like a Girl Scout who strayed from the campfire.

Still, she does think about sex blames "too much education" as malaise behind "so many frigid wo en in America." That does not se to be her problem. Like the on-scr Dyan, her main worry is men: "A need is a guy. I've never had a lationship with a man I could be c pletely at ease with. But I still bel in the grand passion."



O'CONNOR & REINER ON "FAMILY" ALBUM
A litany of bigoted Bunkerisms.

Scorn Along with Archie

People seemed to be content
Fifty dollars paid the rent
Freaks were in a circus tent
Those were the days.

The lyrics are flat, the accompaniment tinny and the voices dreadful. But the theme song of TV's No. 1 family, the Bunkers, has been released both as a single record and as part of an LP, and it seems to be scoring with the same mass audience that watches *All in the Family* each week (an estimated 50 million). The album, a sort of sing-along, scorn-along with Archie, has risen into the top ten of the record charts in only eight weeks, and has racked up an impressive total of more than $1,000,000 in sales.

Besides the song, the album (Atlantic Records) contains excerpts from a dozen shows, a litany of the Bunkerisms that have won *All in the Family* the respect of rednecks and the laughter of liberals. To Archie (Carroll O'Connor), the proudly bigoted head of the Bunker household, England is a "fag country," his wife Edith a "dingbat," the Renaissance master Michelangelo "that Dago artist," and Women's Lib a "dreaded disease." As for the theory of evolution, Archie tells his son-in-law Mike (Rob Reiner): "We didn't crawl out from under no rocks; we didn't have no tails, we didn't come from monkeys, you atheistic, pinko meathead."

All in the Family is not only one of the most successful of the recordings that have been translated from TV series, such as *Sesame Street* and *Flip Wilson*. It also seems to signal a return to the popularity of comedy albums such as those that flourished in the early '60s. Another fast-selling LP is David Frye's *Richard Nixon Superstar*. Even Vaughan Meader, the man who started the trend in 1962 with *The First Family*, is back with a satirical vision of Jesus' return to earth titled *The Second Coming*.

Cuckolds in Cuckoo Land

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY MARRIAGE
by GEORGES FEYDEAU

In the classic bedroom farces of Georges Feydeau, sex is not in the mind, the heart or the groin; it is in the feet. His bourgeois lechers stalk women in the streets, jog from bedroom to bedroom, jump into the wrong beds, kick open the wrong doors, and are finally caught flat-footed in the tangled web of their own deceit. The goal of a Feydeau play is ostensibly the bed, but is actually bedlam.

Feydeau's beds and bedlam are most happily with us again in the 1896 work *Le Dindon* (The Turkey), here entitled *There's One in Every Marriage*. Following a Feydeau plot is like trying to trail a snake through a bayou. It exists by twists and turns, sudden panics and slithery asides.

In this play, the philandering Pontagnac (Peter Donat) has tracked Lucienne (Roberta Maxwell) to her home. She is shocked by his overt proposition, and he is chagrined to encounter her husband Vatelin (Richard Curnock), who happens to be an old friend. Shock and chagrin are three-quarters of the emotions in a Feydeau farce. Lucienne soon meets Mme. Pontagnac (Tudi Wiggins), and the two make a compact that if either woman is betrayed by her husband, she will make him a cuckold in revenge.

A stock Feydeau device is a shady hotel where the liaisons are to be consummated in a room simultaneously booked to two or three couples. There is inevitably a physical defect that Feydeau manages to make howlingly funny rather than mockingly cruel. This time there is a stone-deaf lady (Helen Burns), who is being taken to *Carmen* for a treat, after which her medical-officer husband (Tony Van Bridge) intends to mix her a sleeping potion to celebrate the couple's 25th wedding anniversary. There is always a foreign couple (Swedish, in this case) who come in for some sexual kidding, because Feydeau could not hope to get a laugh from a French audience by casting any aspersions on Gallic sexual prowess.

These repetitions breed affectionate hilarity if you are a Feydeau addict. The present cast is stylish and exemplary, and Jean Gascon's direction wisely makes speed triumph over sanity. *There's One in Every Marriage* is a theatrical bonbon, and it is *très bon*. ■ T.E. Kalem

MARTHA SWOPE



BEDROOM ROMP IN "MARRIAGE"
Slithery asides.

Howitzers and Hymns

NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH
by EDWARD BOND

Know thyself, said the ancients; man cannot know himself, say the moderns. He is the enigma of enigmas, a caveman turned philosopher, an innocent ensnared in sensuality, a master builder of civilizations who wrecks them like a frustrated child.

Attuned to this theme, Bond's play is vaguely set in Japan in what might be the mid-19th century. The central figure is the great Japanese poet, Basho (Robert Symonds). He is on a quest for some radiant shaft of wisdom. Instead he encounters a power-mad dictator, Shogo (Cleavon Little), who establishes a great city, but it is overthrown by invading colonialists garbed in the Union Jack and blasting away with howitzers and Christian hymns. Edward Bond, a 36-year-old Londoner, took exactly 2½ days to write the play and uses four words to explain it: "Society makes men animals."

When *Narrow Road* had its U.S. première in Boston more than two years ago, it was tonic and haunting. In the current Lincoln Center Repertory production, it is as flat as warm beer. Not that the directing and acting are bad. The Vivian Beaumont Theater itself may be partially responsible for some of Lincoln Center's fiascos. The arena stage leaks away dramatic intensity. Open space proves to be the actor's enemy in this building, leaving him ungrounded, unfocused and lacking gravity. Watching a play in the vast vertical reaches of the Vivian Beaumont is like seeing a child's lost balloon float upward and upward until it becomes a speck against the sky. ■ T.E.K.

Pacifist Portfolios?

Liberal Protestants have been hurting for a strong issue to involve their flocks. Opposition to the Viet Nam War is now commonplace, the civil rights crusade has cooled and church mergers are bogging down. So—what better cause than to turn inward and take a long look at church money and where it goes? Already, the churches have mobilized their dollars against bank involvements in South Africa, copper mining in Puerto Rico and discriminatory racial hiring policies in the U.S. (TIME, Feb. 15).

Last week a research unit of the National Council of Churches opened up a subject that is still related to the Viet Nam War but is broader in its implications: investments in the U.S. military-industrial complex. The N.C.C.'s ten-month-old Corporate Information Center, which has been analyzing an estimated $22 billion in religious-investment wealth, reported that ten Protestant denominations* have a total of more than $200 million invested in 29 companies with defense contracts. On those investments, the denominations earned $6,200,000 in 1970.

Several of the ten churches are on record against the Viet Nam War, others have engaged in active opposition to it, and one—the Church of the Brethren—is avowedly pacifist. Without accusing them of hypocrisy, the report chides church investors for failing to consider the moral implications of military-industrial investments, and for inadvertently enjoying the fruits of "war profiteering." The report objects less to the dollar total of church support to such industries (tiny in relation to the companies' $10 billion military sales) than to the "moral aura of legitimacy" that it provides.

Pointed Fanfare. Does the C.I.C. want the denominations to strip themselves immediately of all such investments? No, says Director Frank White, a United Church of Christ layman and former oil and car dealer. The center hopes that the churches will examine their investments closely, influence companies where they can and get rid of their stock only as a last resort —and then with pointed fanfare.

Such advice would have been more firmly grounded if the report had named the agencies within churches that handle the portfolios, rather than merely the denominations involved. Investments are often made by lay moneymen through such boards as church pension funds, which are independent of church programmers.

The report also fails to make moral distinctions between investments in firms heavily committed to defense and those only slightly involved. Examples: The United Church of Christ, the United Presbyterian Church and especially the United Methodist Church are stockholders in Honeywell, with nearly 21% of sales to the military, including antipersonnel weapons like cluster bombs. On the other hand eight churches cited hold stock in Texaco, with a mere 1.3% of its sales to the military. In implying that all military production is immoral—a highly dubious assumption—the report totally ignores the view of those Christians, undoubtedly a majority, who believe that defense still remains a necessity in an all too imperfect wor

At the pacifist Church of the Bre ren, where obvious military inve ments have always been avoided, Tre surer Robert Greiner questioned t report's blackballing of standard b chips like A.T.&T. (5.5% milita sales, principally the Safeguard b listic missile system and Nike Hercu missile). "You can't get out of e erything," Greiner said. "To be a p ist, you could hardly stay in t U.S." Even worse conflicts will pro ably be raised when the Corporate I formation Center starts evaluating dustries for their overall "purity considering such factors as their co sumer policies, minority-hiring pra tices and polluting of the environme What if a major corporation tur out to have military sales but hires hu dreds of blacks and gives the cu tomer a good buy? The possible pe mutations boggle the mind.

In the end, the only solution left u der C.I.C. standards may be literally heed the words of that radical you Jewish rabbi in 1st century Judea: "G sell everything you have, give to t poor and come, follow me."

* Roman Catholic investments, which are mostly made by dioceses, are not covered in the report. Few bishops have released full information about them, and none have so far shown interest in the N.C.C. project.

ANTIWAR PICKETERS PROTESTING HONEYWELL MILITARY CONTRACTS (1970)



UPI

Tidings

▶ The devaluation of the dollar is g ing to hurt many U.S. churches in the overseas missionary efforts. Budg squeezes in the past several years ha already forced some trimming of m sions, and the number of missionari has dipped slightly, to about 40,00 Further cutbacks probably lie ahea Mission boards are facing an avera reduction of at least 5% in their ove seas purchasing power. In Japan, whi ranks second only to Brazil in U.S. m sion activity, the drop could run much as 17%. A spokesman for t biggest U.S. mission board, the Sou ern Baptists', called devaluation "worst dollar pinch since the Depr sion" and estimated an immediate l in Southern Baptist spending power $1.5 million.

▶ What kind of potential priest re *Playboy?* The Order of the Most Ho Trinity, a 770-year-old Roman Ca olic order of priests and brothers w work in prisons and among migra workers and the retarded, is findi out. Vocations Director Father Jose F. Lupo placed a $10,000, full-page cruiting ad in the January issue of *Pl boy*. Jowl-by-cheek, as it were, with gallery of Playmates of the year, ad pictures two earnest young m and says: "You who have love to g and the courage to offer it, come w with your brothers." So far, says Lu a "gratifying number" of respon has poured into the Trinitarians' headquarters in Pikesville, Md., m than for any ad the order has e run in more conventional outlets. tactic has drawn some grumbles fr within the order, but Father L says: "I wanted to reach college g



AD FOR PRIESTS IN "PLAYBOY"
A gallery of Playmates.

and to get the most mileage for my advertising dollar." It remains to be seen whether the *Playboy* recruits—if they persist in their interest—will gladly embrace one of the most austere of priestly disciplines: celibacy.

▶ For observant Jews, the term kosher applies not only to what foods may be eaten and when, but to the methods used in the preparation of food and the slaughter of animals. *Kashrut* (dietary law) dictates that an acceptable animal, such as a cow or lamb, must be conscious and must be quickly slashed across the throat by a sharp instrument held in the steady hand of a specially trained, God-fearing person (often a rabbi) who takes the animal's life only with compassion and reluctance. Because this ritual is deemed humane by the Government, kosher slaughtering is exempted from a provision of the Humane Slaughter Act of 1958 that requires the animal to be stunned before being killed. It is not, however, exempted from a federal requirement that the animal, for sanitary reasons, be shackled and hoisted off the ground before the death stroke. Thus under kosher procedure the conscious animal may have a few moments of pain and terror before the slaughter. Last week Manhattan Lawyer Henry Mark Holzer, a born Jew who describes himself as an atheist, filed a federal suit charging that the exemption for kosher slaughter is not only inhumane but unconstitutional, on the grounds that it violates the principle of separation of church and state. Jews doubt that Holzer's suit will succeed. Meantime, a new slaughtering pen, patented earlier by the A.S.P.C.A. and approved by rabbis, may resolve the nonconstitutional issues. Using a sort of total harness, it lifts the animal slightly without causing it pain.

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DUNCAN & VICTIM IN "GIRL"

The Dumb Way

STAR SPANGLED GIRL
Directed by JERRY PARIS
Screenplay by ARNOLD MARGOLIN and JIM PARKER

This is an adaptation of one Neil Simon play that the author might like to forget. The heroine, an aspiring Olympic swimmer, is a jabbering pixy whose notion of Americanism Dr. Carl McIntire might find a tad overzealous. The premise—a little flimsy even for a half-hour episode on a TV sitcom—is that this young lady drives two underground California journalists into transports of romantic ecstasy.

Star Spangled Girl declares itself fervently in favor of mindlessness in all forms. Despite herself, the girl falls for one of the journalists. She boards a Greyhound for her home in Cypress Gardens, Fla., presumably in order to recover from her passion. The lovesick radical pursues her on his motorcycle and woos her off the bus by vowing to take her home and make her a sex object, an appeal that for some unexplained reason enchants her.

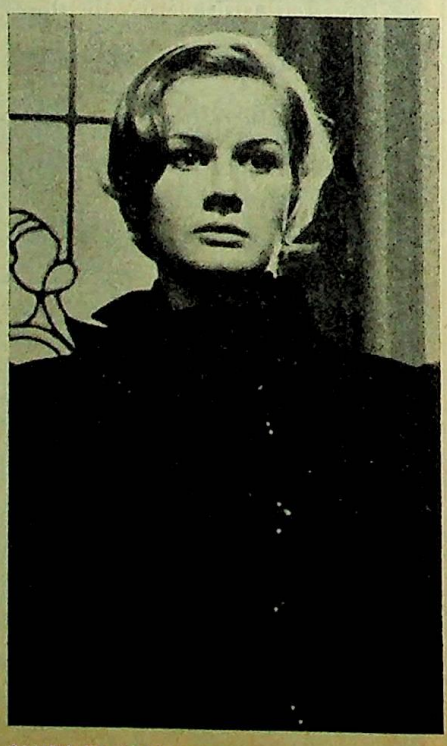
The movie marks the debut of that unrelentingly cute television personality, Sandy Duncan. She manages such soliloquies as "I may believe in a lot of dead things like patriotism and the Constitution, and I like apple pie, because that's the dumb way I was brought up and that's the dumb way I feel" with appalling conviction. ■ Jay Cocks

Requiem

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS
Directed by VITTORIO DE SICA
Screenplay by UGO PIRRO and VITTORIO BONICELLI

When neorealism was gospel, Vittorio De Sica was one of the evangelical influences in world cinema. Times changed, tastes changed, and De Sica tried to adapt himself to the commercial film. The results were at best fluff (*Marriage—Italian Style*), more frequently flubs (*Woman Times Seven, The Condemned of Altona*). Now, after more than a decade of indifferent and impersonal work, De Sica has returned to form. If *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* does not fully rival *The Bicycle Thief* and *Umberto D.*, it is good enough to stand comparison with them.

Garden is a quietly touching, achingly human requiem for the passing of a social order—one of those rare films that can make effective personal drama out of political chaos. Expertly adapted from Giorgio Bassani's autobiographical novel, the story deals with two Jewish families in Ferrara in the late 1930s, when Fascism was cresting all over Italy. The Finzi-Continis are patricians who live in a spacious estate behind high walls, heedless and ever so slightly disdainful of the tide outside that will inexorably engulf them. The other family, never named, is aware of the political upheaval all about them. But they try only to accommodate their comfortable middle-class life to it, not escape it.



SANDA IN "GARDEN"

Subtle Moments. What binds second family to the Finzi-Cont besides Jewishness and passivity their son Giorgio's infatuation young Micol Finzi-Contini. He l for her as a Fitzgerald hero m long for some always unattain girl. Micol, who studies Emily D inson ("an old maid like me"), k Giorgio at a delicate distance, ta lizing him, finally turning him int voyeur.

The film opens in the dappled l and lingering summer afternoons their unresolved courtship, and e in a wartime winter several years er, inside a barren schoolroom cro ed with Jews awaiting confineme In between, De Sica observes the ga ering momentum of catastrophe small, subtle moments: anonym phone calls during a Passover c ebration, a tiny Nazi flag in a ne boy's bike basket.

With a mastery reminiscent Orson Welles' *The Magnificent A bersons*, De Sica presents the Fi Continis in every dimension. Enam of their elegance, he is also obvio moved by the poignancy of their cline. But he suggests, again Welles, that they are victims of pe sonal as well as historical corrupti An incestuous relationship betwe Micol and her brother Alberto hinted at.

De Sica and Cinematograp Ennio Guarnieri indulge themsel a little in their constant use of h color. It gives the film a patina of s timentality that is at odds with its c trolled drama. De Sica also ne makes fully clear what bearing Giorgio-Micol love story has on film's central historical tragedy.

But there is no fault to find w his work with actors. Performan like Lino Capolicchio's as Gio and Helmut Berger's as Micol's s ly brother give the film remarkable onance. As Micol's grandmother nonprofessional named Inna Alex turns in a superbly moving por of old age. As Micol, Domin Sanda is simply stunning. Seen year in Bertolucci's splendid *Conformist*, she is both an actress great talent and a woman of ne impossible beauty. ■

Highland Fling

KIDNAPPED
Directed by DELBERT MANN
Screenplay by JACK PULMAN

The lad is kidnapped, shipwre and left to fend for himself out in Scottish highlands with only his f found friend, bonnie Alan Breck chael Caine) to defend him. D Balfour (Lawrence Douglas) has short, the kind of adventures turn boys into men and classic b into movies. Any further resembl to Robert Louis Stevenson's ne



CAINE IN "KIDNAPPED"
Dark days for Scotland.

however, is practically coincidental, and indeed nearly slanderous.

Unfortunately, the characters in the movie spend a dispiriting amount of time hanging around castles, gobbling porridge and mumbling about Culloden and dark days for Scotland. Even the action sequences generate little more excitement than a Frisbee tournament. When he doesn't know what else to do —which seems to be most of the time —Director Mann throws in a lingering shot of the distant lochs or the heather on the hill.

The only good news is Michael Caine, who is fast, wry and totally engaging as the rebel Breck. Despite a tendency to get a little out of breath in the strenuous scenes, Caine might even make a worthy successor to Errol Flynn. ▪ J.C.

Psychology of Slaughter

LE BOUCHER
Directed by CLAUDE CHABROL
Screenplay by CLAUDE CHABROL

In this trim, beautifully managed psychological thriller, a series of bizarre murders takes place. The mystery is not whodunit, but why; for Director Claude Chabrol (*This Man Must Die*) is fascinated by motivation, not detection. "I am not interested in solving puzzles," he has explained. "I am interested in studying the behavior of people involved in murder."

The murderer is a butcher (Jean Yanne) recently returned to his home town of Tremolat in the province of Périgord after more than a decade in the army. He begins a casual flirtation with a schoolmistress (Stephane Audran), a woman of distinctly cosmopolitan charms who invites his friendship but spurns his affection. An unhappy love affair has left scars, and she is unwilling to risk another commitment.

The butcher apparently accepts with equanimity the delicate emotional balance imposed by his new friend. But then the murders begin. The victims, always women, are found stabbed to death in the surrounding countryside. The schoolmistress herself discovers one of the bodies on an outing with her class. Lying against a nearby stone is a cigarette lighter like the one which she had given the butcher. She slips it into her pocket. Later a police inspector tells her that the woman had been killed only moments before the teacher found the body. Clearly the butcher meant the woman's death as a signal, and the teacher accepts it as such. But instead of fright, she feels a strange excitement that makes her lead the killer on.

Le Boucher is rich in its details of village life, a deceptively benign milieu for such a sinister film. It begins with a magnificent scene of a wedding, where the butcher and the teacher meet. It is the bride at this wedding who will become one of his victims. In Chabrol's hands, such pat plotting seems part of a fateful, remorseless order.

Nor does Chabrol fall victim to melodrama in his direction. He gets impact from understatement and from two superb, low-key performances by Yanne and Audran (who is Mrs. Chabrol in private life). In Chabrol's treatment, the schoolmistress not only triggers the killer's dormant psychopathy but becomes a partner in his crime. Perversely, as he becomes more dangerous, she is all the more drawn to him. Finally, knife in hand, the crazed killer confronts her late at night in her apartment. It is only then, in a violent, weird, but somehow touching denouement, that the two finally embrace. ▪ J.C.



AUDRAN & YANNE IN "LE BOUCHER"
Both partner and trigger.

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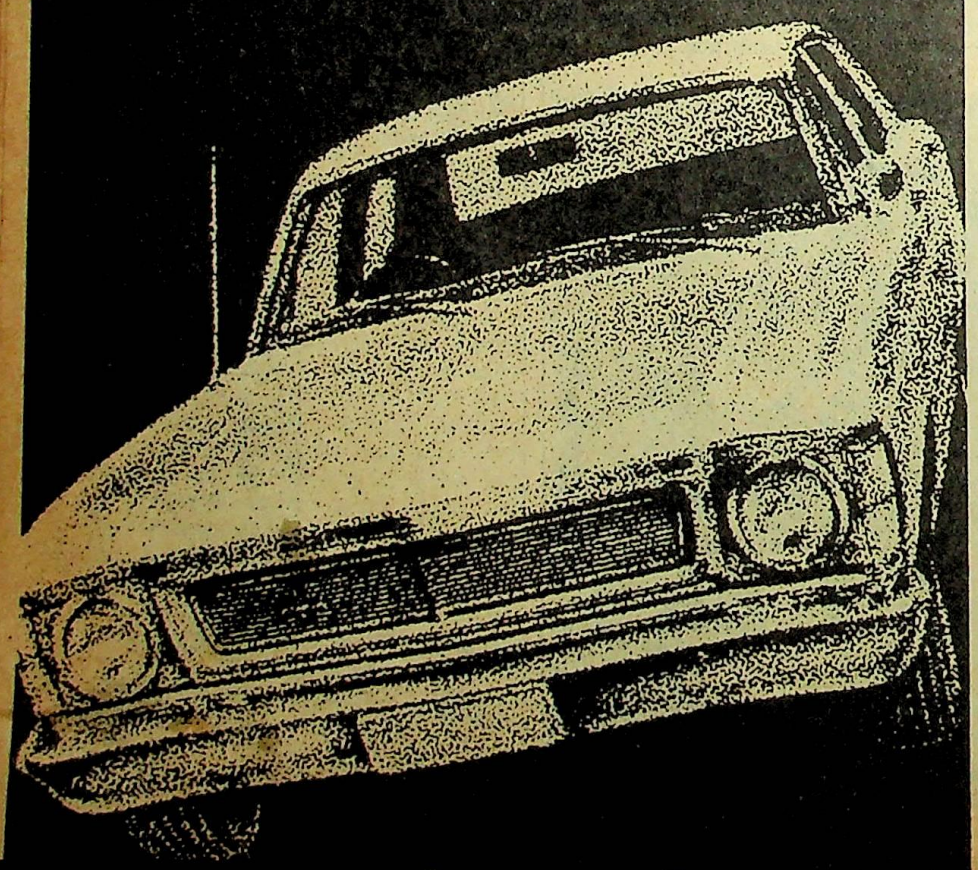
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MARKET WEE

On a volume of 87,373,320 shar the New York Stock Exchange Co posite closed at 57.20, up .77 for week ending Jan. 7. The Dow Jo 30 stock industrial average 910.37, up 20.17; Standard & Poo 500 stock index was 103.47, up 1. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Ch
Allied Chem..	30⅜..	29½..	29⅝..	+
Alum Co Am..	46¾..	43¼..	45¼..	+
Am Brands...	44⅝..	41⅞..	44⅝..	+
Am Can.....	36¾..	33⅝..	36½..	+
Am Motors...	8⅛..	6⅞..	8 ..	+
AT&T.....	47¼..	44⅝..	46¾..	+
Anac Cop....	17¼..	15⅝..	17¼..	+
Avon Prod....102⅛..		99⅛..	99⅝..	−
Beth Steel....	30⅜..	28¼..	29 ..	No
Boeing.....	22⅜..	19 ..	21⅜..	+
Burling Ind...	36¼..	33¾..	35¾..	+
Cater Trac...	48⅛..	47¼..	47⅞..	+
Chrysler.....	30½..	28 ..	30⅜..	+
Coca Cola...121¾..		115⅜..116	..	−
Common Ed...	40⅛..	38¼..	38¾..	−
Control Data..	47¾..	43¾..	46⅞..	+
Corn Gl Wks.192⅞..		183 ..192⅞..		+
Dow Chem...	82¼..	78⅜..	81¼..	+
DuPont.....147¼..		144¼..147¼..		+
East Kodak...	97⅝..	96⅛..	97⅛..	−
El Paso N G..	17⅝..	17⅛..	17¼..	−
Fed Dpt Strs..	52⅝..	50⅝..	52⅜..	+
Ford Motor...	74 ..	69⅝..	73¾..	+
Gen Dynam..	27⅜..	22⅜..	27 ..	+
Gen Elec.....	64¾..	62½..	64⅜..	+
Gen Foods...	36¼..	34¾..	35⅛..	−
Gen Motors..	82¾..	79 ..	82⅜..	+
Gen Tel & El..	32⅜..	31⅜..	31⅞..	+
Georgia Pac..	46¾..	43¾..	45¼..	No
Goodyear...	32⅝..	31⅛..	32⅛..	+
Grace Co....	30⅜..	28½..	30⅜..	+
Great A & P..	22 ..	18⅝..	18¾..	−
Greyhound...	21¼..	20 ..	20⅝..	−
Gulf Oil.....	29 ..	28⅜..	28½..	−
IBM.....343½..		331¾..338¾..		+
Int Harvester..	30 ..	29¼..	29⅜..	−
Int Nickel....	33⅝..	31⅜..	33⅝..	+
Int Paper....	35⅝..	34½..	34⅞..	−
Int Tel & Tel..	58⅝..	56⅝..	58¼..	−
Johns Manv...	41⅝..	38¾..	39⅛..	−
Kraftco.....	47 ..	45 ..	45¼..	−
Kresge SS....100 ..		94¾..	96⅞..	+
Kroger Stores.	33¾..	32¼..	33¼..	+
LTV.....	12⅜..	10⅝..	11⅜..	+
Litton Ind.....	24¼..	21⅛..	24 ..	+
Lockheed....	11⅞..	10 ..	11 ..	+
McDon Doug..	38½..	34¼..	36⅜..	+
Merck Co....131 ..		123¾..129¼..		+
3M.....135½..		132⅜..133½..		+
Mobil Oil....	56 ..	53¾..	55⅞..	+
Occid Pet....	13⅝..	12 ..	13½..	+
Owens Ill....	47⅛..	44½..	44¾..	+
Pac Gas & El.	33 ..	32¼..	32⅞..	+
Pan Am.....	15¾..	14⅝..	15⅜..	+
Penn Cen....	5⅛..	4¾..	4⅞..	−
Penney.....	74¼..	69⅝..	73½..	+
Polaroid.....	95¾..	86⅛..	94¾..	+
Proc Gam....	79¼..	76⅛..	76⅜..	+
Ralston Pur...	35⅝..	34 ..	34 ..	+
RCA.....	39¼..	36¾..	38¼..	+
Reynolds Ind..	64¼..	58¼..	63⅝..	+
Safeway Strs.	36½..	35⅝..	36⅛..	+
Sears Roe....104 ..		101 ..	103⅝..	+
Shell Oil.....	48⅛..	47 ..	48 ..	+
Sou Cal Ed...	31 ..	29¼..	31 ..	+
Std Oil Cal...	60 ..	57⅛..	60 ..	+
Std Oil N J...	76⅞..	73 ..	76¼..	+
Swift Co.....	38½..	35¼..	37½..	+
Tenneco.....	26¾..	25⅛..	26½..	+
Texaco Inc...	36 ..	34⅛..	35⅞..	+
Textron.....	31⅞..	30¼..	31¾..	+
Time Inc.....	58¼..	56 ..	56¾..	+
TWA.....	43⅛..	39⅝..	42¼..	+
UAL Inc.....	43 ..	40½..	42⅜..	+
Union Carb...	43⅝..	41⅞..	43⅜..	+
Utd Aircraft..	34¼..	28⅝..	34 ..	+
US Ply Cham..	30½..	29⅛..	30 ..	+
US Steel.....	32⅛..	30⅜..	31¼..	+
Westinghouse.	48¼..	45⅝..	48 ..	+
Woolworth...	46¾..	44½..	46⅜..	+
Xerox.....126 ..		121 ..	124½..	+

JOB MARKET

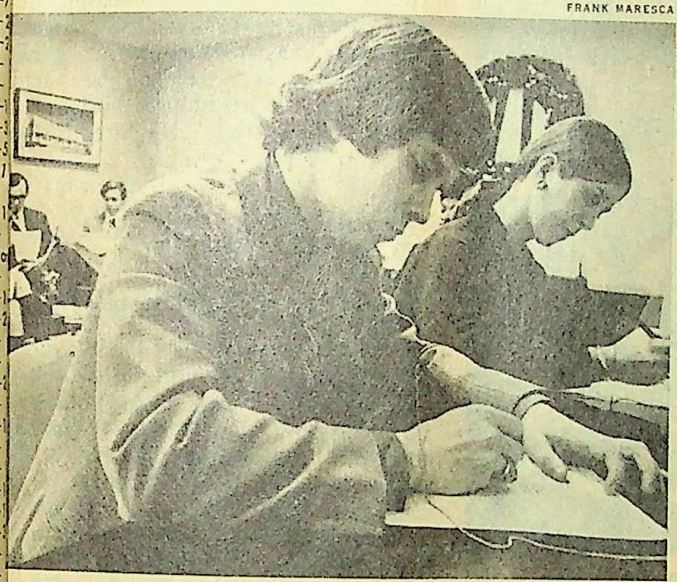
A Tough Year to Launch a Career

HUNTING season opens on U.S. campuses this month as thousands of corporate recruiters begin their annual quest to sign up the best managerial and technical talent from the graduating class. At some schools, according to college placement officers, recruiting should rise slightly from 1971's recession-pinched level. But graduates will still find this a difficult year in which to launch a career.

Of 185 major corporations surveyed by Northwestern University, more than half said that they intend also in abundance; their unemployment rate is 8.2%, as opposed to 6.1% for the work force as a whole (up slightly from November). Employees who might have changed jobs in better times are hanging on to them now, creating fewer openings for new graduates. Litton Industries, for example, has cut its intake of graduates to half of 1968's level. "Getting the best people is easier for us now," says Bob Gray, director of corporate industrial relations. "Any time we want to crank up a project, we can do it with a projected 8,000 new teaching positions will be created in the nation's schools. Balancing that, newly minted accountants remain in high demand, followed closely by students who will receive master's degrees in business administration. Prospects are brightest of all for female graduates who plan to sign on with large corporations. Endicott figures that Women's Lib-conscious companies will be hiring 15% more Ms.'s this year.

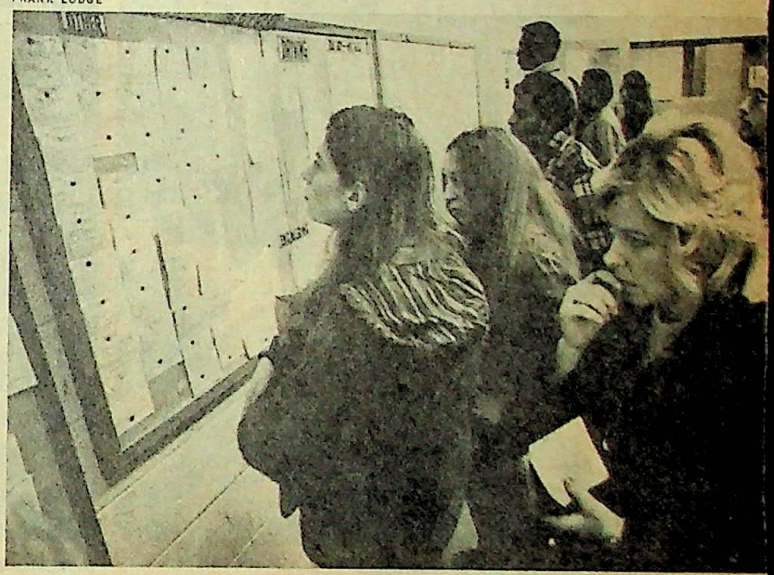
Students are responding to the harsh new world of job scarcity in

FRANK MARESCA



OUTHS APPLYING FOR EMPLOYMENT IN MANHATTAN

FRANK LODGE



WORRIED STUDENTS CHECKING POSTED OPENINGS IN DETROIT

or all but accountants, M.B.A.'s and Ms.'s, it promises to be a long, hard winter of hustling.

o offer jobs to more bachelor's degree holders than they did last year. n that basis, Northwestern's Frank Endicott, who has reported on corate recruiting plans since 1945, prects an 11% increase in the number f graduates to be hired. But 44% of e companies polled plan to take fewr advanced-degree recipients, and verall hiring will reach only about 0% of the recruiting levels of 1968 nd 1969.

Easier Pickings. At many colleges, e picture is even bleaker. Michigan tate University, which has as many 2,300 recruiters swarming through e campus in a good year, has seen nly 1,600 in 1971-72. At Dartmouth, nly 54 companies have signed up r visits, down from 91 last year. lacement officers at U.C.L.A. report 20% drop in recruiting from 1971.

Corporations are under less pressre to comb campuses this year. Thounds of unemployed, older collegeained workers are still in the job arket. Viet Nam era veterans are experienced people readily available."

Some executives are worried that the present sluggishness in campus hiring may mean trouble for their companies in the future. "We will find out ten years from now that there is no one to fill the managerial ranks," predicts Monroe Sadler, Du Pont's development chief. Dennis Ryan, placement director of Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, adds: "The recruitment people know that this will create an air bubble in the pipeline five or ten years from now. But the personnel manager cannot get that message upstairs."

As might be expected, hiring plans vary widely for different types of students. The job market is especially bad for engineering graduates, particularly those with degrees in aerospace or electronics. Fledgling teachers face an even longer search for jobs. According to the National Education Association, more than 312,000 students are expected to finish teacher-preparation courses this semester, but only several ways. Most placement officers predict that a larger proportion of bachelor's degree recipients this June will elect to go on to graduate school. The recruiting drought has also produced a new institution in post-graduation planning: the breather year, during which graduates take an extended break before finding a job or continuing their education. Some temporary dropouts travel abroad, others take undemanding jobs as cab drivers, ski patrollers or bartenders to help unwind from the pressures of college life. At Dartmouth, 18% of graduating seniors say that they will take a pause of at least a year before resuming their careers.

For the graduates who do plan to seek employment, it could be a long hard winter of hustling. There are some signs that students are beginning to acknowledge that difficulty. Two weeks before a General Electric recruiter was scheduled to visit Purdue University, students began lining up at 5:30 a.m. to register for interviews.

INVESTMENT

The Thundering Herd

To its competitors in the brokerage business, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith must often seem as overwhelming as the herd of stampeding bulls in its now famous television commercial. It dominates the securities field with its widespread distribution system, geared to serve the needs of small investors. It has moved so vigorously into Government-bond trading, commodities, real estate, mutual funds and even economic consulting that such non-stock-market ventures account for more than half of its revenues. Now Merrill Lynch has thundered into the lead on the financial world's most exclusive turf: investment banking.

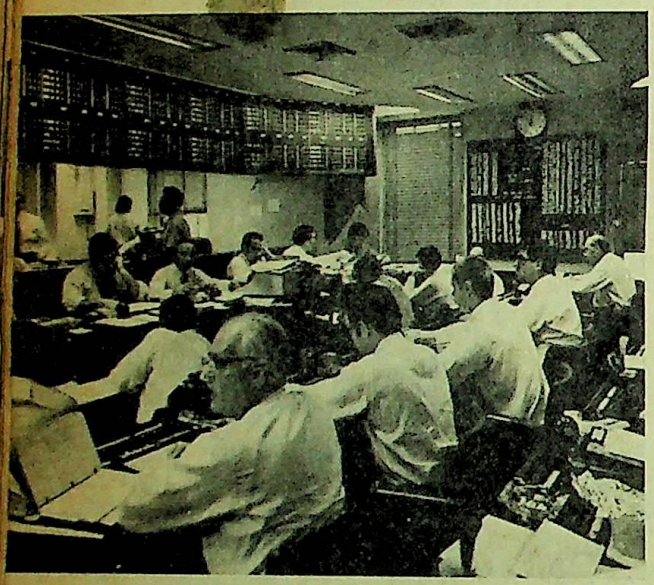
During 1971, Merrill Lynch managed or co-managed the marketing of $9.9 billion worth of new stocks and bonds, nosing out by $400 million U.S. investment banking's longtime leader and old-school-tie symbol, First Boston Corp. Investment bankers, who for a fat fee buy new securities from corporations and market them to the public, are noted for operating on the basis of close personal relationships; without the right connections, a newcomer found it all but impossible to squeeze in. But the old ways on Wall Street are changing. Nothing better exemplifies the shift than the way Merrill Lynch, an upstart in investment banking despite its power in the retail brokerage field, gained hegemony in the rich, clubby preserve presided over by such pukka establishments as Lehman Brothers; Morgan Stanley; Kuhn, Loeb; and Goldman, Sachs.

When Merrill Lynch decided to go into investment banking in earnest about four years ago, it moved with the management skill that has long characterized its operations. It enlarged its underwriting division with bright young men, most of whom had proved themselves in other departments. Regional underwriting offices were established outside Manhattan in Atlanta and San Francisco. They enabled the firm to hustle for new prospects while the old-line houses, in the main, waited for clients to come to them.

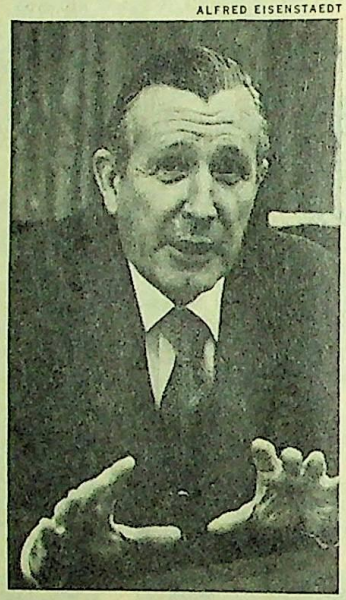
In addition, Merrill Lynch could offer a stock-marketing network unmatched by anybody in the business: 5,500 registered representatives (securities salesmen) in 199 domestic and 56 foreign branch offices. "We began to show the value of distribution," says Chairman Donald T. Regan, 53, an ex-Marine who prizes tradition only when it works.

The firm's big chance to crack investment banking's inner circle came during the tight money period that began in mid-1969. As stocks tumbled, interest rates on bonds climbed as high as 9%, attracting the attention of small investors. At the same time, institutions such as mutual funds and pension funds, traditional customers of the old-line houses, were strapped for cash. Merrill Lynch, with its vast retail network, moved in a big way to handle the domestic bond offerings of U.S. corporations in desperate need of money. "Our salesmen couldn't talk stocks in 1970, so they talked bonds," says Regan.

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT



MERRILL LYNCH BOND TRADERS



DONALD T. REGAN

A triumph of service over fraternalism, hustle over the old school tie.

Added Clout. Almost all of Merrill Lynch's investment banking business comes from new, medium-sized companies, which prefer service to fraternalism. Indeed, in its sales pitch, the firm emphasizes that under its management, new issues will be distributed to tens of thousands of investors; old-line houses tend to sell new securities in large blocks to a limited number of institutions. Thus these large investors could gain a dominant interest in smaller firms, a situation many corporate managers want to avoid.

Merrill Lynch's new prominence in investment banking lends substantial clout to a firm that already had resources far beyond those of its closest competitors, Bache & Co., Du Pont, Glore Forgan & Co. In 1970, for example, when many brokerage houses were barely treading water, Merrill Lynch posted earnings of $40.7 million; what it lost on its sluggish stock business it more than made up in other operations like trading of commodities and Government bonds. When the final figures are in, its performance for 1971 will be even more spectacular. In the first nine months, its earnings climbed to about $50 million on revenues of $511 million.

Regan is now looking for new worlds to conquer. Says he: "We are studying ways that Merrill Lynch might employ life insurance. And obviously estate planning is another possibility. Then there is real estate development." Whatever new directions the company may take, it is now clear that Merrill Lynch, long regarded as the supermarket of the investment business, is close to becoming Wall Street's first one-stop shopping center.

FACTORIES

Disassembling the Line

No problem in industrial psychology has received more attention, both scholarly studies and barroom bull sessions, yet prompted less action, than the monotonous life of the assembly-line worker. Nowhere is the trouble greater than in auto plants, where repetitious, single-task jobs bore workers that United Auto Workers Vice President Douglas Fraser often tells members that they have "half the day licked" once they have managed to get to the plant. Sweden's two biggest automakers are trying ways to make the job a bit more interesting by, in effect, disassembling portions of their lines.

In some areas Volvo and Saab-Scania are using a team-production method, in which auto and truck components are assembled by semi-autonomous groups of four to six workers each. At times they can decide in what order to tackle their tasks and even who their foreman will be. In another method, the workers move along the line with the cars they are forming each successive assembly operation. The automakers are also rotating some assembly-line workers to different jobs. An employee may attach seat headrests one day, drill holes in the seat framework the next, connect back supports and then seat cushions onto conveyor belts on subsequent days. At Volvo, some female assembly workers even spend one day every two weeks doing office jobs.

The Swedish automakers are eased with the first results of their xperiments. They report improved roduction quality and lower ab-nteeism. The workers no longer suf-r from the muscular aches that ame from performing the same op-ration at the same speed day after ay, and executives have been en-ouraged enough to plan larger-scale sts. Saab this month opened in Sö-ertälje an engine plant that contains nly a short conventional assembly ne; most of the assembly work will e completed by seven teams. Volvo fficials are studying alternatives to e present assembly line in an auto lant scheduled to open in Kalmar 1974.

The executives' main goal is to re more young Swedes into the coun-y's chronically insufficient pool of ue-collar laborers. At present, "the ids want to go to the university or to civil service, not industry," com-lains Volvo's Chairman Gunnar En-ellau. Already, more than one-third f Volvo's and Saab's blue-collar obs are filled by Finns, Danes, Norwe-ians, Yugoslavs, Italians and other reigners.

Warning by Film. The need to ake assembly jobs more interesting better-educated blue-collar workers not peculiar to the Swedish auto in-ustry. Roughly 40% of the hourly aid workers in U.S. auto plants are nder 35, and virtually all of them ave completed at least twelve years of school, compared with ten years n the average for those 45 to 64. In-ustrial psychologists are sure that it these young workers who have used the U.S. auto industry's ab-nteeism rate to climb. At Ford, e rate rose from 2.8% in 1960 to 3% in 1970. And it is largely ab-nteeism that has put a lid on De-oit's ability to build cars faster. roductivity per man-hour in the .S. auto industry increased an av-rage of only 3.6% annually from 957 to 1970.

Executives of General Motors, ord, Chrysler and American Motors insist, however, that team assembly ould not work in U.S. plants. The ethod, they say, simply is not fast ough to produce the 10,471,800 rs and trucks that the four au-makers turned out last year. (Volvo d Saab together assembled only estimated 316,500 vehicles in 1971.) he American automakers have not en exactly prolific with ideas of hat to try instead. One GM plant California experimented briefly with warding regular attendance by pass-g out initialed drinking glasses. ord's approach is to show each w assembly worker a film illustrating e tough and monotonous nature of e line. Apparently the company fig-es that the worker may be less dis-ntented if he is at least forewarned out what he is in for.

ENTREPRENEURS

Penury Without Tears

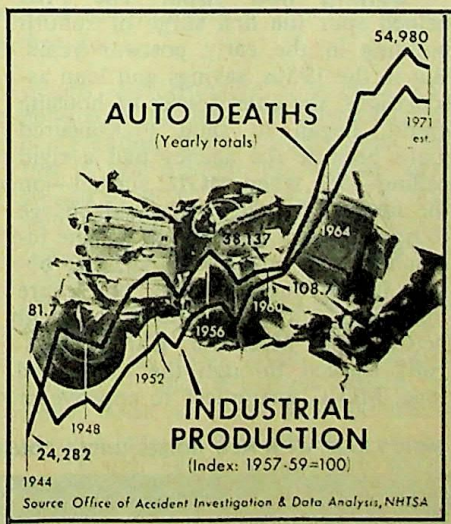
In theory, Oilman John McCandish King should be a pauper. He has lost his $170,000-a-year job as chairman of King Resources, a mineral exploration firm. That company has been forced into bankruptcy, and creditors are seeking to have Colorado Corp., a holding company that is 90% owned by King, declared bankrupt also. The Internal Revenue Service has slapped liens on his property for $5,300,000 in back taxes. Creditors, former investors, and tax authorities are suing him in at least six states to collect what is left of his personal fortune, which was once estimated to be $480 million but by King's account has shrunk to $42 million. The keystone of that fortune, King Resources stock, has dropped from $34 a share to less than $1 in two years. The onetime financial whiz of the wildcat oil drillers has asked the courts to protect him from his creditors while he tries to work out a plan to repay them.

Yet King continues to live like an emperor. He maintains a sumptuous suite of offices on the top floor of Denver's tallest building. He and his family live in the wealthy Denver suburb of Cherry Hills Village on a baronial walled estate complete with guest wing, offices, swimming pool and a live-in servant. For recreation, the Kings maintain a mountain retreat in Vail, Colo., a home in Palm Springs, Calif., and an island estate on Maui, Hawaii. He drives a radio-equipped Cadillac, maintains an extensive collection of antique guns, wears monogrammed shirts and cowboy boots, and boasts several hundred pairs of cuff links, many of them solid gold. "My life-style has not changed in ten years," King has been heard to claim.

How has King been able to retain the trappings of success while facing the fact of failure? As courts and tax investigators across the country unravel the intricacies of King's finances, the story behind his comfortable penury is beginning to emerge. King's decline began in mid-1970 with the much-publicized collapse of Bernard Cornfeld's Investors Overseas Services; in 1969 I.O.S. had provided King Resources with 35% of its revenues by buying oil-exploration and drilling services. As Cornfeld's empire foundered, worried creditors began pressing King Resources and Colorado Corp. for repayment of loans, and King was besieged by his personal creditors. When he filed to reorganize under federal bankruptcy laws last June, his 218-page petition listed 451 creditors ranging from the IRS to a Granby, Colo., drugstore ($1,000 for beer and penny candy).

Wife's Jewelry. King was well prepared. In mid-1968 he formed the first in a series of trusts for his four children, ages six to 14, with Mercantile Bank & Trust Co. in the Bahamas as trustee. He transferred a major chunk of his Colorado Corp. stock to the trusts, along with his four homes, some real estate on the island of Bali, his gun collection and his wife's jewelry. Investigators have been unable to determine the actual size of the trusts. Creditors are looking for ways to tap them, but the trusts may be untouchable because they are in the children's names.

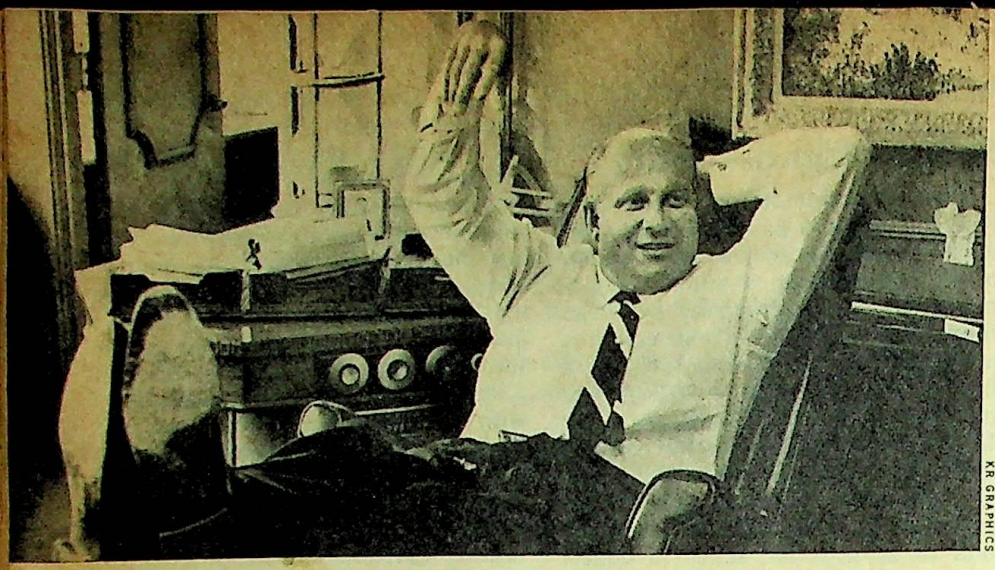
King even exudes confidence about



Source Office of Accident Investigation & Data Analysis, NHTSA

ONE grisly economic indicator that appears on no official charts is again rising: car-accident deaths. Says Don Mela, the U.S. Department of Transportation's chief mathematical analyst: "If you make a graph plotting auto-accident deaths against the index of industrial production, you will find dips in production coinciding with dips in the rate of auto deaths." Thus, in the recession year of 1970, auto deaths dropped to 4.9 per 100 million miles traveled, from 5.3 in boom-end 1969. The death rate dropped a bit further last year, to an estimated 4.7, despite the economy's creeping recovery. But the fatality curve, behaving like a lagging indicator, has turned up again in the past five months as the recovery gathered momentum.

The link between prosperity and highway mortality has been known to experts for decades, but nobody has yet figured out the cause. Economic decline, for example, does not bring a drop in the number of miles driven. A reasonable explanation might be that recessions breed a general mood of caution that is reflected in driving habits, while upturns induce expansive feelings that may tempt some drivers to recklessness. But that is only speculation, and has not been substantiated by any studies.



KR GRAPHICS

JOHN KING RELAXING IN HIS OFFICE SUITE ATOP DENVER'S TALLEST BUILDING
Also, a baronial walled estate and cuff links of solid gold.

his chances of making a business comeback. His companies were in serious financial trouble in 1958 and again in 1963, but both times he managed to borrow enough money to save them. This time he is counting on some big oil and gas ventures in the Canadian Arctic and the Sinai Desert to come through for him.

Even King, however, admits that these projects will not pay off for years. Until then, the key to his potential financial resurrection is credit, and the Denver business community feels that King is nearing the end of even his resources for obtaining it. The institutional lenders who bailed him out twice before are probably too concerned now about collecting the $22 million he already owes them to give any thought to lending him more. King has already hit his trusts for nearly $5,000,000 in loans in an attempt to keep his companies afloat; it is possible that the trusts may not have much more to lend.

Even if King really is finished as a business power, though, he has indicated to associates that the trusts retain enough assets to support his lavish life-style indefinitely. Meanwhile, King manages to sound as if he were actually enjoying bankruptcy; he notes to friends that he has put on weight recently. "In life," he tells visitors who question the pleasure of fighting 451 creditors, "everything happens for the best if you look for it. Right now, I am having more fun than I have had in a long time."

INSURANCE

Karl the Magic Man

When U.S. builders set a new record last year by starting 2.1 million homes, no one was happier than Max H. Karl, a neat, bespectacled Milwaukee lawyer. With the upsurge in housing providing the push, Karl's MGIC Investment Corp. put a huge dent in what was once the sole domain of the Federal Government: home loan insurance. Today MGIC (pronounced magic) has $6.5 billion worth of insurance in force, compared with $12 billion insured by the Federal Housing Administration.

That is an especially impressive record considering that Karl, now 61, started only 14 years ago, with $250,000 borrowed from friends, to compete against the Federal Government in a field in which private enterprise had failed dramatically. What MGIC does essentially is guarantee that it will pay any losses a mortgage lender may suffer if the homeowner cannot meet his monthly payments and the house must be foreclosed. After the Depression wiped out poorly financed private insurers, Government agencies, principally the FHA, were the only source of mortgage guaranty insurance, which most bankers and other lenders require on all mortgages carrying less than a 20% down payment.

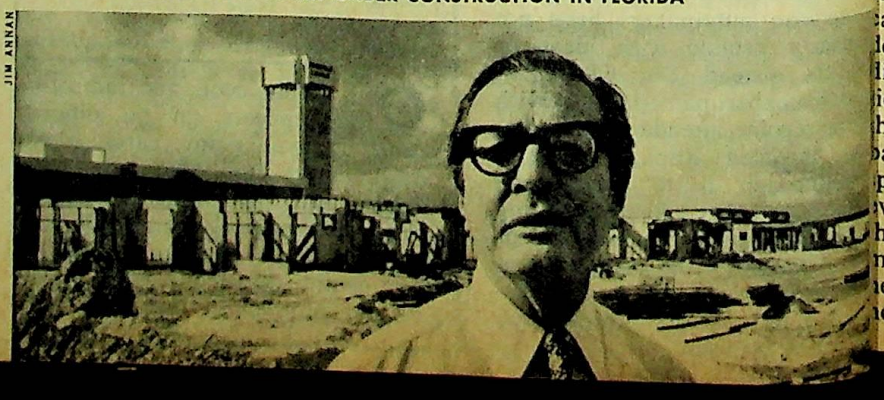
Cutting Red Tape. The FHA helped spur the first surge of suburb building in the early postwar years. But in the 1950s, savings and loan associations, the chief source of housing credit, began to shun FHA-insured loans because the agency had a rigid ceiling—5% when MGIC started—on the interest that lenders could charge to home buyers. By offering private insurance, Karl enabled S and Ls to obtain higher interest rates on secure loans and still cut the down payment below 20%. Moreover, Karl successfully slashed through the FHA's red tape. MGIC guarantees to approve or reject a home loan insurance application within 24 hours; the FHA takes a minimum of a month because it conducts its own investigation of the home buyer's credit and makes its own appraisal of the value of the house. MGIC investigates not the home buyer but the lender; if Karl is convinced that an S and L's loan procedures are sound, his company only spot checks its appraisal and credit reports.

Stock Surge. That formula has worked so well that since 19[illegible] MGIC's profit after tax has quadrupled, to $16 million, and given the company's stock a rather magical record on Wall Street. Taking into account several stock splits, a MGIC share that sold for 32¢ in 1956 closed 19[illegible] at $89.25 on the New York Stock Exchange; $43.50 of the rise came [illegible] year alone. But building that kind of success was no easy task.

Karl, whose lawyer-like voice and [illegible]dences belie the missionary spirit in his words, had to spend years evangelizing in order to sell his idea to state legislatures, many of which had passed laws forbidding the private insuring of mortgage loans, and to S and Ls. He proved so persuasive that New York is now the only state that does not license private mortgage insurers like MGIC. Moreover, MGIC has inspired seven other companies to begin selling the same kind of insurance in recent years. In all, the eight companies carry about as much insurance as the FHA. That fact led Karl to remark: "By 1980, we hope the FHA will be restricted to insuring housing for the poor."

MGIC's own potential growth hardly seems restricted. Last October the Government lowered the down payment requirement on mortgage loans insured by private companies from 10% to 5%. That move, Karl thinks, will open a vast new market for MGIC in insuring loans to young home buyers. By now, too, Karl has expanded far beyond his original business; in the past five years he has started subsidiaries that insure commercial leases for small businesses and municipal bonds issued by small communities. Now Karl is even building an entire community in Florida. Naturally, he hopes that the mortgage loans on most of the town houses will be insured by MGIC.

MGIC'S KARL WITH NEW HOMES UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN FLORIDA



JIM KNAY

Ignorance About Health

Americans know much less about their own health than they think they do. They ought to have a reasonable layman's knowledge about what symptoms may mean, but ignorance in this area is discouraging, according to a Louis Harris poll commissioned by the Blue Cross Association. People think that they know as much as necessary, the survey of 1,609 showed, but many of them cannot answer specific questions.

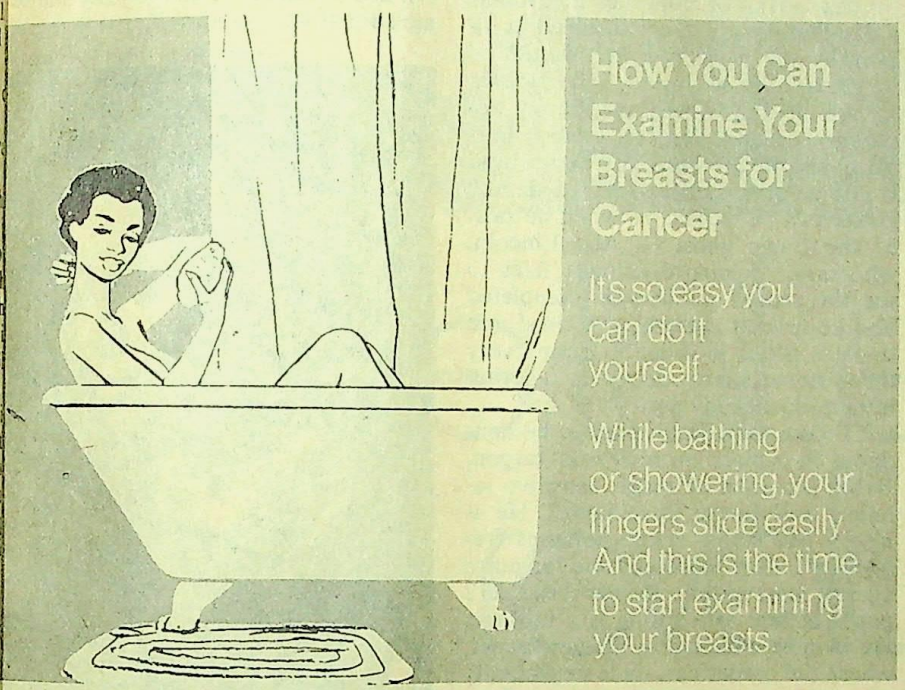
The most striking example of overconfidence concerned cancer. Sixty-five percent thought that they could recognize the signs; the American Cancer Society, after all, has papered the nation with car cards, posters, leaflets and advertisements listing the "seven warning signals." Yet 30% could not name a single one of the seven, 17% could identify only one, 40% knew two or three signs, and only 13% could cite four or more. Concerning heart disease, 27% could not name a single obvious symptom like shortness of breath or chest pain.

Harris broke down his interview subjects by age, sex, race and educational background. Blacks, the elderly and people with limited schooling did worse than the rest of those questioned. On the cancer signs, 60% of the blacks could not name one, compared with 26% of the whites. Responding to the general questions, however, blacks seemed far better aware than whites of their need to know more. When asked about mental illness, 44% of the whites said they did not want to know more about it, and thus displayed a classic Freudian resistance; only 18% of the blacks shared that negative attitude.

Having information and acting on it, of course, can be two different things. The survey showed that 81% of those interviewed knew all about the benefits of regular exercise, but only 37% were personally doing anything about it. The Blue Cross sponsors of the study concluded sadly that knowledge in this case "is not very persuasive."

Harris also explored people's sources of medical information. Only a narrow majority (51%) mentioned physicians. Surprisingly, 52% cited TV, newspaper or magazine advertising as being among their sources. News stories in one medium or another were named by 79%. With a flourish of holier-than-thou rhetoric, the Blue Cross Association concluded: "It is really disgraceful that the American public must obtain a large part of its health knowledge from advertising and by ferreting out medical news from newspapers, magazines and television (much of which news has been so popularized and butchered as to be useless)."

Though health information sometimes is presented badly and tends to err on the side of overoptimism, no useful purpose is served by the Blue Cross scatter-gun blast. The fact is that the quality of health information provided by the lay media has improved over a quarter-century at least as much as health care has. At any rate, whether health information is accepted or retained depends less on the source than on whether the audience is motivated to be receptive.



AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY BOOKLET WARNING ON BREAST CANCER
People don't know as much as they think they do.

The FDA as Activist

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration, recently accused by consumer groups of being too permissive toward the industries it is supposed to police, was the activist last week in a variety of fields. Items:

▶ Americans buy 40 million pairs of prescription eyeglasses a year and an uncounted number of ordinary sunglasses. Now, anyone purchasing a new pair is likely to find that the price has suddenly gone up by $3 to $5. This is no evasion of Phase II, but the result of an FDA order that makes it illegal in all 50 states to sell eyeglass lenses that are not "impact resistant." The stronger, safer glass costs more.

The FDA, which set the new requirement to reduce eye injuries, was precise in its standards. The lenses will not be unbreakable or shatterproof, but they must be sufficiently tempered to withstand a specific shock—a steel ball weighing .56 oz. dropped from a height of 50 in. The optician is supposed to make the drop test, aiming at the center of the lens, before releasing the glasses.

▶ The FDA also announced that it is undertaking a herculean task: the screening for effectiveness of all over-the-counter (nonprescription or "proprietary") drugs marketed in the U.S. No one knows how many there are, though estimates go as high as 500,000, counting competing brands and combinations of the same basic chemicals. The FDA has had authority since 1938 over the safety of drugs, but not until 1962 did Congress give it the power to require proof of their promised performance. The studies now beginning, scheduled to take three years, will be made by panels of non-Government experts. First to be examined will be the antacids, followed by cold preparations, pain killers and mood drugs.

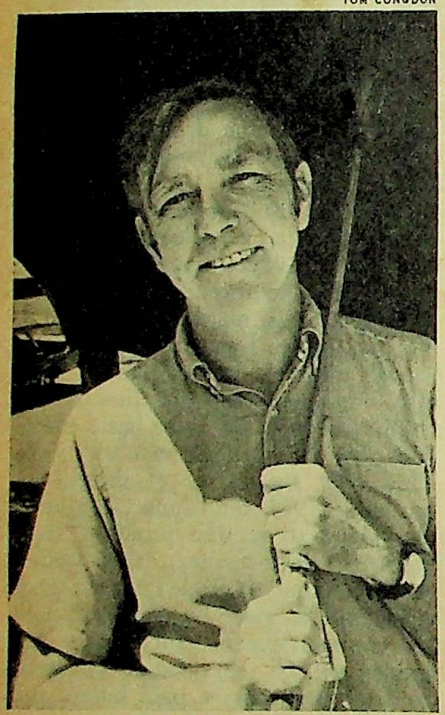
▶ In a surprisingly stern action, the FDA prepared to pull the plug on virtually all products containing hexachlorophene (HCP). It had already issued a warning (TIME, Dec. 20) against bathing babies with pHisoHex, which contains 3% HCP. The substance penetrates the skin and mucous membranes and has been linked to brain damage in animals—though not, as yet, in man. Touted as a killer of germs and body odors, HCP has been used in many cosmetics, shampoos, soaps and almost all deodorants, notably the "feminine hygiene" variety. Now the FDA has served notice that within 60 days it will ban all further manufacture of cosmetics with even minute amounts of HCP as an active ingredient and will limit the use of skin cleansers containing more than .75% HCP (meaning, principally, pHisoHex and hyperpHaze) to hospital and prescription use. Medicated soaps like Dial will be reviewed by one of the panels screening over-the-counter drugs.

Daily Sanity

POOR RUSSELL'S ALMANAC
by RUSSELL BAKER
212 pages. Doubleday. $6.95.

In the old fairy tale, the grumpy king runs a contest to find a jester who can make him laugh. Unsuccessful contestants go to the block. The winner gets a new suit of motley and the next-to-impossible job of making the king laugh again. In journalism, the dyspeptic despot is usually played by an editor who starts off saying something like "This page is too damn dull. It needs some humor." Serious words are then circulated among the

TOM CONGDON



COLUMNIST RUSSELL BAKER
Misery insists on company.

clever headline writers and droll city-room pinochle players that there is an opening for a funny columnist.

If the editors and readers are lucky, they may get a durable broad-ax wit like Art Buchwald. If they are very lucky, they find someone like Russell Baker, writer of the New York *Times's* "Observer" column. At his best, Baker fills his allotted space opposite the editorial page with bizarre, often bleak fantasies about human foolishness. At his second best, he holds a funhouse mirror up to the nature of the consumer state. Baker's "growing family," for example, does not increase numerically but expands through overweight and the excess tonnage of possessions.

Poor Russell's Almanac, Baker's fifth collection of columns and comment, is composed largely of such ticklish visions. The more painful versions often have to do with a variety of middle-aged, middle-management saps who have congealed in mid-marriage and mid-mortgage. "Misery no longer loves company," says Baker. "Nowadays it insists upon it."

Given his schedule and deadline pressure, Baker does a remarkable job freshening overworked subjects. On the myth of progress, for example, he observed that the Wright brothers' first flight went 120 ft., "which is the length of the line you wait in today to get your baggage." History proves a perishable item when a father, failing to convince his son of the patriotic emotion released by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, concedes that it was a day that "really hasn't survived in infamy as well as we thought it would."

Baker can be bitter: "The sinister nature of the American soil is apparent in places like Gettysburg. Fertilize it with the blood of heroes and it brings forth a frozen-custard stand." Baker can be elegiac, as when he raises the tragic ghost of Abe Lincoln, who says, "A man eventually likes to see the record on himself completed and know that everything is fixed and that his life is in order. I groan every time an archivist discovers another hitherto lost Brady portrait of me."

To use the kind of phrases he lampoons in a piece on reviewers' jargon, Baker is a man of range, sensitive intellect and fertile imagination. He is also a fine stylist whose columns frequently unfurl to defend the language against corruption. But to read 212 pages of him at a sitting is a mistake. He is most effective in his newspaper, where the reader can wade expectantly toward him through bloated accounts of disaster, inhumanity, avarice and hypocrisy. Russell Baker can then best be appreciated doing what a good humorist has always done: writing to preserve his sanity for at least one more day. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Hustler and Fabulist

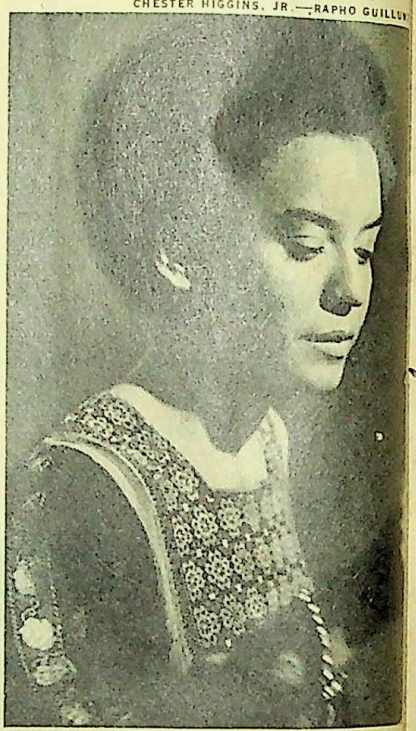
GEMINI
by NIKKI GIOVANNI
149 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

I really hope no white person
ever has cause
to write about me
because they never understand
Black love is Black wealth
and they'll
probably talk about my hard
childhood
and never understand that
all the while I was quite happy.

These proud words come from Nikki Giovanni's best-known poem, *Nikki-Rosa.* At 28, she is one of the most talented and promising black poets. She is also one of the most visible, not only because she is beautiful but cause she is a shrewd and energ propagandist. In this interim auto ography, both poet and propagan underscore that point about black l and happiness. Part memoir and p manifesto, it is a plain-spoken, liv provocative, confusing book.

The memoir part deals with gr ing up in a tightly knit, loyal family social workers in Cincinnati and Kn ville. As a child she had two idols, glamorous older sister Gary and grandmother Louvenia. Nikki did Gary's fighting for her for the excell reason that Gary was a musician w argued that if her hands w "maimed," the families of her mu teachers might starve. Protecti Louvenia was a harder assignme Nikki's childhood ended the day she alized that her grandmother was dyi

CHESTER HIGGINS, JR.—RAPHO GUILLU

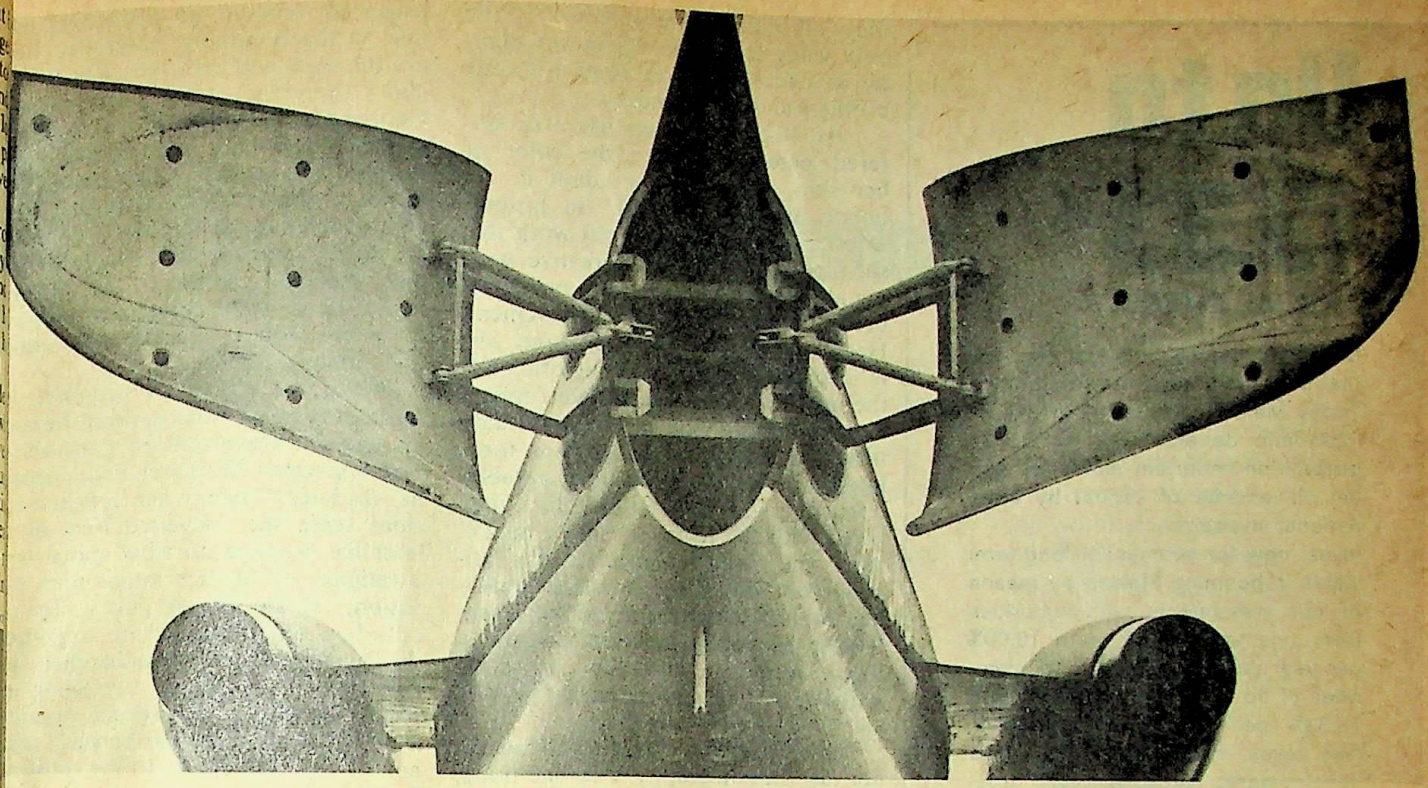


POET NIKKI GIOVANNI
Bulletins of a life.

Uprooted from her old house by a s rious urban-renewal scheme in Kn ville, Louvenia had lost the will to l She was "gone, not even to a m highway but to a cutoff of a cutoff."

On the subject of her childho Miss Giovanni is magical. She anders along with every appearan of artlessness, but one might as say that Mark Twain wrote shag dog stories. The little figure in the ter—"big, brown eyes, three pig and high-top shoes"—is a cla American child, pelting rocks at her emies from the roof, lining up for day movies, eating her liverwurst raisin bread with mayonnaise.

The later chapters are less a biography than polemic. The swings wildly from bitterness to fiance, from humor to cant, from dom to frenzy. The gentlest stater about whites is that "all white pe need to be taken out of power,



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they all clearly are not evil." The only white leaders to whom any quarter is offered are the dead Kennedy brothers and John Lindsay.

If Nikki Giovanni has ever suffered personally from the color of her skin, she does not admit it. An honor graduate of Fisk (in history) who nearly went into social work too, she has instead taught creative writing at Rutgers and become a major figure in the black oral poetry movement. Hers is a committed social rage. She is capable of scalding rhetoric, but the artist in her keeps interrupting. For one thing, she is a natural fabulist. A tirade on colonialism turns into a series of irresistible parables about the wise and natural black man faced with the petty, scheming honky. Also, she cares too much about language not to kid her own fire breathing, at least occasionally: "I'm essentially a hustler because I'm essentially Black American and that carries essentially a hustling mentality (if you can essentially follow that)."

One feels that *Gemini* will not be her last autobiography. For one thing, she is determined to keep publishing. One of her few deep criticisms of a black is directed at Novelist Ralph Ellison, because he has published no novel since *The Invisible Man* in 1952. "He can put us down and say we are not writers, who are persistently exposing our insides and trying to create a reality."

That is Nikki Giovanni's approach. She keeps sending out bulletins—in poetry, prose, children's books—whether they are neat or messy, rash or reasoned. But one senses a dynamic intelligence behind the shrillest page of *Gemini*. It is a report about a life in progress that demands to be seen. ▪ Martha Duffy

Minding the Light

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM
by JAN DE HARTOG
677 pages. Atheneum. $10.

Like lovers, the one thing religious minorities have in common is the conviction that they are unique. Like lovers, they are of course right. But the passion for God, like other passions, obeys certain plot patterns—all subject to certain beginnings, middles and ends. The kindling, the cooling and the rekindling of the Quakers is the present theme of Dutch Novelist-Playwright Jan de Hartog. In this first of two novels in progress, he takes the history of the Religious Society of Friends from Cromwell's England, 1652, to Pennsylvania, 1755, and the brink of the French-Indian war. *The Peaceable Kingdom* is clumsily written. Nevertheless De Hartog, a Friend himself, has managed to indicate the range of religious experience, from hot ecstasy to prim rule of procedure—and sometimes back again. De Hartog's four stages of religion go something this: in the beginning, naturally, t are the seers and prophets. *The Pe able Kingdom* opens with yo George Fox galloping into Lanca to spread the inner light, rather li spiritual pyromaniac. Fox received standard bloody treatment of prop and a bit more, at the hands of m and at the hands of the Establishm too. Religious ecstasy, De Ha makes clear, is the ultimate revolu to which society reacts with e and opposite frenzy.

After the seers and prophets De Hartog's plot ordains, come the ers and the organizers. In Lancas Fox converted Margaret Fell; ind he was later to marry her. But in a rious sense she converted Fox, or least his message, to what suited a religion of "service rather than vation," as De Hartog puts it. He tells how this judge's wife organi the Quakers in prison, sending them ters and survival kits consisting socks, mufflers, weevil-proof bisc a jar of prunes for the bowels' s and of course a Bible. In the mos fecting chapters of the novel, De H tog dramatizes Margaret's volun descent into the dungeons of L cashire Castle, where she lived with prisoned children, including an elev year-old boy condemned to be han for murder.

The Old Fire. The second- t third-generation inheritors of a f tend to reduce a passion into a ha Short on spirit, long on technica they are the lettermen. Abruptly ju ing 100 years, switching the scen Pennsylvania, and abandoning his cal characters, De Hartog introduce his letterman a New World Qua businessman named Isaac Woodho This Early American success fi may have been sober, industrious honest even with Indians. But, in Hartog's words, he also showed a itive "genius for compromise." Qu slaveowners, for instance, intimid slaves by showing whips without actually using them—a fine distin suggesting that a proudly "pecu people had become sadly less pec

After the lettermen come th vivalists. Boniface Baker, the easy grandson of a Fox convert and of De Hartog's compromisers, sud catches the old fire again. In his 50s, Baker frees his slaves, parcel indigo plantation among them, takes off for the frontier. One measure of the book is that it m this radical gesture oddly plausible.

As a religious novelist, Jan de tog has serious limitations. He s mers about the inner light, in words of one character, "like a of drunkenness, that's what it He is far less comfortable descr Quaker quietism than hanging, l ing and rape. Dubiously, he main that all saints have a sense of hu for his final examples offering a

INNOVATION

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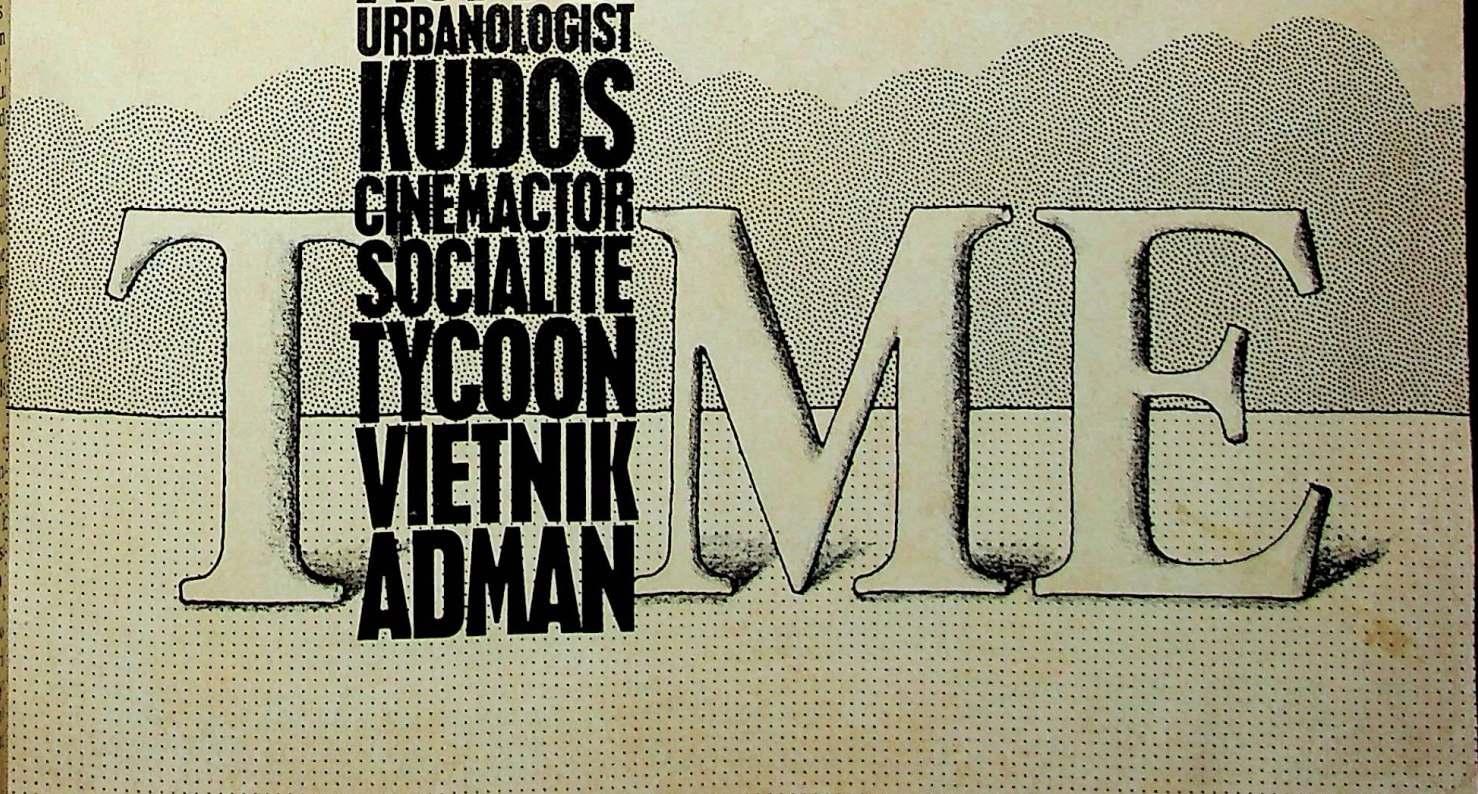
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TIME—where ideas get response.



dy trapper named Buffalo McHair and a salty Quaker frontierswoman doctor named Guilelma Woodhouse, whose like has not been seen since Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main.

For all his awkwardness and superficiality, De Hartog makes the point that, like a divine infection, hope of human betterment got into the blood of a people and stayed. De Hartog may not be up to the poetry of religious experience. But he does rough justice to the prose—to the Quaker witness expressed in prison reform, compassion for the insane, and final opposition to slavery. These were all ways in which a passion to be perfect transformed itself into a simple, immensely difficult resolution to be good. ▪ Melvin Maddocks

History of a Disease

LET HISTORY JUDGE
by ROY A. MEDVEDEV
translated by COLLEEN TAYLOR
566 pages. Knopf. $12.50.

Not quite 20 years after Stalin's death, a Soviet scholar has produced the most comprehensive and revealing investigation of Stalinism ever to appear anywhere. Roy Medvedev, 46, is a schoolteacher turned historian. Like his twin brother, the prominent geneticist Zhores, he is a dedicated Communist and patriot, who believes in Marxism-Leninism and its vision of the future.* When he set about writing *Let History Judge,* Medvedev was motivated neither by disillusionment with the Bolshevik experiment nor by a desire to discredit the present regime. What he wanted, instead, was to enlighten fellow Soviet Communists about 50 years of their own history and thereby keep the study of "that prolonged disease known as 'the cult of personality' " from being monopolized by bourgeois historians and anti-Communist propagandists. "It is Communists," he writes, "who should be the strictest judges of their own history." He began his work in the thaw that followed Stalin's death. When he was finished twelve years later, the authorities had once again grown defensive. It was only after the Soviet Party Central Committee refused to permit its publication in the U.S.S.R. that Medvedev allowed his manuscript to reach an American publisher.

Besides being the first sustained attempt by a Soviet scholar to deal more or less evenhandedly with the whole Stalin period, *Let History Judge* surpasses existing literature, Soviet and Western alike, in its panoramic treatment of Stalinism's impact upon individual lives. It singles out the fate of some 600 functionaries and victims of the purges, using intimate details from unpublished memoirs and monographs, deathbed testimonies and confessions, official reports unavailable in the West, and private correspondence, including previously unpublished letters from Lenin and Stalin.

Medvedev quotes from a private family archive an eyewitness account of how Stalin personally led the interrogation and humiliation of his purged Ukrainian party chief, Stanislav Kosior. There is also an authoritative description of the death of Stalin's prewar Aviation Minister, Mikhail Kaganovich, a Jew whom Stalin accused of collaborating with the Nazis. The man was summoned to the office of Anastas Mikoyan, one of Stalin's most durable aides and later Foreign Minister and President of the U.S.S.R., now retired and writing his memoirs. When Kaganovich was confronted with the false evidence against him, he asked permission to use Mikoyan's toilet, where he put a bullet through his head. The source of this story, as retold in *Let History Judge,* is Mikoyan himself.

Nikita Khrushchev's 1956 secret speech to the 20th Soviet Party Congress opened a debate among Marxists over how faithful Communists were to live with the truth that an estimated 20 million murders had been committed in their name by the Stalinist bureaucracy between 1934 and 1953. Khrushchev denounced Stalin as an evil genius who was able to seize control of the party by some terrible historical accident. Medvedev's view is less simplistic. He argues that in every social upheaval there is a fanatical fringe whose idealistic elements can easily be infiltrated by opportunists and criminals. Stalin, according to Medvedev, was both—a man typical of the "unstable and dishonorable ple who join a revolutionary move and later degenerate into tyrants."

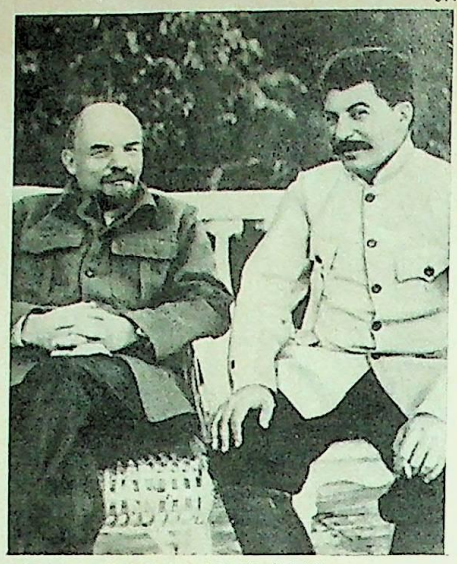
Khrushchev took the line that lin's perversion of the Soviet sy started with the purges of the Medvedev is probably the first and tainly the most distinguished S historian to agree with Western c that Stalin had already begun to rupt the party during Lenin's life In one of his few but significant icisms of the U.S.S.R.'s founding ther, Medvedev suggests that Le "natural enthusiasm for people" him from recognizing Stalin's vil ous character until it was too late.

Medvedev's book (whose would be more literally translate "Toward the Court of History") plies that Medvedev sees himself prosecutor. His work, however, is markably free from both the host that often mars Western studies of sian politics and the dogmatism distorts Soviet scholarship. For ample, Medvedev proves a hard ging detective, while at the same a fair judge of evidence, in his dling of the persistent story that lin worked as a double agent for Czarist secret police before the olution. Much as Medvedev det the dictator and therefore may h wanted to believe this rumor him he reviews the case in nine tightly gued pages, finds it inconclusive and quits Stalin of the charge.

Let History Judge represents a tle and sophisticated endeavor b man of exceptional intellect and principles to tell the whole truth a a Communist disaster without thro into doubt the Communist prog and philosophy. He fails on the ond count. Those chapters that construct what happened under S seem measured and secure as a torical record. But in the more oretical sections, where he attemp explain how a Communist revol could give way to wholesale slau of a citizenry by its government, vedev is in difficulty. While asse that Stalin's rise to power was n evitable and that Stalinism was a ease," he also knows that the di raged for more than a quarter of a tury and that Soviet society is not healthy. That Stalin could d the inevitable progress of history so long and so catastrophically not fit easily into even Medve very refined Marxist framework.

Medvedev is convinced—and to convince his readers—that Marx Leninism, once it recovers from tragic aberration of Stalinism, is the best hope for Russia and fo mankind. His reiteration of fait Lenin pales, however, next to hi more powerful and persuasive dictment of the man whom Lenin self tolerated and whom a generation of loyal Leninists co ued to serve. ▪ Strobe To

UPI



LENIN & STALIN IN GORKI (1922)
Caught in a paradox.

* The two brothers are prolific writers as well. This is the fourth of their books to reach the West. Zhores' first book, *The Rise and Fall of T.D. Lysenko* (1969), criticized Communist exploitation of questionable genetic theories. Thereafter Zhores turned out *The Medvedev Papers* (TIME, Sept. 27), a survey of censorship and intellectual restrictions in the U.S.S.R. These criticisms led directly to *A Question of Madness* (TIME, Dec. 13), an account by Roy of how party authorities tried to have his brother declared insane.

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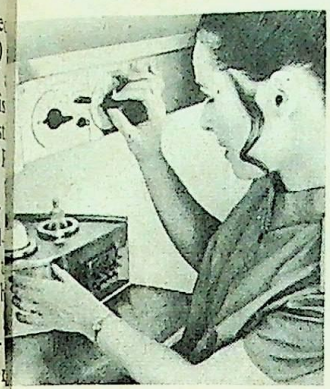
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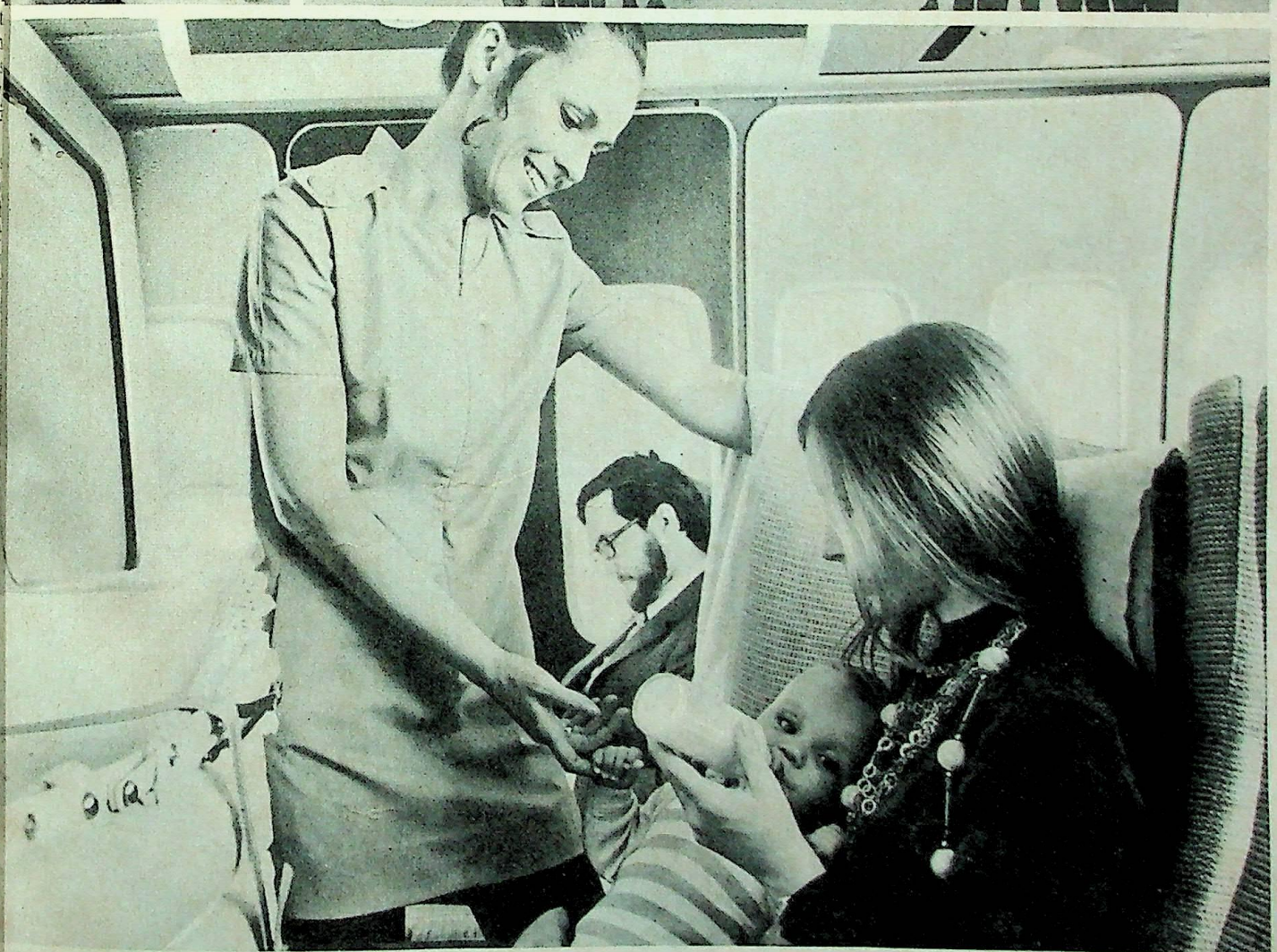
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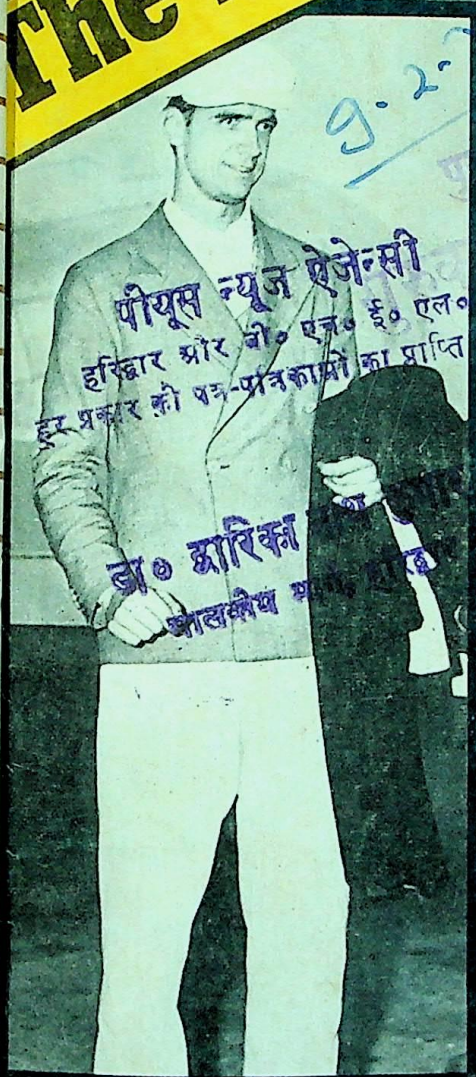
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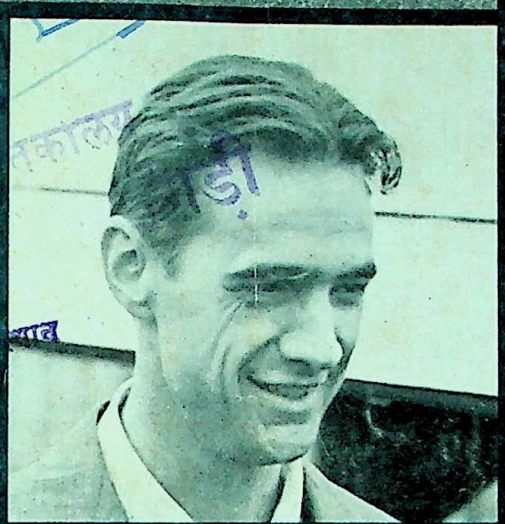
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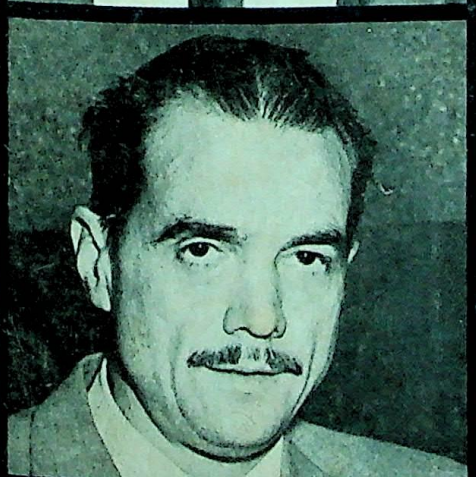
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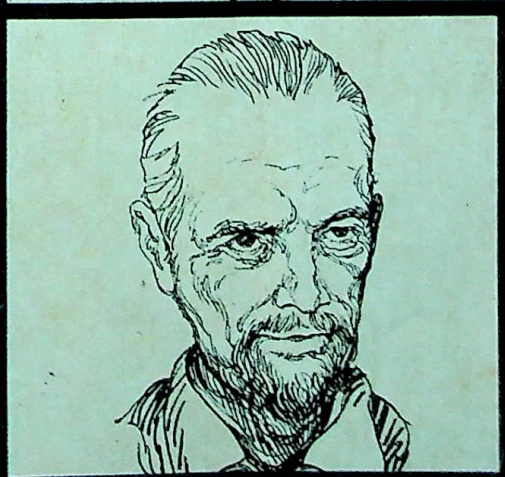

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Man of the Year (Contd.)

Sir / Two of the greatest strengths of the U.S. are its resiliency—its ability to face its errors and to recover from them —and its decisiveness, most apparent when it has decided upon its goals.

Richard Nixon, more than any other American in recent history, has championed these traits. He not only deserves TIME's Man of the Year [Jan. 3] citation, but also a second term as the President of the U.S.

ROBERT A. WALL
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir / How frightening it is to have a mummy in the White House. The symbolism of your cover picture cries out for interpretation. Not a life-and-blood Nixon but a memorial of the most perishable claim to fame as well as notoriety —the daily headlines.

Congratulations for this surrealistic revelation of a poignant truth.

(MRS.) CHRISTA TALBOT
Moravia, N.Y.

Sir / I resent your scurrilous portrayal of the President of the United States on the cover. You have given aid and comfort to the enemy. You have taken a cheap shot at a great man.

LEROY LUTES JR.
Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)
Alexandria, Va.

Sir / Yes, President Nixon has done a lot in 1971—definitely more than he did in 1970. But he has only gone from being a very bad President to being a bad President. It would be more appropriate to make him Most Improved Man of the Year. If he continues to improve at his current rate, he might be an excellent President in 20 or 30 years.

CHARLES BRYAN COX
Rock Port, Mo.

Sir / Your selection is a bad joke in poor taste. Since when were his "shocks" and "surprises" anything but betrayals of our few friends? Under whose leadership was our country worse off?

(MRS.) ELMA ROSENBERG
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir / Stop the world! I want to get off —Nixon is Man of the Year.

ARTHUR S. DROOKER
New York City

Sir / May I mention that in listing President Richard Nixon's favorite "melodious classics," you neglected to include that ever haunting rhapsody *Hail to the Chief*.

GENEVRA SLOAN
Yvoire, France

Sir / President Nixon the Man of the Year? Oh, no! The Santa Claus of the year—dropping so many jingle bells over North Viet Nam without remembering the P.O.W.s.

ATILLA ATALAY
Mörfelden, West Germany

Missing Image

Sir / I sadly noted that Women's Lib didn't make your "Images '71 [Jan. 3]."

Instead, the usual sexist stereotypes appear: woman as bride, wife and helper; woman as victim (Ireland); woman as prostitute and temptress (Mary Magdalene in *Jesus Christ Superstar*); and finally, women as sex object, cavorting in hot pants. Would Indira Gandhi have made "Images" if no war had occurred between India and Pakistan?

PAT K. LYNCH
New York City

Vengeance and the Camera

Sir / Vivid pictures like those accompanying your article "Vengeance in Victory" [Jan. 3] may win awards for photographers, but in me they evoke only shame. It pains me to witness, albeit vicariously, the degradation of man. Obviously the Bengalis are totally consumed by vengeance and the sick need to retaliate in kind, but I cannot understand how Western newsmen can hold their cameras so still while other men are being brutally murdered.

I also cannot understand how newsmagazines justify reprinting these obscene horrors.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH F. SHAPIRO
Chicago

Sir / The Mukti Bahini get much applause for the nine months they resisted the barbarian rule of the Pakistan army, but the ecstatic joy of the guerrillas at the liberation of their country soon turned to a savage spirit of vengeance.

The guerrillas may feel justified, and they are, in wanting revenge for the reign of terror. But to inflict that revenge makes them no better than the Pakistanis they hated so much.

DAVID SNIDER
Fairbanks, Alaska

Sir / I wonder whether your brutal pictures will wake us up to the ugliness in the world or will merely condition us to accept it here at home.

THOMAS C. HARNEY
Los Angeles

Sir / At the time when we were preaching "peace on earth," we were treated with the revolting spectacle of your photographs of the Mukti Bahini guerrillas bayoneting and stamping on their prisoners.

While war does seem to bring out the worst in many people, I do not feel that you have to give that worst the credit of being printed. We are already sick of war. And this is a triumphant army?

R. ANTONIO SUESCUM M.D.
Cristobal, Canal Zone

Jobs for Vets

Sir / I was disturbed by the article "JOBS —The Plight of Viet Nam Era Vets" [Dec. 27]. I acknowledge the great problem of recruiting these young men and bringing them back to meaningful places in our economy and society, but your story offers a gloomy and negative appraisal of one of the few programs that is actively doing something positive about the situation. It condemns the program to failure before it has had a chance to succeed.

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in the past three years. You must be aware that the request to find jobs for 100,000 veterans was an addition to NAB's goal of 225,000 jobs for poor and disadvantaged Americans in the current fiscal year.

The veterans program is now moving into full-scale operation. It is producing results at a level that assures its success in attaining its goals.

JOHN D. HARPER
Chairman of the Board
Aluminum Company of America
Pittsburgh

Daring to Meddle

Sir / Your new typographic format [Jan. 3] is wonderful. It's one small step for TIME and one giant step for your readers. For a month or so you'll get complaints because you dared to meddle with an institution, but functional changes soon pay for themselves in optometrists' bills.

TIMOTHY D. BUNN
Syracuse

Sir / Your wider margins will now enable me to read TIME in the bathtub without getting the type wet and smeared.

DOUG PALMER
Minneapolis

Sir / Your new layout has about as much style and taste as a cookbook.

JIM SWANSON
Chicago

Sir / The fact that the world is changing rapidly and for the worse is not a valid reason why TIME's appearance should be changed for the worse.

NEIL BRANT
Pau, France

Discordant Note

Sir / Let this 20-year member of "Jimmy's own" Local 299 in Detroit check in with a discordant note amid the jubilation over news of Hoffa's release [Jan. 3] by your Man of the Year.

The President's humanitarian instincts notwithstanding, his action here was the consummately cynical move of the total politician. Its immediate effect is negation of a formidable body of congressional testimony and the dedicated efforts of men such as John McClellan and Robert Kennedy. It also lends further credence to a growing suspicion that this Administration totally misreads public opinion.

To say that James R. Hoffa remains "tremendously popular" with rank-and-file Teamsters may or may not be true, but it overlooks many of us who long ago rejected—and have actively opposed—his autocratic brand of unionism.

JAMES P. LEAVITT
Detroit

Only the Carabineros

Sir / In your article about Chile, "Empty Pots and Yankee Plots" [Dec. 13], you say that General Augusto Pinochet expressed the following with regard to the use of the army: "I hope the army does not have to come out, because if they do it will be to kill."

As stated, the phrase is incomplete and could be misinterpreted. To date, there have been no fatalities, due to the fact that only the *carabineros*, who are especially instructed and equipped to control street disturbances without loss of life, have been called out. It would be different if the army were used. The soldiers are trained and instructed to fight and they are equipped for warfare. For that reason I have only used police forces —not the army or any other branch of the armed forces—to maintain order.

AUGUSTO PINOCHET UGARTE
General de División
Chief of the Zone of Emergency
Santiago

Sign Language

Sir / It is really fantastic that "after more than six years of psychological and engineering research, the U.S. Department of Transportation is unveiling a whole new set" of pictorial traffic signs [Jan. 3] that have been in use in Europe for more than 30 years. Why do Americans need six years of no doubt expensive research to copy European traffic signs?

(MISS) H.J. HARTONG
Rotterdam, The Netherlands

Sir / The basic shapes of the road signs date back to the Middle Ages. The gypsies used to mark a charcoal sign on the first available white wall of a village on the road. A triangle, the angle downward, stood for a hand with the index finger toward the ground and meant, "Danger, be careful, no hospitality"; the triangle with the angle upward, stood for a hand with the index finger aiming toward the sky and meant, "Go ahead, good place on this road"; a circle meant, "Nice place for the circle of the campfire, a place to rest."

ÉMILE MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ
Neuilly-sur-Seine, France

Disquieting Conclusions

Sir / In the article, "The New American Samaritans" [Dec. 27], some disquieting conclusions were reached. If it is true that charity is an indispensable part of the American tradition, then poverty must also be.

It is hardly believable that a rich society can allow people to live as the Mexican migrant workers or the unwanted children do.

With due respect to the do-gooders, there must be more effective ways of tackling this enormous problem.

M. AND D. PECK
Melbourne, Australia

We Want Fonda

Sir / Just why should Jane Fonda [Jan. 3] be barred from coming to Viet Nam with her show? Could it be what she represents? Hardly, I think, for I sat in an audience at Bob Hope's show, and he declared that no one was more antiwar than he. Is this not what Fonda was all about?

Had Mr. Hope not captured the sentiment of the audience with his antiwar monologue, he would probably have been booed off the stage here in Danang. Nothing against Mr. Hope and his archaic establishment jokes—just the principle of it. We wanted Fonda and she wanted us.

(SP4) C.J. BASNETT
Danang, South Viet Nam

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पीयूष न्यूज एजेन्सी
हरिद्वार और बी० एच० ई० एल०
हर प्रकार की पत्र-पत्रिकाओं का प्राप्ति स्थान
डा० द्वारिका नाथ कुमार
मालवीय मार्ग, हरिद्वार

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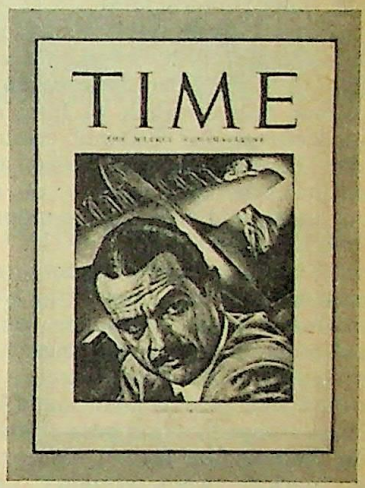
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

EVEN before he went into seclusion, Howard Hughes posed unusual challenges for newsmen. In 1944, for instance, he consented, through an intermediary, to a telephone interview with Robert Elson, then in our Washington bureau. Hughes insisted that when he called, Elson was to identify himself by saying: "Hello, Mr. Howard Hughes. How was the weather?" Trouble was, Elson forgot the code question. This necessitated a new round of calls before Hughes was convinced that Elson was not an imposter. In 1948, when we did a cover story on Hughes, he did utter one prophetic statement about his future: "I'll make news for you."

No one knows the Hughes beat better than TIME's Frank McCulloch, whose clandestine meeting with Hughes in 1958 was the last face-to-face encounter the billionaire is known to have had with a journalist. Last month McCulloch received a phone call from a man who said he was Hughes. The message, conveyed off the record, was an attack on the validity of the Clifford Irving book about America's most diligent practicing mystery man. McCulloch was unable to report for this week's cover story on Hughes: he was detached from his duties as New York bureau chief to help with LIFE's upcoming serialization of the Irving book. Eight other correspondents took up the task. Donn Downing tracked down friends from Hughes' Hollywood days as well as business associates. In Washington, Jerry Hannifin assayed Hughes' contributions to the aeronautical world, while Jess Cook interviewed Irving. Meanwhile, Roger Williams, John Tompkins and James Willwerth were also sifting Manhattan sources. Don Neff journeyed to Las Vegas and Carson City to interview state officials and former Hughes subordinates. Peter Range's assignment was Hughes' current lair on Paradise Island, where he found a James Bond atmosphere: "You can be sipping a gin fizz, chatting with London on the bar phone, going over the local paper and still keep an eye on Hughes' windows. The poolside steel band is throbbing. Your glance drifts upward and you zoom in on those convex ninth-floor balconies."



JULY 1948 COVER

The Cover: A Hughes album, showing him as a child in Houston (*top left*); dancing with Ginger Rogers in 1936 (*top right*); at a 1939 airfield press conference (*upper center*); arriving at Glendale, Calif., airport in 1939 (*left*); in one of his own racing planes in 1935 (*center right*); appearing at 1947 Senate committee hearing (*bottom left*); as he might look now (*bottom center*). Photographs by A.P. and U.P.I.; drawing for TIME by Dan Lawler.

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INDOCHINA

There's Still a War On

WITH the next-to-final phase of the U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam in sight at last, the war suddenly appeared to be not dwindling down but rapidly building up again. Last week, even as President Nixon was announcing the pullout of 70,000 more G.I.s by May 1, the North Vietnamese were carrying out an ominous new offensive in each of Indochina's major battlegrounds.

▶ In Laos, Communist troops scored a stunning victory by forcing the evacuation of Long Cheng, the celebrated CIA base near the Plain of Jars. They also scattered the battered remnants of the U.S.-backed army of Meo tribesmen that was, until recently, the only force that could keep the Communists in check in Laos.

▶ In Cambodia, government troops continued to give ground to the North Vietnamese troops, who now control most of the northeastern countryside. At Krek, 2,500 Cambodian troops simply fled when the 10,000 South Vietnamese troops that had been operating with them in the former Communist "sanctuaries" were abruptly called home by Saigon. The Cambodians reportedly left so much equipment behind that U.S. aircraft were called upon to bomb it before it could be captured by the North Vietnamese.

▶ In South Viet Nam, Saigon forces took up defensive positions, primarily astride infiltration routes and around major cities and military bases, to await a sizable flare-up in Communist activity that is expected to peak at the time of the *Tet* holidays, which fall in mid-February. Meanwhile the North Vietnamese moved mobile missile launchers right up to South Viet Nam's northern frontiers, and the air war continued. The U.S. last week conducted its seventh "protective reaction" strike of the year against SAM sites in North Viet Nam.

Despite the poor results of the recent bombing, U.S. military officials insisted that the enemy was capable only of "cheap victories" in unimportant territory. Perhaps so, but the renewal of the ground war should dispel the notion, widespread in the U.S., that the fighting is over, at least for the American G.I. Technically, U.S. troops are indeed in a "defensive" posture, as the Administration calls it, because their main job is to protect American facilities. But for a good number of the 139,000 G.I.s still in Viet Nam, that job means endless patrols out in the boondocks under conditions that look very much like war.

In all probability, the last U.S. Army combat unit in Viet Nam will be the 7,000-man 3rd Brigade of the First Cavalry Division (Airmobile), which is responsible for the security of a vast area of Vietnamese countryside surrounding the huge American installations at Bien Hoa, Long Binh and the Tan Son Nhut airbase outside Saigon. Recently, TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch joined one 3rd Brigade company as it pushed off from a fire base 35 miles east of Saigon to begi patrol in search of North Vietnam infiltrators. His report:

Nobody in Charlie Company wa ed to be where he was, and when walked off Fire Base Hall and i the jungle, it was easy to sympathi We marched as a company for hour, then divided into three platoo After two miles, the jungle gave w to incredibly thick undergrowth— high enough to block out the sun a too dense to move through, eith quickly or silently. Napalm strikes h killed all the tall trees whose sha once kept down the growth on the ju gle floor.

Charlie Company was fresh fro a weekend in the seaside resort Vung Tau—a prized opportunity f revelry and relaxation that com only once every 45 days. The co pany has no barracks, no dress u forms (they are stored in boxes Bien Hoa) and no personal possessio (letters are the only personal items lowed in the field). The Vung Ta weekend, which the men enjoy in f tigues, is the only break in an en less cycle of ten- to 15-day patro and three-day rests on a fire ba with no hot showers and few oth amenities.

No Hammocks. We are sup posed to patrol until 5 o'clock, whe the rules say that the night defensi position should be set up. If a un moves after 5, there is a danger th a contact might run on after dar ness, making air support more d ficult. But at 5 it is pouring rain, an we are still in scrub, which is n good for a night position because the are no trees big enough to stop en

CHARLIE COMPANY SOLDIERS ABOARD HELICOPTER DURING COMBAT PATROL IN JUNGLES EAST OF SAIGON



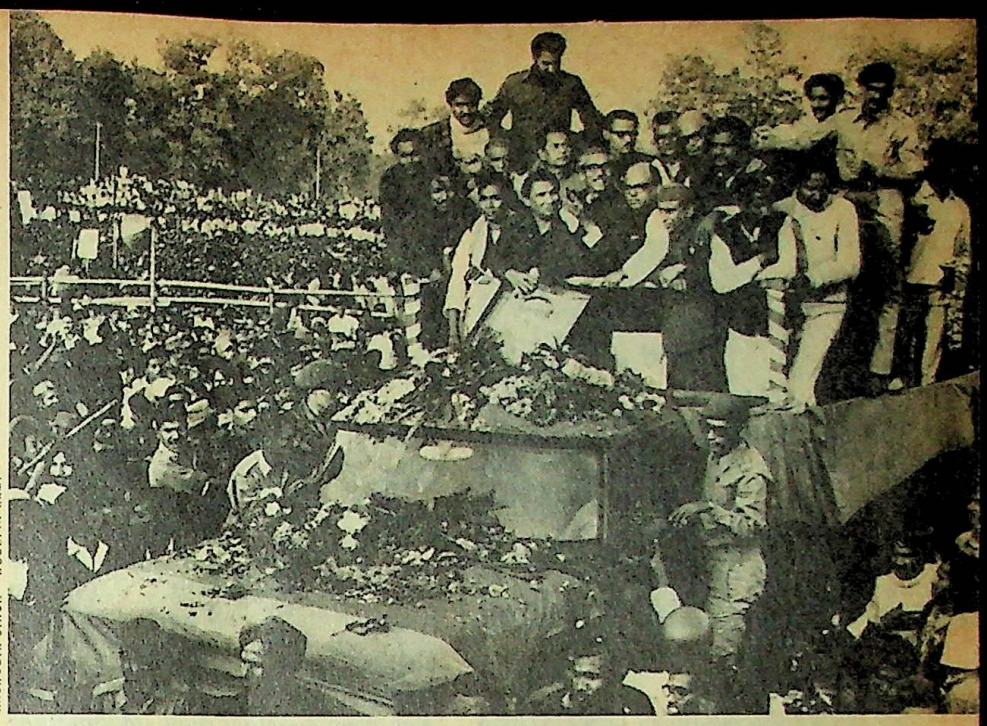
emy mortars. It is close to 6 when we find a few trees, and everybody starts putting up his hooch. I pull out my hammock. "No hammocks," says Sergeant Henry A. Johnson, a Virginian who has a master's degree in communications. "The C.O. doesn't allow them. Too vulnerable to mortars. The C.O. believes in being cautious."

"Line One." When we move out at dawn next morning, everyone is a bit more nimble, perhaps because the Vung Tau hangovers are gone. We walk all morning, stopping for a ten-minute break each hour. At the noon break, the radio sputters with orders from the battalion commander to a unit that has made contact with the enemy five miles away. There was an ambush; one American was killed when he walked into an NVA bunker complex. Another is wounded and a helicopter is down. The battalion commander, flying overhead in his helicopter, says he is going in to pick up the downed pilot. His chopper is loaded with electronic gear and it is too heavy for any task that requires acrobatics. "Jesus, Colonel, be careful," whispers the radio operator, Pfc. Erik Lewis, 21. The rescue is successful.

Lewis tells me that a "Line One" (meaning a G.I. combat death in army jargon) "happens just rare enough so that nobody at home knows about it. But if you're out here, your peace outlook goes straight to zero." And, he adds, "I'm going to kill as many of those mothers as I can."

Charlie Company's commander, Captain Thomas D. Smith, was a young lawyer about to open an office in Omaha when he was drafted in 1966. Since then Smith, who is about to turn 30, has seen a number of "Line Ones." In the first two weeks of the new year, the 3rd Brigade suffered two killed and 34 wounded in skirmishes with its chief opponent, the 33rd NVA regiment, which prowls the jungles east of Saigon. The only way to stay alive in the jungle, Smith believes, is to keep moving. "You stop pushing and they'll walk all over you," he says.

At 10 a.m. on the third day, we are crouched over a small stream refilling canteens when the radio crackles: we are going to be dropped by copter into the area where the G.I.s had been ambushed yesterday. We move to the nearest landing zone —and wait. Finally, at 1 p.m. the helicopters show up to ferry us in a flotilla of six-man groups to the assault landing zone. I ride in the third chopper (the fourth or fifth is thought to be the most desirable) with Sergeant Henry R. Campbell of Newington, Conn., who won a Bronze Star in a firefight last October. Campbell is modest about his star ("Hell, all I did was put out all the firepower I could"), but he is also wryly amused by the Stateside impression of the nature of the war.



RAGHUBIR SINGH—WOODFIN CAMP

HORDES OF CHEERING BENGALIS WELCOMING MUJIB AT DACCA RACE COURSE

"My mother can't believe I'm in danger," he says as he sits in the door of the chopper with a machine gun across his knees. "She says the President says it's all defensive now, so how could it be dangerous?"

We land in elephant grass in a clearing. The only thing to be heard besides the rotor blades is the feeble stutter of the door gunner's machine gun. The landing zone is "cold" —meaning that there are no enemy about—but the troops find fresh tracks almost immediately. We follow the trail until shortly after 5, when another night position is set up. The forward artillery observer calls in artillery strikes on an area that he thinks the enemy might have moved into. He orders the strikes for 10 p.m. —like booking a telephone call—and waits up for them. Everyone else sleeps.

Too Much Rain. At dawn we set off again. When we finally reach the ambush site, we find only some rice left behind by the NVA, a pair of bloody trousers, a B-40 North Vietnamese rocket case and a document nobody can read.

It is four days since we walked off Fire Base Hall. There has been no contact but several scares, a lot of heat, a surfeit of leeches, too much rain for the dry season, and a wearying round of days that begin at 7 and end twelve hours later, when the light fails. Charlie Company is one-third of the way through its patrol. Ten more days exactly like the four before, and Charlie will be taken back to a fire base, to stand in reserve in case another unit needs assistance. Three days on the base, and ten more in the field. When I get a helicopter to leave, I am handed letters to mail from more than half of the company. "If we're not here," asks Sergeant James Wiggins, "how come they're getting these?"

BANGLADESH

A Hero Returns Home

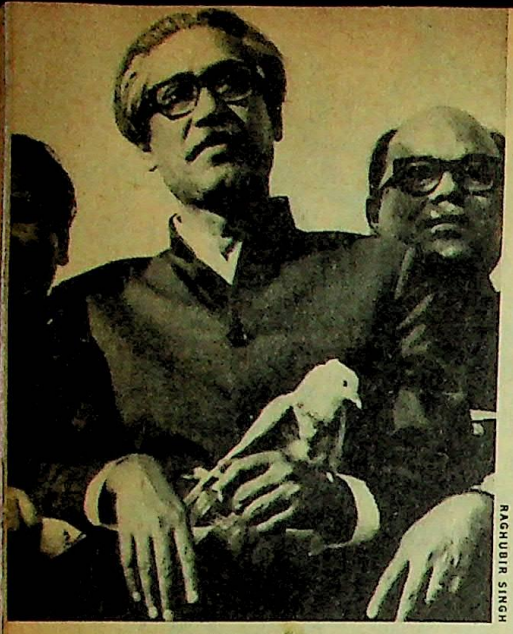
All weekend long the people of Bangladesh thronged into Dacca, preparing to welcome their beloved "Bangabandhu" (friend of Bengal). By Monday noon, hundreds of thousands of jubilant Bengalis lined the streets of the capital, waving flags and shouting over and over, "Sheik Mujib! Sheik Mujib!" Promptly at 1:30 p.m., a blue and silver British Royal Air Force Comet dropped out of a brilliant sunny sky and ground to an abrupt halt on the shortened war-damaged runway. Sheik Mujibur Rahman was home at last.

As the Comet's door opened, the first gun of a 21-gun salute cracked through the air. Then Mujib, looking thin but surprisingly fit despite his nine-month ordeal in a Pakistani prison, began a triumphant, two-hour ride through city streets to the Dacca Race Course. There, as a cheering crowd of half a million showered him with rose petals, Mujib enjoined them not to seek revenge for the 3,000,000 Bengalis slain by the Pakistani army.

"Forgive them!" he cried. "Today I do not want revenge from anybody." But Mujib also declared his firm opposition to Pakistani President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's hopes for at least a symbolic reunification of the nation. "Now I say to you Bengal is independent, and let the people of Pakistan and the people of Bangladesh live happily. The unity of the country is ended."

After Bhutto set him free, Mujib flew* first to London—where he stayed in the same special suite at Claridge's used by former Pakistani President

* Although an Air-India Boeing 707 was put at his disposal, Mujib chose to fly in the R.A.F. Comet, partly to parry the feared threat of assassination or attack by Pakistani fanatics, partly to avoid displaying so obviously his country's dependence on India.



RAGHUBIR SINGH

MUJIB ON TRIUMPHAL RIDE
Malice toward none.

Yahya Khan—and then to New Delhi. There he was greeted with honors by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. In Dacca, Mujib's first major decision was that Bangladesh would have a parliamentary democracy on the order of Britain's, rather than the presidential system set up by the government in exile. He relinquished the presidency conferred upon him in his absence last April by the exiled Bengali leaders and assumed the post of Prime Minister. In addition, Mujib took on the defense, home affairs, information and Cabinet affairs portfolios, which will give him direct authority over the police and militia being formed from the Mukti Bahini liberation forces.

At his first official press conference last week, Mujib said that he envisioned Bangladesh as the "Switzerland of the East." It would be a nonaligned socialist state, he said, with a foreign policy of "friendship to all and malice toward none." He appealed to all nations and international organizations for help in getting the shattered country back on its feet. As for the possibility of war crimes trials against former officials of East Pakistan, Mujib said that he had asked the United Nations to establish a commission to investigate atrocities committed during the war. But if the U.N. failed to do so, he warned, "we will follow our own policy."

No Strings. Bangladesh, whose existence as an independent nation had previously been acknowledged only by India and Bhutan, was formally recognized last week by East Germany, Bulgaria, Poland, Mongolia and Burma. Pakistan angrily served notice that it would sever diplomatic relations with all nations that did so—a policy that will surely prove untenable as more countries follow suit. Britain, which has already promised aid to Bangladesh through the U.N., is expected to provide recognition in a few weeks. Despite the urgings of Senators Edward Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey that the U.S. recognize Bangladesh, the White House last week said that it was not considering the move at present. Presumably, the Administration wants to wait until Indian troops are withdrawn and the new government has demonstrated its stability. U.S. Consul-General Herbert Spivack avoided Mujib's inaugural ceremonies—the only representative, apart from the Chinese, to do so.

At the press conference, Mujib went out of his way to give special thanks to the American people who had supported the Bangladesh cause. Later, in a relaxed and affable private interview with TIME Correspondent William Stewart, he indicated his desire for friendly relations with the U.S. Government. "But they must make the first move. I want recognition; and if relationships are to be improved, then the Administration must recognize reality. I have nothing against the American people. I want aid, but there must be no strings attached."

Mujib added that he found his country worse off than he had expected. "Very few times have I wept," he said. "This time I wept. We have almost 3,000,000 dead. I am sure of that figure because my organization is in every village; they know who has been killed." Then, with visible emotion, he asked: "Why did the United States Government remain silent?"

GHANA

Paying for Unpopularity

While it lasted (two years and four months) the Ghana government of Prime Minister Kofi Abrefa Busia, 58, was one of Africa's most unusual success stories. Popularly elected, it seemed to care little about maintaining its own popularity. Said Finance Minister Joseph H. Mensah when he introduced an austerity budget last year: "This government is prepared to run the risk of political unpopularity in its efforts to change the basic structure of the economy"—a task, he admitted, that might take ten years.

Unfortunately, Busia and his idealistic colleagues reckoned without the army. The oversight was odd, since it was the army that in 1966 had overthrown Ghana's first civilian government, the tyrannical regime of Kwame Nkrumah, and it was the army that had allowed the elections that brought the Busia government to power three years later. Last week the army moved again. Three days after the end of Pat Nixon's official visit, and two days after Busia had flown to London for treatment of an eye ailment, the first brigade of the Ghanaian army moved out of its barracks in Accra, overthrew the government and jailed the former leaders in a bloodless revolt.

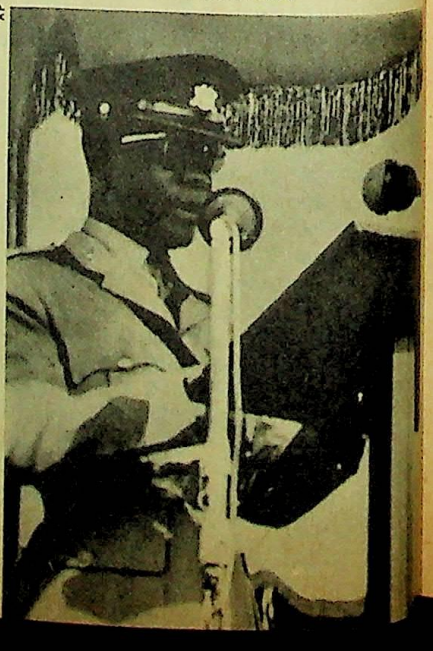
The apparent leader of the coup was Lieut. Colonel I.K. Acheampong, 40, the British-trained brigade commander. He accused Busia of mismanagement, corruption, "hypocrisy" and arbitrary arrests—almost the same charges the army had justifiably leveled against Nkrumah. The officers were particularly angry that the economy-minded government had cut the military budget by 11% and had abolished some of the perks (including certain tax exemptions and housing allowances) that the army had enjoyed "even under the Nkrumah regime."

Last Straw. But there was more to the coup than that. In his drive for progress, Busia had left a trail of resentment and unrest. He sacked 600 civil servants (mostly for political reasons), threatened to fire judges who were uncooperative, imposed a special "development" tax of 1% to 5% on incomes of more than $1,000 a year, and banned the import of 150 items ranging from cigarettes to new automobiles. Last month, in what proved to be the last straw, Busia devalued Ghana's currency by a whopping 48%.

Many of Busia's troubles were not of his own making. Since he came to power, the world price of cocoa, Ghana's chief export crop, has dropped from more than $1,000 a ton to as low as $466 last month. More important, Busia inherited a staggering national debt of more than $1 billion from the Nkrumah regime, which he had tried desperately to reduce. The price was the allocation of a quarter of this year's budget to interest and debt repayments and postponement of other national priorities.

The new junta announced that the Ghanaian Parliament had been dissolved, and that the constitution had been "withdrawn." Before flying to the neighboring Ivory Coast, Busia declared in London that the Ghanaian people would resist "this selfish and senseless coup and overthrow it." His statement was mostly wishful thinking. Accra was so quiet that the junta did not even bother to impose a curfew.

COUP LEADER ACHEAMPONG



AP

ZAÏRE REPUBLIC

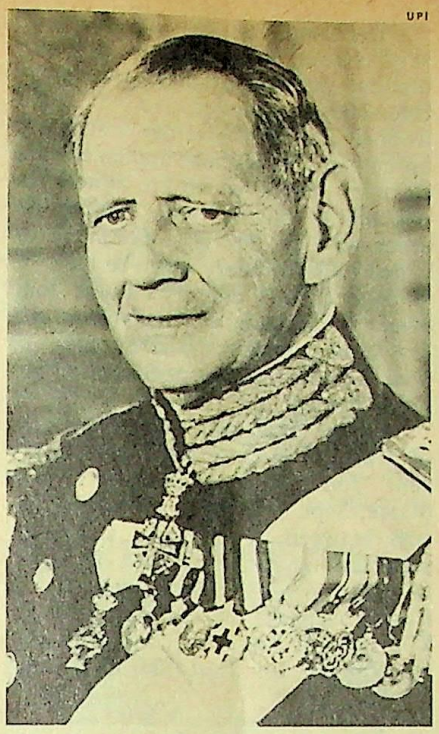
The Zaïrization of Almost Everything

As proof positive of its independence, almost every new African nation has made a show of changing many of the place names imposed by its former colonial masters. None, though, have gone quite so far as the Zaïre Republic, once known as the Belgian Congo. This month President Joseph Désiré Mobutu held a mass rally in Leopoldville (today known as Kinshasa), his capital city on the mighty Congo River (sorry, the Zaïre), to announce a sweeping "return to Zaïre authenticity."

Henceforth, Mobutu decreed, Katanga province will be called Shaba (after the Swahili word for copper, the source of the province's and the country's wealth), and the Stanley Pool —the Kinshasa harbor area named for Journalist-Explorer Sir Henry Morton Stanley—will be referred to as the Malebo Pool (palm tree, in one Zaïre dialect). Elisabethville had already been renamed Lubumbashi and Stanleyville had been changed to Kisangani. Now, even street names like Avenue Charles de Gaulle will have to go, says Mobutu, "despite the admiration we have for this illustrious Frenchman."

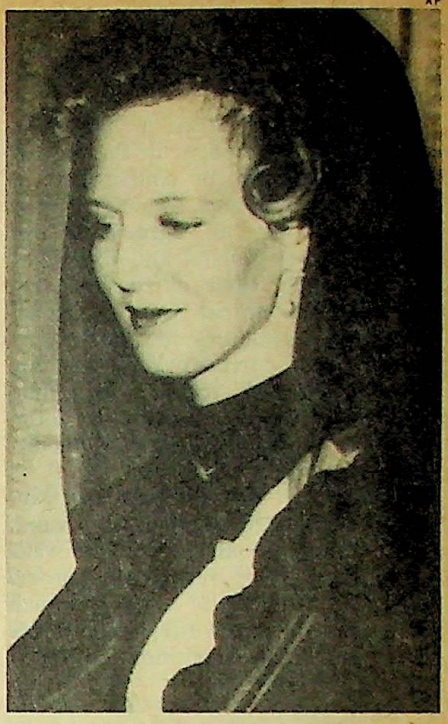
Falling into the carnival spirit, a crowd chanting "Mobutu, cha, cha, cha!" promptly tore down a statue of King Leopold II of the Belgians. Then they toppled a bronze statue of Explorer Stanley, which stood on a hill once named for him but now called Mount Ngaliema. On hand for the festivities was Foreign Minister Mario Cardoso, who these days is known as Mario-Philippe Losende. Like other Zaïrians who had foreign fathers, he was obliged by law to take the name of his African mother.

Inflexible Will. Mobutu's latest burst of name changing produced a volley of protest from Brazzaville, capital of the former French Middle Congo, which insisted that Mobutu had no right to unilaterally change the name of the Congo River since it is an international waterway and threatened to take the matter to the World Court. Some outsiders were unkind enough to suggest that Mobutu, a missionary-educated Roman Catholic, might well de-Westernize himself by dropping his Christian names. The President, as it happens, had that thought in mind. Last week he announced that he was considering renaming himself Sese-Seko-Kuku-Ngbendu-Wa-Za-Banga Mobutu, which means, roughly, the hot-blooded warrior and man of the soil who cannot know defeat because of his endurance and his inflexible will to win and who belongs to all Zaïre. Later, though, he mercifully decided to make it simply Mobutu-Sese-Seko.



UPI

KING FREDERIK IX



AP

QUEEN MARGRETHE II

DENMARK

The King Is Dead

Had he not been destined to become a King, Frederik IX of Denmark might well have earned a measure of fame as an orchestra conductor. Trained as a pianist in his early years, he studied under the Danish Royal Opera's Conductor Georg Hoeberg. As Crown Prince, Frederik used to sit night after night in the Royal Theater, ready to take over the baton if his aging mentor should be taken ill. Later, he was frequently an incognito guest conductor of the state radio orchestra, without the knowledge of critics or radio audiences.

Frederik IX, who was King of Denmark from 1947 until his death last week at 72, was a monarch of many parts, and a few forgivable shortcomings. As he once put it, "It's damn nice to be King." A robust 6 ft. 6 in., he trained in the navy, exercised to make himself "the strongest monarch in history," as a London newspaper once dubbed him, and sported tattoos on his arms and chest. To most Danes he was a discreet, suitable constitutional monarch and an ideal family man and father. His popularity was enhanced by Swedish-born Queen Ingrid and Daughters Margrethe, 31, who succeeds him, Benedikte, 27, married to German Prince Richard zu Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, and Anne-Marie, 25, the exiled Queen of Greece.

Never an intellectual or a particularly brilliant conversationalist, Frederik IX reigned with easygoing informality. From the Amalienborg Palace, he often watched steamers leaving Copenhagen, and sometimes, using a flashlight, he would signal greetings in Morse code to the captain. Bicycling through the Tivoli Gardens one morning, he stopped to chat with an American tourist. "I'm a storekeeper from Chicago," said the tourist. "Who are you?" "Oh—I'm the King," replied Frederik IX.

On more public occasions, he was often shy and visibly ill at ease. Last New Year's Day, during his final television appearance, he appeared frail and sick. He was. Shortly after the speech, he was assailed in turn by the flu, pneumonia and, on Jan. 3, a massive heart attack; last week his heart finally failed.

Historic Formula. The following day, on the first-floor balcony of Christianborg Palace in Copenhagen, Prime Minister Jens Otto Krag intoned the news three times, according to historic formula: "King Frederik IX is dead. Long live Her Majesty Queen Margrethe II." The new Queen of Denmark is also the Countess of Monpezat since her marriage in 1967 to French Count Henri de Laborde de Monpezat, who changed his name to Henrik and became a Danish prince. They have two sons, Prince Frederik, 3, and Prince Joachim, 2.

The first woman to inherit the Danish throne since the 15th century, Queen Margrethe attended the universities of Copenhagen and Aarhus, the London School of Economics, Cambridge and the Sorbonne. She has a sly, self-deprecating wit. Her comment on miniskirts: "The miniskirt is not impossible, but my legs are." Pretty and occasionally moody, she sometimes exercises the royal prerogative of being stuffy when she feels like it. That will probably ensure that she will never again be called, at least by Danes, by her teen-age nickname: Daisy.

EASTERN EUROPE

Freedom to Travel

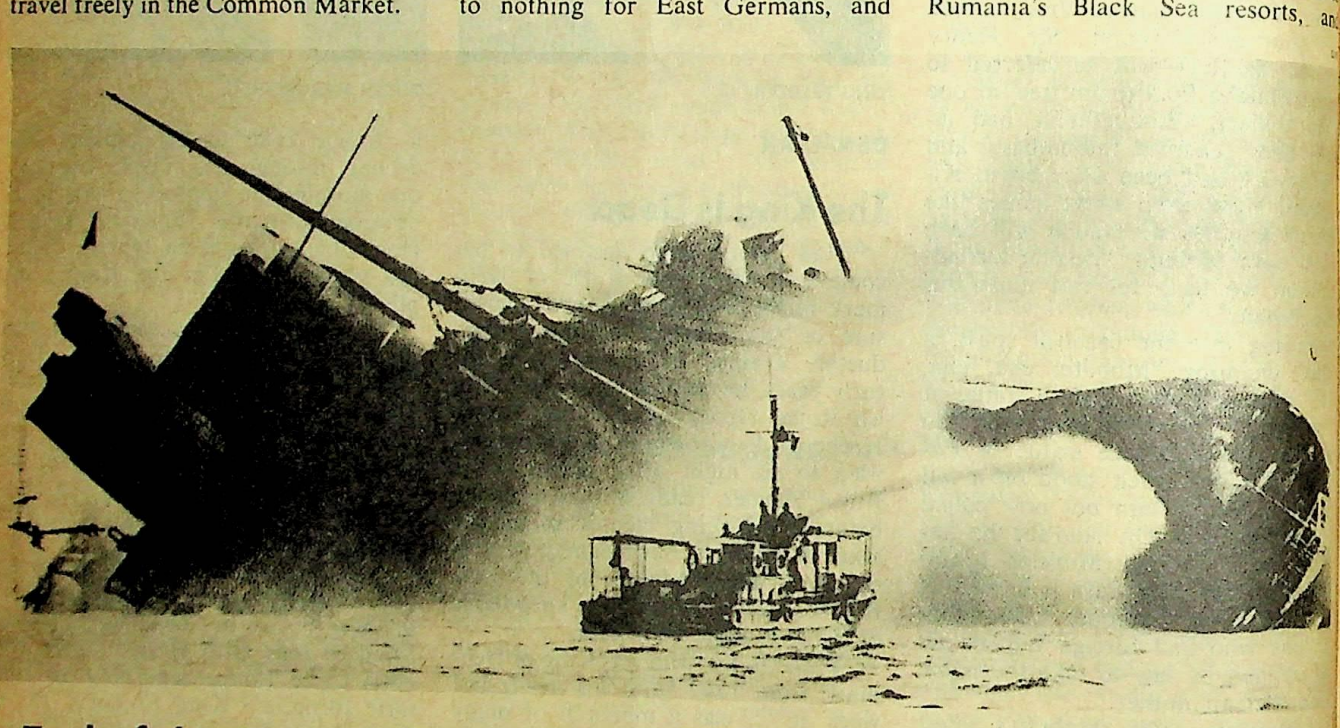
Warsaw radio called it "an agreement without precedent in the world" —an exaggeration, of course, but almost a forgivable one. What the radio referred to was an agreement this month between Poland and East Germany allowing their citizens to visit each other's countries without the tedious exit formalities, border checks and stringent currency controls (90¢ a day for Polish tourists) that had made travel between Communist countries since World War II almost as difficult as getting to the West.

Henceforth East German and Polish travelers—and, as of last weekend, East Germans and Czechoslovaks —can cross their respective borders with only an identity card, in much the same way that Western Europeans travel freely in the Common Market.

The response was instantaneous. Within four days after the new regulations went into effect along the Oder-Neisse frontier, 15,000 Poles trooped into East Germany, snapping up cameras, household appliances and electric shavers, which are almost impossible to buy at home. Going the other way, 90,000 East Germans invaded Polish grocery stores to take advantage of that country's lower food prices, bought thousands of wicker baskets and cleaned out the stock of blue jeans in the port of Szczecin (formerly Stettin).

Warm Welcome. The new ease of travel is a by-product of the recent four-power Berlin agreement (TIME, Sept. 13), which guarantees access between West Berlin and West Germany and allows West Berliners to travel with relative freedom to East Germany and to East Berlin. The accord, however, contained next to nothing for East Germans, and their complaints trickled up to Communist Party Chief Erich Honecker. During a Warsaw Pact summit meeting last September, he proposed that travel restrictions be eased within the Communist bloc. The suggestion was warmly welcomed by Warsaw, which is anxious to avoid a repetition of the disastrous workers' riots of December 1970 and by the Czechoslovak government, which has been plagued by massive popular discontent ever since the Soviet invasion of 1968.

By mid-April the new rules will also apply to travel between Poland and Czechoslovakia. Other Eastern European countries are rapidly falling into line. Hungary announced two weeks ago that its citizens will be issued a special passport, good for travel within the bloc and valid for five years. East Germany and Rumania plan to waive visas for each other's citizens in time for a summer rush to Rumania's Black Sea resorts, and



End of the *Queen Elizabeth*

ABOUT 300 shipyard workers, along with their wives and children, were visiting the vessel once known as the *Queen Elizabeth*, which was anchored just outside Hong Kong's busy harbor. Suddenly the ship caught fire. Most of those aboard escaped without injury while fireboats fought the rapidly spreading blaze. Next day, with her upper decks collapsed and her massive steel hull buckled like so much soggy cardboard, the ship, still burning, keeled over. The *Queen* had died.

Named after Britain's Queen Mother, the Cunard Line's 83,000-ton *Queen Elizabeth* was the world's largest and most luxurious passenger liner when she was christened in 1938. The *Elizabeth* was designed as part of a transatlantic team with the *Queen Mary*, but her maiden voyage to New York was delayed by the outbreak of World War II. The *Elizabeth* performed heroically as a troopship, carrying as many as 15,000 jampacked G.I.s on a single voyage. After the war, the elegantly refurbished liner became the last word in gracious living afloat, traveling 896 times between Southampton and New York. Capable of carrying 2,300 passengers and a crew of 1,296, the 1,031-ft. ship was so vast that British Actress Bea Lillie once quipped: "Say, what time does this place get to England?"

Hurt by jet-age competition, the *Queens* began losing money, and in the late 1960s both were sold to American investors, who intended to use them as hotels and tourist attractions. After rolling at anchor at Port Everglades, Fla., the *Queen Elizabeth* was resold in 1970 for $3.2 million to Hong Kong Shipping Magnate C.Y. Tung. Renaming the ship *Seawise University* (a play on his initials), Tung began refitting her as a combination floating school and luxury cruise ship. With the work about 90% completed, she was almost ready for sea trials.

The fire, which broke out simultaneously in at least three separate areas last week, caused speculation about arson and sabotage, particularly since Tung is an ardent Nationalist, while many workers on the ship are from Communist dominated shipbuilders unions. However, heaps of highly inflammable construction materials still on board could have been the accidental cause. For London insurance companies, the loss could total $8,000,000. For those who loved the ship, the loss was irreparable. Mourned Tung: "We restored her to her former glory. It makes me cry."

Poland and Bulgaria are negotiating a similar agreement.

Eastern Europeans generally have more money to spend than opportunity to spend it, and the new freedom to travel—even within the bloc—is a major concession, for which the governments will reap some popular credit. But there may be a few unexpected side effects. Polish citizens, for instance, will be able to see Western television on East German sets, and will probably return home discontented after they see the range of goods available in the shops of more prosperous East Berlin.

By contrast, East Germans will find in Poland a relative freedom of speech that they cannot enjoy at home. Besides nonaligned Yugoslavia, the only other country to remain outside the new arrangements is the Soviet Union itself, whose citizens remain less free to travel than those of any other nation in the Warsaw Pact.

MALTA

Poker with Dom

With the approach of Prime Minister Dom Mintoff's Jan. 15 deadline for Britain to either pay more money or give up its bases on Malta, the negotiations took on some of the overtones of an international poker game. Mintoff kept insisting that Britain pay a $33.8 million rent hike over last year's $13 million. The British, holding the line at a proposed $11.7 million increase, evacuated 6,000 military dependents and began moving R.A.F. planes and personnel to bases on Sicily and Cyprus.

At home, "Deadline Dom's" bluff was psychologically strengthened by 2,000 or so of his Laborites, who marched through the streets of Valletta, chanting slogans and stoning buildings. Meanwhile, British Prime Minister Edward Heath was being urged to up the ante by two of his NATO partners, Italy and the U.S. The Nixon Administration reportedly suggested that NATO could help raise the package to $35.1 million; just before the NATO Council held a round of meetings on the Malta situation, its secretary-general, Joseph Luns, flew to London to talk to Heath.

At first, the very suggestion of a compromise infuriated the British, who felt that a surrender to Mintoff now would only encourage him to ask for even more money in the future. Then both sides had second and more sober thoughts. Mintoff flew to Rome for a series of bargaining talks with Luns and British Defense Minister Lord Carrington. At week's end Mintoff came out smiling from one session to announce that his deadline, six hours before it was due to expire, had been extended. No agreement had been reached, and the game goes on.

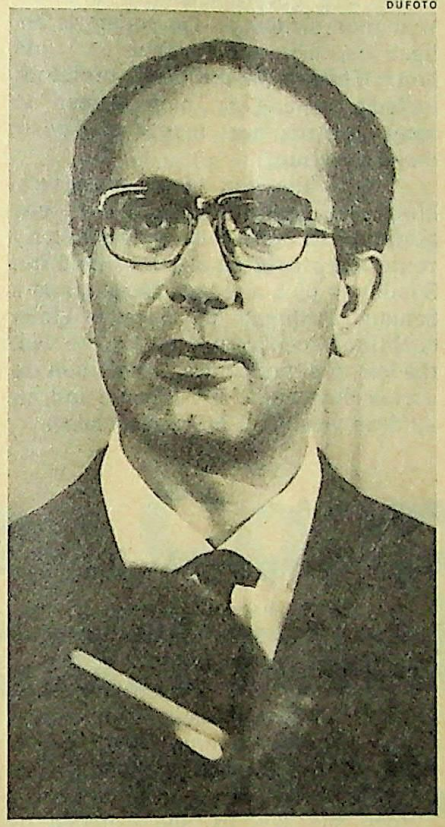
ITALY

Goodbye, Colombo

Through two Parliaments, ten governments and five Premiers, Italy during the past decade has been ruled by an unstable but basically unchanging center-left coalition. Beset by continual infighting, the coalition has fallen apart on an average of once a year; Italy's politicians have had to drop everything and devote their entire attention to putting the alliance together again.

Last week the 17-month-old government of Premier Emilio Colombo toppled in another such crisis—one, moreover, that raised the question of how much longer the center-left coalition formula could survive at a time when a deep recession is exacerbating all of Italy's social ills. The crisis was provoked by the tiny but influential Republican Party, which withdrew its support to protest what it viewed as irresponsible and inflationary government spending. Unwilling or unable to change course to meet the Republicans' demands, the other parties in the coalition—the Socialists, Social Democrats and Christian Democrats—could agree only to disagree. Colombo dutifully handed his resignation to President Giovanni Leone, and prepared to carry on as a caretaker Premier while Leone talked to the parties about a replacement—presumably hoping that the task could be completed in less than the 16 days of balloting required for his own election last month.

DUFOTO



EX-PREMIER EMILIO COLOMBO
Agreeing to disagree.

ECUADOR

The Tuna War Continues

The yellow-fin tuna are running good this year in the broad waters of the Humboldt Current off the coast of Ecuador, one of the richest fishing grounds in the world. Once again, as they have for more than a decade, U.S. fishermen and the Ecuadorian navy are squaring away for their annual squabble at sea.

Last week two U.S. tunaboats, the *Western King* and the *Anne Maria*, the first captured by Ecuadorian patrol boats this year, were forced to pay a total of $151,510 in fines. With a 50-boat flotilla headed down from San Diego and the prospect of yet another showdown, the State Department last week sent a diplomatic flotilla of its own, headed by Charles Meyer, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, to Quito to try to reach some kind of settlement.

The dispute dates from 1952, when Ecuador, Chile and Peru signed the Declaration of Santiago, which reserved fishing privileges within a 200-mile offshore limit for their own citizens and for properly licensed foreign vessels. In the case of Ecuador, the license fee averages around $10,000 per boat, a reasonable enough sum since a single catch can be worth $225,000. But most nations, including the U.S. and the Soviet Union, observe a twelve-mile limit. They fear that the Santiago Declaration will set a precedent severely inhibiting free access to large sections of the seas. Already, half a dozen other Latin nations have announced a 200-mile limit, and Iceland recently proposed extending its fishing rights to 50 miles.

Washington has refused to let American fishermen buy Ecuadorian licenses (as Japanese fishermen do, for example) on the grounds that it would tacitly acknowledge the legitimacy of the 200-mile claim. At the same time, the U.S. Treasury has picked up the tab for the fines. Every year, however, the ante has been going up: last year 51 U.S. boats were captured, and the fines amounted to $2.5 million.

Frozen Aid. In retaliation, the Administration has cut off military sales and credits to Ecuador. That action led Ecuador to protest to the Organization of American States that the U.S. was employing illegal sanctions. In recent weeks, the San Diego based American Tunaboat Association, which does $20 million worth of fishing in Ecuadorian waters, has been badgering the White House in San Clemente and Washington to do something to protect American fishermen. At week's end, Meyer and President José Velasco Ibarra still had not reached an agreement, but the Ecuadorian Foreign Ministry said the talks would continue. The U.S. is reportedly inclined

to allow American fishermen to buy licenses "under protest," pending an international agreement on territorial waters at next year's U.N. Conference on the Law of the Sea.

CHILE

Allende's Troubles

"To those who say the days of Chile's popular government are numbered, I say that they can swallow their tongues." So recently declared Chilean President Salvador Allende Gossens, the first Marxist head of state to win office through a free election. Nonetheless, wagging tongues inside and out of Chile continue to predict doom for Allende's 14-month-old Popular Unity coalition. Their predictions may be premature, but Chile's economic problems are steadily worsening, and the opposition forces of the Christian Democrats and the rightist National Party are increasing their attacks on Allende, whose popularity has fallen in recent weeks.

Currently, the opposition parties, which control a substantial majority in Chile's Chamber of Deputies, are trying to embarrass Allende by impeaching his most trusted Cabinet member, Socialist Interior Minister José Tohá. The move was transparently political, since even opposition members concede that Tohá is an effective and capable minister. He was formally accused by Christian Democratic Deputies and Nationalists, however, of having failed to control armed guerrilla groups of both the right and the left —particularly those leftists who had helped peasants make unauthorized land seizures—and a host of other, petty "crimes."

Two weeks ago, the Chamber of Deputies approved the impeachment proceedings, thereby requiring the Senate—in which the opposition has a majority of one—to sit in judgment on Tohá. Under the Chilean constitution, a Cabinet officer faced with impeachment proceedings is automatically suspended from his post. Furious, Allende challenged the Chamber by making Tohá the acting Defense Minister and giving his old portfolio to Defense Minister Alejandro Ríos Valdivia, a moderate leftist. The opposition immediately complained that Allende was illegally circumventing the constitution.

On the grounds that the present Congress does not represent the will of the people, Allende has threatened to hold a national plebiscite to replace the Chamber and the Senate with a unicameral "People's Assembly." His proposals, if put into effect, would emphasize the power of the President and downgrade the legislature. The opposition, meanwhile, has introduced a constitutional amendment —which stands a good chance of passage—that would restrain the President's ability to nationalize industry without congressional approval.

Allende, as it happens, may well have more trouble economically than politically. Chile's agricultural production has plummeted, partly because of illegal land seizures by wandering bands of armed peasants. Chile's net capital reserves dropped from $343 million in 1970 to $45 million at the end of 1971. The explanation was a disastrous fall in world-market prices for copper, Chile's main export, and loss of credit as Allende has nationalized foreign-owned companies.

Allende has unilaterally suspended Chile's payment on foreign debts and last week formally asked foreign banks and governments for a three-year moratorium on the country's obligations, which now total $3.3 billion. Chile's international creditors, including the U.S., have agreed to meet in Paris next month to discuss the moratorium.

Meanwhile, the people are grumbling. One clue to Allende's future may be found in the results of two bitterly contested provincial elections held last Sunday to pick a federal Deputy and a Senator. Although the Popular Unity coalition was narrowly favored to win, the loss of either contest would indicate darker days ahead for Allende and his Andean version of Marxist socialism.

AUSTRALIA

The Nymph of Nullarbor

A naked nymph pulling a kangaroo's tail? Or was she really pulling a million Australian legs?

"She's out there, all right," said Hunter Ron Sells, insisting he had spotted a white girl running wild with a herd of kangaroos across the Nullarbor desert in southwestern Australia. "When she saw us, she watched us for a few minutes, and then she dashed off with the 'roos into the scrub."

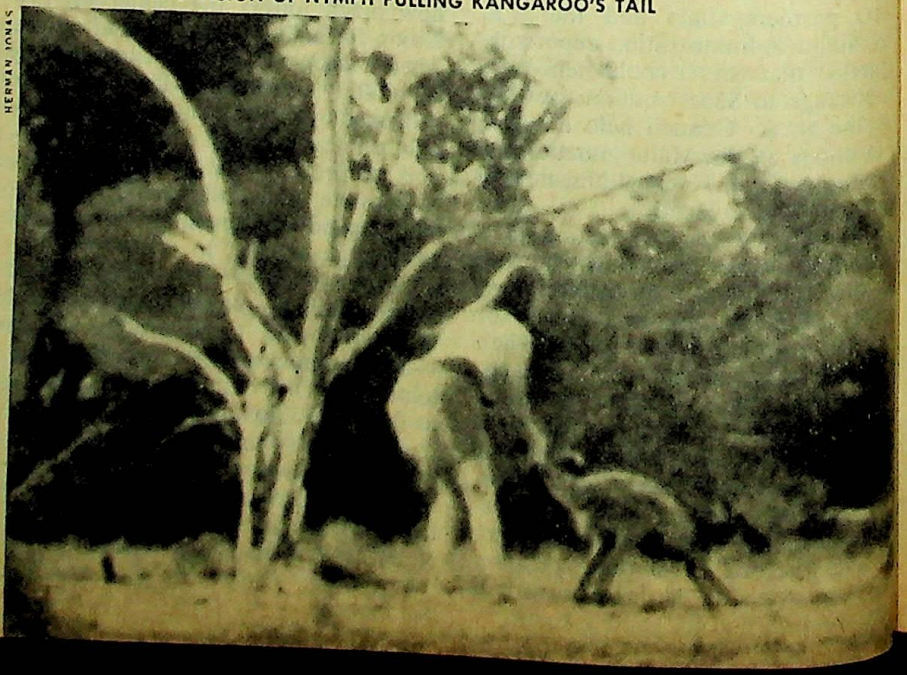
Sells is not the only desert r... who claims to have observed this u... usual bit of fauna. Rancher Grae... Campbell reports that the girl wea... nothing but a sort of furry bikin... Bus Driver Bob Marshall swore th... late one night he and his passenge... spotted her wearing a brief skirt an... a furry cloak. The passengers ge... erously left some sandwiches and mi... for her beside the road.

Word of the sightings spread acro... Australia, and in no time at all, th... dusty hamlet of Eucla (pop. 8) wa... overrun by reporters and televisio... crews in search of the desert nymp... and her marsupial friends. Alas, the... found not a single clue. Nor could any... body determine who the bikinied gi... might be. An Adelaide man wondere... if it could be his missing daughter, wh... had loved to hand-feed kangaroos nea... their former home. Steve Patupis, own... er of Eucla's sole watering hole, th... Amber Motel, suggested that "she... might be an itinerant Englishman wh... had disappeared from the motel las... year, leaving his luggage behind.

To residents of Eucla, the affa... was great fun. Not surprisingly, the... kept reporting new traces of the mys... terious nymph. Last week Patupis pro... posed to capitalize on Eucla's new... found notoriety by building a yas... tourist complex, complete with gam... bling casino. After all, he reasoned... "we must not let this worldwide pub... licity go down the drain."

By that time, two enterprising cam... eramen had managed to produce som... pictures of a girl running with the kan... garoos—and actually pulling their tails... Desert-wise oldtimers in the sun... parched Nullarbor, however, were no... convinced. "Any bird go flitting aroun... in the scrub here with nothing on," ... snorted one bushman, "would blood... soon burn off what's bobbing, I can... tip you." Added Sheep Farmer Har... vey Gurney: "The water holes are a... dried up. She'd be burned to a crisp."

PHOTOGRAPHER'S VISION OF NYMPH PULLING KANGAROO'S TAIL


HERMAN JONAS

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AMERICAN NOTES

The Lady Ump

Last week the New York State Court of Appeals batted 1.000 for Women's Lib by affirming the right of Mrs. Bernice Gera, a Queens housewife, to employment as a professional baseball umpire. Two years ago Mrs. Gera won a contract to serve as an umpire in the Class A New York-Pennsylvania League. But before she could harness up to call her first game, her contract was declared "disapproved and invalid" by Phillip Piton, president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues.

AP



MRS. BERNICE GERA IN UNIFORM
The game is not over.

At that point, Mrs. Gera complained: "I guess I just can't get to first base. It's a strikeout, but I will come up to the plate again. The game is definitely not over yet." Now Mrs. Gera is having her inning. She does not know if her contract is still valid, but vows, "I'll be behind the plate somewhere."

Whistling *Dixie*

Do songs of regional chauvinism and banners of ethnic pride exacerbate racial tension? That is a touchy question these days, what with black students hoisting a black-liberation flag in Newark classrooms and a black state legislator walking out of a banquet in Richmond when the band struck up *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.*

For years, *Dixie* has been a song that bothered the sensibilities of Southern blacks because it has come to seem almost the anthem of the Confederacy. Last week, however, the U.S. Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals decided that there is nothing racist about *Dixie.*

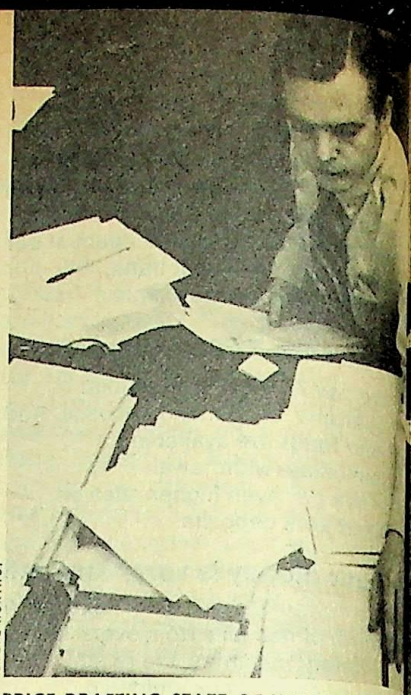
The court upheld a five-day suspension of 29 black students at the Jonesboro, Ark., high school. In 1968, the students walked out of a pep rally in protest when the school band played *Dixie.* Although they were eventually reinstated, several parents fought for the principle in court. A three-judge federal panel concluded that *Dixie* was merely "a typical American song with a gay and catchy tune" and not a "badge of slavery." The court's answer would have won the approval of Abraham Lincoln. On the day after Appomattox, he instructed the military bands outside the White House to strike up *Dixie.* Said the President: "I have always thought *Dixie* was one of the best tunes I have ever heard."

What Price G?

Pornographic movies, those shadowy 16-mm. offerings with titles like *Lust Cave* and *Schoolgirls for Sale,* have moved out of downtown into your friendly neighborhood theater. One neighborhood that did not take kindly to the progress of prurience was Chicago's Northwest Side. Indeed, the Rockne Theater aroused such ire when it began showing steamies that local matrons picketed in protest last summer.

Owner Arthur Ehrlich, after complaining strenuously that he could not make a living on wholesome entertainment, finally capitulated to the determined mothers, who insisted that they would support family films. Ehrlich agreed to a trial period beginning Dec. 1, in which he would show only G-rated movies. He leased the popular picture *Planet of the Apes,* as well as other family films, and even reduced the adult-admission price from $3 to $1.25. Then he waited for the deluge of upright parents and gladsome children.

It never came. On one weekend Ehrlich took in less than $300, hardly enough to pay his utilities bill. He quickly returned to porn and higher prices; the voyeurs poured back in. The problem will surely crop up elsewhere, though. Perhaps the answer is movies that would appeal to both elements —say, *Lassie Goes to Tijuana* or *Gidget's Night on an Aircraft Carrier.*



STEVE NORTHUP

PRICE DRAFTING STATE OF UNION ADDRES

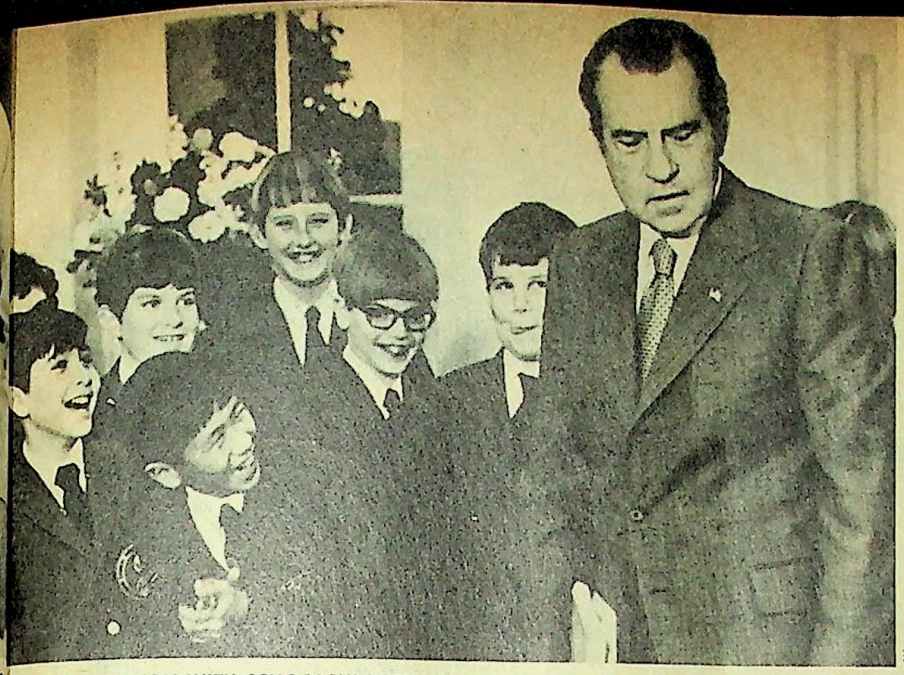
THE CONGRESS

Opening of tho

THE Democratic Congress will gi the Republican President a standi ovation when he arrives to deliver h State of the Union address this wee Richard Nixon will wave, smile broa ly, radiate friendliness, probably eve compliment the lawmakers on the high dedication to the common goo Yet the ceremonial show of civility, d manded by custom, will scarcely co ceal the fact that this is an electio year, and that relations between th Hill and the White House are at peak of partisanship unmatched sin Harry Truman ran against a "do-noth ing" 80th Congress in 1948.

As the 92nd Congress returns f the second session, its Democratic lea ers face a delicate task. They share visceral determination, strengthened b the personal presidential ambitions o half a dozen Senators, to knock Ni on out of office. Even such usually co operative politicians as Senate Ma jority Leader Mike Mansfield, Hou Speaker Carl Albert and House Way and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills re sent what they consider Nixon's high handedness with Congress. They wan to do him in. But they dare not ap pear merely as obstructionist, and mu give their party a positive congre sional record on which to run. The know only too well that Nixon, lik Truman, is the kind of gut fighte who would relish giving them hell.

Hit on the Head. Nixon's own leg islative problem is just as difficu His overblown "new American re olution" in domestic affairs is stalle partly because of the recession, part because he is preoccupied by glob politics, and partly because he h failed to generate enough popular e thusiasm for his programs to overcom



PRESIDENT NIXON WITH SCHOOLCHILDREN AND CHINESE TEXTBOOKS*

of Showdown Session

Democratic opposition. Except for his belated moves to control the economy, his performance in addressing the problems at home has been weak, and this is his greatest political vulnerability.

To protect himself Nixon must either convince the nation that his proposals were sound but were sabotaged by Democrats, or he must seek compromises with Congress and claim credit for the resulting legislation. At the outset of the new session, compromise seems to be Nixon's tactic. Says one of his legislative aides: "Our strategy will be to change if necessary, get the President's name on legislation and share the credit rather than fight totally and be hit on the head with it during the campaign."

As the President secluded himself at Camp David to work over drafts of his address with his top speechwriter, Raymond Price, other White House aides indicated that Nixon would propose few new major programs. Taking a conciliatory tone, he is expected to urge Congress to complete action on his previous proposals, including welfare reform, revenue sharing and environmental protection. He will seek new incentives to stimulate scientific and technological research, check drug abuse and increase U.S. exports. He may endorse a national program of mandatory health insurance.

Nixon undoubtedly will report optimistically on the effectiveness of his economic controls, and ask Congress to act swiftly on the devaluation of the dollar. He is not expected to suggest any immediate tax changes, although the Administration is studying the possibility of a value-added tax. Probably earmarked for support of schools, this tax would be used to check the continual rise of local property-tax rates. But it is certain to be assailed by many Democrats as a regressive national sales tax that is unfair to low-income groups.

As the campaign heats up, the interest of the political antagonists in self-protective compromise may fade. New issues may also arise. But at the moment, the specific questions likely to dominate the session are:

THE WAR. Despite Nixon's announcement last week of a slight increase in the rate of U.S. troop withdrawals from Viet Nam—a rise from the current 22,500 a month to 23,300 a month in February, March and April—the renewed U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam and an impending new Communist offensive (*see* THE WORLD) will keep the war half alive as an issue. Senate doves will again press for a fixed date on which U.S. involvement will end; they are also expected to try to limit U.S. aerial warfare in Indochina.

WELFARE REFORM. Passed by the House and now in Russell Long's Senate Finance Committee, Nixon's long-standing No. 1 priority program is caught in a bind: conservatives oppose the notion of a guaranteed income for every family, and liberals think the proposed $2,400 annual base for a family of four with no outside income is too low. Liberals may win an increase in the annual base to something near $3,000, while conservatives may gain a concession that the program will begin only on a short-term experimental basis.

REVENUE SHARING. The financial agonies of the cities and states have become so obvious that both parties have a political interest in providing some federal relief. It is a complex issue that could become mired in partisan demagoguery. First, any revenue sharing plan must clear Mills' committee. He prefers his own bill, which retains congressional control of how the money —roughly $5 billion in the first year —is to be spent. An agreement seems likely. Predicts White House Legislative Counsel Clark MacGregor: "It will be a little bit Richard Nixon, a little bit Wilbur Mills and probably even a dose of Russell Long." Long originally opposed revenue sharing but now says he has an "open mind."

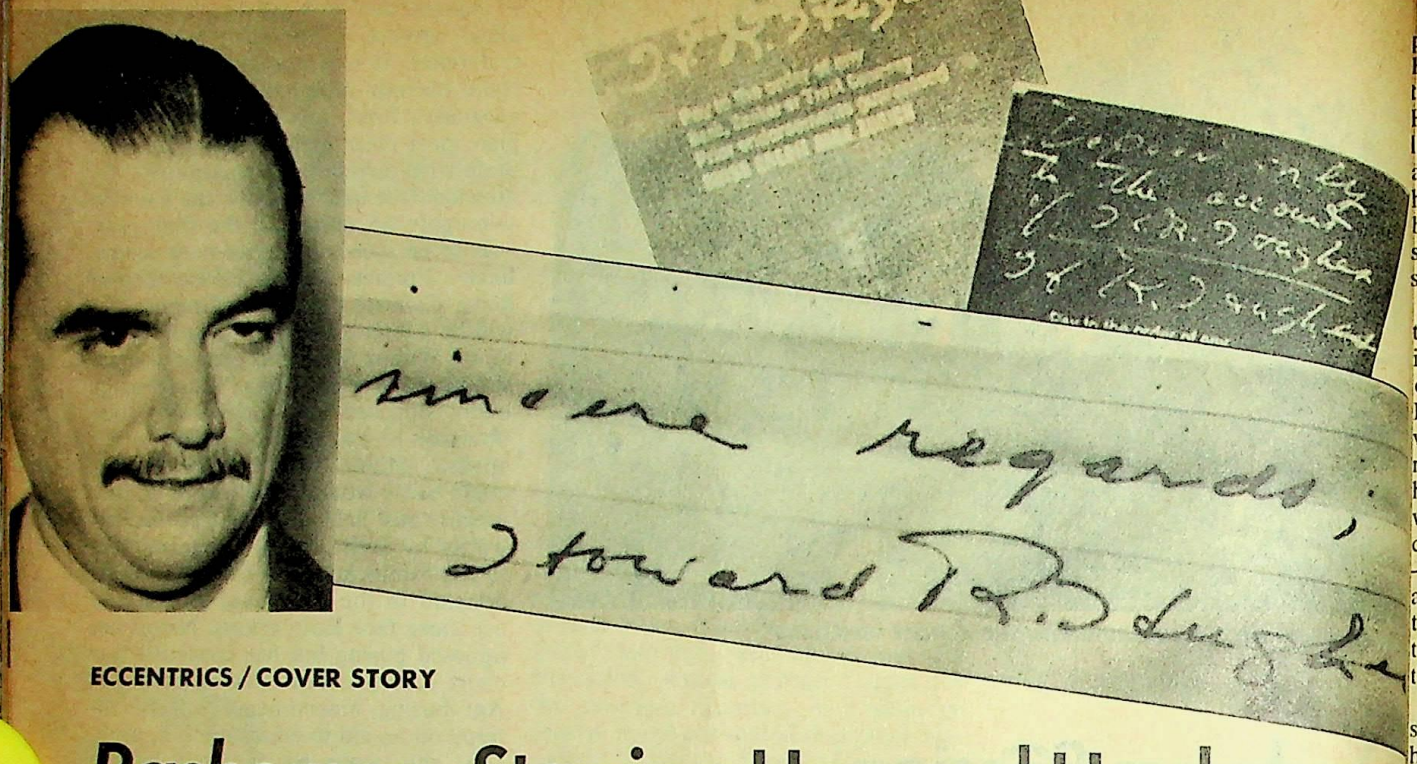
BUSING. Mined with explosives that could badly wound even a careful politician, this field is being approached warily by both parties—especially until the ramifications of the lower-court decision in the Richmond school case are clear (*see* EDUCATION). Nixon has opposed busing but has conceded that court orders to bus must be enforced. Anti-busing amendments will be offered on an aid to education bill, probably will again be accepted by the House but rejected by the Senate.

THE BUDGET. Nixon is expected to present an unbalanced budget of some $246 billion with a large planned deficit. That budget, as well as this year's immense deficit—now estimated at more than $30 billion—will be attacked as unsound by fiscal conservatives in both parties, and by Democratic candidates tired of seeing only their own party labeled spendthrift. Congressional Democrats will aim some of their fire at the defense budget, expected to be about $4 billion more than this year's $76 billion.

WATER POLLUTION. An interesting political fight shapes up over a water pollution bill passed unanimously by the Senate last year at the urging of Edmund Muskie. Although pollution control was a major part of Nixon's revolution, the Administration is fighting the $20 billion Muskie bill, which sets 1985 as the date by which all discharge of pollutants into waterways should end. Complains a White House aide: "We do not want to have U.S. Steel come to us and say they are closing one of their plants because of the economic impossibility of meeting these standards." Yet the drive against pollution is so popular that some kind of bill seems certain to emerge.

In this election year, a determined Administration and an increasingly stubborn Congress will spar for political advantage in the high-stakes struggle for survival. The desire to score debating points can overcome the need for compromise to get the public business done. Each side may seek an issue instead of a solution. Yet sometimes good legislation can be the best politics; that, at least, is the best hope as the Congress and the President begin the showdown battles of 1972.

* Given to him by Alexandria, Va., fifth-graders who are studying Chinese. He said he will read them while flying to Peking.



ECCENTRICS / COVER STORY

Rashomon, Starring Howard Hughes

THE tale was *Rashomon* in a James Bondian world, an intricate fantasy of scramblers on telephones and double identities, of 5 a.m. rendezvous in wigs and false beards, of exotic island fastnesses that pulse with secret electronics and the glint of fortunes in transit. Its protagonist could only be Howard Hughes, 67, the archetypal, anchoritic billionaire brooding over one of the world's great pools of wealth. He has always been an elusive, somehow haunted presence, sending out his commands from a bewildering entombment in desert or tropical hotels. Obsessively shy, devoted to intrigue, suspicious almost to the point of paranoia, Hughes last week had begun an emergence that was at least as strange as his radical withdrawal from the public world more than a decade ago.

What brought him forth was a controversy that had been building since the announcement on Dec. 7 that McGraw-Hill would publish *The Autobiography of Howard Hughes,* and LIFE would print excerpts from it. In one of the oddest consultations since those of the Cumaean sibyl, Hughes (or a man purporting to be him) spoke from Paradise Island for 2½ hours with reporters arrayed before a telephone amplifier in a California hotel. The disembodied voice denied any knowledge of the book or its author. Later Hughes' agents sought an injunction to prevent its publication.

The battle is potentially much larger than a quarrel over a rich eccentric's privacy, a manuscript's authenticity, or the authorization to print it. Directly or indirectly, the controversy could conceivably endanger a sizable part of Hughes' wealth—including $300 million tied up in his Nevada properties, $145 million in a lawsuit against Hughes by TWA, and $50 million in a suit by the former head of his Nevada operations, Robert Maheu. These stakes could affect the future of the entire Hughes empire, which encompasses more than 50,000 jobs and a fortune estimated at $2.5 billion.

The *casus belli* is a manuscript compiled by an expatriate American novelist and biographer named Clifford Irving, 41, who lives on the small Balearic island of Ibiza, off Spain's Mediterranean coast. Irving claims that the book is a first-person account of Hughes' life, based on at least 100 hours of interviews with Hughes. The publishers agree with him that the manuscript's authenticity is beyond question. The book, says TIME Inc. President James Shepley, "goes into elaborate detail about the personal and business life of Howard Hughes. It talks about the details of his relationships with women. It talks about the dealings of the Hughes Tool Co. and TWA, about Hughes' relationships with the Presidents of the U.S." Others who have seen it find no less than devastating the defiant candor with which Hughes, almost as if he were talking to an analyst, exposes the personal and business relationships of his CinemaScope career. And no one who has read the manuscript so far doubts its genuineness.

Fallen Short. Over the years, novelists and moviemakers have fictionalized the Hughes saga, but apparently their fantasies have always fallen short of the facts. Various people have besieged him with requests that he write his story or help them tell it. By his account, Clifford Irving is the man who gained Hughes' confidence and w the prize.

The son of New York Cartoon Jay Irving, who drew the comic str *Pottsy,* Clifford has written four no els (including *The Losers* and *The Th ty-Eighth Floor*). *Fake!*, published McGraw-Hill two years ago, is t story of Hungarian Art Forger Elm de Hory, who made a minor fortu counterfeiting drawings and oils th he sold as the works of Picasso, M tisse and other modern masters.

Double Life. Irving says the pr ect began for him in late Novemb 1970, when he mailed a complimenta copy of *Fake!*, along with a brief co ering note, to "Howard Hughes, c Desert Inn, Las Vegas, Nev." His a sociates insist no package thus a dressed could have reached him, sin his aides, at his request, shield h from most outside communicatio moreover all mail is logged in on a rival, and his aides claim to ha found no entry for the book. But a cording to Irving, Hughes replied wi a longhand thank-you note in whic he mentioned Irving's father and com plimented Irving on treating a rath odd figure, De Hory, "with great co sideration and sympathy." Irving to the hint, and an exchange of letters fo lowed. When Irving suggested writi a book about Hughes, Hughes aske how he would proceed and enclose the name and general-delivery addre of an intermediary to whom Irvi should reply.

Next, says Irving, he received a s ries of telephone calls directly fro Hughes. In the months that followe Irving and Hughes met numero times. Nervous about "leading a doub life," Irving made a habit of mailing

postcard to his publishers at McGraw-Hill from the cities where the encounters took place. On one occasion, Hughes' intermediary arranged an airline flight for Irving; instead of being able to pick up the ticket at the airport, he found that the ticket had merely been ordered. He had to pay for it himself. Says Irving: "That seemed like something Hughes would do."

Series of Tapings. Irving says the first meeting occurred, characteristically for Hughes, in the front seat of a car in a parking lot at 7 a.m. Hughes looked to be in good health, with modishly long gray hair and a mustache—but not the Vandyke beard he had worn for years. (Associates who claim to have seen Hughes recently say that he is still—or once again—wearing the beard.) The next day, amid similarly elaborate precautions, the two met again. In the course of the eleven-hour session, Hughes left the room frequently.

Weeks later, in another city outside the U.S., Irving checked into a hotel to await instructions. A man named George called at 5 a.m. and directed Irving to a car parked several blocks away. Irving slipped into the driver's seat beside Hughes, who was wearing a wig. With Irving driving and Hughes navigating, the writer says, they motored through a forest, where Hughes finally got down to preliminary contract talk. At a second meeting in the same city, Irving says, he began insisting that he would have to get to work and start making tape recordings of their conversations.

Why did Hughes agree to talk to Irving at all? Says Irving: "The man is in the last decade of his life. He believes he has been maligned, lied about. He has received a bad press. As he said himself, he 'wanted to restore the balance.' " He had a message to convey, Irving suggests, perhaps an elusive one. "But one thing he said sticks in my mind," continued Irving. " 'Your personal privacy is all you've got.' He means privacy of opinion, candor. He's also a firm believer in the necessity of being eccentric. He says eccentricity is just the world's way of describing honesty. Everyone would be deemed eccentric if he had the power and the wealth to do what he wants."

Irving and Hughes soon began their real working sessions in Irving's hotel room on Nassau. Hughes regularly arrived at Irving's room at 4 a.m. Irving had to roust his wife up and get her out of the room before Hughes would enter. Over the next eight to ten days, according to Irving, he conducted five long taping sessions of up to four hours each.

Later came another intensive series of tapings, Irving says, which lasted ten to twelve days. All of these were in Irving's motel on the fringes of a city in the U.S. During this period, Hughes prodded Irving to change his rental car every day. Hughes refused to meet Irving's wife, but by chance he did encounter Richard Susskind, a researcher Irving had hired. "Would you like a prune?" Hughes asked. "Yes," said Susskind, "if it is an organic prune."

More tapings followed, although they were not continuous, since Hughes often rambled and was sometimes irritated by the recorder. "Turn that goddam thing off," he once told Irving. "It's driving me crazy." Up to this point, Hughes had been appropriating the tapes at the end of each session and providing Irving with transcriptions later. But since the copies were poor, Irving pleaded to be allowed to transcribe the tapes himself. Hughes agreed, on condition that the tapes never leave the guarded room where they were working. According to McGraw-Hill's Vice President for General Books Albert Leventhal: "Irving was never without a guard, and they took all his materials away when he finished typing."

Strictly Secret. At another session, the two men came to what Irving calls a "tentative but full agreement" that the project would culminate in an autobiography, to be published by McGraw-Hill, that would take the form of a book-length interview.

Nearly a year ago, Irving informed McGraw-Hill of his contract with Hughes. In late March, two contracts were signed—one between McGraw-Hill and Irving, the other between Irving and Hughes. Hughes insisted that the entire project be kept strictly secret.* Last spring McGraw-Hill approached LIFE Managing Editor Ralph Graves, who signed a contract for an option on the first magazine and newspaper serial rights.

For security purposes, McGraw-Hill and LIFE named the enterprise Project Octavio. When LIFE received the transcripts, two editors closeted themselves in a suite in Manhattan's Elysee Hotel and then spent the better part of two days poring over them. Only three LIFE editors and a handful of McGraw-Hill executives knew about the project. Once work began on the actual publication, the book publishers locked away first the transcripts and later the galleys in a vault every night. For fear of theft or bombing, they declined to say whether the vault was in the McGraw-Hill Building. The measures may seem melodramatic, but Irving claims that two men showed up on Ibiza, hinting of murder and demanding information from his wife.

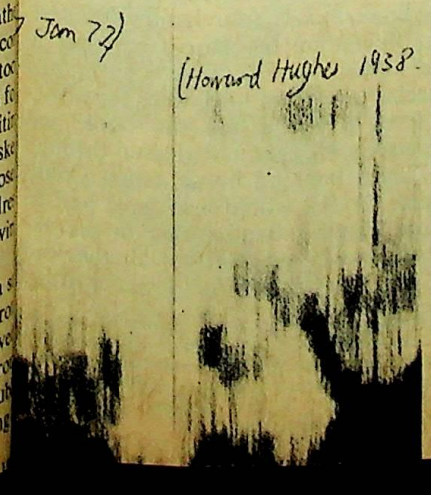
Meanwhile Irving and Hughes continued their tapings. Hughes told Irving that none of his associates knew about their meetings or about the book. He warned Irving to be careful that no one Xeroxed the manuscript: if Irving so much as went to the men's room while showing the book to publishers, Hughes said, his hosts would Xerox 200 pages "before he got his fly zipped up." Of his own interviews, Hughes said: "I don't want you to twist any of this—this is Howard Hughes, warts and all. That's the way I want the world to see him."

Irving says that his last meetings with Hughes took place in an American city late last fall. Hughes' physical condition had been deteriorating steadily over the months, Irving

* Originally, Hughes demanded that no publicity be given the project until 30 days after the final manuscript had been received and approved. But word seeped out that Robert Eaton, a sometime Hollywood novelist and sixth husband of Lana Turner, was about to publish a book on Hughes. In a handwritten, nine-page letter dated Nov. 17, 1971, Hughes told McGraw-Hill Book Co. President Harold McGraw Jr. that he had nothing to do with Eaton's project and that it was now all right to announce Irving's book. A version of Eaton's work on Hughes is being published by the *Ladies' Home Journal* this week.

HUGHES' VOICEPRINTS

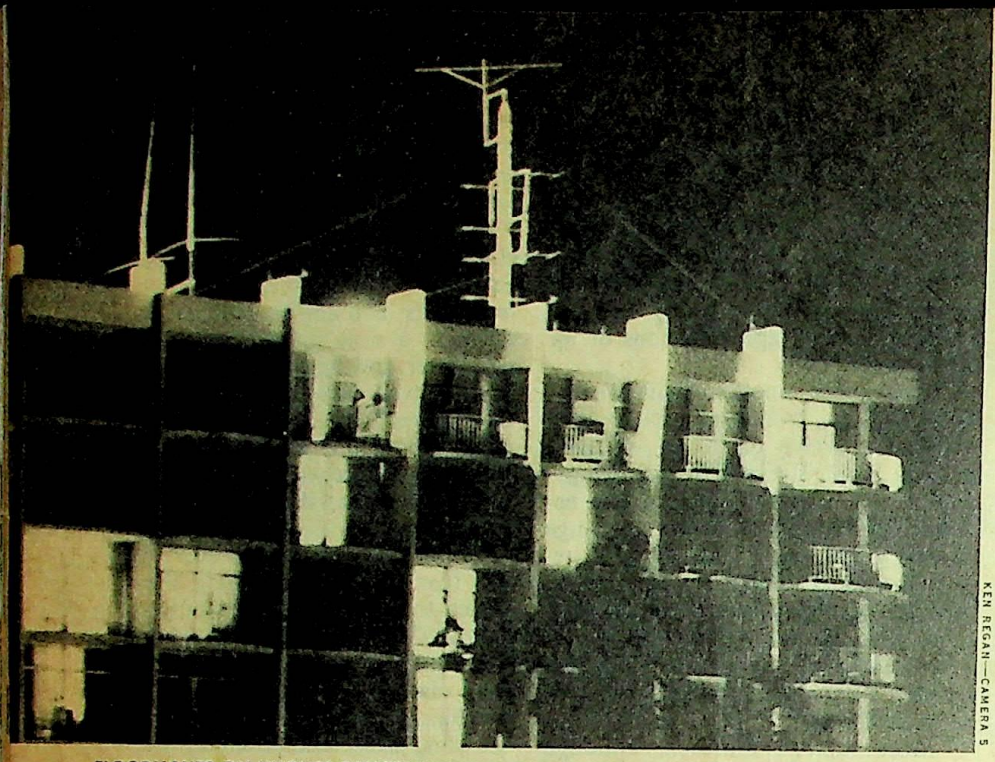
UPI



TELEPHONE PRESS CONFERENCE WITH NEWSMEN IN LOS ANGELES

FRANK CARROLL—NBC





KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5

FLOODLIGHTS ON HUGHES SANCTUM IN THE GRAND BRITANNIA BEACH HOTEL
An anchorite with scramblers on the phones.

said. At those meetings, Hughes lay in bed, wheezing heavily and frequently waving Irving out of the room. Had Hughes read the manuscript? The weak reply: "As much as I could."

That was the morning of Dec. 7, the day that McGraw-Hill announced the book in New York. Hughes signed the typed, finished version of a preface to the book. When Irving sought another meeting four days later, Hughes' intermediary was "in a flap" and said he could not arrange it. Irving never saw Hughes again.

No Fangs a Lot. Irving's version of how the book was assembled was almost instantly challenged. The McGraw-Hill and LIFE announcement of the book brought a denial of its authenticity from Hughes Tool Co. representatives in California. On Dec. 14, the company's general counsel, Chester Davis, appeared in Time Inc.'s New York offices and put through a telephone call to a man purporting to be Hughes. The man spoke with Frank McCulloch, New York bureau chief for the Time-Life News Service. McCulloch, the last reporter to interview Hughes face-to-face—in 1958—believes that it was Hughes on the telephone. Their conversation was off the record, at Hughes' insistence, but McCulloch said that Hughes denied any knowledge of the book or of Irving.

Three weeks later, with McGraw-Hill and LIFE insisting on the manuscript's authenticity, Hughes' public relations counselor, Richard Hannah, arranged an extraordinary "press conference" in a Los Angeles hotel. Seven newspaper, wire-service and television reporters, all selected because they had once known Hughes, sat confronting microphones, cameras and a small telephone-amplifying box, which broadcast what was said to be Hughes' voice.

For 2½ hrs. the reporters questioned the voice. All of them afterward agreed that the occasionally quavering Texas drawl, the verbal mannerisms and the sometimes rambling descriptions of aviation minutiae could only have come from Hughes. Their judgment was later corroborated by Noah Dietrich, who had worked for Hughes and been his intimate for 32 years before they parted in 1957.

Hughes said that he was speaking from Paradise Island in the Bahamas. Among many other subjects, he discussed a report that he had turned into a troglodytic creature with waist-length beard and eight-inch fingernails. Said Hughes: "Why, hell, how could I write my name if I had fingernails?" Each reporter had prepared test questions to establish Hughes' identity, and Hughes was often vague and uncertain in his answers. Hughes was adamant, however, about the manuscript. "This must go down in history," he said. "I don't remember any script as wild or as stretching the imagination as this yarn turned out to be . . . I don't know Irving. I never saw him. I never even heard of him until a matter of days ago when this thing first came to my attention."

On at least one point, a lapse in memory seemed especially odd. Hughes did not remember that retired U.S. Army Air Force Lieut. General Harold L. George had ever worked for him. Yet George had been a ranking executive of Hughes Aircraft Co. for several years until, with a group of prominent scientists and technologists, he departed the company following a spectacular blowup in 1953.

There are other inconsistencies and discrepancies. Clifford Irving's story is troubling on a number of points. Could Hughes, who by many accounts is almost hermetically sealed in his Paradise Island eyrie, have traveled to the mainland and to other places outside the U.S. for meetings with Irving over a period of nine months without the knowledge of his aides or of immigration officials? Irving replies: "Hughes is a flitter."

In order to leave the Britannia Beach Hotel, Hughes would probably have had to use the emergency stairs from his suites on the ninth floor, since the only elevators are in the center of the hotel. He could then have walked to the rear parking lot, where a Ford truck converted into an ambulance is always parked. Then Hughes would have had to drive across the high, humpbacked Paradise Island bridge, which forms a narrow bottleneck between Paradise and the mainland of New Providence. On the return trip, he would have had to pass through a $2 toll gate. Leaving the island by boat would have been easier, but he would probably have walked across the back of the Britannia to the beach on the ocean side of the island. The beach is unlighted, and a small boat standing beyond the shallows could have taken him off. Escape by air seems unlikely, since the hotel roof is not large enough to accommodate a helicopter. One landing on the lawn would amount to a five-alarm fire, and there are no helicopters regularly on the island.

Irving argues that the voice at the telephone press conference could not belong to Hughes, because Hughes could not withstand 2½ hrs. of interviewing with only a few two-minute breaks. How, then, did Hughes find the stamina for his long sessions with Irving, quite aside from the traveling involved in getting to the rendezvous? (One answer: Irving says that Hughes was weak and ill only at the end of their months together.)

Other Scenarios. Hughes' life is so implausible and secretive that it invites extravagantly ingenious speculation. In the face of the certitude that someone is lying, these scenarios have been suggested:

THEORY I: TOTAL HOAX. Clifford Irving invented the entire autobiography. To do so, however, Irving would have had to be a near genius of a writer. He would also have had to forge a body of documents, among them the Hughes letter to Irving acknowledging receipt of his book *Fake!;* four handwritten letters, including the nine-page letter to the McGraw-Hill president; and checks* made out to Hughes for $750,000 as payment for the book, endorsed by Hughes and cleared through a Zurich banking house called Credit Suisse. Irving would also have had to forge Hughes' handwriting in the extensive pencil editing that Hughes did in the margins of the original tra-

* The display on page 14 shows Hughes as he appeared in 1951, two McGraw-Hill checks bearing Hughes' endorsement, and Hughes' signature on the 1970 letter in which he fired Robert Maheu as head of his Nevada operations.

script. McGraw-Hill's Leventhal says that Hughes made several hundred corrections, ranging from punctuation to the rewriting of short passages. Sometimes Hughes directed Irving to rewrite a passage with a margin note such as "You've got this all screwed up."

Some observers nonetheless suspect forgery. Handwriting analysis will undoubtedly be the focus of the case; Hughes' lawyers may ask for an Internal Revenue Service investigation, saying that he never received McGraw-Hill checks. The noted New York handwriting experts Osborn Associates have verified that the handwriting on those documents matches samples of Hughes' handwriting dating back to 1936. At that time, Hughes was booked in a Los Angeles police station, where his fingerprints and signature were recorded after his car struck and killed a pedestrian (the charges were dropped). The present handwriting is also said to match Hughes' signatures on a 1938 pilot's log and a Government security clearance issued during World War II. In addition, it matches the longhand in a letter, written in 1970, directing that Robert Maheu be fired as head of the Hughes properties in Nevada. Says Paul A. Osborn of Osborn Associates: "The evidence that all of the writing submitted was done by one individual is, in our opinion, irresistible, unanswerable and overwhelming."

In addition to their holographic evidence, McGraw-Hill and LIFE also base their case for authenticity on the internal character of their manuscript, which is offhand, conversational, outspoken, frequently salty. It deals intricately and at considerable length with airplane design and performance. There are glints of characteristic Hughes wit. He scoffed at Richard Nixon's Checkers speech, for example: "I always thought he must have had an onion hidden in his handkerchief." Such details would have been extremely difficult for Irving to fake. Indeed, the Hughes camp seemed ready to base its case less on the authenticity of the book than on whether or not it was authorized.



"Eight-inch fingernails? Gentlemen, the very notion is too absurd for comment."

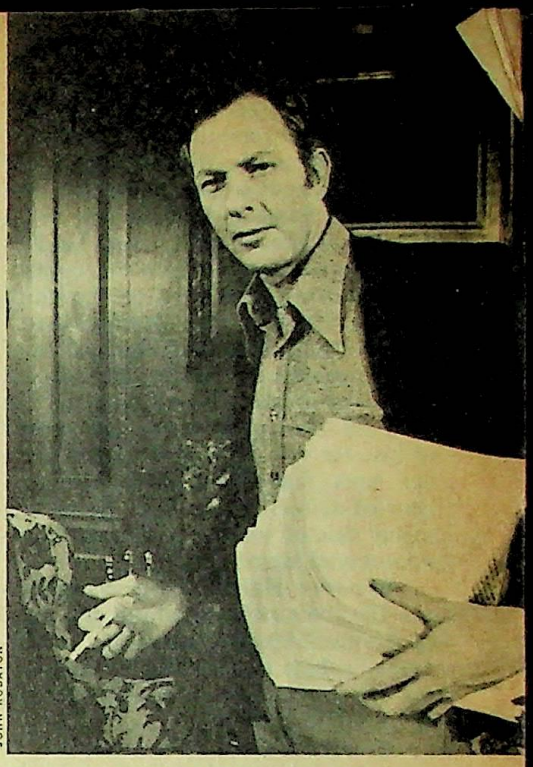
THEORY II: PARTIAL HOAX. Irving came up with authentic Hughes material, but did not obtain it in the way that he said he did. How else could he have got it?

THEORY II, VARIATION A. The man he met was not Howard Hughes but a talented impersonator in the service of Hughes' enemies, who had their own business reasons for inspiring an "autobiography." Hughes is known to keep extensive records of his conversations —all his personal aides are trained court reporters. Is it possible that the basic manuscript was among a truckload of documents that were removed from the Las Vegas office of Robert Maheu at the time Hughes fired him and slipped away to the Bahamas?

The theoretical motive: to use the "autobiography" to discredit Hughes with Nevada authorities, causing his gambling licenses to be withdrawn and thus ruining his $300 million Nevada empire. The Nevada gambling commission has for months been trying to induce Hughes to appear before it and answer questions about who controls his Las Vegas enterprises. If the "autobiography" suggested that he had traveled to various cities to give interviews to Irving, the commission might demand to know why Hughes has declined to come to Nevada. Already, Nevada Governor Mike O'Callaghan has said: "If he had time to travel throughout the Western Hemisphere, he certainly should be able to talk to officials in the state where his business is." In his telephone press conference, Hughes said that his health was "tolerable"—or "probably better than I deserve"—thereby undermining the assumption that he is not well enough to appear in Nevada.

What would his enemies have to gain if Hughes lost the Nevada licenses? Some might want to buy up the casinos. Some might want simple revenge. They might also hope that the book would reveal details that would damage Hughes' appeal to the Supreme Court for reversal of a $145 million judgment won against him for alleged mismanagement of TWA. In addition, Robert Maheu has filed a $50 million suit against Hughes; he contends that Hughes had no right to fire him because they had a lifetime "verbal contract." If the book mentioned such a contract, Maheu would at least have firm evidence in court.

THEORY II, VARIATION B. One of the "Mormon Mafia"—the secretary-nurse-assistants who attend Hughes



JOHN ROBATON

AUTHOR CLIFFORD IRVING
Warts and all.

round the clock—decided to cash in on the intimate association by selling Irving an accumulated background of Hughes' autobiographical transcripts. According to this theory, aides totally familiar with Hughes' handwriting could have forged the documents.

Actually, of the six, only four are Mormons—Howard Eckersly, George Francom, Levar Myler and Kay Glenn, who functions as paymaster and general manager of the group. John Holmes is a Roman Catholic, and Roy Crawford is a Presbyterian who is married to a Mormon.

Hughes has had a longtime affinity for Mormons; they are generally nondrinkers, nonsmokers and rigidly honest about money. Despite such probity, three of Hughes' men—Eckersly, Myler and Francom—have been linked to a stock swindle involving a defunct Canadian company called Pan American Mines, Ltd. Hughes, however, is an extraordinarily watchful man; it is said that he changes his own bedsheets lest a maid steal the notes he has been making on the telephone. In this version, Irving would have had to be duped by a man impersonating Hughes—or else he would have had to invent the entire story of his meetings, in collusion with the purveyors of the transcripts. On balance, both scenarios seriously stretch belief.

THEORY III. Hughes did provide Irving with some or all of the autobiographical material, either meeting personally with him, as Irving claimed, or sending him written transcripts. According to this theory, Hughes acted without the knowledge of legal advisers, talking with a sometimes brutal frankness about his life. Then, when McGraw-Hill announced the book, Hughes' shocked lawyers and associates persuaded him that the book would be disastrous to his business affairs. Some-

how he had to get out of it. One way open was total repudiation.

Noah Dietrich, who is preparing a book of his own about Hughes—he sold it to Fawcett Publications for a $40,000 advance in the rising Hughes literary market just after the controversy broke—subscribes to the third theory. "He is a very devious man," says Dietrich, who was Hughes' chief executive officer for three decades and helped build his financial empire. "He went off on one of those ego binges of his. He was inviting libel and slander suits that could jeopardize millions of dollars in litigation. He's going to lay this off on some poor little innocent staff member."

McGraw-Hill and LIFE accept Theory III: the autobiography is the work of Howard Hughes, was duly authorized by him and he is now attempting to repudiate his contracts agreeing to its publication.

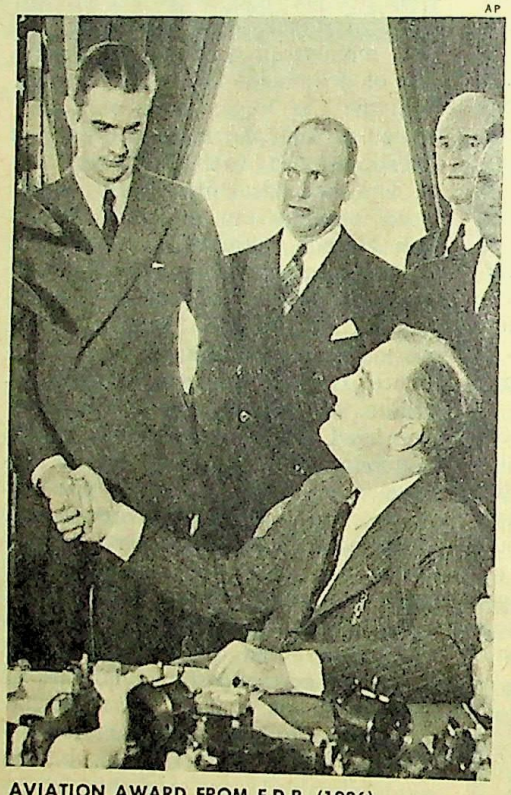
Knocked Cold. The material for several autobiographies is there in the dazzlingly erratic trajectories and the odd bleaknesses of Howard Hughes' life. Orphaned at 19, Hughes was a grave and skinny Texas boy with an inheritance of half a million dollars and control of his father's Hughes Tool Co., which owned the patent on a conical drill bit that helped open up the oilfields. Hughes married a young Texas aristocrat, Ella Rice, and headed for Hollywood. A gangling Texas prodigy, he broke into moviemaking by producing a flop or two and then, with a combination of gambler's profligacy and an obsessive genius for detail, started turning out hits (*Hell's Angels, Scarface, The Outlaw*) and stars (Jean Harlow, Pat O'Brien, Jane Russell).

Hughes and Ella were divorced in 1929, and over the years he was seen with such beauties as Billie Dove, Lana Turner, Linda Darnell, Ginger Rogers and Ida Lupino. He installed Ava Gardner in a house shortly after she was divorced from Mickey Rooney. Soon after, it became apparent that Hughes was not devoting much attention to her, and Rooney began stopping by. Hughes confronted Ava and slapped her. She retaliated by hitting him over the head with a copper-based ashtray, knocking him cold. He was taken to a hospital, where his agents managed to have the injuries officially listed as stomach trouble.

Hughes had a habit of setting up starlets in lavish houses around Hollywood. Generally he slept with each only once, but continued to pay her rent thereafter. Once he was convinced he had contracted a venereal disease from a movie actress. He called Noah Dietrich in the Houston headquarters of Hughes Tool and ordered him to Los Angeles on "an emergency" errand. There, Dietrich was instructed to go to an empty apartment and pick up a laundry bag containing Hughes' clothing; he was to burn it in a vacant lot. Dietrich simply donated the clothes to charity.

Over the years, Hughes developed a fetish about cleanliness, a phobia about germs. Talking with Mike Wallace on CBS News' *60 Minutes*, Irving recalled how Hughes classified people he came in contact with, rating them from A to D—filthy, moderately dirty, dirty and moderately clean. He noted that Hughes in talking with him about Katharine Hepburn particularly liked the fact that "she was a very clean woman who used to bathe three or four times a day."

He developed multiple lives, often cramming several into one day. He has always had a preternatural disregard for sleep. From the movies, he turned to aviation, where, despite having had no formal training, he proved to be something of a genius at aviation design and engineering. In 1935



AP

AVIATION AWARD FROM F.D.R. (1936)
Multiple lives.

he introduced the H-1, the first plane with flush rivets to reduce drag, and was honored as the nation's outstanding airman by President Roosevelt. He set transcontinental speed records, then in 1937 flew a refitted Lockheed transport round the world in three days 19 hours, halving Wiley Post's old record.

During World War II, Hughes designed a 200-ton, eight-engine plywood flying boat, nicknamed the *Spruce Goose*, that was meant to transport 700 men. The conception was perhaps too grandiose for the times—the plane was only 11 ft. shorter than a 747. After the war, Maine's Senator Owen Brewster demanded to know why Hughes had spent $18 million in Government funds and produced no flyable planes. Thereupon Hughes flew his monstrosity for a mile at 70 ft. over Los Angeles Harbor, the [illegible] time it was ever in the air. Today [illegible] an annual rental of $46,000, the [illegible] is hangared under guard on the [illegible] Beach waterfront, a monument [illegible] Hughes' lifelong reluctance to ad[illegible] failure—and his tendency to remem[illegible] slights, real or fancied.

Into Nevada. Hughes was [illegible] ously injured in three plane crash[illegible] the last and worst in 1946, when [illegible] was test-piloting the twin-engine [illegible] 11. One of its huge, counter-rota[illegible] propellers froze. He brought the pl[illegible] to a crash landing next to a Los [illegible] geles country club. His chest [illegible] crushed and doctors doubted that [illegible] would live. The aftereffects of th[illegible] crashes have been blamed for his [illegible] er reclusiveness. He first grew a m[illegible] tache while recovering from the [illegible] 11 crash because the burns he [illegible] suffered made shaving painful. [illegible] all his feats, Hughes is regar[illegible] as a second-rate flyer by some [illegible] lots who have shared a cock[illegible] with him.

In 1948 Hughes gained con[illegible] of RKO Pictures. Despite hea[illegible] losses—$15 million in one y[illegible] —he managed to sell out at a p[illegible] it. At times, his management [illegible] TWA was also less than inspir[illegible] After long hesitation, he plung[illegible] into ordering jets on all sid[illegible] and without fully realizing it [illegible] up commitments of close to $[illegible] million. Noah Dietrich recalls [illegible] his book that when he rem[illegible] strated with Hughes and point[illegible] out that the board of Hughes T[illegible] had to be consulted, Hughes [illegible] plied: "That's no problem; j[illegible] tell those stooges to give their [illegible] proval." He lost control of TW[illegible] in 1961, and after a lawsuit w[illegible] later ordered to pay the compa[illegible] $136 million—with $9 mill[illegible] subsequently added for inter[illegible] —on the grounds of mismana[illegible] ment and breach of antitrust la[illegible] That is one of the suits still ha[illegible] ing over him.

Hughes sold his shares [illegible] TWA in 1966, receiving $546 mill[illegible] for them. It was then that he beg[illegible] his inroads into Nevada, buying [illegible] five Las Vegas hotels, a casino in [illegible] Vegas and another in Reno. He also [illegible] quired a TV station, a Las Vegas air [illegible] minal, thousands of acres of real [illegible] tate, and a regional airline, now Hug[illegible] Airwest. Meantime, thanks in part [illegible] the fact that he left them alone un[illegible] competent management, Hughes T[illegible] and Hughes Aircraft, an electron[illegible] and satellite company, were thriving.

While he was still in high scho[illegible] Hughes remarked: "I suppose I [illegible] not like other men. Most of them l[illegible] to study people. I am not so in[illegible] ested in people as I should be, I gu[illegible] What I am tremendously interested [illegible] is science, the earth and the mine[illegible] that come with it."

The truth is that even before



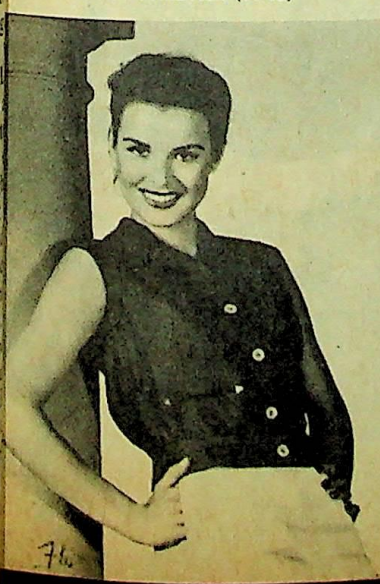
HUGHES' FIRST WIFE, ELLA RICE

FRANCIS MILLER—LIFE



WITH AVA GARDNER (1946)

UPI



CULVER PICTURES

became a recluse, he was never very good with people, uneasy with other men and unable to make lasting friendships, awkward and uncomfortable with women despite the beauties he squired in public, sometimes generous but often thoughtless of those who worked for him. Dietrich was paid $500,000 a year, but taxes took a huge chunk of that. Dietrich persistently badgered Hughes for part ownership. Hughes stalled for years. Finally, in 1957, Dietrich decided to take his first full, uninterrupted vacation, an African safari with his son. He returned to find a new lock on his office door. Dietrich demanded of Hughes: "Howard, is this all our years of being together has meant to you?"

"Well, if that's the way you want to look at it," said Hughes. Dietrich walked toward the door, wondering if that was indeed the end. He heard Hughes call: "Noah?" "Yes?" Pause. Anticipation. "You forgot your hat."

Bong-Bong. Hughes would of course notice a hat left behind. Afraid of being mugged, he fostered the myth that he never carried any money, when in fact he sometimes kept in the lining of his fedora a cache of several thousand dollars. At times, his trousers were weighted down with dimes and quarters, because he so frequently conducted his business from phone booths. "When you talked to him," says one friend, "it was 'clank-clank, bong-bong' every few minutes. It sounded like the bells of St. Mary's." For longer calls, Hughes used a private line—with good reason. TWA Vice President Robert Rummel, a former close associate, remembers business phone conversations that lasted nine or ten hours: "Once in a while we would take a ten-minute break."

Hughes is notoriously stingy, fearful of being a soft touch, but he understands the political uses of money. The Irving manuscript tells Hughes' version of his famous $205,000 loan to the brother of then Vice President Richard Nixon in 1956. Dietrich, who handled the matter for Hughes, has his own account in his book. After Hughes had approved the loan, Dietrich went to see Nixon and warned him that if the loan "becomes public information, it could mean the end of your political career—and I don't believe it can be kept quiet." According to Dietrich, Nixon replied: "I have to put my relatives ahead of my career."

For a man whose money has allowed him to design any life he chose, Hughes obviously picked an odd and joyless one. He always seemed both inwardly distracted by little leftover Calvinist furies and propelled headlong by a kind of ricocheting genius. He loved flying, but his pilot's license lapsed in 1960, and it is doubtful if he has flown much, if at all, since then. In his telephone press conference, he said rather wistfully that he wanted to fly again. His second marriage, to Actress Jean Peters, ended, like his first, in divorce. He has no children.

Into Seclusion. Hughes' first attempt at full-time seclusion came during the early '60s, when he rented a house in the Bel Air section of Los Angeles and disappeared into it. Once, a friend came to visit his wife. When no one answered the bell, she walked in and sat down. Presently Jean appeared and the kaffeeklatsch began. But the guest noticed that Jean seemed oddly nervous, and finally realized what she was looking at—a pair of skinny bare feet showing from behind a pair of draperies. "Jean, do you think I should go?" the guest asked. "I guess you'd better," said Jean, glancing uncomfortably at the feet.

Hughes' reclusiveness has never been satisfactorily explained, though he makes a manful attempt to do so in Irving's manuscript. It obviously goes beyond an ordinary desire for privacy, beyond his shyness and his fear of being involved in litigation. There may be a partly justified paranoia about business enemies—and the press, for that matter—intruding upon his sanctum. Last year a group of men, including Robert Maheu's son Peter, were evicted by security guards from the Britannia Beach Hotel, where they were allegedly trying to bug Hughes' suite from the one below.

Hughes' present sanctuary at the Britannia, like his old penthouse at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, is something from a James Bond movie set. Hughes occupies the western end of the Britannia's ninth floor, attended 24 hours a day by the Mormon Mafia. His suite is decorated with the usual hotel furniture, plus a humming array of several hundred thousand dollars worth of electronic equipment, including a radio-telephone hookup to the U.S. mainland and telephone scramblers to prevent his phone conversations from being bugged. The roof bristles with antennas. At night all eleven of Hughes' balconies are awash with harsh floodlights. Closed-circuit TV cameras lean out from the building's walls, scanning for intruders. Uniformed guards watch the elevators. Recently the hotel applied fresh paint to all of its fire doors on the emergency stairwell—except on the ninth floor; apparently workmen were not allowed there.

Medium Rare. As he always has, Hughes works whenever he chooses, generally very late at night. According to one source in his organization, he watches television frequently (he has erected a 45-ft. TV mast atop the hotel), is particularly interested in news shows. He also reads newspapers "from important cities," keeps up with technological and scientific journals, and has movies screened.

Hughes dresses in a white shirt with no tie, slacks and loafers, and wears his hair just above collar length, slightly longer than in the past. He

eats only two meals a day, although with his hours it may never be clear which meal is breakfast and which is dinner. He favors salads, fresh vegetables and lean meats. He drinks only milk and fruit juices.

Hans Schenk, a Swiss chef who once worked for Hughes, describes the invariable menu: two 20-oz. sirloin-strip steaks with all fat removed, boiled peas, carrots and green beans, followed by vanilla ice cream and cake. A Hughes aide would appear in the kitchen and watch to make sure that Schenk scrubbed his hands and fingernails. "I would cook his steak with a stop watch," Schenk recalls. "He wanted it medium rare, eight or nine minutes of the grill. He'd notice if it was a minute overdone." If Hughes was on the phone when dinner was served and the meal cooled, it was thrown into the garbage and another was prepared.

Richard Hannah, the harassed Los Angeles public relations man who has become Hughes' chief spokesman to the outer world, believes that with the controversy over Irving's book Hughes will now begin emerging from his seclusion. Hughes indicated as much during his press conference, suggesting that he would allow pictures of himself and even face-to-face confrontations with reporters. But it may be a while yet.

To Go Public. This week the New York State Supreme Court will hear arguments on whether or not to grant a temporary injunction forbidding publication of Irving's book and the LIFE excerpts. The suit was brought on behalf of Rosemont Enterprises, a Hughes company that claims exclusive rights to all his autobiographical material. If the court refuses to stop publication, Hughes may of course sue later, charging invasion of privacy and "fictionalization of material." Presumably, however, such suits would oblige Hughes to testify in court.

That at least would prove he exists. For today, Howard Hughes is surrounded by such mystification that some entertain the ultimate theory: he is dead, a phantom evoked and impersonated by a band of conspirators in order to keep his holdings together. If nothing else, this conjecture is an index of how the invisible and difficult man stirs fantasies.

Perhaps, having talked out his life to the brink of print, he has once more been overcome by a sudden affliction of shyness, and he trembles in the gusts of exposure that simply the announcement of the book has sent through his sanctuary. It must be very hard for an authentic mystery to go public, and the spectacle may merit some sympathy. For all his trophies, his scrapbooks, his power, his billions, Howard Hughes, says Clifford Irving —and the judgment has the ring of truth—"is a very vulnerable man."



BERINSKY

MARSHA PINKSTAFF IN NEW YORK

POLITICS

Glamour on the Hustings

The campaign advance man is a staple of modern political folklore. He is the scout for the candidate's wagon train, as well as a political strategist, tour director and carnival barker. It is his exigent assignment to schedule a rally to his candidate's best advantage, drum up enthusiasm, charm local party leaders and, when the occasion demands, get tough with local officials. Traditionally he has been a pugnacious type like Jerry Bruno, who served as point man for both John and Robert Kennedy. In their collaborative book, *The Advance Man*, Speechwriter Jeff Greenfield describes Bruno: "He is built like a fire hydrant; he has the tact of a pulling guard; when confronted by a local official standing between him and the prospect of a large turnout, he can be something less than pleasant."

Two of Senator Edmund Muskie's most prominent advance men bear no resemblance whatsoever to fireplugs or pulling guards. They are Marsha Pinkstaff, 28, a former Miss Indiana, and Rose Economou, 25, an attractive brunette from Chicago. Instead of resorting to bulldozer tactics, they rely on friendly persuasion in their dealings with crustaceous pols. If Muskie's appearances in New Hampshire and Florida are any indication, the young women's methods are highly effective.

Says Mike Casey, director of Muskie's 15-man advance team: "When we were mulling over the idea of having women do some of our advance work, the pros all said they were too soft for the job. They said women couldn't deal with politicians. I've found just the contrary. Advance men from Washington face instant hostility from local politicians, but those same politicians can't resist a female."

Winsome as they may be, the women are anything but window dressing. Each usually works a 7 a.m.-to-1 p.m. day, living solely on savings and expenses. Each was given serious responsibility right at the start. It fell to Pinkstaff to organize the Jan. 7 Tampa rally round Muskie's bid in the Florida primary. She chose the landing site for the Senator's prop jet and rounded up the proper vehicles for Muskie, local officials, the press and TV camera crews. She masterminded the distribution of 14,000 invitations to the rally, then had fliers printed featuring Muskie's campaign theme, "A New Beginning."

Three days before the rally, she arranged for Jane Muskie to appear on two radio talk shows, ordered a thousand bright balloons, set up a poster party and personally asked school officials to urge students to attend the rally. The result of her efforts was a signal success for Muskie.

Economou's assignments have proved equally nagging. Despite Casey's elaborate manual of instructions she says, "Every detail of a trip is a potential disaster." Ten minutes before Muskie was scheduled to speak in Manchester, N.H., the sound equipment went on the blink. Economou managed to scrounge up replacements with only seconds to spare.

On the Go. Both women came to their jobs with some political credentials. Born in Indianapolis, Pinkstaff is the daughter of a chemical company salesman. After graduating from Butler University in 1965, she joined Senator Birch Bayh's staff, served in Arthur Goldberg's campaign for Governor of New York in 1970. Last year she took charge of Bayh's fund-raising efforts in New York during

ROSE ECONOMOU IN NEW HAMPSHIRE



BURTON BERINSKY

INNOVATION

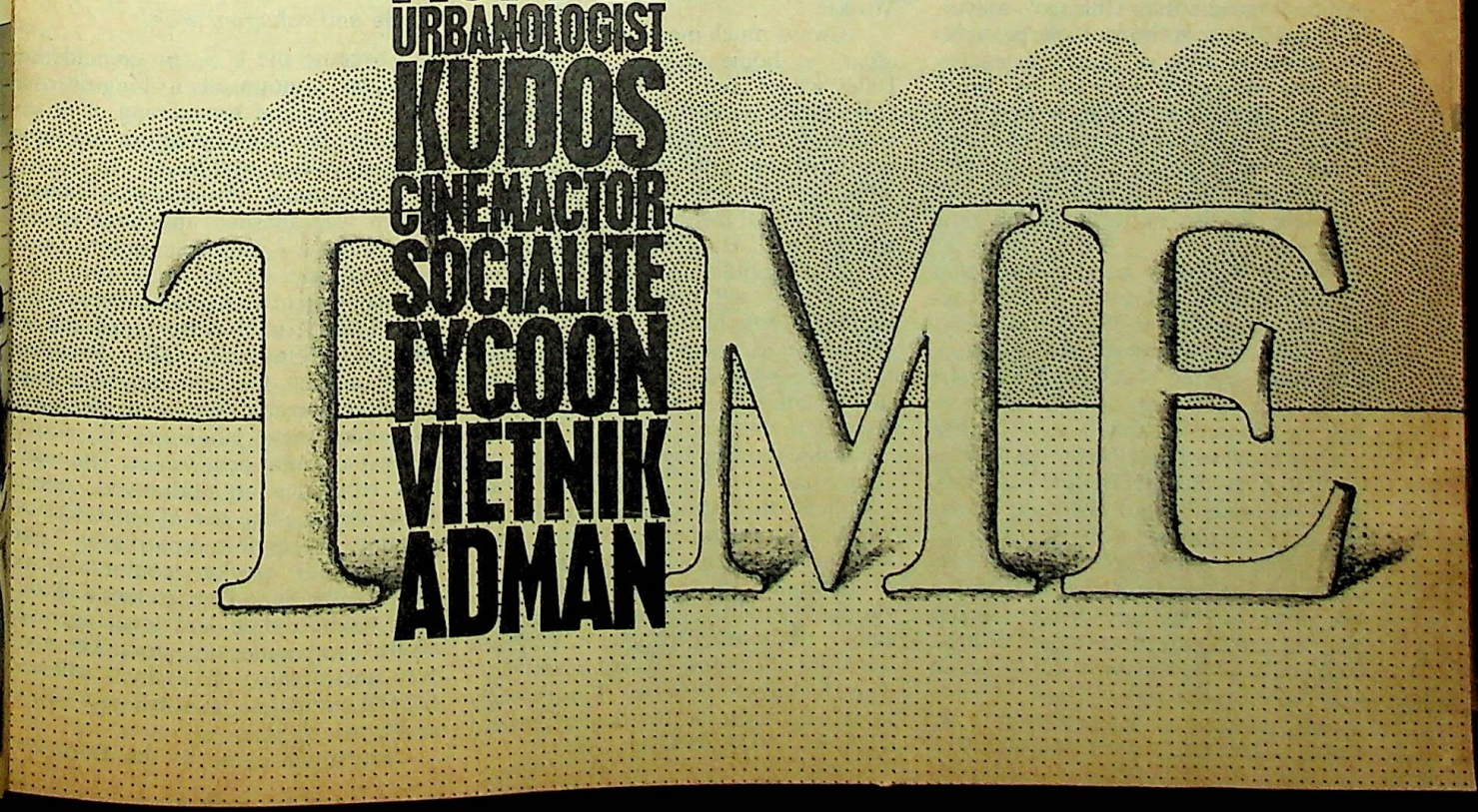
Some of the most descriptive words in the English language have attained popular usage through TIME. Each week, for 25 million people around the world, TIME finds precisely the right words to depict ideas and events, quickly and vividly; if need be, inventing its own.

Nobody says it quite like TIME. And because TIME contains basically the same editorial content everywhere, the magazine attracts to its pages the educated elite of 185 countries and provides the international business community with a common meeting ground.

Educated people love words. They delight in using them to clarify and explain, to explore questions and search for answers, to remove doubts and add to knowledge. What is more, this pleasure often extends beyond a single native language so that, increasingly, literate people everywhere appreciate the intricacies of English, today's most frequently used medium of international communication.

Some 2,000 companies who bought space in the worldwide editions of TIME last year recognize that the magazine's advertising can be as effective as its editorial pages in communicating ideas and in moving readers to action.

TIME—where ideas get response.



his brief fling as a presidential aspirant, then asked to join Muskie's forces when Bayh dropped out.

Economou's father was a Greek-born baker, who died when she was twelve. She got her political schooling early in Chicago's South Side wards. She graduated from the University of Illinois in 1968 and attended Rutgers University's Eagleton Institute of Politics. In 1970 she worked on Joseph Duffey's unsuccessful bid for a Connecticut Senate seat, and was taken with Muskie's celebrated election-eve speech.

Pinkstaff, the more glamorous of the two, draws assignments like Florida. She frankly concedes: "I think there's a definite advantage to being female. There is an element of surprise caused by the arrival of a woman, and since the people I work with are mostly men, I don't doubt that it helps to be attractive." On the other hand, says Casey, "Rose has an ethnic background, and relates well to small-town people. She understands their problems." Economou is philosophical about her role: "I guess I remind everyone of their kid sister."

While the women have experienced very few problems with lechery, they also have very little time for dates. "This job is a real handicap to your social life," Pinkstaff explains, "but I'm not complaining." On her infrequent runs to Washington, Economou was repeatedly asked out by a young man, but simply was unable to find the time. Says she: "Finally he asked, 'What does Ed Muskie have that I don't?' And then he stopped calling."

Of Muskie and Daley

At past Democratic national conventions, nobody showed more naked political muscle than Chicago's mayor, Richard Daley. As boss of a large, tightly controlled bloc of Illinois delegates, he was diligently courted by presidential candidates, whether they liked him or not. This year the mayor is destined to play a diminished role. Reform has made the kingmaker all but obsolete in the national Democratic Party.

In 1968, Daley hand-picked most of the Illinois delegates to the convention. Only 48 out of 154 were elected, and even many of the 48 were controlled by the machine. Under the new rules, 160 out of 170 delegates will be elected in the March 21 primary. They will not be so easily manipulated by Daley. In the past they were prohibited from declaring in favor of a candidate; now they can either state a preference or stay uncommitted. As a result, the presidential candidates are running delegate slates pledged to them in most of Illinois after only a *pro forma* consultation with Daley.

The mayor is on the spot. He would prefer to lead an uncommitted delegation to Miami Beach, where he can make a deal when the time is right. But there is a danger that his delegates might be beaten in the primary by rivals who are pledged to candidates. The most serious threat is Edmund Muskie.

His campaign is well organized in Illinois under the direction of Angelo Geocaris, who is also a friend of the mayor's. Geocaris has insisted to Daley that if he fails to back Muskie, he might jeopardize his position in Chicago. The Polish wards in particular are ardently pro-Muskie. He is the choice of two of Daley's top lieutenants: Daniel T. Rostenkowski, leader of the Illinois congressional delegation, and Congressman Roman Pucinski, whom Daley has picked to run against Republican Senator Charles Percy. Last week Senator Adlai Stevenson III also endorsed Muskie. A number of people have filed to enter the primary pledged to Muskie; some of them are not even known to the candidate's camp.

Help at Home. Daley has refrained from endorsing Muskie, though he has come close. At a press conference, he heaped praise upon Muskie: "One of the great men of our time. He would make a fine President." When asked if there was any other candidate he liked, he thought a moment, then replied, "Vance Hartke." Though he was badly shaken by Chappaquiddick, Daley would still probably prefer Ted Kennedy, but the mayor has given up on him for 1972. His last choice would be Hubert Humphrey, who infuriated him by criticizing the way he handled the rioting in Chicago during the 1968 convention and then by complaining that he did not work hard enough for the national ticket. That leaves Daley with Muskie.

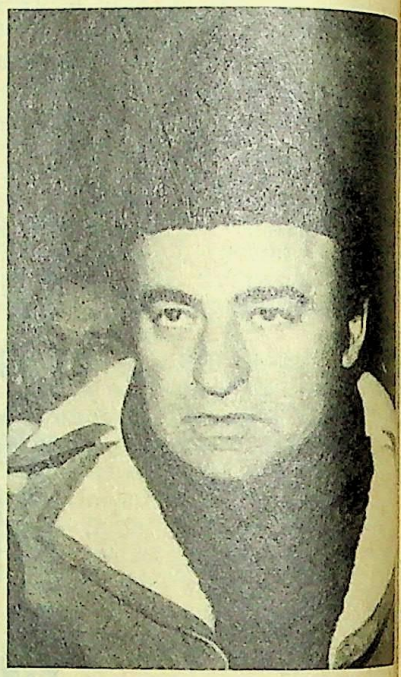
Always much more concerned with affairs at home than in Washington, Daley wants above all to keep his machine intact; recently it has taken quite a beating from scandals involving former Governor Otto Kerner and State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan. Rather than get out of the primary as Daley instructed him, Hanrahan is battling the machine's candidate for state's attorney. Daley will have his hands full keeping Cook County under control. If Muskie can help him, then Muskie will be his candidate—provided that the Senator does not stumble along the way in the primaries.

Daley's delegates are filing as uncommitted, but the Muskie forces are confident that their man is the favorite. Like the other candidates, Muskie is not running an independent slate of delegates in the city of Chicago. As Jack English, a top Muskie aide, rather optimistically puts it, "What's the point of running against ourselves?" The Democratic Party in Illinois seems to be no longer simply the lengthened shadow of Richard Daley.

REFUGEES

No Asylum for Merab

As the six dour Russian diplo hustled their charge through Kenn Airport, they were met by a determi contingent of U.S. State Departm and immigration officials. Their frie the Russians assured the Americ did not want asylum and had chose return home; but, no, he could not c firm this personally. Merab Kurash 36, an engineering teacher doing p graduate work at the University of C ifornia at Berkeley, stood nervo watching, his throat and wrists b daged. Without an interview, the Am icans replied, Kurashvili would not permitted to board a waiting Aero jet. The Soviets yielded—perhaps



KURASHVILI AT KENNEDY AIRPORT
A free and voluntary wish.

part because the U.S., by coincide had just announced a long-over streamlining and broadening of pr dures for handling defectors and t seeking political asylum.

Like many Americans, Rich Nixon was abashed and angered year when a Lithuanian sailor, Si Kudirka, was forced to return to Russian ship after he had defected U.S. Coast Guard cutter anchored Martha's Vineyard. The Presi raged against the "bureaucratic b gling" responsible for the incident. demanded new guidelines to en against a similar occurrence. The re tant recodification authorizes, an other things, "the use of force ag attempts at forcible repatriation, provides for quicker communica between the State Department and ious federal, state and local age likely to encounter defectors. The tery surrounding Kurashvili allo for the immediate practical applica of the new guidelines.

Kurashvili came to the State

partment's attention two weeks ago, when he and a fellow Soviet student, Grigory Smelyi, were arrested for allegedly shoplifting from a Berkeley market. After the State Department intervened, the charges were dropped and the men were allowed to remain at Berkeley. Soviet authorities apparently felt that the incident reflected poorly on their country. The two students were flown to the Soviet embassy in Washington, then taken to Kennedy Airport in a minibus by several embassy staffers. During the drive, Kurashvili slashed his neck and wrists with a razor blade; he was bleeding heavily when his escorts attempted to drag him through the airport to board an Aeroflot flight to Moscow. Port of New York Authority police intervened and rushed Kurashvili to a nearby hospital. Smelyi, after indicating to the police that he wanted to return home, was allowed to board the waiting Russian jet.

Confrontation. Airport authorities meanwhile relayed the details to the State Department's Operations Center, now the clearinghouse for handling any such incident. A department official was dispatched to the hospital. When he arrived, Kurashvili had already been moved to the Soviet Mission to the U.N. in Manhattan. U.S. officials scheduled a hearing for Kurashvili to make sure that he actually wanted to return to the U.S.S.R. He failed to appear, supposedly because he was too ill. The airport confrontation ensued.

The Russians were at first adamant in their refusals to allow Kurashvili to talk to the Americans. Eventually they relented and permitted Kurashvili, in the presence of two of his companions, to speak to Immigration and Naturalization Service Investigator Sam Zutty. Said Zutty later: "Merab did indeed wish to return to the Soviet Union. It was my judgment that this was a free and voluntarily expressed wish." Only after this was determined was he allowed to board the airplane.

■

On the day following Kurashvili's return, the Soviet Union ordered the expulsion of New York Congressman James Scheuer for allegedly inciting Soviet Jews to leave Russia. Scheuer is believed to be the first elected American official to be expelled by the Soviets. He was briefly detained by the Moscow police while visiting a Jewish professor who had been denied permission to emigrate to Israel. The police entered the professor's home, saying they were looking for a criminal posing as a foreigner.

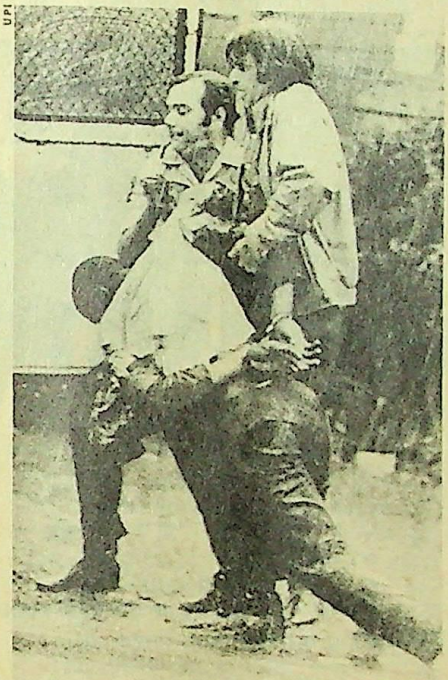
The Congressman later told newsmen that he had visited a number of Soviet Jews whose addresses had been given to him in New York, but he denied the Soviet accusations. As a Jewish Congressman from a heavily Jewish district, he said, he had naturally wanted to inform himself about the treatment of Jews in the Soviet Union.

Battle in Baton Rouge

Racial violence is often set off by the most superficial of trip wires: an isolated arrest, a rumor of police brutality, the temperature climbing above 100°. But rarely has a racial conflict seemed quite so random and inexplicable as the sudden savagery last week in Baton Rouge, where blacks clashed with police in a battle that left two policemen and two blacks dead and another 31 people injured.

Baton Rouge (pop. 166,000), the capital of Louisiana, is an anomaly, a throwback to an earlier South in which black complaints were bitter but rarely voiced. Though blacks are 28% of the population, they account for only 12% of the police force. It is an unspoken rule that the black cops do not arrest whites. Nor do the city's blacks often demonstrate or make demands.

RIOTER BEING DRAGGED TO POLICE VAN



UPI

Trouble began on New Year's Day, when 20 black men and women checked into a Baton Rouge motel. City police soon began receiving complaints from local merchants that the group was vigorously canvassing their neighborhoods asking for contributions. Some witnesses say they represented themselves as a young artists group, while others allege that they handed out Black Muslim literature. The group also announced a street rally for early last week, to be followed by a march to city hall.

Though Baton Rouge Mayor Woodrow W. Dumas knew of the planned demonstration, there were no police at the rally, which attracted about 200 people, many of them merely curious. Several white newsmen were present; one, Robert Johnson, may have suffered irreparable brain damage when some in the crowd attacked him for no apparent reason.

White Devil. When the first police did arrive, there followed an inane conversation between a sheriff's deputy, Major Marion M. Binning, and a tall, slender man, later identified as Samuel Upton, whom Binning took to be in charge. "Are you the spokesman for the white, Caucasian race?" asked Upton. "No." "Who is?" "I don't know." "Is he on his way?" "I guess he is." "We'll wait for him."

More police appeared and took up positions at either end of the street, where the demonstrators had parked three cars so as to block the intersections. A deputy approached Upton and his men—all dressed in somber, single-breasted suits and some wearing crimson bow ties—who were now lined up across one end of the street, and requested that the cars be moved. "You

BLACKS SUBDUED FOLLOWING POLICE CONFRONTATION IN BATON ROUGE



AP

white devil," Upton shouted, "either you or I are going to die today!" Another cop moved to penetrate the line of blacks. Someone grabbed him. There was a scuffle, and then shots.

No one has yet established who fired first or why. It is equally unclear whether the blacks were armed; the police have recovered no weapons other than their own. Some police admit shooting at the blacks, and one theory is that the two officers who were killed were shot accidentally by fellow cops. More likely, once the fighting started some of Upton's men grabbed guns from the police, then turned the weapons on them. Both dead policemen, Deputy Ralph Hancock and Deputy DeWayne Wilder, were shot with police guns; so were Upton and Thomas Davis, who were also killed. Of the 31 injured, 14 were police. Twelve blacks were also hurt, several by angry, club-wielding police searching for Upton's friends—all but three of whom have been captured.

Both blacks and whites are still puzzling over the background and intent of Upton's group. From Chicago, Elijah Muhammad, head of the Black Muslim movement, denied any knowledge of it. No one has any idea what the blacks had in mind. But their legacy is a senseless renewal of racial hatred in Baton Rouge.

CITIES

Hunger in Seattle

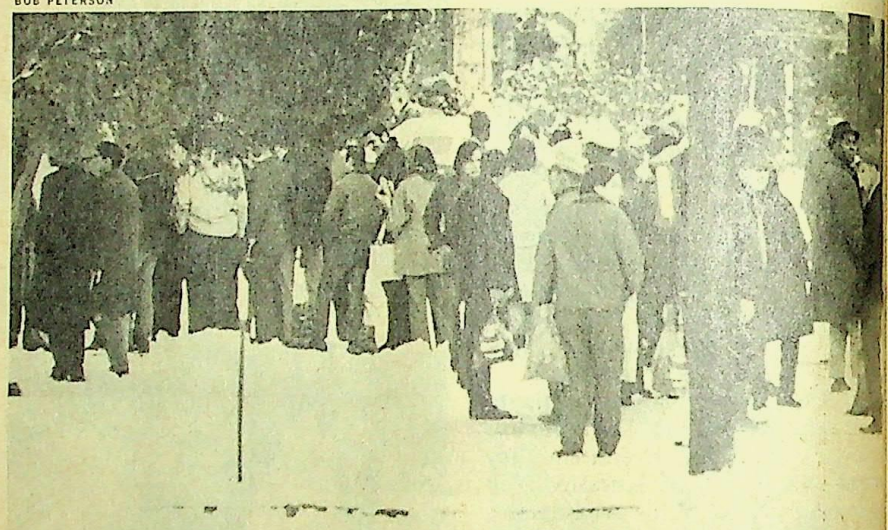
The sky was slate gray. Snow, which had fallen a few nights before, had turned to slush. About 50 people, some with small children, waited patiently for more than an hour in front of a former supermarket at 23rd and Madison in Seattle's shabby central area. When the doors opened at 10 a.m., the people entered quickly and filled shopping carts with free surplus food—dry beans, scrambled-egg mix and a score of other items. Hundreds of other Seattle residents followed, collecting an allotment of 40 lbs. per person. In less than a week, workers at the store distributed 125,000 lbs. of food. Two weeks later, 220,000 lbs. of food had been given away.

Thus the first of three free-food distribution centers in the Seattle area opened just before the New Year; five more will be opened later. The food was supplied by the U.S. Department of Agriculture after more than five months of pressure from Washington Senators Warren Magnuson and Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, who had urged that federal food surpluses be sent to Seattle to feed the city's hungry. People on welfare, those collecting Social Security benefits and most of the 30,500 who exhausted their unemployment benefits are eligible for free food under the new program.

Hunger became a problem in Seattle almost two years ago, when the city's economy began to falter because of the layoff of 63,000 workers at Boeing, Seattle's largest employer. An ailing forest-products industry added to the problem, and the result was an unemployment rate of about 12% at the start of 1972. Of the 1,400,000 people living in the three-county area in and around Seattle, 72,500 were out of work.

Until the Federal Government came tardily to the rescue, Seattle's jobless relied mainly on an impressive, volunteer, church and community effort called Neighbors in Need, started in November 1970 to mobilize Seattle's haves to aid its have-nots. By December 1971, the group had given out nearly 500,000 bags of food, and its 1,500 volunteer workers had put in 400,000 man-hours feeding an average of 15,000 people per week. The food came from door-to-door collections and other individual donations. Washington farmers gave tons of apples, pears, potatoes and wheat; one package contained two live chickens.

BOB PETERSON



SEATTLE UNEMPLOYED LINE UP FOR FREE FOOD FROM "NEIGHBORS IN NEED"
Mobilizing haves to aid have-nots.

Help from Kobe. The Seattle Totems professional hockey team collected 1,000 donations of food for Neighbors at one of its games. The Seattle SuperSonics professional basketball team drew 900 paying customers —at $1 a head—to a practice session. The proceeds, and food donated by another 600 fans in lieu of cash admissions, went to the Neighbors' hunger program. Help also came from Kobe, Japan, Seattle's "sister city," which had received shipments of food and supplies from Seattle residents after World War II. Last week Actress Katharine Cornell sent a $500 check.

When he told the Senate of the Japanese gifts, Magnuson declared: "I have never felt disgraced by my Government. But today I stand here on the floor of the greatest deliberative body in the world in total humiliation."

Magnuson was angry because he, Jackson and others had repeatedly requested that surplus food in warehouses and granaries around the country be sent to Seattle. Agriculture and Administration officials, though sympathetic, thought that they were hamstrung by federal regulations.

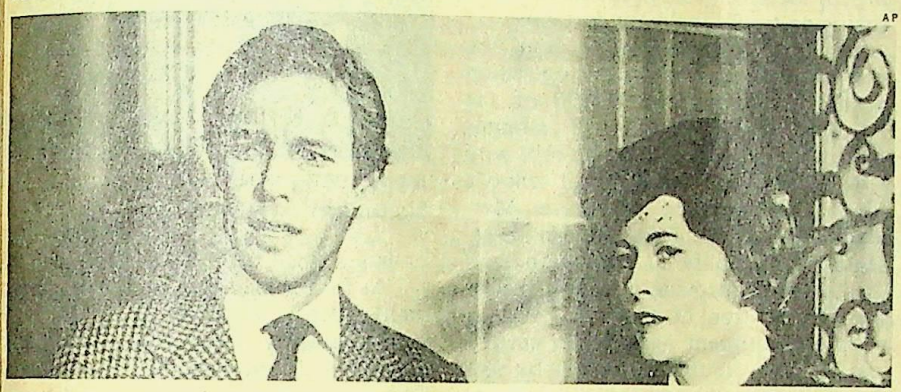
Space Shuttle. But in November the staff of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs issued a report contending that the Agriculture Department was violating the intent of the laws by withholding the surplus food. A federal district court agreed. Three weeks later, Magnuson asked his fellow Senators to approve a resolution that would prevent the department from appealing the court decision; it passed. By mid-December, 4,000,000 lbs. of surplus food —enough to feed 100,000 people for a month—began arriving in Seattle. The shipments will continue as long as needed.

Seattle will need more than free food. While much of the rest of the country is beginning to feel the end of the recession, and unemployment is leveling off in many areas, Seattle has not yet shared in this trend. Some 90,000 in the state may get 13 more weeks of aid through the Extension of Unemployment Benefits Act signed by President Nixon in December. Nixon's approval of the space-shuttle development project (TIME, Jan. 17) also could improve the city's employment outlook if Boeing gets a healthy portion of the contracts to be awarded this summer. The 38,000 workers still at Boeing were somewhat upset when the Pay Board rejected a proposed 12% pay increase for aerospace workers and then voted to limit the first year raise to 8.3%. Although some Boeing employees fired off protest letters and telegrams to the President, most admitted that they were happy they still had jobs to go to. In Seattle, that is all that matters.



AP

EDWARD OF ENGLAND & WALLIS OF BALTIMORE



AP

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN & FAYE DUNAWAY

Untold thousands of U.S. radios were tuned in during the small hours of the morning of Dec. 11, 1936, to hear a relay of the strained voice of handsome **King Edward VIII** of England announce that he was abdicating his throne because he could not go on "without the help and support of the woman I love." Soon untold millions of U.S. TV sets will be tuned to ABC's version of the royal romance —called, inevitably, *For the Woman I Love*. **Richard Chamberlain** and **Faye Dunaway** make creditable lookalikes for Edward of England and Wallis Simpson of Baltimore—now **Duke** and **Duchess of Windsor.**

■

Superrocker **Mick Jagger** of the Rolling Stones used to sing one song called *Ruby Tuesday*. But it was a Wednesday evening when Mick went to the dentist with a small ruby and asked him to insert it in his upper right incisor (one of the few sound teeth he has left). Now he is not so sure he likes the effect and is thinking of having it removed.

■

"Holy sex education!" as Batman's Robin might say. Unitarian Universalist Sunday schools are showing twelve-to-14-year-olds explicit film strips on varieties of sexual experience, and **Mrs. George Romney,** Mormon wife of the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, doesn't like it one bit. "What can twelve-to-14-year-olds do with that?" she asked a meeting of Washington's 20th Century Club. "We are denying them the whole knowledge of love and showing them only the animalistic characteristics. Why, when we know what happened to Sodom and Gomorrah, when we know what happened to the Roman Empire, do we believe that we can escape that kind of end?"

■

The flirtation of the week took place at the Russian embassy in Washington, which gave a reception for Culture Minister **Yekaterina Furtseva** —61, blonde, and the highest-ranking woman in the Soviet Union. Straight from the airport with a fresh San Clemente suntan, Presidential Adviser **Henry Kissinger** came to meet her. Someone asked if Kissinger would have the same success with the ladies in Moscow that he does in Hollywood. *Furtseva* (twinkling at him over the vodka and caviar): *Bolshe* (Bigger). *Kissinger* (twinkling back): I hope you have a heart specialist in Moscow. *Furtseva:* Don't worry. I am surprised—I had heard you were ten feet tall. *Kissinger:* That's because my staff has to approach me on their knees. *Both* (toasting): To friendship, real friendship.

■

Will Painter **Andrew Wyeth** play Gilbert Stuart to **Richard Nixon's** George Washington? Yes, said Wyeth, he had been asked to paint the President's formal portrait. No, said a White House spokesman, no decision had been made. Well, said Wyeth, "I'll stick to painting weeds in Brandywine Valley." Wait, said Presidential Press Secretary **Ronald Ziegler,** "Wyeth is the man President Nixon would like to do his portrait when the time comes." But the time will not come while Nixon is in office. "There is nothing I despise more than having to sit for a formal portrait," the President told TIME. "It's torture. There's nothing to do but just sit there."

■

A poetry reading is one of the Japanese imperial household's ancient New Year ceremonies. This year's reading, just held, included poems by Emperor **Hirohito,** Empress **Nagako** and ten commoners—all composed in the 31-syllable *waka* style and dealing with the subject of mountains. An unofficial translation of Hirohito's entry, inspired by a plane ride over the Alps during his recent European tour: "*Over the vast sky of Europe/ I soared up and high/ Catching a glimpse of Alpine ridges/ Rising above the sea of clouds.*"

■

What does Actress **Paulette Goddard** smell like? She informed Columnist **Eugenia Sheppard** that her late husband, Novelist **Erich Maria Remarque,** had told her, "You smell like pencil shavings."

■

The late **Maurice Chevalier,** whose onstage eye was permanently cocked at a pretty girl, kept whatever real-life romances he may have had well out of public sight and mind. Now the word from his close friends is that after the tax man has taken half of Chevalier's estimated $5,000,000 estate, about 40% of the remainder will go to one Odette Mélier, a widowed former actress whom Chevalier met in 1952 and who now lives in an apartment he found for her near his home. Said Mme. Mélier: "Maurice Chevalier was a marvelous grandfather for my little girl, Pascale. He was a marvelous friend to me. I am in mourning."



KEYSTONE

ODETTE AT CHEVALIER'S FUNERAL
Marvelous grandfather.

No Place to Hide

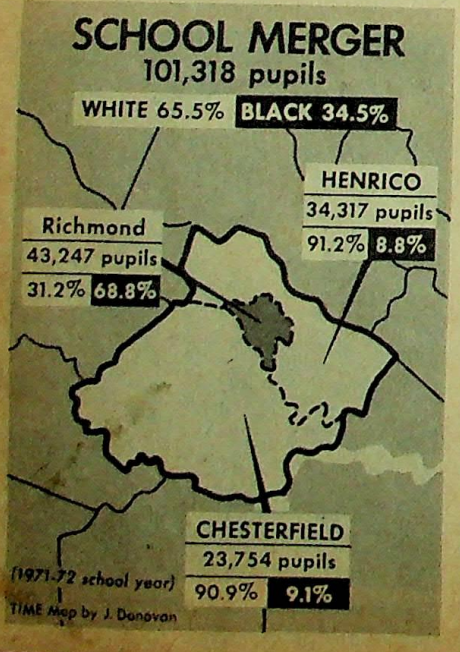
"A nauseating mixture of vacuous sociological theories," wrote the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*.

"Harsh, acrimonious, sometimes arrogant," complained its afternoon counterpart, the *News Leader*.

"I want my rights back," said the placard carried by a woman picketing the city's courthouse.

What caused all this anger—and may cause a lot more throughout the U.S.—was a landmark decision by U.S. District Judge Robert R. Merhige Jr., who last week ordered Virginia state officials to consolidate the increasingly black (now 69%) school system of Richmond with two surrounding suburban districts that are 91% white. It was the first time a federal court had brushed aside metropolitan boundary lines to bring about racial integration, and it set an unofficial precedent for the merging of other largely black cities with white suburbs. Rulings on similar cases are expected shortly in Detroit, Indianapolis, Grand Rapids and Wilmington, Del.

Whites' Flight. The Richmond case runs back through more than a decade of controversy. During the late 1950s, while some Virginia schools were closing in protest against Federal orders to integrate, the State Pupil Placement Board kept integration within narrow limits. In Richmond, where the school board chairman was Lewis F. Powell Jr., now a Supreme Court Justice, the first blacks entered white schools in 1960, but only two of them. The following year, the NAACP filed a suit on behalf of eleven black youngsters aged eleven to 14, which led to court-ordered busing across the city. Even then, though, the blacks did not achieve real integration because the whites were already fleeing to suburbia.



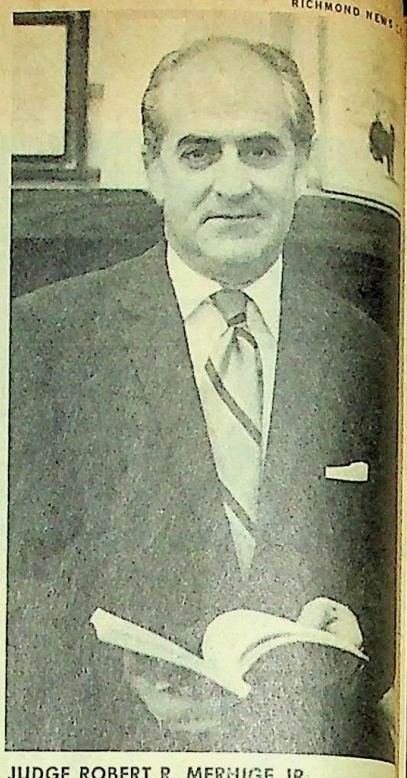
While the percentage of whites attending Richmond schools dropped from 57% in 1954 to 31% in 1971, the number of white students in the two neighboring suburban counties jumped from 23,000 to nearly 60,000.

After receiving encouragement from Judge Merhige himself, the Richmond school board last year finally joined the original eleven plaintiffs and sought a merger with Henrico and Chesterfield counties (*see map*). In ruling for that merger, the judge declared that the state has an "affirmative duty" to eliminate all vestiges of segregation; it cannot shrug off this duty by pleading for local control of schools or by insisting on traditional boundary lines.

According to Merhige's plan, the new superdistrict will start operation next fall. It will bus 78,000 of the 101,000 students up to 55 minutes each way to achieve a racial mix with a 40% black maximum in all schools. The system may be expensive, Merhige wrote, but such integration "is essential to equality of education, and the failure to provide it is violative of the Constitution of the U.S." As for popular sentiment against the consolidation plan, he dismissed that by saying, "Community resistance to change affords no legal basis for the perpetuation of racial segregation."

No Guinea Pig. There were ample signs of such resistance, however. Some parents talked of private school or of further flight beyond the suburbs to outlying farm land, and William S. Hanner, president of the Henrico County P.T.A., has vowed that his children would not go to Richmond schools: "I won't make my child a guinea pig. I'll use every devious trick I can to keep my kids right here." Nor were such protests limited to Virginia. Said Phillip Lee, chairman of a Save Our Children committee in a suburb of Detroit: "We are peaceful people, but if they think they're going to apply the Richmond decision here, there's going to be big trouble."

If Judge Merhige is upheld by the higher courts (and he has been reversed on remarkably few of his rulings), then, as the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* puts it, "he may go down in history as the Southern judge who pushed desegregation into the North." Actually, the parallels between Richmond and the northern cities are not so clear. Merhige based his ruling on the thesis that the state once enforced segregation laws and now is under Supreme Court order to cancel the effects of those laws. In the north, where the proportion of Negroes in all-black schools is even higher than in the south (11.2% to 9.2%), *de facto* segregation derives from segregated housing, and it has been difficult to prove that any state sanctioned the condition



JUDGE ROBERT R. MERHIGE JR.
Big trouble ahead?

or has a legal obligation to change

As for the eleven children who o inally filed suit, they have all l since finished with the Richm schools and gone their separate wa One is at Harvard Medical Scho one is a bus driver, one is une ployed, one has disappeared, two m ried each other. "When I think ab the fighting and everything, I'm sor I did it," muses Phyllis Johnson Ri ardson, 24, now a housewife with son aged two. "But it was worth for the kids in there now."

Excessive Entanglemen

The financial plight of New Yor parochial schools, which teach so 700,000 students whom the pub school system could ill afford to ha dle, is desperate. So desperate t Governor Nelson Rockefeller pro ised to disburse $33 million to non-p lic schools for "secular educatio services" (including the teaching English, math and history). Last wee a three-judge federal court, follow Supreme Court decisions on simi programs in three other states, d clared Rockefeller's plan unconsti tional, an "excessive entanglement tween government and religion."

Undaunted, Rockefeller and R publican legislative leaders announc that they would find alternative w to help parochial schools, possibly the form of state income tax ded tions for the parochial students' p ents. But a spokesman for an ass ation dedicated to church-state s aration said that it would next ch lenge the $28 million in aid that already going to non-public scho for state-required record-keepi transportation and book allowances

A Judge Under Siege

Public officials are natural targets of criticism, but few confront such threats and abuse as Judge Robert R. Merhige, who has been pressing the integration of Richmond schools. TIME *Correspondent Arthur White visited the Merhige home last week and reported:*

A FEW hours after announcing his school decision, Judge Merhige picked up the telephone. "You'll be a dead man by midnight," snarled a man's voice. The experience has become almost routine; there have been bomb threats too. At a restaurant recently, an unknown woman approached Merhige and his family and hissed, "You son of a bitch."

The judge's beautiful 13-room Georgian brick home on seven acres in Henrico County resembles a fortress. A federal marshal began living there in 1970, when Merhige ordered crosstown busing for Richmond; nine more marshals are now assigned to the family. The building, lawn and approaches are lit by flood lamps, and armed guards with walkie-talkies patrol constantly.

One of the marshals accompanies Mrs. Merhige when she goes shopping. Another accompanies Son Mark, 11, to and from his private school. Two more drive the judge to his office, staying with him at all times, in the courtroom, in chambers, even in the bathroom.

A year ago, a marshal taught the judge to place a small pebble on his car hood at night; if it had not been knocked off by morning, he could be reasonably certain that no bomb had been wired to the ignition. Merhige later abandoned the pebble routine (marshals now make a careful inspection), but he occasionally showed his sense of humor by placing pebbles or even large stones on the hood of his law clerk's auto.

Despite the death threats, the Merhiges remain defiant. "We have names for all the callers," says Shirl Merhige with a nervous smile. "The breathers, the tickers (to simulate a time bomb) and the mean ones." Says Merhige: "I refuse to take my number out of the phone book. I don't think judges should be intimidated in any way." Merhige carries a .38-cal. pistol in his car and has received target-shooting instructions from the FBI, but he minimizes the gun's importance: "An awful lot of judges carry them nowadays."

Born in Brooklyn and raised on Long Island, Merhige, now 52, was a scrappy 5 ft. 8 in. when he won a basketball scholarship to High Point (N.C.) College. He later worked his way through the University of Richmond Law School. After flying 34 missions on a B-17 during World War II, he returned to Richmond to earn a wide reputation as a skilled trial attorney. "This is a fine city," he says. "It's been good to me. I came here with less than $50 in my pocket. I'm a New Yorker by a set of geographical circumstances, but I'm a Virginian by choice. I love it." When nominated for a federal judgeship in 1967, Merhige was endorsed by liberals and conservatives alike. In Merhige's view, his controversial rulings were virtually dictated by the U.S. Constitution and the Supreme Court. "I don't invent anything. I just follow the law," he says.

As the floodlights gleamed outside the living room, and the dim figures of federal marshals could be seen patrolling in the pouring rain, the judge related how he had sent his wife and son to Europe last summer to avoid the turmoil. "We considered sending Mark to school in England this year but decided against it. We've got to live in our own country." Shirl Merhige added resignedly: "We live with fear all the time. But our country is changing, and this will pass."



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The Worst Is Yet to Be?

The furnaces of Pittsburgh are cold; the assembly lines of Detroit are still. In Los Angeles, a few gaunt survivors of a plague desperately till freeway center strips, backyards and outlying fields, hoping to raise a subsistence crop. London's offices are dark, its docks deserted. In the farm lands of the Ukraine, abandoned tractors litter the fields: there is no fuel for them. The waters of the Rhine, Nile and Yellow rivers reek with pollutants.

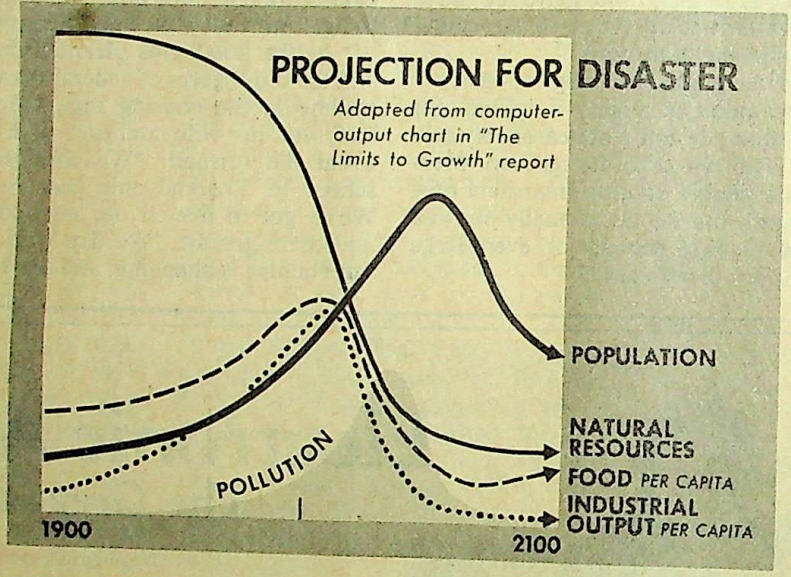
Fantastic? No, only grim inevitability if society continues its present dedication to growth and "progress." At least that is the vision conjured by an elaborate study entitled *The Limits to Growth.* Its sponsors are no latter-day Jeremiahs, but the 70 eminently respectable members of the prestigious Club of Rome. These include Aurelio Peccei, the Italian economist (and former Olivetti chief) who now heads the management firm of Italconsult in Rome; Kogoro Uemura, president of the Japan Federation of Economic Organizations; and Britain's Alexander King, director general for scientific affairs of the Office for Economic Cooperation and Development. It is as if David Rockefeller, Henry Ford and Buckminster Fuller suddenly came out against commerce and technology.

The club was founded by Peccei back in 1968 with the avowed purpose of exploring the large issues confronting society. "We needed something to make mankind's predicament more visible, more easy to grasp," says Peccei. To that end, the Volkswagen Foundation granted the club $250,000 in 1970. Peccei turned to an international team of scientists led by M.I.T. Computer Expert Dennis Meadows and told them to study the most basic issue of all—survival.

Meadows, 29, had studied the new field of "systems dynamics." His mentor was M.I.T. Professor Jay Forrester, the brilliant developer of a computer model that could simulate the major ecological forces at work in the world today. Forrester's model begins with the recognition that all these factors are interlocked. Human population cannot grow without food for sustenance. Since just about all the globe's best land is already under cultivation, farm production can rise only through use of tractors, fertilizers, pesticides —all products of industry. But more industrial output not only demands a heavier drain on natural resources that are scarce even now; it also creates more pollution. And pollution ultimately interferes with the growth of both population and food.

Using this model, Meadows and his team fed M.I.T.'s megacomputer with an array of data ranging from expert opinion to hard, empirical facts —the world's known resources, population growth rates, the incidence of pollution connected with nuclear power plants, etc.

The question Meadows had to answer was: How long can population and industrialization continue to grow on this finite planet? Unlike the doomsday ecologists who predict that man will drown in pollution or starve because of overpopulation, Meadows' system concludes that the depletion of nonrenewable resources will probably cause the end of the civilization enjoyed by today's contented consumer.



End in Collapse. The sequence goes this way: As industrialization grows, it voraciously consumes enormous amounts of resources. Resources become scarcer, forcing more and more capital to be spent on procuring raw materials, which leaves less and less money for investment in new plants and facilities. At this stage, which might be about 2020, the computer's curves begin to converge and cross (*see chart*). Population outstrips food and industrial supplies. Investment in new equipment falls behind the rate of obsolescence, and the industrial base begins to collapse, carrying along with it the service and agricultural activities that have become dependent on industrial products (like medical equipment and fertilizers). Because of the lack of health services and food, the world's population dwindles rapidly.

In an attempt to find a way out of this basic dilemma, Meadows [illegible] tulated other scenarios. He assu[illegible] that there are still huge, undiscove[illegible] reserves of natural resources, say, [illegible] der the oceans. Testing that possibi[illegible] Meadows' computer shows that [illegible] dustrialization will accelerate—and [illegible] resulting runaway pollution will o[illegible] whelm the biosphere. Might not [illegible] technological devices control po[illegible] tion? Sure, says the computer, [illegible] then population would soar and o[illegible] strip the ability of land to prod[illegible] food. Every advance in technology co[illegible] sumes scarce natural resources, thro[illegible] off more pollutants and often has [illegible] wanted social side effects, like c[illegible] ating huge and unmanageable une[illegible] ployment. What if pollution was ab[illegible] ed, the birthrate halved and food p[illegible] duction doubled? The readouts are [illegible] less glum. There would still be so[illegible] pollution from every farm and fa[illegible] tory, and cumulatively it would s[illegible] trigger catastrophe. After runn[illegible] thousands of such h[illegible] potheses through t[illegible] computer, Meado[illegible] sums up his conclusi[illegible] tersely: "All grow[illegible] projections end [illegible] collapse."

The Meadows te[illegible] offers a possible c[illegible] for man's dilemma—[illegible] all-out effort to end e[illegible] ponential growth, sta[illegible] ing by 1975. Populati[illegible] should be stabilized [illegible] equalizing the birth a[illegible] death rates. To halt i[illegible] dustrial growth, inve[illegible] ment in new, nonp[illegible] luting plants must n[illegible] exceed the retirement [illegible] old facilities. A seri[illegible] of fundamental shifts [illegible] behavioral patterns must take pla[illegible] Instead of yearning for material goo[illegible] people must learn to prefer servic[illegible] like education or recreation. All p[illegible] sible resources must be recycled, i[illegible] cluding the composting of organic g[illegible] bage. Products like automobiles a[illegible] TV sets must be designed to last lo[illegible] and to be repaired easily.

As the report presents it, the r[illegible] sult is a sort of utopia—not the st[illegible] nation of civilization. "A society r[illegible] leased from struggling with the m[illegible] problems imposed by growth," the r[illegible] port says, "may have more ener[illegible] and ingenuity available for solving o[illegible] er problems." Research, the arts, a[illegible] letics might well flourish in a [illegible] growth world. Nor would develop[illegible] nations necessarily be frozen into [illegible] erlasting poverty. Without the burd[illegible] of an increasing population, they mig[illegible] provide fewer citizens more amenit[illegible]

"The report makes one thing abs[illegible] dantly clear: there is a limit to [illegible] erything," says Japan's Yoicha Ka[illegible] a club member and systems anal[illegible] now working for the Battelle I[illegible] stitute in Geneva. "There is no use

wringing hands. We can and must try to do what is humanly possible, and we must act soon." Even the club members were startled by the computer's findings but were unable to raise any important objections to them. The study is now being polished and refined by Potomac Associates, a public policy "think tank" in Washington that will publish *The Limits to Growth* in March. After translating it into a dozen languages, the Club of Rome will use its influence to place *Limits* in the right hands, where its message may influence policy and stir public debate.

One glaring weakness nonetheless remains in the report. It lacks a description of how a society dedicated to upward and onward growth can change its ways. Dennis Meadows, thoroughly aware of the problem, is trying to raise funds for a computer study of the possibilities. To date, he has had little success. Why? Mainly because Americans still tend to believe that continual growth is the solution to all problems.

The Club of Rome is not alone in its concern. Last week Britain's *Ecologist* magazine devoted 22 pages to a "Blueprint for Survival" that also projects disaster and argues for quick action to end exponential growth. The article gains its authority not from computer studies but from the endorsement of 33 of the U.K.'s most distinguished scientists, including Biologist Sir Julian Huxley, Geneticist C.H. Waddington and Naturalist Peter Scott. Unrestricted industrial and population expansion, they warn, must lead to "the breakdown of society and of the life support systems on this planet—possibly by the end of this century and certainly within the lifetime of our children."

Why has this dangerous trend not received wider attention? "Governments," reported the article, "are either refusing to face the relevant facts or are briefing their scientists in such a way that the seriousness is played down." As a result, "we may muddle our way to extinction."

Rather than wait, the scientists suggest urgent efforts to encourage a steady or declining population and heavy new taxes on raw materials. The taxes would penalize industries that consume great amounts of nonrenewable natural resources and favor those that are labor intensive, thus keeping employment levels high. Another new tax would be based on the life of industrial products. A consumer buying a machine-made product that lasts one year would pay a 100% tax on it, while a product built to last 100 years would be tax-free. Stiff as such measures may seem now, the *Ecologist* says, they will avoid imposing infinitely greater hardships on future generations of British citizens.

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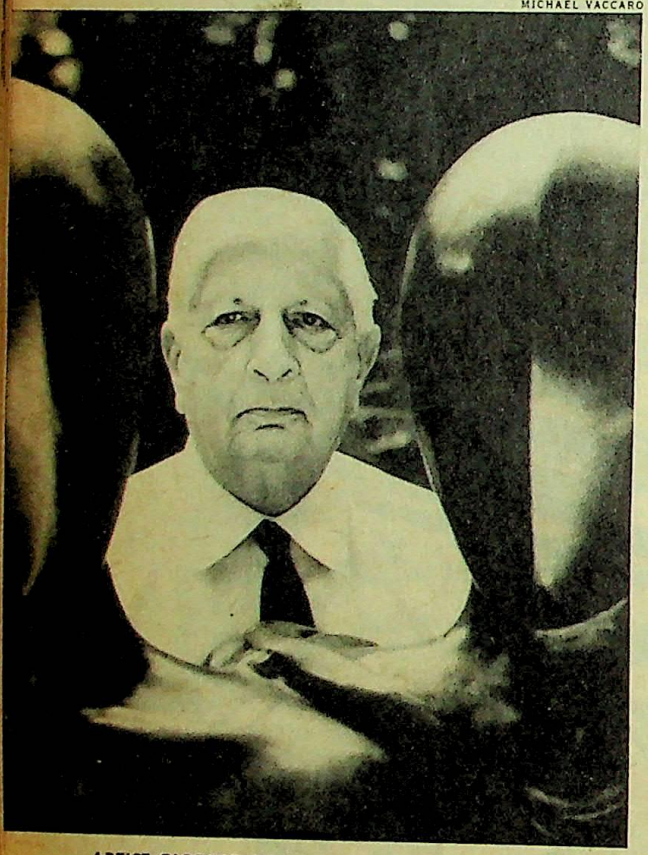
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Looking Backward

No living artist enjoys a more bizarre reputation than the Italian painter Giorgio de Chirico. Up to 1918, he turned out a body of work that set him firmly among the masters of European modernism. His "mysterious objects," moonstruck piazzas and tilting, empty colonnades fascinated the Surrealists and became one of the inspirations of their movement. René Magritte and Salvador Dalí were both De Chirico's debtors; Yves Tanguy resolved to be a painter only after seeing an early De Chirico in a dealer's window in 1923. André Breton, the pope of Surrealism, hailed him as one of the "fixed points" of the new sensibility. But then De Chirico's own aims switched, and the admiration was reversed. Hardly anyone in 50 years has had a kind word for De Chirico's later output. It is generally written off as the work of a self-plagiarizing bore.

MICHAEL VACCARO



ARTIST GIORGIO DE CHIRICO & FRIENDS
Like an irritated crab.

On the other hand, very little of it has been shown outside Italy. So the chance existed that a gross injustice had been done to the mature work of a gifted painter; in 1918, after all, De Chirico was only 30, and he has kept working ever since, denying that he ever was a modern artist and grumpily insisting that the Surrealists totally misunderstood him and his work. To present the evidence, the New York Cultural Center has assembled a retrospective of some 180 paintings, drawings, lithographs and bronzes, nearly all from De Chirico's own collection, spanning six decades from 1911 to 1971.

It would be pleasant to report that all rumors of the maestro's decline are greatly exaggerated. But they are not. No 20th century artist—not even Dalí—went down so fast. The homage at the Cultural Center is a lugubrious affair, but an interesting one nevertheless; for it records in great detail how one gifted painter went backward under pressure, like an irritated crab, into a historical impasse—and has stuck there ever since, snapping his crusty pincers at every stir in the water.

The obsessions of childhood memory permeated De Chirico's work, and his childhood with its Levantine eccentricities might have come from Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*. The son of a peripatetic Sicilian engineer, a man of fiery temperament much given to dueling, De Chirico was born in Greece and constantly moved house. "In my life," he observed in a memoir, "there is something fatal which makes me change addresses." The character of these years—a melancholic idyll of transience, conducted in a series of sirocco-damp villas across a classical landscape—is built into his early paintings. It was reinforced when, as an art student in Munich, he encountered the dreamlike, proto-surrealist canvases of the 19th century Swiss romantic Arnold Böcklin. By the time he settled in Turin in 1911, the meditative cast of his mind was set.

What De Chirico's work from 1911 to 1918 brilliantly performs is an archaeology of the self. Images rise from childhood memory with a peculiar, disconnected intensity; they are fragments of a lost life, like sculpture found in the rubble of an ancient city. "If a work of art is to be truly immortal," he proclaimed, "it must pass quite beyond the limits of the human world, without any sign of common sense or logic. In this way the work will draw nearer to dream and to the mind of a child."

Unchanged Light. De Chirico's empty squares and silent towers seem at first to be conceived as a partial homage to the Italian Renaissance. It is a windless, ideal space where the light never changes and shadows do not move. Human figures are either distant specks or huge, sculptural presences—bronze father figures, plinths, reclining "classical" mar[bles] or faceless wooden dummies. But the world has none of the solidity of Renaissance townscape. Instead, it is e[n]matic and spectral; the perspec[tives] tilt irrationally and contradict one other, the façades are cardboard, th[e] habitants ghosts. "These character[s] costume who gesticulate under a [...] sky, in the middle of 'real' na[ture] have always given me the impres[sion] of something as stupid as it is fa[ke]," De Chirico wrote later. He was spe[ak]ing of theater, but the preferenc[e] equally true of his early painting. Chirico had intelligently brought [to] of the flattening devices of Cubism bear on a wholly anecdotal art. [The] fragments of memory found their [...] torted space; the means fit the end.

Sheer Will. Ironically, the dec[line] set in when De Chirico resolved to [be] Great Artist in the traditional, Ita[lian] sense of the word. "I have been [tor]mented by one problem for alm[ost] three years now—the problem [of] craftsmanship," he wrote to Breto[n] 1922. The gulf between the early w[ork] and De Chirico's *St. George Killing [the] Dragon*, 1940, can only be explained [in] terms of this problem. *St. George*, [with] its glutinous, worried paint, its muddy incoherent color and its torpid drawing would hardly pass as a student acad[emic] my piece; it is recognizable, thou[gh] only just, as a mock Titian. But behind it one can sense manic obstinacy, [as] though De Chirico were trying to re[turn] himself in the past and abolish the pr[es]ent. Significantly, it bears a Latin [in]scription: "De Chirico, the best pain[ter] painted this."

The dream of antiquity becom[es] concrete in De Chirico's later wo[rk] and all his efforts are posited on the be[-] lief that somehow it can be given [to] —if not by talent, then by sheer w[ill]. De Chirico's self-magniloquent [self-] traits in armor and 17th century [hats] are not simply costume pieces, but [ef]forts to inhabit the dream and be a [17th] man Renaissance. His interminable pairs of Bambi-eyed horses prancing on a marble-littered beach have the same intention. The sum effect is, [in]evitably, absurd: for De Chirico has no more talent for illusionism than the average calendar artist. It becomes parody—and when De Chirico is [not] parodying Rubens, Tintoretto or Rembrandt, he parodies himself, as in *The Sadness of Springtime*, 1970, produc[ing] stiff, cluttered repaints of his "me[ta]physical" period. But the tension is gone. One has seen the originals—except when the "originals" are recent products, for it is an open secret in the Italian art world that De Chirico has painted numerous works supposedly from 1916-17 over the past few decades. Perhaps the most vivid comment to be drawn from the Cultural Center's retrospective is that in art, obsessiveness does not win back what defensiveness loses. ■ Robert Hu[ghes]

The Peking Pool

Richard Nixon's visit to China next month will be the most newsworthy presidential excursion abroad since World War II, but the number of newsmen along to report it will be tightly restricted. After spending a week in China, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler announced last week that the U.S. press contingent will be limited to about 80—roughly one-fourth the number that normally goes to the summit with the President.

Ziegler said that the Chinese had "demonstrated great professional skill and understanding." He had bargained the number of newsmen up to 80 from an original Chinese proposal of only ten. Other visiting heads of state have brought very small news entourages, and the Chinese apparently feel that they are unable to deal properly with hundreds of visiting journalists. Yet the group of 80, which will be in effect a press pool for the nation, must include photographers and technicians as well as reporters. Nearly 2,000 journalists had applied. The White House will now have to make the tough decisions on who will and will not go, and Ziegler is sure to be damned by the disappointed.

About 30 places will be allotted to television networks, including technical personnel who will perform partly on a pool basis. Wire services and national magazines may get another 20. Only 30 will be left for daily papers. No more than one correspondent will be allowed per publication, and Ziegler has approached those newspapers with common ownership to request that they double up on coverage.

An American advance party will set up a satellite ground station at Peking airport to provide full teletype, telephone, wire-photo and television transmission facilities. The newsmen will arrive Feb. 20, a day ahead of the President. Ziegler promised interviews with Chinese, tours of schools and communes, comfortable hotel rooms and invitations to state banquets —a rosy picture for the few fortunate enough to make the trip.

Busted in Booneville

Owsley County in eastern Kentucky is one of the nation's poorest. Its 5,023 people scrape by on a per capita income of $500 a year, mostly from tobacco or moonshining. Unemployment runs at 24%. No trains or buses stop in Booneville, the county seat, and the people are largely left alone in their poverty. Then, in November, Frank Ashley of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* came to town.

The reporter was assigned to find out how a $50,500 federal appropriation to create jobs was being spent. Nobody argued with the need for such funds, but a few local citizens thought that County Judge Elijah Campbell, Owsley's chief administrator, had a peculiar way of parceling out the jobs. Acting on a tip, Ashley found that Judge Campbell had appointed his wife as his executive secretary at $400 a month, and his niece as secretary to the county clerk at $300 a month. Sheriff Charley McIntosh had taken on his wife as an assistant at $227 a month, and the county clerk had engaged his wife as county planner for $800 a month.

Ashley also discovered that Sheriff McIntosh was dealing sternly with two people who resented this largely connubial personnel policy. Bernie Seale of Booneville, source of the original tip, had drawn 30 days in jail for drunkenness. Nedra Gabbard, twice divorced, unemployed and the mother of five, was arrested for driving up a hill too slowly. Both had applied for jobs that went to officials' relatives. McIntosh dismissed the two as ne'er-do-wells unworthy of public employment. Of Mrs. Gabbard he added: "Besides, she doesn't even have no man."

PAT SIZEMORE



OWSLEY COUNTY JUDGE CAMPBELL
Waves over wives.

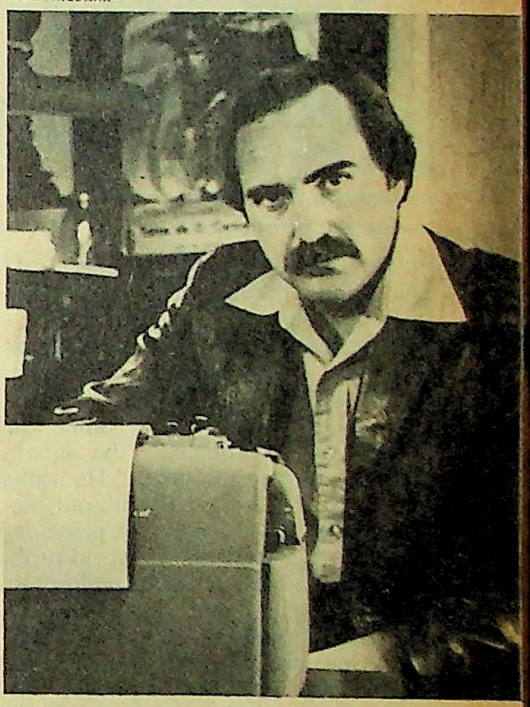
Ashley's prodding led to a statewide anti-nepotism order. But the Booneville officials retaliated: Campbell announced that the county would accept no more federal employment funds, and McIntosh busted Ashley on the charge he had falsely identified himself as a lawyer when he interviewed Seale in jail.

Arraigned before Judge Campbell in Booneville's local self-service laundry, Ashley denied the accusation and was released on bond. Subsequently, under pressure from the state, the judge agreed to comply with the anti-nepotism order, reinstate the employment program, and review all applications for jobs previously held by officials' relatives. Further, Campbell disqualified himself from sitting in judgment on the reporter. Though the case was referred to a grand jury last week, meaning more legal skirmishing to come for Ashley, he had already won the battle in Booneville.

Son of *Saturday Review*

From the day he resigned last November as editor of the *Saturday Review* in a policy disagreement with its new owners, it was a foregone conclusion that Norman Cousins would try a comeback with a new magazine. He had headed *SR* for 31 years, shaped it to his own personal tastes, and considered it to be "what my life is all about." Sure enough, Cousins confirmed last week that plans are well along for a new fortnightly that will probably appear in late spring.

BILL FRIEDMAN



"COURIER-JOURNAL" REPORTER ASHLEY

Cousins promises that the publication will be somehow different from both the *SR* he left and the reorganized magazine being prepared by *SR's* new owners. But he is making little effort to avoid a kind of son-of-*Saturday Review* personality. The tentative title, *Review*, and initial cast of characters indicate that substantial shades of the old *SR* will remain. He has already recruited his former managing editor, general editor, art editor and advertising manager. They now work with Cousins in a modest mid-Manhattan office with a noncommittal sign on the door that reads N.C. AND COLLEAGUES. He has also signed up

MICHAEL ABRAMSON



ASPIRING EDITOR COUSINS
Spring expectations.

former U.N. Secretary-General U Thant and Architect Buckminster Fuller as members of his editorial board.

Cousins, 56, says that he envisions "a journal of international scope, concerned with the life of the mind, the principal problems of our time: war and peace, environment, the squandering of human resources." He wants *Review* to "be concerned with our biggest challenge—the need for planetary planning. We are beset by world problems, but we have no world philosophy for dealing with them."

Cash Pledges. When he left *SR*, Cousins considered offers of three college presidencies and 15 university professorships. But a "deluge of readers' letters" helped make up his mind. Overwhelmingly, he says, the letters urged that he return to journalism.

Cousins claims "an amazing response" from initial market samplings for the projected magazine, at $12 for a year's subscription. Another demographic cross section is now being tested. If it confirms earlier indications of widespread reader interest, he will make a final decision next month to go ahead.

Cousins is already seeking cash commitments from potential subscribers, and will aim for a circulation of about 250,000 by the end of the first year. Says he: "There are large numbers of well-educated people with highly cultivated tastes who enjoy the experience of reading and thinking and who take the world seriously without being solemn about it." This sounds suspiciously like the same audience that Cousins has always aimed at. If he does deliver a new offspring, it will likely be a direct competitor of *Saturday Review*.

Nonsmokers, Beware!

That warning on the cigarette package ("The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health") is directed, logically enough, at those who smoke. Last week Dr. Jesse L. Steinfeld, Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service, pointed out the hazards for abstemious people who merely find themselves in the same room with smokers.

One risk is obvious: smoke-filled air contains visible smoke particles and invisible gases that may irritate the eyes and nasal passages. These same substances may also trigger allergic reactions. The least obvious and most insidious danger is that a colorless gas, carbon monoxide, may get into the nonsmoker's bloodstream in sufficient quantity to damage his heart and lungs or exacerbate heart-lung disease that he already has.

Traditionally, most laymen have thought of nicotine as the principal villain in tobacco. For two decades, scientists have been concentrating on "tars," a catchall term for the viscous gunk that is left from cigarette smoke after the gases and water vapor have been boiled off. Now, while they do not exonerate these culprits, researchers are studying carbon monoxide, a product of incomplete combustion in cigarettes as in automobile engines.

Inhaled carbon monoxide, in smokers and nonsmokers alike, enters the bloodstream through the inner surface of the lungs, competing with oxygen in the process. The result is that the hemoglobin of the red blood cells carries less oxygen than normal, plus a load of the poisonous carboxyhemoglobin. Cigar smoke presents a hazard similar to that from cigarettes.

Carbon monoxide concentrations from smoking, of course, do not re the fatal levels found in a closed rage where a car engine has been running. Still, a P.H.S. panel hea by Dr. Daniel Horn reported evide of surprisingly high monoxide le in smoke-filled rooms. The accepta maximum in most industrial situati is 50 parts of carbon monoxide 1,000,000 parts of air. A roomful cigarette smokers, investigators fou raise the carbon monoxide content between 20 and 80 p.p.m.

Stalemate. Steinfeld and his a visers wholeheartedly approve the m sures taken to segregate smokers airplanes, and urge that the rule be tended to cover all public places. F those who continue to smoke cigaret (about 44 million Americans, by P.H estimate) Steinfeld's latest report co tained still more bad news. Already dicted as the major cause of lu cancer and, in combination with hea drinking, cancer of the esophag smoking is now damned as a cause bladder cancer and is strongly s pected of causing cancer in the pa creas. Steinfeld also said that there stronger evidence than ever of the m lign effects of smoking on a varie of heart, artery and lung conditions.

Advertising the dangers of cig rettes has had only mixed results. Ste feld disputed a recent report that p capita consumption was rising. His f ures for 1971 show an increase in c arette sales of 1.5%, and the U. population went up by the same pe centage. But the consumption decli evident between 1966 and 1970 seem to have stopped. Though many m have given up the habit, teen-age and women are less easily discourage "At the moment," said Steinfeld, " are at a stalemate." His one hope those who cannot or will not q safer cigarettes can undoubtedly



CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE SMOKY, CAREFREE 1920s
With 1972's knowledge, it may not be a good idea.

manufactured. More efficient filters and different strains of tobacco would expose the smoker to less nicotine and tar. Reducing the carbon monoxide level will be more difficult.

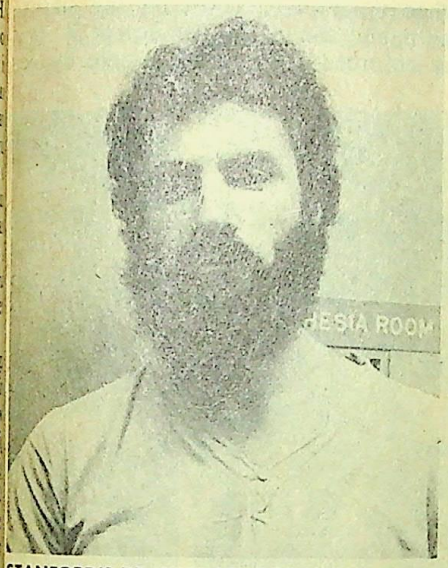
Capsules

▶ Traditionally the U.S. surgeon is a fellow of undramatic tonsorial tastes; his close-cropped hair and minimal dandruff can be readily confined under a surgeon's cap of modest proportions. Not so the younger surgeon of today, with wavy locks down to the nape and perhaps a mustache and beard as well. Infection following surgery remains a problem, says Ludmila Davis, director of Stanford University Hospital's operating rooms, and hair is a natural breeding ground for bacteria. So Mrs. Davis and colleagues have designed a "Lawrence of Arabia helmet" to cover not only the Samson hair but also the Burnside whiskers and Mosaic beards of young, mod surgeons.

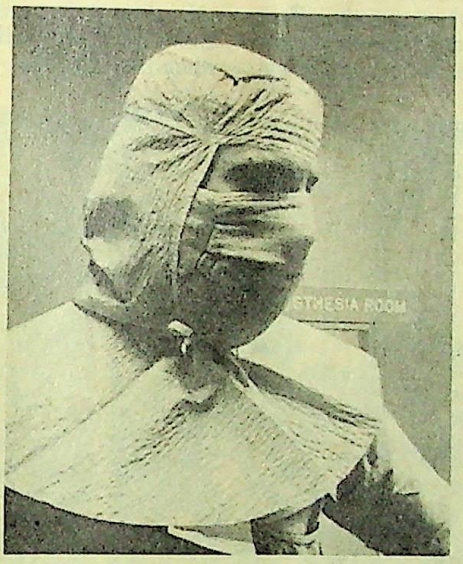
▶ Of the several substances that may accumulate as "stones" in the gall bladder, cholesterol is the most common culprit. Because doctors have not known how to dissolve such stones, the usual remedy has been surgery—an estimated 350,000 operations annually in the U.S. Researchers at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., now report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that, in four cases out of seven, doses of a natural body chemical have succeeded in dissolving cholesterol gallstones. This type of stone, it appears, forms when bile (a digestive substance secreted in the liver and stored in the gall bladder) is abnormally rich in cholesterol and proportionately low in the concentration of a natural metabolite, chenodeoxycholic acid. Of seven women who received chenodeoxycholic acid as medication over a period of months, one experienced complete dissolution of gallstones, while three showed marked decreases in the size of their stones. The remaining three patients failed to respond. Testing on a large scale is necessary to show whether chemical treatment can become a general alternative to surgery.

▶ Gonorrhea now rates as America's most urgent public health problem, and officials have urged routine screening to detect the hundreds of thousands of new cases each year. But detection is often difficult, especially in women. Gonococci, the germs of gonorrhea, flourish and multiply astronomically in human genitalia, but are difficult to preserve for laboratory test cultures. The organisms are sensitive to air and often die by the time a specimen reaches a lab technician. Now Smith Kline and French Laboratories have devised a simple, self-contained test that physicians can perform in their own offices. The doctor takes a single smear from the patient's vaginal or anal area, places it in a tube enriched with a nutrient developed by the U.S. Center for Disease Control, and looks for a reaction in 24 to 48 hours. The new "Clinicult" test costs the doctor $2.30 and gives results as accurate as the older procedure.

▶ Doctors are forever cautioning parents to keep medicines out of the reach of children, who will gobble them like candy, and each new drug carries an additional hazard. The latest is methadone, sometimes prescribed as a cough medicine and painkiller, but best known as a substitute for heroin in anti-addiction therapy. In this week's *Journal* of the American Medical Association, three Detroit physicians report that they have seen 46 cases of methadone poisoning, one of them fatal. All but two of the victims were under seven. Some of the cases involved methadone obtained legally by prescription for adults; others involved illicit street sources. The fatal dose of methadone for children has not been precisely established, but even a small quantity may threaten a child's life by depressing the respiratory center.



STANFORD'S DR. MICHAEL GOODMAN



MASKED FOR SURGERY

Lawrence of Arabia would be at home in the operating room.

Exit Smallpox

The smallpox was always present, filling the churchyards with corpses, tormenting with constant fears all whom it had not yet stricken, leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power, turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered, and making the eyes and cheeks of the betrothed maiden objects of horror to the lover.

In his *History of England*, Macaulay was writing about the late 17th century when, he said, smallpox was "the most terrible of all the ministers of death." But a mere 25 years ago, smallpox was still a scourge prevalent in 80 countries. A majority of the world's population lived in areas where the disease was endemic. Now the malady is so close to extinction that it is expected to become the first "natural" disease—as opposed to a man-made ailment, like radiation sickness—to be eradicated worldwide.

Smallpox is presently found in only seven nations: Sudan, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Nepal and Indonesia. In 1967, the World Health Organization counted 131,160 smallpox cases; by 1970, despite better reporting methods, the number was down to 30,812.

The improvement results almost entirely from vaccination. In the U.S., where immunization of infants has long been routine, there has not been a recorded case of smallpox since 1949. In other countries, the disease has declined dramatically since WHO began a global inoculation campaign in 1967. Brazil, the Western Hemisphere's last reservoir of the disease, has not reported a case since last April. Once the remaining trouble spots in Asia and Africa have been cleansed, smallpox should be dead. No animal is known to harbor the virus (although monkeys can be infected with it), and every confirmed case in modern times has been traced to human contact.

Because the malady is waning, immunization now poses a greater risk than smallpox itself. Some people react badly to the vaccine, and in 1968, when more than 14 million people were immunized worldwide, at least nine are known to have died as a result. Therefore the U.S. Public Health Service no longer requires travelers entering the U.S. to produce proof of recent vaccination unless they are coming from one of the areas where the disease remains endemic.

In virtually all of the U.S., state or local regulations still demand that school-age children be vaccinated. However, at least 15 state legislatures are now considering bills to relax that requirement. The U.S. Center for Disease Control in Atlanta believes that by the end of this year most states will have given up mandatory vaccination.

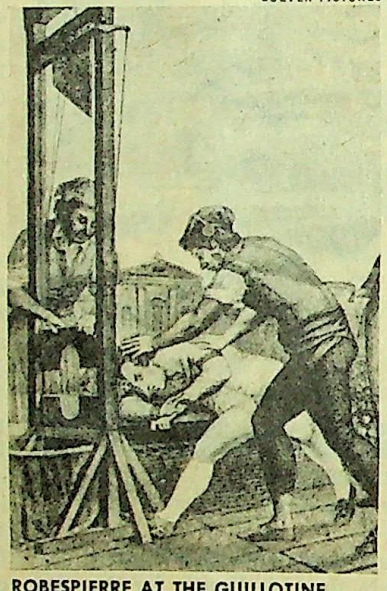
The Death Penalty: Cruel and Unusual?

THE enormity of killing one's fellow man with premeditation is the principal reason for the existence of the death penalty; it is also the principal argument for abolishing it. The dilemma of deciding which aspect of that paradox should prevail has occupied the minds and emotions of civilized men for centuries. This week it will be the concern of the U.S. Supreme Court as it hears oral arguments on the contention that the death penalty constitutes "cruel and unusual punishment" in violation of the Constitution's Eighth Amendment. The opposing lawyers are again marshaling the extensive arguments that have developed over many years of debate. The main question, however, is this: Has the U.S. reached the point at which the death penalty affronts the basic standards of decency of contemporary society?

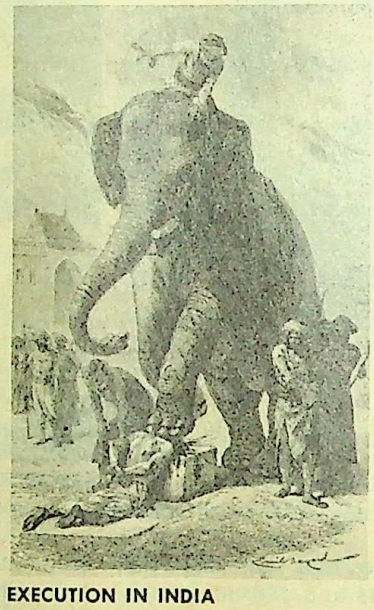
For 4½ years there has not been an execution in the U.S. This unofficial moratorium, which currently affects 696 prisoners, is the result of an intricately planned campaign that used every possible legal tactic or argument. Even before that, however, the number of executions had been decreasing markedly. From a 1935 high of 199, the annual total shrank to 76 in 1955, 56 in 1960 and two in 1967, when the moratorium began. Meanwhile, Great Britain has joined a worldwide trend toward abolition, and Canada has followed suit (except for killers of on-duty policemen and prison guards) as a five-year experiment.

The death penalty has been abolished before in Anglo-Saxon law. William the Conqueror banished it during his reign (1066-87), though he did not object to criminals being mutilated. But a few years later, Henry I (1100-35) permitted the ax and rope to return, and by the 16th century, offenders were also being drowned, drawn and quartered and boiled to death for crimes that ranged from cutting down a tree to stealing property worth more than a shilling. Traitors were hanged, then cut down while still alive, disemboweled so that their innards could be burned before their eyes, then decapitated, and finally quartered. The high mark of judicial bloodiness came with Henry VIII, of whose subjects 72,000 were executed.

CULVER PICTURES



ROBESPIERRE AT THE GUILLOTINE



EXECUTION IN INDIA



WITCHES BURN

■

Beginning in the late 19th century, a trend against capital punishment has continued, if not always steadily, in both Britain and America. In 1846 Michigan, then a territory, became the first English-speaking jurisdiction in the world to do away with the death penalty for all practical purposes (treason excepted). Various states have since tried complete abolition—with some, like Delaware in 1961, later returning to the death penalty. By now, 14 states have outlawed executions completely (or with narrow exceptions, notably for killing an on-duty policeman). Still, American juries continue to impose death penalties at a rate that has remained relatively constant for a decade: 100 per year. Moreover, while a 1966 Gallup poll showed that a narrow plurality of 47% opposed capital punishment for murder, the most recent survey found that, with growing fears about crime, 51% of Americans now favor the death penalty.

That is hardly a mandate for a new round of executions, but neither does it support the argument that capital punishment is an affront to contemporary standa The Constitution places no specific restrictions on death penalty, and its defenders—including the state's torneys for California, Georgia and Texas, who are guing the case before the Supreme Court—maintain the ban on cruel and unusual punishment is meant sim to govern excessive or inherently cruel penalties. To th men, the death penalty is neither—at least for murder rape, the main offenses for which it is now invoked.

In response, Stanford Law Professor Anthony A sterdam, the principal architect of the abolition campai has developed an intricate argument. He finds that e cution is now generally reserved for a few socially acceptable, personally ugly and invariably poor defenda a disproportionate number are from minority groups. a penalty is generally, fairly and uniformly enforce says Amsterdam, "then it will be thrown off the stat books as soon as the public can no longer accept it. when the penalty is enforced for a discriminatorily lected few, then all the pressures which normally exist strike an indecent penalty off the books no longer ex The short of the matter is that when a penalty is so b baric that it can gain public acceptance only by being ra ly, arbitrarily and discriminatorily enforced, it plainly fronts the general standards of decency of the society."

Whether this argument will persuade a majority of Justices remains to be seen, but virtually every other gument for and against the death penalty has also b put before them. One main question is whether the de penalty deters criminals. Abolitionists point to studies sh ing that a halt in executions leads to no increase in ital crimes, and that murder rates are quite similar neighboring states with and without the death pena Supporters of the death penalty argue that such stu include all murders, 80% of which result from disp between persons who know each other, and that 80% probably cannot be deterred by penalties of kind. They insist, though, that holdup murders and ilar crimes can be reduced by the fear of death, ticularly if that death is imposed swiftly rather after years of legal delays.

To support their statistical arguments, both sides on the personal impressions of professional experts. P consistently encounter criminals who say that they

no gun during a robbery because they feared the electric chair. Prison authorities, who tend to oppose the death penalty, report that these same criminals, once in jail, say that they simply did not want to kill anyone and that they told the cops whatever they thought the cops wanted to hear.

Religious authority, in so far as it influences mores, is no less equivocal. Most Protestant churches stand opposed to executions. Popes have long conceded the state's right to execute, but Paul VI regularly calls for clemency in individual cases. Jews are generally against the death penalty, and Israel has no capital punishment except for genocide and war crimes, which covered Eichmann. As for the Bible, it instructs, "Thou shalt not kill," and then, in the next chapter of *Exodus*, provides, "He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall be surely put to death."

Both supporters and opponents of the death penalty can cite ample horrors to justify their positions. Even the cleanest execution—and an appalling number are not—is so revolting to see that witnesses commonly vomit and faint. Electrocution is relatively swift, though the victim's flesh sometimes burns while his eyes strain out of their sockets. With cyanide and the rope, it sometimes takes five minutes for the dying man to fall totally unconscious, and usually 15 minutes before he is pronounced dead.

The principal case now before the Supreme Court chillingly demonstrates another kind of horror. By all the evidence, Ernest James Aikens Jr. is a brutal and remorseless killer of at least three people. He beat, raped and stabbed to death two women, one of them a neighbor in her 60s, the other five months pregnant. He also shot a homosexual who had picked him up on the road. Psychiatrists have unanimously pronounced him fearfully sane and unlikely ever to be rehabilitated.

Advocates of the death penalty argue that an Aikens —or a Manson or a Speck or an Eichmann—must be cut out of society. If these people are usually poor, friendless or from a minority group, it is because that is the sort of person who commits such crimes. Whatever the reasons for the crime, say those who favor the penalty, it is irresponsible ever to give a mass murderer a chance to go free. Abolitionists point out that life sentences could be imposed without possibility of parole, or that parole need never be granted if the prisoner is not rehabilitated.

Maintaining a man in prison for the rest of his life is doubtless costly—consuming tax dollars that might much better be spent on schools or hospitals—but it may cost the state even more to execute a man because of the extra care that courts take in capital cases. When Arkansas Governor Winthrop Rockefeller commuted the sentences of all 15 men on the state's death row before leaving office two years ago, he saved the state an estimated $1,500,000, considering the cost of fighting probable appeals.

So the arguments spin on and on, and the more each side insists on the rationality of its argument (what can be more rational than a discussion of the costs?), the more one is drawn to agree with Clarence Darrow, who observed a half-century ago that "questions of this sort are not settled by reason; they are settled by prejudices and sentiments or by emotion." Perhaps that is true of any great issue, but it is particularly so here. Underlying the debate over capital punishment is a central conflict within every man—the conflict between a desire for vengeance and a wish to honor life. It is no answer to say, as some do, that man can sanctify life by killing those who kill. Nor is there any real answer in the elegant argument of Jacques Barzun, who claims that prison existence so debases and brutalizes life that the death penalty is more humane. Even if that were true, the choice of death ought to be made by the prisoner, not by the state.

■

Too few opponents of capital punishment are willing to concede the full weight of the emotion of vengeance. Before reaching the high court, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "The first requirement of a sound body of law is that it should correspond with the actual feelings and demands of the community, whether right or wrong. If people would [go so far as to] gratify the passion of revenge outside the law, the law has no choice but to satisfy the craving itself, and thus avoid the greater evil of private retribution." Capital punishment is still very much based on that need for retribution, though just how strong that need is remains unclear. Even though a majority of Americans nominally endorse capital punishment, that endorsement is probably not so strong as to lead to lynchings in the streets if the death penalty were abolished. All change causes difficulties and dislocation, but this is not necessarily a reason to deter otherwise desirable progress. If it is conceded that man is not totally limited by his animal origins, that he can grow gentler and more humane, then it follows that death will some day join torture as a prohibited form of punishment.

The educated guessers predict that the Supreme Court is not likely now to decree the arrival of that day—at least for murder —though death for rape may fall. If the death penalty survives at all, its determined opponents will doubtless turn first to Governors to seek commutations and then to state legislatures, which may provide the best forum for settling the question. One can reasonably hope that the legislators will endorse abolition, exercising leadership for the electorate. Such leadership is, after all, more properly the role of the legislature than of the courts. Shifting perceptions have already made most of the world's past executions, for political, religious or simply trivial offenses, seem barbaric. The mere suspicion of such future condemnations of our own times should make even the most righteous judge hesitate before continuing so fallible, so irreversible, so perilously godlike a practice as the imposition of death by decree.

Lord Chancellor Gardiner put the matter well during the debate that preceded the end of the death penalty for murder in Britain. Speaking of earlier decisions to abandon the grotesque hanging, disemboweling and quartering of traitors, he said: "We did not abolish that punishment because we sympathized with traitors, but because we took the view that it was a punishment no longer consistent with our self-respect." It would be welcome, in a time of diminished self-respect, to take this particular step toward reasserting it. ■ José M. Ferrer III

BROWN BROTHERS



ELECTRIC CHAIR IN U.S.



STRANGULATION IN MANILA



HANGING IN LONDON

Whose Children?

Jesus did not always speak of love. In his harsher moments, he reminded his disciples that he had come to bring not peace but a sword. He predicted that he would set son against father, daughter against mother. Christianity has often explained those "dark sayings" as angry hyperbole or simple pessimism about the acceptance of his revolutionary teachings, but from time to time a hard core of believers has chosen to take the Nazarene at his grimmest word. The latest group to do so is a controversial sect of young Christians who call themselves, with grand self-righteousness, the Children of God.

The name is meant to describe their single-minded determination to "forsake all" for God—family, friends and personal belongings. The Children of God are the storm troopers of the Jesus Revolution (TIME cover, June 21), its most forceful and most criticized zealots. Though the membership numbers only about 2,000 worldwide, it is vigorous and far-flung: about 60 colonies are scattered from Seattle to Essen, Germany, from Jerusalem to Viet Nam. A London colony founded a few months ago has already sent missionaries to Stockholm, Oslo, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Amsterdam and Brussels. Liberia is the next target.

Woe! Woe! The Children attack all worldly society with the fierce zeal of the Weatherman, using the cherished King James Bible as their proof text. They demand a strictly communal life as practiced by the early Christians according to the *Book of Acts* ("they held everything in common"). They avoid work except as it relates to their own communes, lest their members be forced to choose between God and mammon. Yet they badger businessmen to support them with handouts of money and supplies, while raging against a sinful America and proclaiming its—and the world's—imminent doom. In their most apocalyptic moments, they dress in red sackcloth (a sign of warning), daub themselves with ashes, put yokes around their necks. With the prophet's traditional staff, they stand silent vigils in public places, breaking their silence only to utter an occasional "Woe! Woe!"

Such theatrics might seem merely eccentric to Americans if they came from, say, an exotic sect such as Hare Krishna. When they are presented in the name of Christianity, however, people who consider themselves good churchgoing Christians resent the purer-than-thou attitude—and the appeal it seems to hold for their children. Nonetheless, the group in some cases has had more success than parents in winning young people from drugs, casual sex and drifting. They also have potent precedents in St. Francis of Assisi and St. Thomas Aquinas, both of whom had to break with their families over their vocations.

Some of the most vehement parental critics in California banded together in an organization called the Parents' Committee to Free Our Children from the Children of God—a movement that has since spread to other parts of the country. The parents' group charges, among other things, that the Children stoop to kidnaping, hypnotizing and even drugging to keep youngsters in the sect. The outcry has driven many of the Children from California; Ted Patrick, a San Diego aide to Governor Ronald Reagan, has accused them of trying to "destroy the United States."

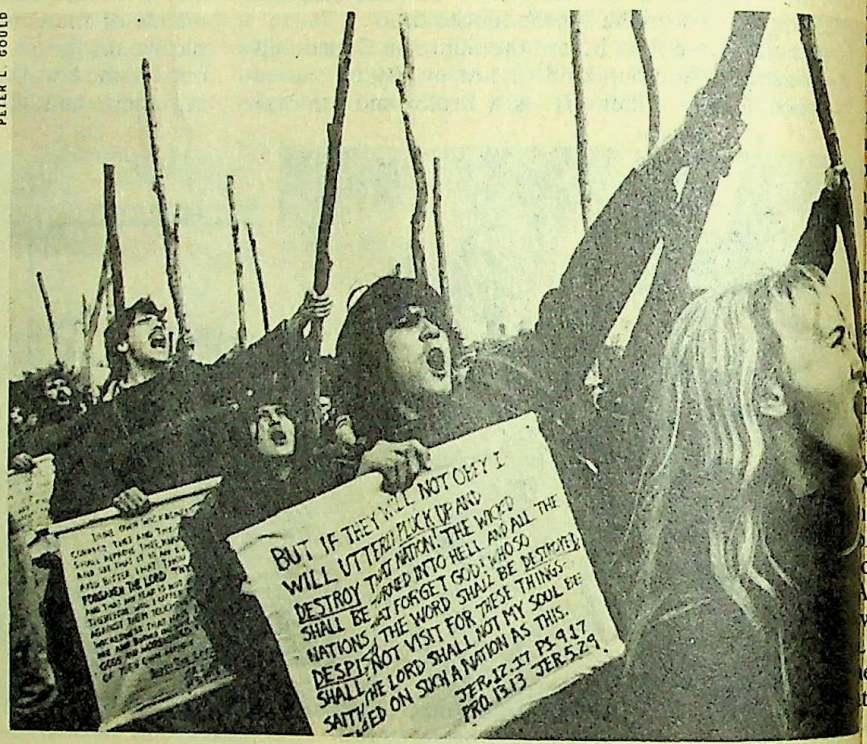
Not exactly turning the other cheek, the Children have slapped four leaders of the parents' group with a $1,100,000 suit for libel and slander, and have brought a $300,000 suit against Texas officials and a mother for allegedly railroading one 18-year-old member into a mental institution.

While there seems to be no hard evidence of kidnaping, drugging or genuine hypnotism so far, a broader charge of "brainwashing" may be closer to the truth, at least in the sense of relentless exposure to the sect's propaganda. At special communes for "babes" (new converts), apprentice memorizes the requisite ble passages by reading them al while simultaneously listening to on tape. Bible texts also blare f loudspeakers all day long. Each convert takes a biblical name, us from the Old Testament (Caleb, drach, Deborah), and drops his name as a remnant of the past.

None except the "elders"—e rienced Children who appare "grow" into authority—goes anyw alone. Married couples share ro within the commune, but single m bers are rigidly separated in male female dormitories. Letters to and home are censored by the elders. M of the Children insist that the rous life is necessary to prepare th selves for the Communist takeover

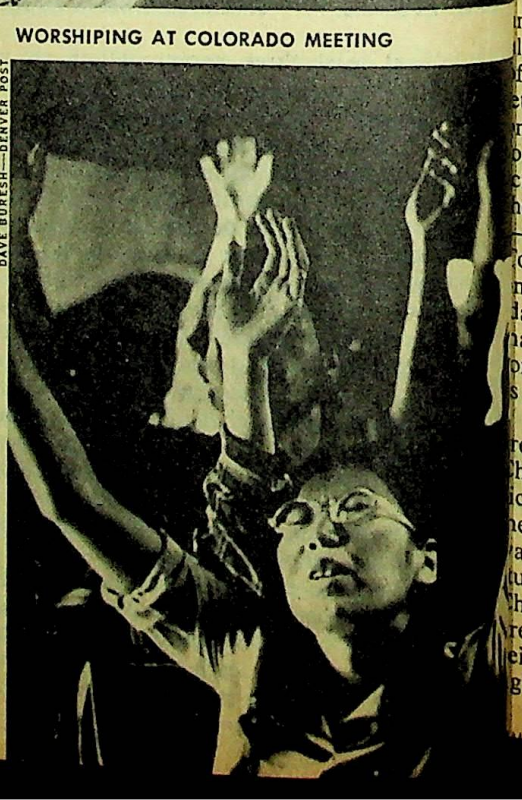
CHILDREN OF GOD PREACHING DOOM IN MANHATTAN'S CENTRAL PARK

PETER L. GOULD



WORSHIPING AT COLORADO MEETING

DAVE BURESH—DENVER POST



hey expect to come before doomsday.

The beginnings of the Children are already obscured by legend. The core of initial apostles seems to have gathered around a fundamentalist preacher named David Berg, now in his fifties, his four children and their mates in 1967-68. As Teens for Christ, they built up a small group of followers in California, where one of their early—and since abandoned—tactics was to disrupt services at local churches. In 1969, after Berg had a vision of imminent earthquake, about 50 of the band embarked on a period of wandering, during which, legend has it, they had to eat grass to survive.

Berg, who had once worked for TV Evangelist J. Fred Jordan, soon secured the use of Jordan's Texas and California properties for the Children of God, as they had come to call themselves. In return, Jordan displayed the youngsters, most of them in their late teens and 20s, in his televised fund-raising pitches. The arrangement lasted about a year and a half. An argument over the properties precipitated a clash, and Jordan ordered the Children off his land last September.

The Children have won over two important figures in the broader Jesus movement: David Hoyt, of Atlanta's street ministries, and Linda Meissner, of Seattle's Jesus People Army. Both apparently decided that their own methods were not producing enough lasting converts; Hoyt pointedly blamed his "watered-down Gospel." When he entered the Children of God, he took many of the Atlanta Jesus People with him. Linda Meissner, however, took far fewer of her Jesus People Army along—and indeed the feud between the mainstream Army (including Linda's husband John Salvesen) and her splinter group has scandalized Seattle's Jesus People.

Without Games. Founder Berg, under his sect name of Moses, regularly produces a patriarchal stream of crotchety, sometimes profane "Moletters" advising his far-flung Children on everything from visa restrictions to buying a boat. A growing consciousness of publicity may modify the Children's behavior in the future —as it has apparently begun to do. To offset attacks by parents, the colonies sent members home for the holidays; while quite a few stayed home, many returned more zealous than before. Berg has also discouraged clashes with other Jesus People.

Not all families, for that matter, are disappointed with the results the Children of God produce. Ed Rees, vice president for public relations of the Flying Tiger Line in Los Angeles, watched his son drift from medical studies into drugs, and finally into the Children sect. Rees still finds "a depressing sameness" in the members, "either sucking up this excessive religion or spitting it out," but he also allows that "they are totally without guile, without games. They really believe. They are prepared to die." So far, however, the question is whether they are prepared to live more fully in the world if doomsday does not come as expected.

Tidings

▶ A Roman Catholic laymen's group, after a year of trying to find out more about church finances, charged in a report last week that there was not enough information to find out. The National Association of Laity graded the financial reporting of each U.S. diocese on a scale from A to F. Only two of the nation's eight largest —Chicago and Detroit—got as much as a D. New York and Los Angeles rated F for being "misleading." Brooklyn, Newark and Philadelphia (home of John Cardinal Krol, president of the U.S. bishops' conference) have never even issued a financial statement. Boston was not graded because it will soon issue a report. The N.A.L. analysis argued that with diocesan books so incompletely documented, it was highly inappropriate for U.S. bishops to spend an alleged $6,000,000 a year lobbying for public tax support of Catholic schools (*see* EDUCATION).

▶ Manhattan's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine "should be reclassified as taxable property," an Episcopal magazine maintains. *The Living Church,* an independent, conservative-leaning weekly, bases its argument on last month's antiwar rally of the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, held in the cathedral with the permission of New York's Episcopal Bishop Coadjutor, the Rt. Rev. Paul Moore Jr. A church should not be used for "partisan political gatherings," remonstrates the magazine in an editorial, citing the availability of "Dump Nixon" pamphlets at the rally. What is more, the magazine complains, the crowds smoked, left beer cans in the pews, and even included a man with slit pants who was "free to parade in the church with his bare bottom exposed."

▶ Herder & Herder of New York, the largest publisher of Catholic books in the U.S., has been sold to McGraw-Hill Book Co. by its parent firm, Germany's Verlag Herder, for an "undisclosed amount of cash." Publisher of the popular "Dutch Catechism" (400,000 copies) and more recently *The Sex Book* (125,000 copies), Herder & Herder has also given the U.S. top international theologians and philosophers, including Karl Rahner, Bernard Lonergan and Marxist Ernst Bloch. As a separate unit of McGraw-Hill, Herder & Herder will keep its colophon, expand its religious publishing and enlarge its editorial staff. Though some religious publishers have fallen on bad days, McGraw-Hill did not get a loser: Herder & Herder has been in the black for the past ten years.

THE THEATER

Spengler Redux

THE RIDE ACROSS LAKE CONSTANCE
by PETER HANDKE

It is difficult to say what this play means, but relatively easy to tell you how to write it. Rip out pages from Ionesco, Pinter, Beckett, Kafka, the Austrian philosopher Wittgenstein and *Alice in Wonderland.* Tear these into tiny fragments and scatter them on the stage. Austrian Playwright Peter Handke, 29, is a derivative word-vandal. He is currently quite the vogue in Europe, which suggests that the decline of the West is progressing more rapidly than Spengler envisioned.

The play's two principal figures have a *Doppelgänger* relationship. Each is the split image of the other. Since the exercise of power and authority is one of the few remotely co-

SUHRKAMP VERLAG



PLAYWRIGHT PETER HANDKE
Publikumsbeschimpfung.

herent themes, the two men may represent the eerie bond between Germany and Hitler. Otherwise, the evening is one interminable non sequitur.

However, the play clearly points up the three minimal demands that we must begin making of the avant-garde playwright. Does he have something new to tell us? Is his theatricality so exciting as to justify telling us nothing? Does he extend the forms of drama? If all the answers are no, as in Handke's case, he should be accorded no more attention than a purveyor of fake antiques. In reality, such a playwright is insulting the audience—what the Germans call *Publikumsbeschimpfung.* That was the title of an earlier Handke play in which four actors simply revile the audience. Slightly more subtly, he's done it again. ■ T.E. Kalem

WORLD TRADE

Driving to a "Nixon Round"

TO most Americans, the difficulty of selling oranges, tobacco or computers abroad might not seem to rank among the foremost concerns of foreign policy. Yet just such trade problems dominated the nation's dealings with important allies last week. In Washington, William Eberle, President Nixon's special representative for trade, pressed Ambassador Nobuhiko Ushiba for an agreement to lower Japanese tariffs, taxes or quotas on cars, computers, fruit and other U.S. goods. Then the abrasive-mannered Eberle jetted to Brussels to demand that Common Market officials let in more American citrus, tobacco and grain. He got some moral support from 15 members of the House Ways and Means Committee, who made a rare overseas jaunt to complain in Brussels about Common Market discrimination against U.S. farm exports.

The object of these efforts is to wring out some foreign trade concessions that President Nixon can boast about when he sends to Congress next month the bill formally devaluing the dollar—which came under renewed selling pressure in Europe last week. That, however, is only an interim goal. The current negotiations promise to be the opening gun in a years-long campaign to expand American exports by rewriting many of the rules that govern —and now restrict—world trade.

The ideological underpinning of this drive is Nixon's conviction that "economic power will be the key to other kinds of power"—and that the U.S. has been letting this key slip out of its hands. Speaking to a group of editors in Kansas City last year, Nixon said that "five great economic superpowers—the U.S., Western Europe, the Soviet Union, Mainland China and, of course, Japan" will determine "the future of the world in the last third of this century." He added that American world leadership "can only be maintained if the U.S. maintains its pre-eminent position in the economic field."

Nixon is deeply impressed by a series of charts drawn up by Peter Peterson, his chief international economic adviser and the leading candidate to succeed Maurice Stans as Commerce Secretary soon. Peterson's figures show that the U.S. position is eroding, and that the nation's share of total world production between 1950 and 1970 fell from 39% to 30%. Its share of auto output dropped from 76% to 31%, of steel output from 46% to 20%, and its proportion of world exports from 16% to 14%. As recently as 1964, U.S. exports ran $6.8 billion ahead of imports, but last year imports exceeded exports by about $2 billion.

This slippage reflects a panoply of causes: the strong recovery of war-shattered economies overseas during the 1950s, U.S. inflation and lagging productivity in recent years, and the shift of the American economy from one dominated by manufacturing to one in which 42% of output is now accounted for by services, which are less readily exportable than goods. But Nixon men place much of the blame on a network of barriers that has been raised abroad against American goods and capital. A few examples: Japanese quotas on imports of computers; auto taxes in several countries that rise sharply with horsepower ratings, thus discriminating against big U.S. cars; the reluctance of many foreign governments to let U.S. firms submit bids on equipment to be purchased by state-owned enterprises such as railroads, banks and oil companies.



ADS FOR U.S. PRODUCTS OVERSEAS

"Fair Advantage." Administration officials are shaping a comprehensive trade bill for presentation to Congress this spring. It would authorize the President to negotiate U.S. tariff cuts in return for foreign trade concessions, and to work out agreements liberalizing farm-import quotas and subsidies, product standards and Government procurement policies, all of which have a profound effect on trade. The bill may also include some breaks for U.S. exporters, notably tax incentives for research and development.

Most important, the bill opens the way for a needed "Nixon Round" of world tariff-cutting negotiations, similar to the famous Kennedy Round that reduced tariffs in the 1960s. But the Nixon Round talks probably will not begin until 1973. The Administration for now only wants to get on record; it is afraid to demand action on a bill before the elections, because protectionist Congressmen might load it with vote-wooing import restrictions that would stifle rather than expand trade.

When negotiations with other countries do begin, the Administration would do well to change both the tone and tactics of its approach. Certainly, the only way to win better treatment for American exports is an offer of reciprocal concessions, yet Washington has not made clear what it will do with its own barriers to trade it is prepared to tear down. Peterson has spoken favorably of a proposal to negotiate a complete abolition of tariffs on many products, but he has failed to endorse it outright. The U.S. has also been silent on many other restrictive practices that irk foreigners: the "Buy American" act, which generally requires the Government to buy American-made products unless they are 6% more expensive than foreign merchandise (or 50% more costly in the case of goods bought by the Pentagon), and the Jones Act, a prohibition against any foreign-built ship moving between two U.S. ports.

Worse, the Johnson and Nixon administrations have actively undermined Washington's case by giving in piecemeal to protectionist pressures for constraints on imports. By Peterson measures, the number of industrial pro-

o which the U.S. enforces import quo-
s ballooned from seven in 1963 to
7 in 1970; they include oil, steel, tex-
les, flatware, ceramic tiles and sheet
ass. In the same period, the number
f quotas imposed by Common Mar-
et countries fell from 76 to 65, and
e number imposed by Japan has
ropped from 132 to 81. The spread
f quotas makes the U.S. appear hyp-
critical to foreigners when it urges
e dismantling of barriers against
merican goods.

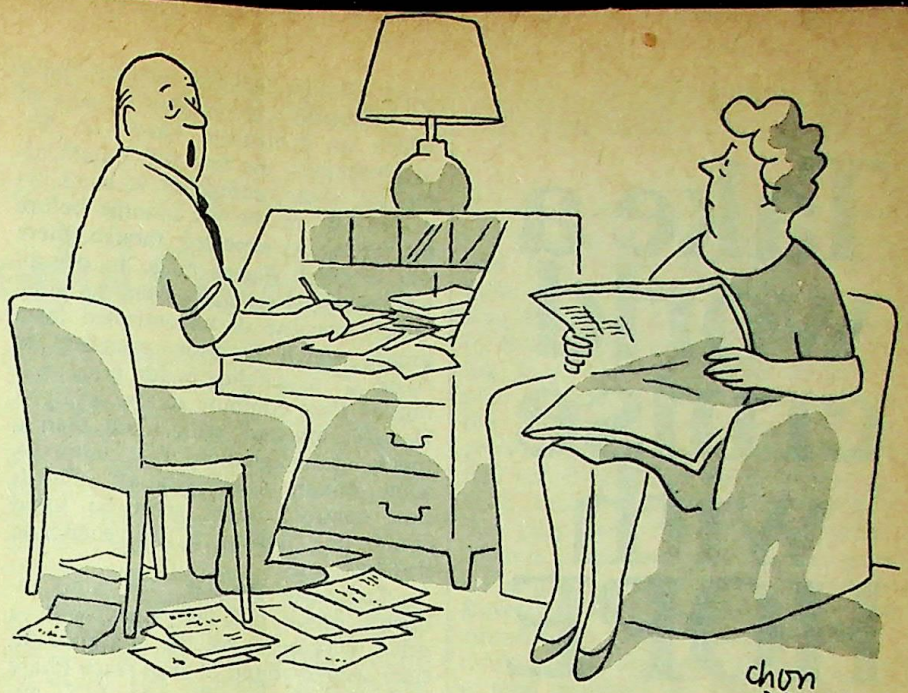
In order to overcome this interna-
onal version of the credibility gap,
ixon and his aides need to be much
ore explicit about what the U.S. is
repared to give as well as what it wants
get in trade policy. The thrust of
eir new offensive is in the right direc-
on, but their rhetoric has smacked of
achtpolitik rather than of an appeal
r equity. Too often Administration
okesmen have talked as if the U.S.
as an inalienable right to be No. 1 in
orld economic power, and that other
ations have a duty to help it maintain
at position. Treasury Secretary John
onnally, for example, once told a
oup of economists that in interna-
onal negotiations, "all I want is a fair
vantage." The Nixon Administration
s focused attention on some real
oblems, but the U.S. approach to a
ore open world of trade must be an
peal for cooperation rather than a
mand for continued primacy.

AXES

oes Your Paycheck eem Smaller Lately?

Millions of Americans are in for
shock when they open their pay en-
lopes this month. Despite the well-
ublicized tax relief voted by Congress,
ke-home pay will be reduced in many
stances. The total federal tax bite
ill indeed be less than last year, but
e rates of tax withholding have been
anged, with the result that people
the upper-middle and higher brack-
s will be hard-hit. For example, the
nount withheld from the wages of a
arried worker with two children who
rns $250 a week will remain vir-
ally unchanged at $30.50. But for
employee earning $400 a week,
withholding will rise from $60.90
$67.10, and a $500-a-week earner
ll pay $96.60 *v.* $84.80. By cutting
o the cash that consumers have to
end, the withholding changes could
pede the economy's recovery.

Rates have been rejiggered because
ey were too low last year. Congress
nply overestimated the amount of
venues that the 1971 rates would
ng in after the old income tax sur-
arge was removed. Thus, many peo-
e will have to pay a walloping amount
back taxes to the Government on
pril 15—to make up for what they in-



DRAWING BY CHON DAY; © 1970 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"Know something? We're in debt beyond our wildest dreams!"

nocently failed to pay in installments last year.

Just as the Government withheld too little last year, it may be withholding too much this year. If a married couple file a joint return, but one of the two is unemployed, they very likely will be paying out too much in withholding. Similarly, an earner who expects to have big itemized deductions for home-mortgage payments, medical bills, charity and the like will probably overpay. To ease the weekly or monthly burden for these people, the Internal Revenue Service has created a new exemption called the "special withholding allowance." People who believe that their employer is holding back too much can go to him and claim from one to seven such exemptions to bring their payroll deductions more closely into line with their actual tax obligations.

In addition to increased withholding, the Social Security levy was boosted this year by raising the amount of taxable income from $7,800 to $9,000. Until now, most middle-income paychecks fattened slightly just before summer-vacation time as Social Security taxes stopped. This year such levies could continue through mid-August, dampening some holiday plans. On top of this, state and local taxes are also climbing by $8 billion, to an estimated $63 billion this year. Both New York State and City income taxes are going up. Minnesota has raised both income and sales taxes. Ohio has just imposed its first state income tax, and California has dropped its old system of collecting income taxes at year's end and started a withholding system.

Though state and local taxes will quickly be poured back into the economy in labor and material costs, they nonetheless pluck dollars away from middle-income consumers—at a time when consumer confidence seems at last to be flowering. Whether it will continue to bloom in the shadow of these fiscal increases is a matter of deep concern among economy watchers in and out of the Administration.

PHASE II

Reasons for Rises

Speaking to a meeting of AFL-CIO price monitors in Washington last week, Price Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson made a startling admission: it is impossible for ordinary consumers to know whether increases on the products they buy are legal or not. Indeed, added a top official of the Internal Revenue Service, the widely displayed invitations for customers to inspect "base price lists" are "largely psychological." Customers who take the trouble to pore through a store's all-but-unintelligible price lists still have no way of knowing whether any single price increase conforms to Phase II guidelines.

The reason is that the Government reviews price increases—as well as wage hikes—by large groups of products (or workers) rather than by individual units. Thus, just as some employees may receive pay increases that exceed the 5.5% wage guideline, the prices of some items in a store may go up more than the 2.5% price guideline—so long as "aggregate" or total increases among groups of products (or employees) do not violate the guidelines.

Does that confusing system work? In reply, Grayson cited the ultimate aggregate: the Price Commission has already held some 200 firms that account for a quarter of the entire U.S. gross national product to increases averaging only 1.5% over the next

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year. Another indicator was the index of industrial commodities, many of which are controlled. They rose .3% in December, the first full month after the freeze, compared with an average .5% in the six months before the freeze. As expected, though, there was a much bigger bulge in overall wholesale prices. They went up .7%, largely because of uncontrolled farm prices, which Grayson promised to "look at" as candidates for price ceilings if they continue to rise sharply. He also asserted, with more than a touch of indignation, that hints by some Nixon Administration officials that controls might soon be lifted could be "damaging" to economic stabilization.

Customer Ahead. The auto industry drove out last week with a price increase above the guideline. In their second round of rises since Phase II began two months ago, U.S. automakers won permission to pass along to car buyers the cost of new anti-pollution and safety equipment required under federal law. The ticket price of an average General Motors car will go up about $40; other automakers will probably post similar increases. For GM, the industry price leader, the combined hike of 3.4% is about $20 below that planned shortly before the freeze. Thus customers came out ahead under the controls—but not by much.

On the wage front, there was a move toward retroactive payments. Some 2,000,000 workers who were unable to get raises scheduled to take effect during the freeze were authorized by the Pay Board to collect them retroactively, with some limits. Workers whose employers had already raised prices or taxes in anticipation of the wage increases, including many schoolteachers, may receive all back wages due them. For most others, retroactive pay will be permitted up to 7%. The decision unfreezes some $1 billion in back pay. The Pay Board had originally voted to ban retroactive payments, but had to change that position after Congress ordered that all such payments had to be made, except for those "unreasonably inconsistent" with the guidelines.

On another matter, the board continued an aggressive approach. After rejecting an aerospace contract that provided a 12% first-year pay boost, its first turndown of a major labor agreement, a majority of the board voted to set the limit that it will eventually accept at 8.3%. But it will permit the disallowed balance —that is, about 3.7%—to go into effect along with the regular second-year increase, thus letting some 200,000 aerospace workers end up at the wage levels originally negotiated. In the interim, they will lose about $340 each in wages. Union officials, however, threaten to contest the board's rejection in court.

MARKET WE

On a volume of 85,641,490 sh the New York Stock Exchange posite closed at 57.21, up .01 fo week ending Jan. 14. The Dow 30 stock industrial average 906.68, down 3.69; Standard & 500 stock index was 103.39, dow Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close
Allied Chem..	29⅞..	29⅛..	29½..
Alum Co Am..	45¾..	43¾..	45¼..
Amer Airlines.	42¼..	39⅜..	41 ..
Am Brands...	45 ..	42¾..	43¼..
Am Can.....	36⅜..	33¾..	34⅛..
Am Motors...	8¼..	7¾..	7⅞..
AT&T.....	47⅞..	46¼..	47¾..
Anac Cop....	17¼..	16⅝..	17 ..
Avon Prod...	99½..	98 ..	98¾..
Beth Steel....	30⅛..	28½..	28¾..
Boeing.....	24 ..	21⅜..	24 ..
Burlington Ind.	37¾..	35½..	36¼..
Burroughs....152	..146	..147⅛..
Cater Trac...	48 ..	46¾..	47⅛..
Chrysler.....	30½..	28½..	29 ..
Clark Equip...	47¼..	45½..	45⅝..
Control Data..	46½..	42½..	43¾..
Corn Gl Wks.192½	..185¾	..187¾..
Dow Chem...	81¼..	79⅛..	79¾..
DuPont.....150¾	..146⅛	..150½..
Eastern Air...	23⅞..	22⅝..	23⅝..
East Kodak...	97¼..	93¼..	95¾..
El Paso N G..	18 ..	17⅛..	18 ..
Ford Motor...	74 ..	72 ..	72½..
Gen Dynam..	28⅝..	26 ..	27⅛..
Gen Elec.....	64⅞..	62⅜..	62⅝..
Gen Foods...	35 ..	33⅝..	33¾..
Gen Motors..	83½..	81¾..	83½..
Gen Tel & El..	33 ..	31⅝..	32⅛..
Ga. Pac.....	46⅛..	42¾..	43¾..
Goodyear....	33⅛..	31½..	32⅛..
Great A & P..	20⅜..	18⅜..	19⅛..
Greyhound...	21⅝..	20⅜..	21⅛..
Gulf Oil.....	28½..	27 ..	27⅜..
IBM.....350	..336¾	..350 ..
Int Harv.....	30 ..	29¼..	29¾..
Int Nickel....	34¼..	33⅛..	33⅝..
Int Paper....	35½..	34⅝..	34¾..
Int Tel & Tel..	58⅞..	58¼..	58¾..
Johns Man...	40¾..	38¼..	38⅝..
Kraftco.....	47½..	45⅛..	46⅛..
Kresge SS....	97⅞..	96⅝..	97¼..
LTV.....	12¼..	11⅛..	12⅛..
Litton Ind.....	24¼..	22⅞..	23⅜..
Lockheed.....	12⅜..	10⅞..	12¼..
McD Doug....	38½..	35¾..	37⅜..
Merck Co....130	..126	..127⅞..
3M.....133¾	..129¼	..129⅜..
Mobil Oil....	55⅞..	54½..	54½..
Nat Cash Reg.	30¼..	28¾..	28⅞..
N Amer Rock..	34⅜..	33 ..	34 ..
Occid Pet....	13½..	12½..	12⅞..
Owens Ill.....	49⅞..	44⅝..	47⅛..
Pac Gas & El.	33⅛..	32 ..	32⅛..
Pan Am.....	16⅛..	15 ..	16⅛..
Penn Cen....	5⅛..	4⅝..	4⅝..
Penney J. C...	73½..	70⅛..	71 ..
Philip Morris..	74⅛..	71 ..	72 ..
Polaroid.....	98 ..	95¼..	98 ..
Proc Gam....	78⅛..	76½..	78 ..
RCA.....	38⅞..	37½..	38 ..
Reyn Ind.....	64 ..	63 ..	64 ..
Sears Roe....103⅝	.. 99¾	..100¼..
Shell Oil.....	48¾..	47⅝..	47⅝..
Sou Cal Ed...	31⅞..	31 ..	31⅛..
Std Oil Cal...	60 ..	58½..	59⅛..
Std Oil N J...	75⅞..	74½..	74⅞..
Swift Co.....	38¼..	37 ..	38 ..
Tenneco.....	27 ..	26¼..	26½..
Texaco Inc...	36 ..	35 ..	35 ..
Textron.....	32¾..	30⅞..	31 ..
Time Inc.....	58¼..	56½..	58¼..
TWA.....	45¾..	42⅛..	45½..
UAL Inc.....	42⅜..	39½..	41 ..
Union Car....	47 ..	43 ..	46⅜..
Utd Aircraft..	35⅞..	34⅜..	35¼..
US Ply Cham..	30⅛..	29⅛..	29¼..
US Steel.....	31⅞..	30⅞..	31⅜..
Westing.....	48 ..	44½..	45⅜..
Woolworth...	47¼..	45 ..	45⅛..
Xerox.....125¼	..120½	..120¾..

Facing a Powerful Cartel

ONLY seven months ago, the world's 23 largest oil companies gned the last of a series of agreeents that will give the chief oil-exrting nations an extra $25 billion er the next five years. In return for at staggering raise, officials of the oducing nations promised not to deand any more money during the e of the contracts, raising hopes at the world's basic fuel would maintain fairly stable prices for the next lf-decade. Yet last week both sides nt back to the bargaining table. Alough they disbanded temporarily thout reaching any new agreement, e nearly inevitable result of their etings in Geneva over the coming eks will be new price increases. he raises will hit consumers in Eupe, Japan and the U.S. in the form higher bills for gasoline, heating el and other products. They will so give much more economic pow- and more international political out, to the oil-exporting countries, ost of which are in the Middle East.

These nations forced the companies to negotiations by displaying a rare ity. As recently as the mid-1960s, e oil companies could play the exrting countries off against one anher, often driving down demands om one government by threatening buy more oil from others. But in gotiations beginning in 1969, the even members of the Organization Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC)* overcame their vast political and social differences. For the first time, they formed an oil suppliers' cartel, which now provides more than 85% of Europe's oil and 90% of Japan's. The U.S. imports 23% of its oil, mostly from Venezuela, and by some industry estimates will have to get 60% of its oil from abroad by 1980.

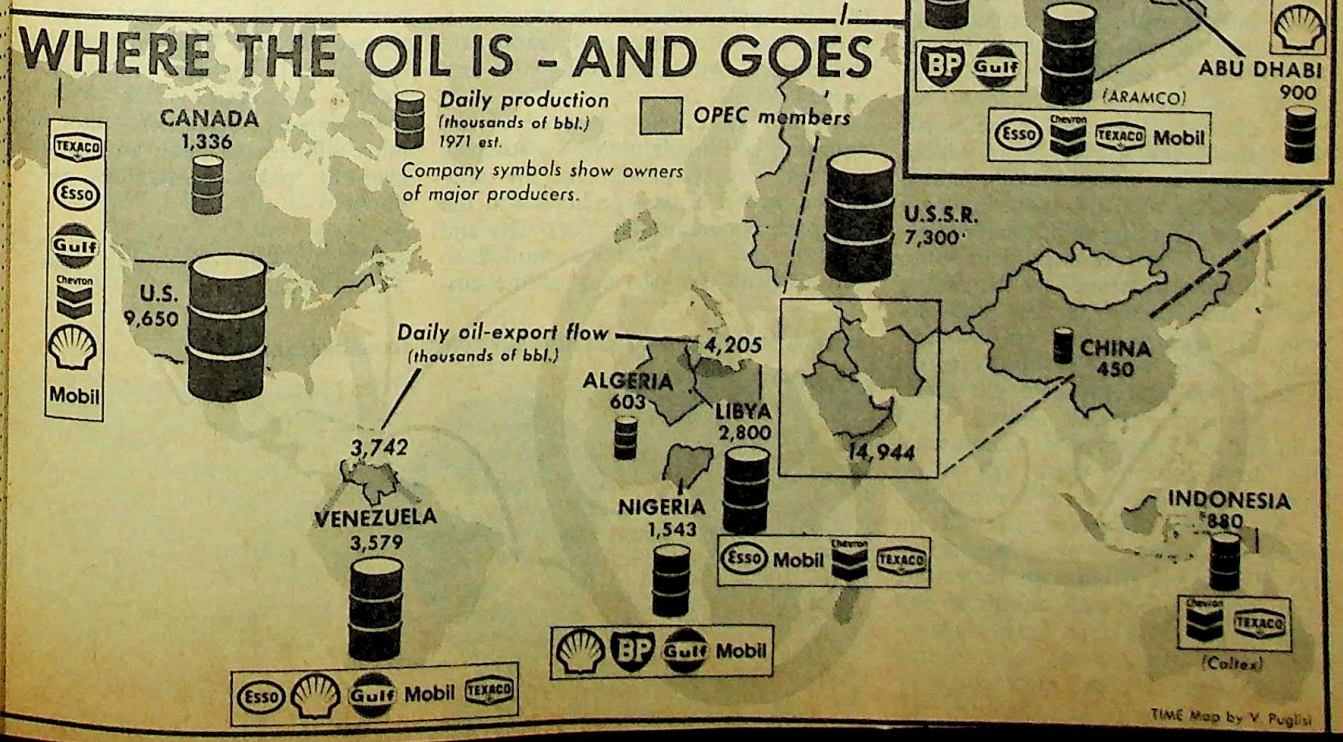
Drastic Action. One of OPEC's latest demands is for a price rise to make up for the 8.6% devaluation of the dollar, the currency in which oil payments are calculated. The oil countries called for a compensating increase of 8.6%, thereby setting a sort of black-gold standard paralleling the monetary one. In addition, the exporting nations are asking for "participation," meaning some form of ownership, in the companies' production operations.

For their part, oil-company negotiators point out that the contracts already provide for 2.5% annual increases, which will help make up for currency fluctuations. As for the participation demand, the companies are understandably wary of transferring part ownership under decree, even if OPEC governments pay for their share, as they have promised.

The producing nations seem certain to win concessions on both points. Seized by the spell of economic nationalism, more and more of them are threatening to take drastic action. The Iraqis have demanded a 20% share in the production facilities of Iraq Petroleum Co., which is owned by five international oil firms, including Jersey Standard. The ownership plan bogged down in the face of the company's compensation claims growing out of a government seizure ten years ago. To speed things up, Iraqi officials announced ominously that they were "scrutinizing closely" current financial records. In Venezuela, under a recently passed Petroleum Reversion Act, the government got authority to direct company exploration projects and start preparing for a total takeover in 1983, when oil leases held by foreign firms start to expire.

The most serious example of oil arrogance is in Libya. Last month its revolutionary government, headed by hot-tempered Muammar Gaddafi, who is 31, nationalized the local assets of British Petroleum, which is 49% owned by the British government. The ostensible reason was London's "collusion" in the recent Iranian seizure of three tiny Persian Gulf islands that Libya regards as Arab territory. BP's

* Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Abu Dhabi, Qatar, Libya, Algeria, Nigeria, Venezuela and Indonesia.



officers have threatened to sue any buyer of oil from its Libyan wells and have already won court detention of a tanker that was unloading Libyan crude in Sicily.

Heads of some OPEC nations are far from happy over Gaddafi's recklessness. The moderate regimes of Iran and Nigeria, for example, need a stable inflow of revenue from oil to finance large development projects, and would rather not run the risk of holding the oil companies for ransom. Yet in many poor OPEC nations, Gaddafi's militance is viewed as an exciting victory. As a top British oil executive told TIME Correspondent Roger Beardwood: "Many of these regimes have to impress on their people that they have done as well as the Libyans have."

The Libyans have done very well indeed: over the past decade, Libya has raised its per-barrel revenues by almost 200%, to $1.80. Since the Six-Day War in 1967, when the Suez Canal was blocked, Libya has enjoyed a special advantage because it is the only major producer that can supply oil to Europe without sending tankers around the entire African continent. Largely as a result, the Libyans have accumulated a nest egg of more than $2 billion in foreign reserves—enough to keep the country running for more than a year even if it should shut down all its operations. But in the long run, Gaddafi is playing a risky game with his nation's future. As Sir Eric Drake, chairman of British Petroleum, points out: "Anything that raises doubts in the minds of those who make new investments in oil would in the long run be contrary to the best interests of a producing country."

Financial Energy. Such investments will undoubtedly be huge. In the rest of this decade alone, estimates the Chase Manhattan Bank, the oil industry will need to sink some $360 billion into new exploration, equipment and plants to keep up with the fast-rising demand. Part of that money will be used to exploit recently discovered reserves in the North Sea, Canada and Alaska, all of which, fortunately, are in politically stable areas. Beyond that, the industry has a huge stake in finding an out-and-out alternative to conventional petroleum, since proven reserves are becoming harder and costlier to find and develop. Though none are yet economically feasible, possible substitutes include oil made from shale, tar sands or coal—and nuclear energy. Says John McLean, president of Continental Oil: "In the future there will be no oil companies, only energy companies."

At present, however, the oil industry is notably low on financial energy. Because of rising costs, especially payments to producing countries and higher exploration costs, the average return of the seven largest international oil companies on the net worth of their Eastern hemisphere facilities fell from 14.1% in 1960 to 11.2% in 1970. The squeeze is so severe that the cash-hungry companies may urge the cash-heavy countries to invest in refineries, pipelines and tanker terminals in Europe.

Such shifts in the balance of power between oil possessors and oil users were very much on the minds of negotiators in Geneva. Both sides were bargaining for advantage, but neither seemed to know precisely where the best position lay. Said Gerrit A. Wagner, a senior managing director of Royal Dutch/Shell, the largest non-U.S. industrial business: "There is great concern in most OPEC countries that they will go too far and kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. They know that there is a point beyond which they should not raise the price. But they do not yet know where that point is, and neither do we."

STOCK MARKET

Treff the Terrible

Abraham Treff, 19, was watching a newscast on TV last November when an interview with Ralph Nader came on. "I said that whatever he's doing the average American can do," Treff recalled. "My friends said I didn't know what I was talking about. So I said I'd investigate the stock market. So they all started laughing and said, 'What'll you find out about the stock market?' "

Treff found out that he could put Wall Street in an uproar. The Securities and Exchange Commission, the New York Stock Exchange and half a dozen embarrassed brokerage firms are investigating his brief fling at Naderism. He has forced the whole brokerage community to question its credit and trading procedures. In a five-week trading binge, Treff bought $200,000 in stock without ever meeting a broker face to face and, more astoundingly, without putting up any money at all.

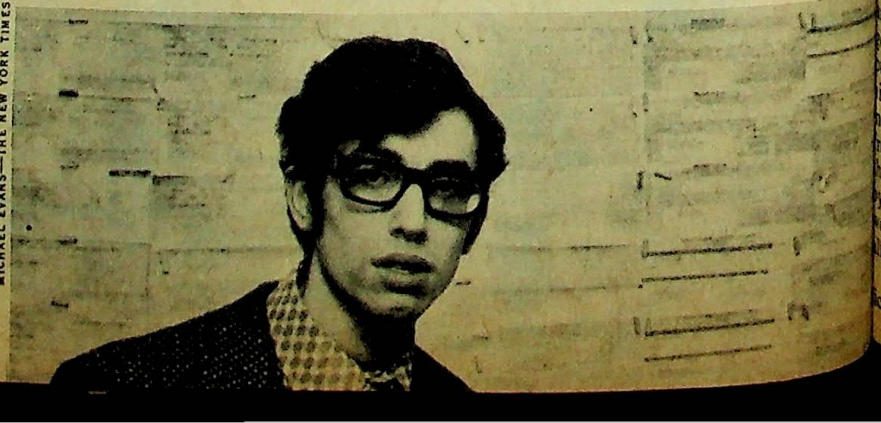
Treff, an evening student of accounting at Philadelphia's St. Joseph's College, simply picked up the telephone, called brokerage houses in the Philadelphia area, New York City and Dallas, and said that he wanted to buy. He did not sign any of the customary documents for identification and credit information. Even so, some 25 firms that he called, brok[e]
at six* agreed to buy stock for h[im]
Most of Treff's investments—includ[ing]
Polaroid, Alberto-Culver and Bris[tol]
Myers—were sound. If he had h[eld]
on to them, he claims he might h[ave]
made $30,000 to $40,000 in pro[fit]
within a few weeks. But Federal r[e]
serve and stock exchange rules r[e]
quire that shares be paid for wit[hin]
five trading days of their purcha[se]
the brokerage firms generally sold o[ut]
Treff's positions some time after t[he]
period because he had not paid. M[ost]
of the firms incurred small losses
the transactions, but one—Weis Voi[sin]
—earned $143. The houses can s[ue]
Treff to recover both actual and p[u]
nitive damages, but they may not w[ant]
to risk further publicity.

Treff began to attract suspic[ion]
after he tried to buy 300 shares of M[a]
tomas; the stock exchange had be[gun]
rather routinely investigating rep[orts]
of other phony orders in the mer[can]
rial stock, and stumbled on to Tre[ff's]
trading. After an SEC investiga[tor]
called Treff two weeks ago, he w[ent]
to Manhattan and gave the excha[nge]
a report of his shenanigans. "I was t[ry]
ing to show that the brokerage fir[ms]
weren't going according to the rule[s]
he explained.

The exchange is investigating Tre[ff]
for possible violations of federal a[nd]
fraud regulations. At the same ti[me]
the exchange and the SEC are both t[ry]
ing to determine whether the broker[age]
salesmen involved were so hungry f[or]
commissions that they broke a B[ig]
Board rule requiring them to "[ex]
due diligence to learn the essen[tial]
facts relative to every customer." Re[y]
olds Securities, which handled m[ore]
than $100,000 of Treff's trades, h[as]
fired the salesman who dealt with h[im]
All salesmen involved in the incid[ent]
were ordered to appear before stock e[x]
change officials. Exchange administ[ra]
tors plan to tighten enforcement
trading and credit rules. Eventua[lly]
they suggest, customers may find
more difficult to open an account
even to make transactions over
phone.

* Merrill Lynch; Paine, Webber; Rey[nolds]
Securities; White, Weld; Weis Voisin;
Yarnall, Biddle.

TREFF POSING WITH TRANSACTION SLIPS FROM SIX BROKERAGES



MICHAEL EVANS—THE NEW YORK TIMES

PUERTO RICO

Sharing the Wealth

In little more than two decades, Puerto Rico has lifted itself from a sleepy agricultural backwater to a modern state brisk with industry, commerce and tourism. Much of the reason for this transformation lies in the historic economic program "Operation Bootstrap," which provided large tax incentives to lure development capital to the island. For all the progress, however, living conditions for many Puerto Ricans remain poor.

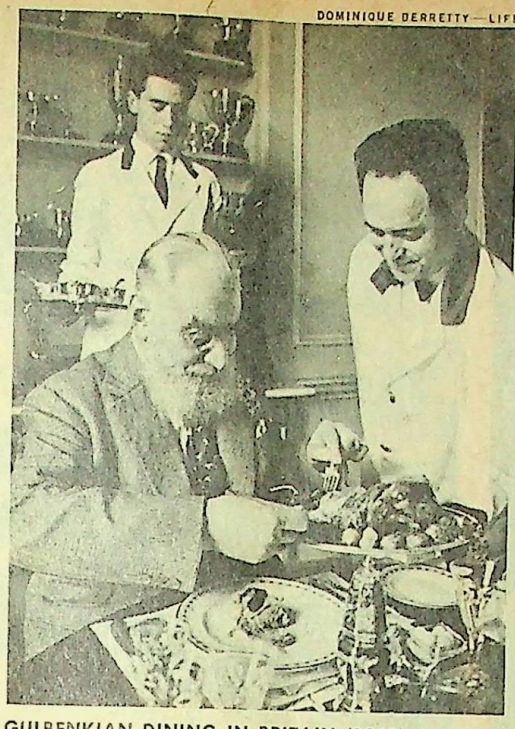
Last week, in his State of the Commonwealth Address, Governor Luis Ferre recommended another historically significant development program aimed at giving workers a greater share of the economy's wealth. Basically, the notion is to have the government underwrite the cost of stock purchases by private and public corporations for workers who could not otherwise afford it. In addition to giving Puerto Ricans a second income, the plan is expected to stimulate consumer demand and spur business growth. The idea was developed by San Francisco lawyer and Economist Louis Kelso (TIME, June 29, 1970), who helped draft the program. He has been working for years to get such a plan adopted in the U.S. at both the federal and state levels.

If approved by the island's legislature, as expected, the program (called Commonwealth Co-Investment Plan) would work this way: a body known as the Proprietary Fund for the Progress of Puerto Rico would be started and managed by six directors, three appointed by the governor and three elected in by shareholders. The fund would raise money by borrowing from banks and other financial institutions, selling securities and getting government grants. This capital would be used to develop new Puerto Rican ventures or expand existing ones.

Added Stimulant. Preferred shares of the fund, which would operate like a mutual fund, would then be sold through banks to any employed citizen who earned $500 to $7,800 a year. To buy the shares, investors could get government-backed loans, for which they would not be responsible in case of default. A total of 800,000 workers would be eligible to buy up to $10 million worth of $1 preferred shares issued the first year. As an added stimulant to the economy, the government would match the investor's purchase of preferred shares by buying him an equal amount of common stock in the fund. Until the loan was repaid from dividends and other income from the securities, the shares would be held by the bank. Thereafter the worker would own the shares outright and get all the income.

The new program poses some difficult questions. For example, only those who hold jobs would be eligible for the program. Thus participation would be denied to the neediest citizens, and there are a lot of them; the island's jobless rate is about 12%. Still Ferre's recommendation is a bold call for action in meeting Puerto Rico's social and economic needs.

DOMINIQUE DERRETTY—LIFE KEYSTONE



GULBENKIAN DINING IN BRITAIN (1965)



ADMIRING MINIED MODEL (1967)

His car could turn on a sixpence—whatever that is.

ENTREPRENEURS

Last of the Big Spenders

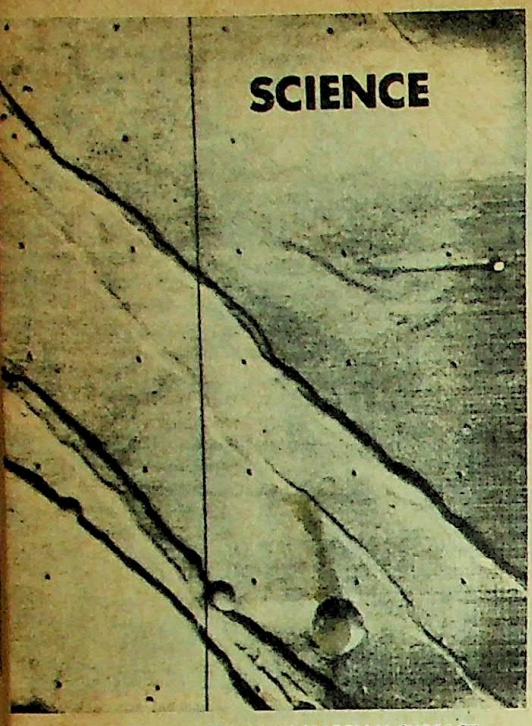
"Nubar is so tough that every day he tires out three stockbrokers, three horses and three women." Thus did a Cambridge friend many years ago describe Nubar Gulbenkian, the high-loving millionaire who died last week at 75 in Cannes, where he was being treated for a heart ailment. Resembling a Mephistophelean Santa Claus with his portly form, thick black eyebrows, fluffy white beard and twinkling eyes, Gulbenkian spent his life in a relentless chase after pleasure. "I believe in comfort. I enjoy everything I do," he said.

He was the son of Calouste Gulbenkian, the celebrated "Mr. Five Percent," who helped negotiate oil contracts between Arab countries and Western oil firms and wound up owning 5% of the Iraq Petroleum Co. Nubar was born in a small village on the Bosporus at a time when the Turks were enforcing their rule by slaughtering the Armenian minority. He was spirited out of the country in a Gladstone suitcase and taken to England, where he attended Harrow and Cambridge. Though for many years he claimed Iranian nationality and in 1965 regained his Turkish citizenship, he spent most of his life in England.

The elder Gulbenkian, as miserly as his son was profligate, employed Nubar for a time without salary. This arrangement ended in 1939 after Nubar billed the company $4.50 for a lunch of chicken in tarragon jelly, which he ate at his desk. His father refused to allow the expense, and Nubar sued for $10 million, which he felt was his due on grounds that his father had defaulted on a promise to give him a share of the business. The litigation was withdrawn by Nubar, and when Calouste died in 1955, he left almost his entire fortune, estimated at up to $420 million, to the Gulbenkian Foundation, based in Portugal.

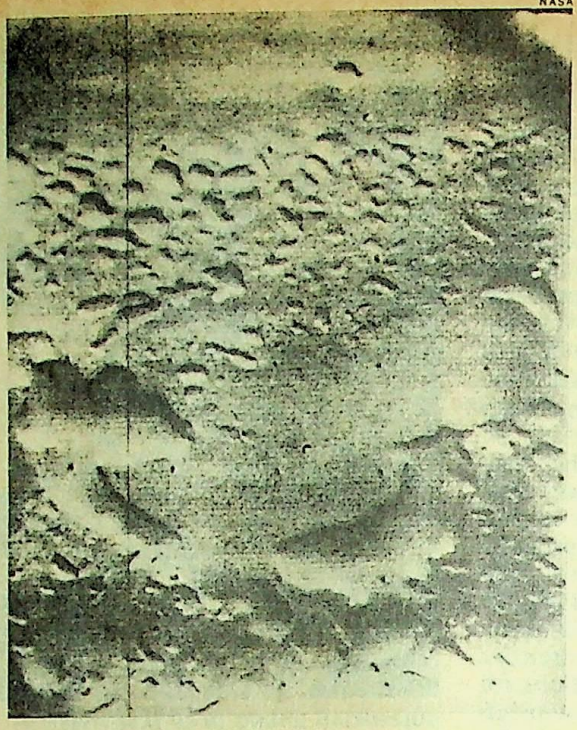
Active in the oil business while his father lived, Nubar went into sumptuous retirement in his late middle years. At his death he was estimated to be worth $5 million to $6 million. His father had left him about $2.5 million in cash and in trust, and he later got an undisclosed settlement from the foundation's management, from which he was shut out. Dividends from investments in solid securities also added to his fortune, which was amply sufficient for his extravagances. He drove about in a custom-built gold and black car, designed to look like a London taxi and powered by a Rolls-Royce engine. Cracked Gulbenkian: "I like to travel in a gold-plated taxi that can turn on a sixpence—whatever that is."

An impeccable dresser, he almost always wore a fresh orchid in his lapel; when visiting desert countries, he had the flowers shipped in daily. For a London party, he flew in a troupe of belly dancers from Turkey. Married three times and twice divorced, he remained childless. He had a superior attitude about good food and wine. The perfect number for dinner, he said, was two—himself and a headwaiter. In all he did, Gulbenkian remained a flamboyant refutation of the notion that the burden of having money dims the joy of living.



LONG FRACTURES IN MARTIAN SURFACE

NASA



PITS & BASINS NEAR SOUTH POLE

Of Mars and the Moon

The geological record of the earth's beginnings has been largely obliterated by erosion, volcanic activity, earthquakes and even the shifting of continents. Thus, scientists have looked with increasing eagerness to other celestial bodies for clues as to how their own planet was formed. Last week they were rewarded with a new bonanza of evidence. It came in the form of the most remarkable photographs yet taken of the planet Mars and a trove of fresh data from the last two missions to the moon.

Vistas of the Red Planet

For weeks, Mariner 9's mission controllers at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena had fretted more about the weather on Mars than about meteorological events on earth. Finally, the giant dust storm that was partially blinding the orbiting spacecraft's television eyes subsided. In the past few days, almost every picture sent back by the robot has been, in the words of Astronomer Bradford Smith, truly "a gem," showing vistas of the red planet never before glimpsed by man.

The pictures have also evoked new mysteries. One frame reveals strange dark splotches that Cornell Astronomer Carl Sagan calls "leopard spots." He thinks that they may be areas where high winds have blown off some of the planet's lighter, more reflective dust cover. The same effect may create the seasonal "wave of darkening" that was once widely regarded as a sign of earth-like vegetation on Mars.

Another photograph shows long (up to 1,100 miles) canyon-like rilles —parallel features that may have started all the theories about Martian "canals." More likely, astronomers say, they are huge fractures in the Martian surface that occurred when internal forces lifted up a plateau region. Even more detailed evidence of the red planet's interior creaking and groaning came in a shot of the Nix Olympica region. There Mariner's cameras not only found the possible remains of an ancient Martian volcano but also revealed what may be finely textured lava flows on its slopes.

The photographs make it seem more likely than ever that the surface of Mars underwent violent changes as recently as a billion years ago. They also provide important new clues to the planet's present condition. Near the Martian south pole, Mariner 9's cameras photographed several "etch pits," basins up to ten miles in diameter that are similar to depressions found on earth in regions where subsurface ice or permafrost has melted, evaporated and caused cave-ins. If these Martian features were in fact caused by the presence of ice, it would mean that there may once have been more water on the planet than hitherto believed. Because water is essential for biological activity as man knows it, the discovery of ice on Mars would raise hopes of finding vestiges of some form of life there.

A Lunar Jamboree

In Houston, it was not Mars but the moon that was on the minds of nearly 700 scientists who gathered at the Manned Spacecraft Center for the third lunar science conference. For most, it was a highly profitable trip. The conferees exchanged reams of data from last year's flight of Apollo 14 and received more recent information from the instruments taken to the moon by the Apollo 15 astronauts. Among other things, the scientists were told that the moon, as measured by temperature probes placed in the lunar surface, seems to be giving
heat at twice the rate
the earth, though skep
suggested that instrum
malfunction may ha
caused the surprisingly h
readings. The moon
also be racked by minor
canic eruptions ("But
heartbeat is feeble indee
cautioned Seismolog
Gary Latham of Colum
University).

Though only indirect
idence has been found
lunar rocks, the moon
parently once had a m
netic field. Finally, the
ferences in composition
tween the lunar highla
and the moon's *maria*
somewhat similar to th
between the earth's relati
ly lightweight continents
its denser deep-sea floor.

What does it all me
For one thing, the evide
continues to refute the
theory that the moon's interior is c
and geologically inactive. More i
portant, the findings hint that the mo
like the earth, probably was form
out of the collisions of countless chu
of primordial material. Shortly the
after the newborn moon was rapi
heated, possibly by its radioactive
ements, and underwent surface melt
about 4.5 billion years ago. In c
trast with delegates to previous "ro
conferences," the experts assemb
this year were unusually reticent ab
advancing new theories on the mo
evolution. Said Geochemist Paul G
chief lunar scientist at the Mann
Spacecraft Center: "We have so m
data to examine that the boys
aren't doing much speculating." Add
NASA Geochemist Robin Brett: "T
Apollo 15 material alone will keep
busy for about five years."

Brains in a Test Tube

The fastest, most intricate c
puter ever built is a primitive
chine compared with the human br
One human brain cell, for exam
may be "wired" to as many as 60,
other cells. In an effort to unr
and understand the complexities
the brain, scientists in a number of
oratories are literally reconstructing
living brain tissue of lower animal
test tubes.

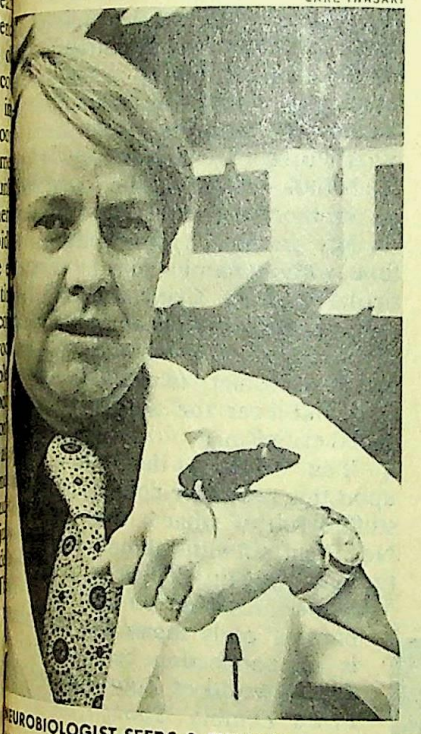
Pioneered by Biologists A
Moscona of the University of Chic
and Malcolm Steinberg of Prince
the technique is deceptively sim
After taking tissue from the fetus
say, an unborn mouse, researchers
the individual cells apart with the
of enzymes and then put the
arated cells into a growth-sustaining
lution. Carefully incubated, the
soon displays extraordinary acti
The cells begin to join and orga

themselves into a pattern resembling the original tissue.

Last summer Neurobiologist Nicholas Seeds of the University of Colorado Medical Center reported that he had not only been able to reassemble brain cells from mice, but that the reconstructed tissue continued to develop in a normal way. Now, in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, Seeds and a colleague, Albert E. Vatter, disclose that the cells in the test tube mature and form synapses, the vital cell-to-cell connections that transmit messages through the brain and the rest of the nervous system. The material also appears to develop the myelin "insulation" that covers part of the cell in order to protect the messages from interference by other nearby cells.

Harvard's Richard Sidman, who was the first to apply the reassembly technique to brain cells, is now experimenting with a special variety of

CARL IWASAKI



NEUROBIOLOGIST SEEDS & SUBJECT
Making vital connections.

laboratory-produced mice called "reelers." A genetically caused "wiring" defect in the cerebellum and cerebral cortex of the reelers' brains impairs their coordination so completely that they stagger like drunks whenever they try to walk. Remarkably, when the brain tissue was taken from fetuses that had just developed the defect, Sidman's cells reorganized themselves in the same curious pattern.

If researchers can ever learn to intercept the genetic command that orders brain cells to link up in a particular way, they may eventually be able to substitute commands of their own. That, in turn, might enable them some day to prevent wiring defects in mice and possibly even in higher mammals, including man.

Divorced. Robert J. Dole, 48, Junior U.S. Senator from Kansas and for the past year chairman of the Republican National Committee; by Phyllis Dole, 47; on grounds of incompatibility; after 23 years of marriage, one daughter; in Topeka, Kans.

Died. Kenneth Patchen, 60, poet of protean passions; of a heart attack; in Palo Alto, Calif. Sometimes compared to Whitman and Blake for its visionary quality, Patchen's work since the 1930s has been alternately described as Freudian, surrealistic, Marxist and mystic. Always evident was the poet's abhorrence of violence:

From my high love I look at that poor world there;
I know that murder is the first prince in that tribe.

■

Died. Chen Yi, 71, Chinese Foreign Minister since 1958 and longtime intimate of Mao Tse-tung; of intestinal cancer; in Peking. Like Chiang Kai-shek, Chen honed his formidable military talents at Canton's Whampoa Military Academy. He then joined Chiang's famed 1926 Northern Expedition to defeat the warlords and reunify China. After the split between the Kuomintang and the Communists the following year, Chen excelled as Mao's *kuai-tsu-shou* (hatchet man). He led Mao's rear guard during the Long March, and commanded the New Fourth Army in its fight against the Japanese during World War II. In the civil war that followed, Chen captured Nanking and Shanghai for the Communists. Though suitably bellicose toward the U.S., Chen was considered somewhat bourgeois by the Red Guards, and he dropped from sight at the height of the Cultural Revolution. Mao's presence at a memorial service for Chen indicated that he was no longer in disfavor.

■

Died. King Frederik of Denmark, 72, robust sovereign of the small constitutional monarchy for a quarter-century (*see* THE WORLD).

■

Died. Edwin Weisl, 74, longtime confidant of Lyndon Johnson; of a heart attack; in West Los Angeles, Calif. An up-from-the-tenements Wall Street lawyer with an earthy demeanor, Weisl first met Johnson at the urging of F.D.R., who described the lanky Texan as "a live Congressman [with] a fine future ahead of him." Thereafter Weisl helped fulfill Roosevelt's prophecy, advising the Texas Democrat on politics both foreign and domestic for more than 30 years. In 1964, Weisl became Democratic national committeeman from New York, and was considered L.B.J.'s envoy to the state party.

Died. Nubar Gulbenkian, 75, eccentric scion of oil-rich Calouste Gulbenkian (*see* BUSINESS).

■

Died. William H. Grimes, 79, who helped expand the *Wall Street Journal* from a specialized financial paper into a national publication offering broad coverage; in Delray Beach, Fla. Grimes spent 38 years with the *Journal*, first as Washington bureau chief, then as managing editor (1934-1941) and editor (1941-1958). His thoughtful editorials, some of which called for minimum government controls, won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1947.

■

Died. Ted Shawn, 80, doyen of modern dance in the U.S.; of a heart attack; in Orlando, Fla. Shawn was studying for the ministry when an attack of diphtheria left his legs paralyzed. The prescribed therapy—ballet exercises—worked so well that Shawn decided to "evangelize" through dance. Though the hulking six-footer's early performances were greeted with sneers, Shawn found an ally in the late Ruth St. Denis; they were married in 1914. Together they reigned during the 1920s as the nation's top modern dance team, their repertory drawing heavily on American and ethnic themes. They also formed the Denishawn schools, which trained Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey and other stars. The schools folded when the couple separated in 1931. After that Shawn attacked the male dancer's lavender image by selecting college athletes for an all-male dance troupe that toured the country under his direction. He later staged the annual dance festival at Jacob's Pillow near Lee, Mass.

■

Died. Padraic Colum, 90, a figure in the turn-of-the-century Irish literary renaissance that included James Joyce, William Butler Yeats and Sean O'Casey; of a stroke; in Enfield, Conn. He was brought up, he said, "where waifs, strays and tramps congregated, and was entertained by the gossip and history of old men and old women who were survivals from an Ireland that had disappeared." Joyce, in *Ulysses*, credited the gnomelike storyteller with "that strange thing called genius." Yet towering Irish writers like Joyce himself partially eclipsed the less assertive talent of Colum. His literary legacy to Ireland was nonetheless enormous. Colum helped set up Dublin's Abbey Theater and the *Irish Review* before emigrating to New York in 1914 with his wife, Literary Critic Mary Gunning Maguire. Both Colums occasionally taught at Columbia University, but Padraic devoted most of his energy to producing hundreds of poems, essays, plays, histories, biographies and children's stories.

Malaysia-Singapore... or all of Asia?

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With such worldwide flexibility, a wide variety of companies are finding that they can easily and profitably match their markets with TIME.

are bright but purposeless pages. Carré takes far too long to find his na rative's focus. His hero, a rich pra manufacturer who discovers Lif sometimes wambles about in the sta of blithering idiocy invented by Ev lyn Waugh to let the air out of th upper middle class and reproduc more easily and less funnily since thi by each successive Englishman to wr a light novel.

Aldo Cassidy, the pram king, 36 years old and nice, but numb. H wife, whose frigidity extends beyo sex, calls him by nursery names. O day he meets Shamus, a wild writ and roaring boy, and Helen, Sham fine, warm wife. He falls in love qu innocently with the pair of the "Gradually, with the aid of a third bo tle of wine and several names su plied by Shamus," le Carré write "Cassidy formed a picture of this wo derful band of brothers, this few: a no flying Battle of Britain squadron ca tained by Keats and supported b Byron, Pushkin, and Scott Fitzgera As to Cassidy himself, he was the squire, polishing their fur-lined boo posting their last letters and wipi their names off the blackboard wh they didn't come back."

It dawns on the reader and fina on Aldo, however, that Shamus is n only a free spirit but a not-always-b guiling bully, who clubs his genius me acingly and insists that when he swing everybody swings. Le Carré develo the implications of this in the nove best sections. But, perhaps wary of th complexities he has set loose, he the retreats into farce. The result is seldo less than amiable, but seldom mo than that either. ■ John Sto

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

1—Wheels, *Hailey (2 last week)*
2—The Day of the Jackal, *Forsyth (1)*
3—The Betsy, *Robbins (7)*
4—The Exorcist, *Blatty (4)*
5—The Winds of War, *Wouk (3)*
6—Nemesis, *Christie (5)*
7—Message from Malaga, *MacInnes (6)*
8—Our Gang, *Roth (9)*
9—Rabbit Redux, *Updike (8)*
10—Bear Island, *MacLean (10)*

NONFICTION

1—Eleanor and Franklin, *Lash (1)*
2—Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, *Brown (3)*
3—Tracy and Hepburn, *Kanin (2)*
4—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, *Portola Institute (5)*
5—Brian Piccolo: A Short Season, *Morris (6)*
6—Honor Thy Father, *Talese (4)*
7—Jennie, Vol. II: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, 1895-1921, *Martin (7)*
8—In the Shadow of Man, *Van Lawick-Goodall*
9—Wunnerful, Wunnerful: The Autobiography of Lawrence Welk, *Welk with McGeehan*
10—The Defense Never Rests, *Bailey with Aronson*

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NO OTHER AIRLINE HAS IT.



It can be three across. Or when the plane's not full, two across or even a couch.

You'll find it on all our 707's, a small part of TWA's total Ambassador Service to America and Europe.

First we threw out the old seats. Then we threw out the old everything else.

Now you'll find new colours, new fabrics, new carpets. In fact, new everything else.

As well as one or two other things exclusive to TWA passengers.

You'll be offered the choice of three meals in economy, for example.

Most airlines give you no choice.

And you'll have the choice of two films.*

Most airlines show one, or none.

Then we have a new terminal in New York (for TWA passengers only). You can be through it, having cleared customs and immigration inside twenty minutes.

Most airlines still share one old terminal.

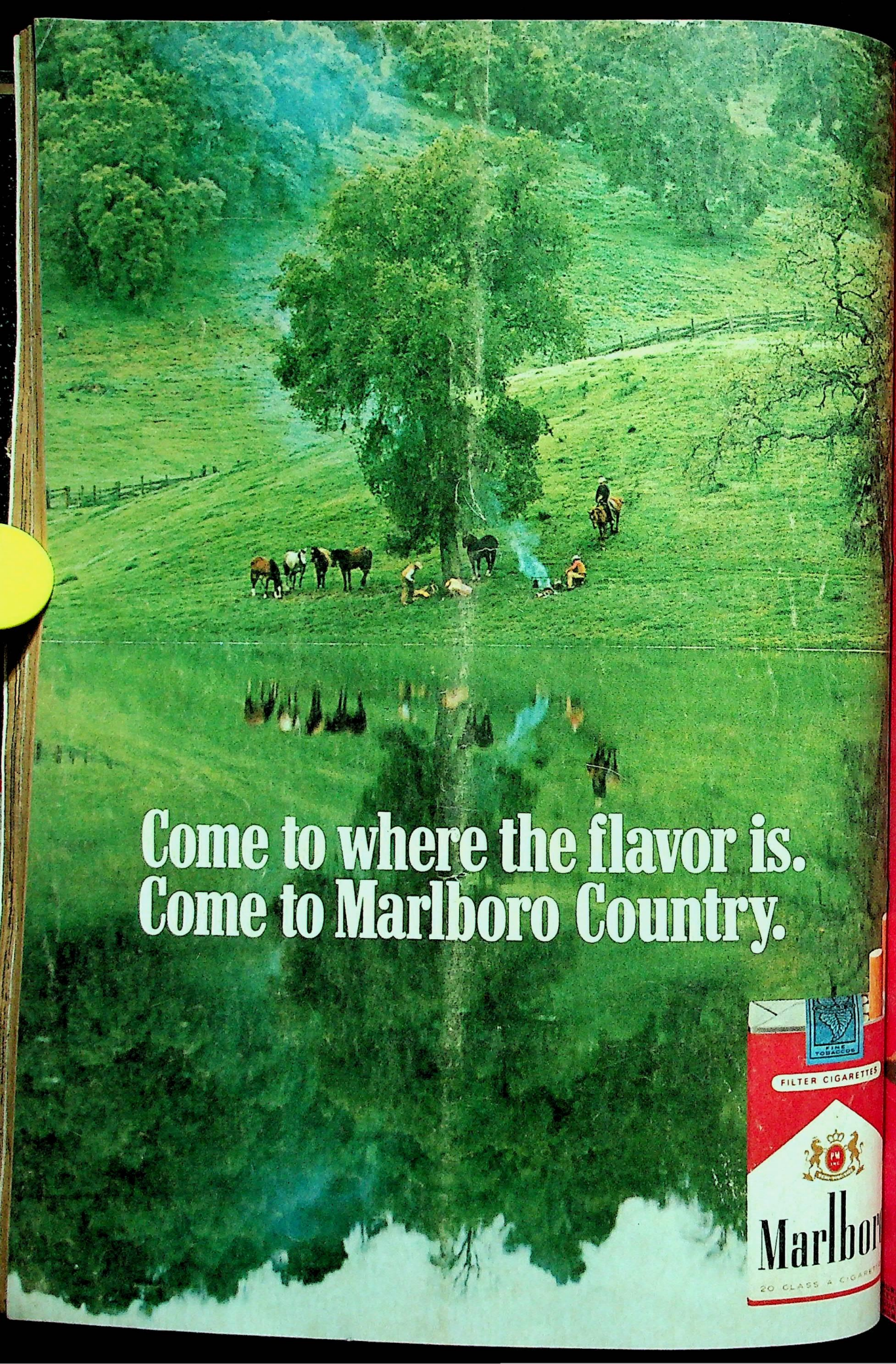
However, we feel it's our twin seat that may tempt you to try TWA next time you fly to America or Europe.

If so, we're sure it's our total Ambassador Service that will make you fly back with us.

TWA

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE SERVING ASIA.

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MARCH 13, 197

TIME



IS THE U.S. GOING BROKE?

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	Rs 3.00	JAPAN	¥ 200	MALAYSIA	M$1.50	PHILIPPINES	P 2.00	U.S. ARMED FORCES	$
	HK $5.00	KHMER REP	50¢ U.S.	NEPAL	N.Rs. 5.00	SINGAPORE	$$1.50	VIET NAM	VN$
		KOREA	W 180	OKINAWA		TAIWAN		WAKE ISLAND	



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Refreshing Break

Sir / In spite of myself, I felt great sympathy for the "Con Man of the Year" [Feb. 21] when I read your report that he faces a jail sentence for fraud and perjury. Not since the heyday of P.T. Barnum has one man entertained the American public so long and so well.

Even if Clifford Irving did commit fraud and perjury on the road to becoming a folk hero, he also provided us all with a refreshing break from the atrocities of Bangladesh and the bombings in Ireland. And just incidentally he helped sell a few newspapers and magazines.

Every one of us owes him something for all the fun we've had tracking him down.

JIM CASTAGNERA
Lakewood, Ohio

Sir / "The Fabulous Hoax of Clifford Irving" gets my vote as the best adventure-mystery-suspense story of the year, but I do think your naming Irving the "Con Man of the Year" is a bit premature.

Before this glorious election year is over there may be several other strong contenders for that title.

(MRS.) NANCY J. KROEGER
El Toro, Calif.

Sir / It would not be surprising to hear that McGraw-Hill and LIFE had purchased the Statue of Liberty as a promising joint investment. Perhaps, at least, the money would stay in this country.

W. M. WOOD
Grand Junction, Colo.

Sir / The amount of coverage your magazine has given the Howard Hughes-Clifford Irving intrigue is ludicrous. When the American people need information on so many important domestic and international issues, you have shortchanged them by centering attention on an insignificant account of Clifford Irving, his friends, and his exploits. You need to re-examine your priorities.

RICHARD A. COOPER
Minneapolis

Sir / I think you overreacted in picturing Clifford Irving on your cover as "Con Man of the Year." For one thing, this man should be entitled to his day in court before he is labeled as a fraud.

JOSEPH G. CARLETON JR.
Brookline, Mass.

Sir / *Of all the words,*
That make the news,
The dullest of these,
Is Howard Hughes.

RAYMOND A. MAXWELL
North Cape May, N.J.

Sir / Could it be that I detect a bit of venom in your choice of Clifford Irving as "Con Man of the Year"? Come on, boys, be good sports. Put yourselves on next week's cover under the title—you guessed it—"Suckers of the Year."

JAMES BURCH POWELL
Eugene, Ore.

The Farmer's Price

Sir / Your story on meat prices [Feb. 21] hit me right where I live! That is, on a cattle ranch in western South Dakota. I feel that current news stories are unfairly hard on the farmer while scarcely mentioning the processors, who add about 75% to the cost of meat. If that Manhattan housewife watches the farmer's prices in the future, she may see that when his price goes down, hers, for the meat product, does not.

I believe most farm and ranch families get a lot of satisfaction from knowing we produce a superior quality product (beef) at a reasonable price. That satisfaction helps when I'm feeling down about living on the rancher's 1951 wages, while wages elsewhere have doubled.

MAXINE R. JONES
Midland, S. Dak.

Sir / Thank God for the land of the free and the home of the brave! Re "Housewives Protest High Prices of Meat": the solution—grow it yourselves!

You take friend husband in tow and go to the friendly finance company. "Look, I have a sure thing! Those dumb farmers are making a pot of gold out of us city people by raising meat. Here's just the thing—200 acres at only $400 per acre, potential of 1,000 hogs per year. The house needs some work, but we could remodel it for gracious country living. I could get $40,000 for my house in town now. So we'd only have to borrow $40,000. Oh, yes, guess I'll need another $20,000 for machinery. And I'll need about $30,000 in feed to tide those 1,000 pigs over this year. We won't need much for our living expenses since we will be living off the land. Stock? Gee, the farm magazine I get says eight pigs per sow isn't too bad. 125 sows? $100 a head? $12,500—humph—interest?"

So you take the leap. You work, your partner works, your kids work—vaccinating, castrating, sorting, farrowing, feeding, cleaning . . .

At last the big day arrives. You have 1,000 hogs ready to go. Cost: $4 per hundredweight for feed. Exactly $32,000 worth of feed for 1,000 200-lb. hogs.

The friendly buyer looks them over. "I'll give you 16¢ per pound for them—after all, your city cousins can't pay too much for meat."

$32,000! You walk out dazed. What about the taxes, the interest, your work, the medical bills, the car expense . . .

EDWARD J. FERGUSON
Mt. Hope, Wis.

Trumpeters of Doom

Sir / If the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S. has any cause for concern, it is primarily due to the professional trumpeters of doom within the church, of whom the Rev. Andrew Greeley [Feb. 21] appears to be a typical example.

As a Catholic priest, he knows that the authority of the Pope and the bishops is divinely instituted and cannot be compared with the institutions of secular government, which he appears to prefer. Possibly, had Father Greeley lived in biblical times, he would have felt the Apostles should have nominated their own Redeemer rather than have Jesus imposed on them by God.

OTTO H. PNIOWER
Pacifica, Calif.

Sir / One wonders who is "morally, intellectually and religiously bankrupt"—the bishops or Father Greeley.

As a Catholic seminarian I acknowledge and consent to the teaching of the church on the desirability of celibacy, on birth control, and on divorce. Whatever my own desires on these matters, I recognize my weakness and prejudice and therefore my need of the divine guidance of the church.

FRATER ALLAN FOSTER
Milwaukee

The Uglies

Sir / "Equality for Uglies" [Feb. 21]: blacks denied their blackness, but then developed pride in it. It is not too ridiculous to expect that ugly women may band together to fight job discrimination and other indignities under a slogan such as "Ugly is beautiful."

MIKE JACOBS
San Rafael, Calif.

Sir / Any woman who has ever applied for a job knows that her appearance is just as all-important here as in every other aspect of life where she's obliged to deal with men and curry their favor.

The real problem is not how to get the "uglies" to band together to protect their rights, but how to get men to realize that a woman's value—as an employee, a companion, a wife or lover—has very little to do with how pretty she is.

MS. MARY B. MCCARTHY
Los Angeles

For Addressees Unknown

Sir / In your American Note "A Leer for Ms." [Feb. 14], you say, "Since Women's Liberation introduced 'Ms.' as a substitute for Miss or Mrs. . . ."

To set the record straight, "Ms." was introduced in 1949 by the Administrative Management Society for use in business correspondence when the marital status of a female addressee was unknown. Its stated purpose was twofold—to eliminate guesswork, and (get this!) to eliminate possible injured feelings by incorrectly addressing a Miss as a Mrs. or vice versa. The latter is a far cry from the reason given for the usage by Women's Liberation advocates. Times sure change!

Today, confusion surrounds the use of "Ms." in the business world. Many who formerly used it selectively are hesitant to continue its use in the fear of associating themselves with "radicals," while others have adopted it for all female addressees in an effort to be "with it."

KEN KOSTENBADER
Staff Director
Administrative Management Society
Willow Grove, Pa.

What Is a Year?

Sir / Your Press story "Pressure in Peru" [Feb. 21], on the outrage committed by Peru's military government against Publisher Pedro Beltrán, calls him "technically a lawbreaker" for staying out of the country more than six continuous months. The prefecture of Lima based its action on a deliberately twisted interpretation of the so-called "statute of freedom of the press," under which owners and editors of publications must reside in Peru six continuous months "a year."

In 1970 when another shareholder sought the prefect's opinion on the meaning of these words, he was told that they meant six months of the calendar year. Mr. Beltrán did in fact reside in

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Has the motor industry
is supposed to be?

The car was created to replace the horse, because the horse could no longer meet the developing needs of society. The car was faster, and allowed much greater mobility. It wasn't meant to do anything more.

The car becomes grandiose.

In the 1930s and '40s in America the car began to change. Rather than being a practical, economical means of transporting people from one place to another, the car became a symbol of wealth and power. Year after year, the car became bigger, heavier, more powerful, and the cost went up by leaps and bounds.

In Europe, the change didn't come as early. It began in the middle '50s, but by the '60s the idea of a bigger, more powerful, more expensive car had taken hold.

How the changes took place.

Cars didn't just get bigger aimlessly. There was a pattern that emerged.

First, European manufacturers began to enlarge their existing models. Then they began to discontinue their smaller models and replace them with larger ones. And finally, American manufacturers came to Europe with their own brand of larger cars.

Oddly enough, when many cars got bigger outside, the room for passengers inside didn't get bigger in proportion. (See Car "A".)

What's even stranger is that when other cars got bigger outside, the passenger space actually got smaller inside. (See Car "B".)

As the cars got bigger, they also got heavier. And engines got larger as well.

What these changes have caused.

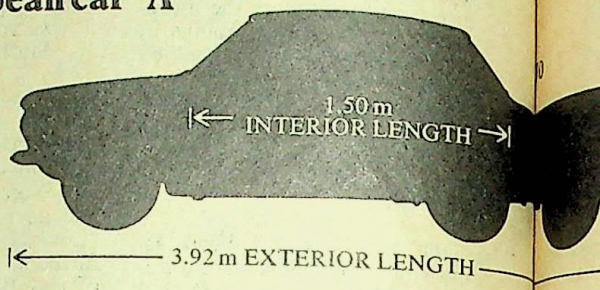
While all these changes were being made, the number of cars on our roads was increasing in almost geometric proportions.

So on the one hand we had bigger and more powerful cars, and on the other hand there were more and more of them. The result was inevitable.

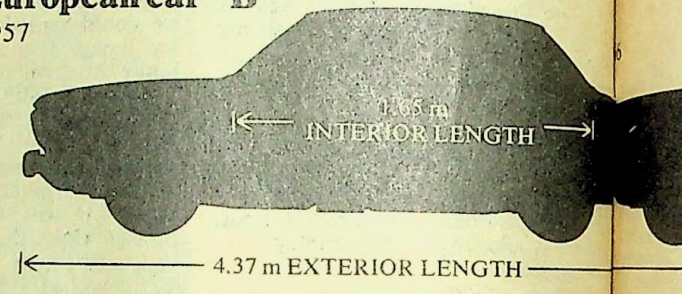
Our streets have become hopelessly congested. Accident rates and traffic fatalities have risen every year. Parking in many cities is practically impossible. And pollution now exists where it was unheard-of before.

Our answer to a bigger car.

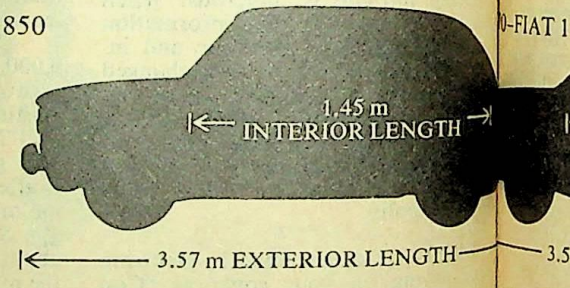
European car "A"
1962



European car "B"
1957



Fiat
1964—FIAT 850



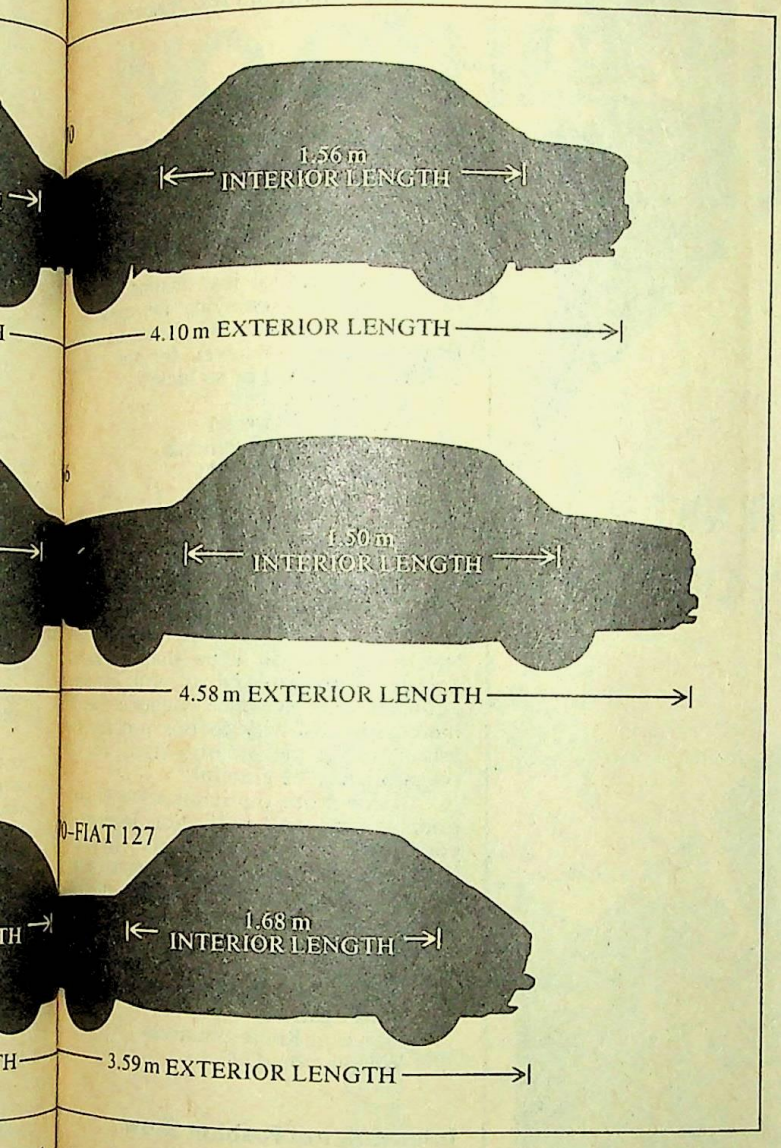
more powerful cars coming. But we also saw the inherent danger in them.

While we think that the big car is a mistake we realized it would also be a mistake for us to ignore the things Europeans like about it: its comfort, its good acceleration and its smooth ride.

So what we've done is to take these much desired qualities and put them into cars that are not nearly as large outside, not nearly as high powered, not nearly as expensive, and certainly not as potentially dangerous to society.

When we discontinued making the Fiat 850 and replaced it with the new Fiat 127, for example, we didn't stop making a small car and start making a big one. The 127 is only 2 cm longer outside. The growth took place inside. We made the front and rear seats deeper and wider, the leg room is greater in both front and back, and we enlarged the trunk space by 102%.

tr forgotten what a car



pared to the Fiat 850, it's also roomier than every other car in its class. Yet remarkably the 127 is shorter outside than almost every other car in its class.

The new Fiat 128 is equally remarkable. It's over 10 cm shorter outside than its predecessor, the Fiat 1100R. But it's roomier inside than absolutely every car in its class. In fact it's as roomy as some American cars that are as much as 1.2 m longer.

The Fiat 124 and 125 follow these same principles. Although they're shorter outside than almost every car in their class, they're roomier inside than any car in their class. The 124 is roomier than many of Europe's luxury cars. The 125 is as roomy as some full-sized American cars.

Our answer to a bigger engine.

Unlike other car manufacturers, at Fiat we merely for the sake of making bigger engines.

We were aware that a big engine costs you more to buy and more to maintain. And that you rarely use a big engine anywhere near its capacity.

We set out to build an engine that would accelerate quickly and cruise easily at motorway speeds. And we accomplished that.

The new Fiat 128 has an engine that displaces only 27 cm^3 more than the model it replaced, yet it has greater acceleration and a higher top speed.

The 128 is by far the fastest car in its class. It out-accelerates cars that are several hundred cm^3 larger. It has a top speed of 140 kmh and cruises all day at 120 or 125 kmh without strain.

Our answer to a less manoeuvrable car.

Obviously the trend toward bigger cars is also a trend toward less manoeuvrable cars. It's easy to understand why Fiats on the basis of size alone are more manoeuvrable. But we've done some things with our cars to make the handling differences even more impressive.

The Fiat 127 and 128 have front wheel drive. Both cars also have highly sophisticated all-independent suspension, which is rare in cars their price. And they have a list of other features there's not even enough room here to mention.

The Fiat 128 won 6 Car of the Year awards and the "Automobile Oscar" when it was judged by the European car experts. This should tell you something about its performance.

What a car is supposed to be.

By now we think we've made our point. We believe that a car at its best is supposed to provide the highest form of personal mobility. But it should only provide this without a penalty to society. If the car is to survive, one can't work without the other.





Campari interludes

Peru during six continuous months in 1971.

Now the prefecture and the Ministry of Interior claim that the statute means six continuous months away counting from the date of departure from Peru.

One can call Mr. Beltrán "technically a lawbreaker" only if one accepts the right of a dictatorial government to do anything it pleases, however outlandish.

JAMES B. CANEL
General Manager
Inter American Press Association
Miami

A Haven for Winners

Sir / Regarding Joseph Kane's distorted article "Grumpy Mood of Florida Voters" [Feb. 14], let it be known that the Daytona Beach resort area boasts 120,000 permanent residents and hosts 3,000,000 tourists annually who reside and visit here by choice not just chance. With so many "winners" enjoying the good life it's bewildering that Mr. Kane considers Daytona Beach a haven for the "losers of life." He should be so lucky.

ROBERT L. KAYS
Executive Manager
Chamber of Commerce
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Staged Events

Sir / The presentation to the public of staged or electronically manipulated events under the guise of bona fide television news is an issue that merits everyone's concern and careful consideration. Recent evidence suggests that an increased sensitivity to this problem has arisen within the industry itself; for this the public can be grateful.

Aside from the implication of questionable personal motivation inherent in your story's title, "Staggers' Revenge" [Feb. 14], I think the article served a useful purpose in focusing public attention on this important subject.

HARLEY O. STAGGERS
Chairman
Special Subcommittee on
Investigations
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

International Fashion Show

Sir / As I read about the winter Olympics [Feb. 21], I believe that many thousands of Americans were defrauded when they yielded to the broadly sown requests to contribute to the fund to send our Olympic squad to Sapporo. They and I envisioned a potential national disgrace through the inability to finance a representative athletic team in Japan.

However, I find it impossible to understand why we should participate in an international fashion show for an squad of 100-plus in the name of amateur athletics, while the frequent excuse given for our relatively poor showing is a lack of proper training facilities. From the point of view of reward, I see little or no difference in identifying the manufacturer of a shoe or the manufacturer of a cape in constituting commercialism.

JAMES A. PFLUEGER
Silver Spring, Md.

Address Letters to TIME Letters, Time & Life Building, 3-6, 2-chome Ohtemachi, Chiyodaku, Tokyo 100 Japan

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It can be three across. Or when the plane's not full, two across or even a couch.

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And you'll have the choice of two films.*

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE SERVING ASIA.

*IATA requires us to make a nominal charge for in-flight entertainment. And for alcoholic beverages in economy class.

Another innovation: the NIOC communications network.

It's a voice in the desert.

Built for the National Iranian Oil Company, the world's largest oil pipeline communications system now links the Teheran headquarters with installations in the field. 94 stations, mostly unmanned, handle the service messages carried by microwaves. 960 signals at a time.



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PHILIPS

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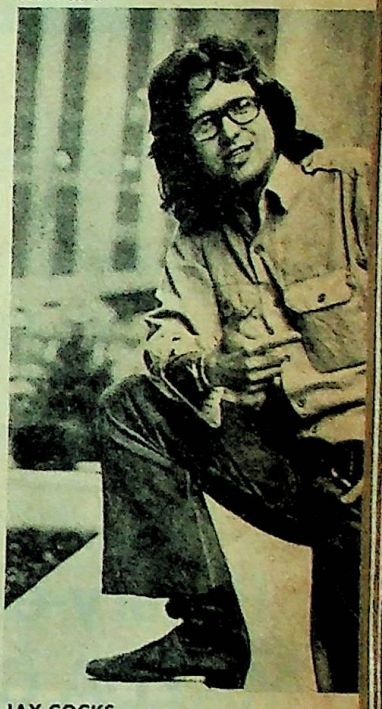
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

IN the two centuries since Benjamin Franklin first noted the inevitability of death and taxes, medical science has made progress in at least deferring the former. The joys of longer life, however, are diluted by the ever rising and more varied tolls exacted by the taxmen. This week, as Americans are gathering their records, loan applications and discontent for the IRS springtime follies, our Economy section cover story poses the question, "Is the U.S. Going Broke?"

Increasing Government costs and declining public services make the citizenry wonder why the tax trip is both so individually bad and so collectively unrewarding. With the help of TIME's Board of Economists and our correspondents round the country, Associate Editor George Church set out to answer that question. His article examines where the money comes from, where it goes and why the windfall once expected from declining military expenses has failed to materialize. The story suggests ways to get more value from tax dollars and more equity into the means used to collect them. If our staff members have uncovered no way of refuting Ben Franklin, they do tell how taxes may be lived with more easily.

DAVID GAHR



JAY COCKS

□ □ □

Despite TV and other modern diversions, the movies continue to occupy a large cultural niche. This week our Show Business section makes a long and detailed examination of a rather special new film, *The Godfather*, starring Marlon Brando and based on Mario Puzo's best seller. The film merits unusual attention not only because of what went on in front of the cameras but also because of the controversy over the Mafia theme that occurred off the set.

Film Critic Jay Cocks managed to see *The Godfather* three weeks ago at a private screening in Los Angeles, a session so secretive that, he recalls, "there were just two of us in the room and an armed guard posted at the door." Impressed by what he saw, he took a second and third look last week in New York. He and Associate Editor Gerald Clarke, who also attended one of the screenings, collaborated on our story about the intrigues, protests and creative and financial pressures that have surrounded the production during the past year and a half.

For Cocks, who calls himself a "film junkie" ("I need movies to keep me going"), seeing *The Godfather* three times in two weeks was not really so unusual. Between new releases, revivals and TV's reruns, he sees about a dozen movies each week. In this case, nostalgia was an added attraction; some of the location filming was done in The Bronx neighborhood where Cocks grew up.

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The Cover: *Painting in acrylics by Mark English.*



Rotary-engine MAZDA Coupe cruises 100,000 carefree kilometers across Europe with its engine sealed!

It started in Belgium with an ordinary, production model CAPELLA Rotary Coupe picked from a showroom floor by the Royal Automobile Club of Belgium under whose supervision the entire test was made. It ended back in Belgium 11 countries and 100,000 km of winter driving later.

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CAPELLA Rotary Coupe—Chosen "Import Car of the Year" for 1972 by **Road Test Magazine**, a U.S. publication.

MAZDA RX-3 Coupe

MAZDA

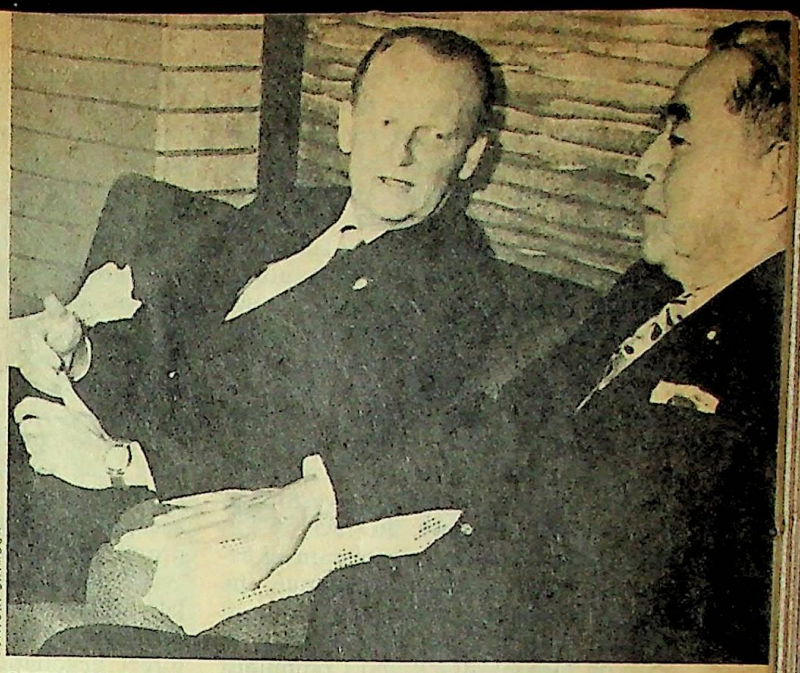
Toyo Kogyo Co., Ltd., Hiroshima, Japan

MAZDA ROTARY ENGINE: LICENSED BY NSU/WANKEL



AP

CHOU SEEING NIXON OFF IN SHANGHAI



YOMIURI SHIMBUN

GREEN BRIEFING SATO IN TOKYO

CHINA

Cheers in Peking, Trauma in Taiwan

CHINA'S Premier Chou En-lai had hardly finished seeing off Richard Nixon at Shanghai airport, waving goodbye with evident weariness and perhaps relief, when he flew back to Peking. There, in pronounced contrast to the quiet scene that had greeted Nixon's arrival a week earlier, Chou received a hero's welcome of unprecedented proportions. As he stepped from his plane wearing a heavy blue overcoat against a biting winter wind, he was met by the entire top echelon of his government, delegations of students, workers and soldiers, and some 5,000 "spectators" who waved bouquets and shouted slogans hailing Chairman Mao's revolutionary diplomatic line."

The elaborately staged return, with its overtones of triumph, dominated China's front pages and Peking's daily 30-minute newscasts for the better part of the week. Like Richard Nixon's equally staged reception on his return to Washington, it had domestic political purposes. Plainly, the Chou show was designed to arouse popular support for Peking's U.S. rapprochement, which had apparently been an element in the power struggle that all but tore the regime apart last fall.

Diplomatic Zag. The Chinese had reason to be satisfied. As most of the world read it, the communiqué that Nixon and Chou signed in Shanghai seemed to show some important American "concessions" to Peking on the Taiwan question. For the first time, the U.S. formally adopted the position, held by both Nationalists and Communists, that there is "but one China and that Taiwan is part of China." But coupled with the promise to "ultimately" withdraw all U.S. forces from the island and the lack of any mention of the U.S. defense commitment—a commitment that Nixon later reconfirmed—the communiqué looked to many nations, particularly in Asia, like a U.S. obeisance to Peking. One Indonesian newspaper called it "a death verdict for Taiwan." To counter that impression, and to allay the fears of the U.S.'s Asian allies, Nixon sent Assistant Secretary of State Marshall Green on an eleven-country post-summit tour of friendly capitals in Asia and the Pacific basin.

Still, almost everywhere, the China trip prompted fresh pondering about the unsettling new shape of world diplomacy and, in some countries, about the future state of ties with the U.S. London read the communiqué as an indication of a further loosening of America's traditional links to Europe; to many Europeans, it seemed also to foretell a pendular swing of U.S. attention back to the kind of overfascination with China that prevailed up through the Roosevelt years. Moscow darkly suggested that the communiqué was only "the tip of an iceberg." Saigon puzzled unhappily over the fact that, unlike Japan and South Korea, South Viet Nam was given no specific U.S. pledge of support in the communiqué. Indonesians voiced the fear that Japan, left out in the cold, might arm itself with nuclear weapons.

Japan's embattled Premier Eisaku Sato, who was the first Asian leader to be briefed by the touring Marshall Green, was rudely jostled by the U.S.'s surprises on the Taiwan question. In a rather too-frantic effort to catch up with the American position, his government announced an "understanding" of Peking's claim to Taiwan and promised increased efforts to normalize relations with the Communist regime. That was a diplomatic zag in view of Tokyo's strong economic ties and peace treaty with Taipei, but it was not surprising considering the political bind Sato is in. Japanese public opinion demands a U.S.-style rapprochement with Peking, but the Chinese remain uninterested as long as Tokyo maintains its ties with Taipei.

The result could well be the fall of Sato by the beginning of summer —and possibly an irreparable split in the Liberal Democratic Party, which has governed Japan since the end of the Occupation. Hoping to jog Peking into a more cooperative attitude, some Japanese last week were even considering what they called "the Soviet alternative"—a rapprochement between Tokyo and Moscow. Premier Sato promised to consider a long-standing Soviet proposal for an Asian collective-security arrangement.

Tart Retort. Nowhere, of course, did the communiqué hit so hard as in Taipei, the city that has been Chiang Kai-shek's "temporary capital" ever since the Nationalist Chinese fled the mainland in 1949. Looking like so many distress signals, red and white banners went up all over Taipei last week with the latest quotations from President Chiang: BE FIRM WITH DIG-

NITY. BE SELF-RELIANT WITH VIGOR. DO NOT BE DISQUIETED IN TIMES OF ADVERSE CHANGE. In a tart retort to the statement Nixon signed in Shanghai, the Nationalist Foreign Ministry declared that it would consider "null and void" any agreements on the future of Taiwan reached in Peking. That future, it added in a ritual incantation, would be decided only when "the task of recovering the mainland" is finished.

As the Nationalists see it, the key to their independence is the 1954 Taiwan defense treaty with the U.S., which suggests American guarantees for the regime—and for investors in the island's economy. In fact, if Peking abides by the nonaggression agreement implied in the communiqué, the treaty is simply irrelevant, since it pledges U.S. aid to Taiwan only in case of "armed attack and Communist subversive activities." Nonetheless, to keep up appearances the Nationalists hope to stall as long as possible the complete withdrawal of the U.S. military presence on Taiwan, now amounting to 8,200 men, most of them assigned to an air transport wing.

Hedged Bets. In that regard, the regime received an unexpectedly firm boost from Green, who arrived in Taipei midway on his tour with declarations that U.S. "commitments" to Taiwan were "as solid as ever." That seemed to confirm what U.S. officials have been saying privately: during the Peking summit the Communists had accepted "gradualist" solutions to the problem of Taiwan.

Hedging their bets, the Nationalists last week were also assessing two other options. One is to begin immediate direct negotiations with the Communists on a political settlement. As long as Chiang, now 84, still rules in Taipei, that is probably out of the question. Considerably less remote is the possibility that the Nationalists might also some day seek Moscow's aid protection; the regime has already gun to look for new trade ties in Eastern Europe. However, Chiang has distrusted the Russians, and the tionalists are not eager to become tangled in the alliance that they lieve Moscow is trying to foster tween the Soviet Union, Japan India. Taiwan could indeed reflect on the advice given last week by gapore's Minister of State for eign Affairs Rahim Ishak. He wa that, in the new multipolar world, smaller nations should be more than ever of being "caught in cold embrace of the giants."

Nanking: Communist Cathedral

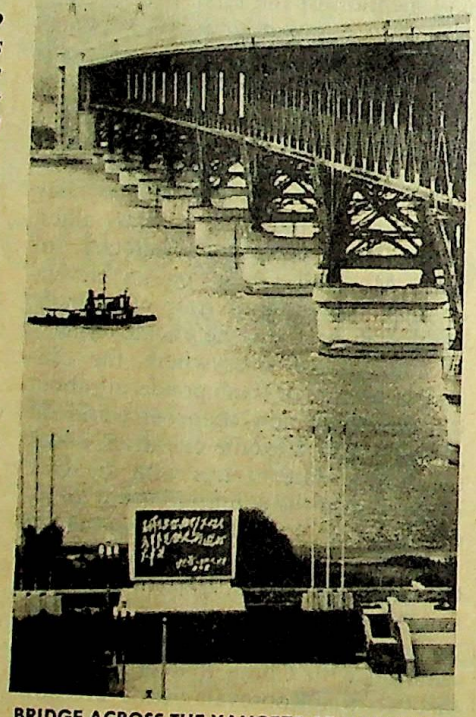
Nanking was raped by the Japanese in 1937, torn from the Nationalists by Mao Tse-tung's Communists in 1949, and racked by some of the bloodiest clashes between Red Guard fanatics and factory workers that occurred anywhere in China during the peak of the Cultural Revolution in 1967. Today it is slower, far less cosmopolitan, and a bit more relaxed and friendly than dour Peking or supercharged Shanghai. The Communist regime has turned the city into an industrial hub, but the factories are mercifully screened from view by groves of trees. TIME *Correspondent Jerrold Schecter, who was permitted by Peking to stay behind in China after President Nixon's departure, visited the Yangtze River city of 1.5 million last week. His report:*

THE scars of the Cultural Revolution are still visible in Nanking. The university, unlike those in Shanghai and Peking, is still not operating. But in the streets swarms of people, carts and children are building, hauling —and resolutely following the Maoist line. On the way to a commune on the outskirts of the city, I passed the new Nanking Iron and Steel Works, four-story red-brick apartment blocks near completion, and a whole series of water-conservation projects. Teams of men sang as they hefted a huge stone with ropes and tamped the earth into place. Women with bamboo baskets on yokes carried earth to build retaining walls. Schoolchildren with shovels marched in line to a day's work in the fields.

■

The emphasis here, as elsewhere in China, is on self-reliance, revolutionary zeal and self-defense. The great mile-long Nanking Bridge—100,000 tons of Chinese-made steel completed in 1968 after eight years of work to provide a railroad link over the Yangtze River between North and South China—is a national shrine and a political rallying point for the Maoist line. It is storied in song and film and pictured on thermos flasks, postcards, beer bottles, matchboxes and cake cartons. On either side, the approach roadway is

© MARC RIBOUD—MAGNUM



BRIDGE ACROSS THE YANGTZE AT NANKING

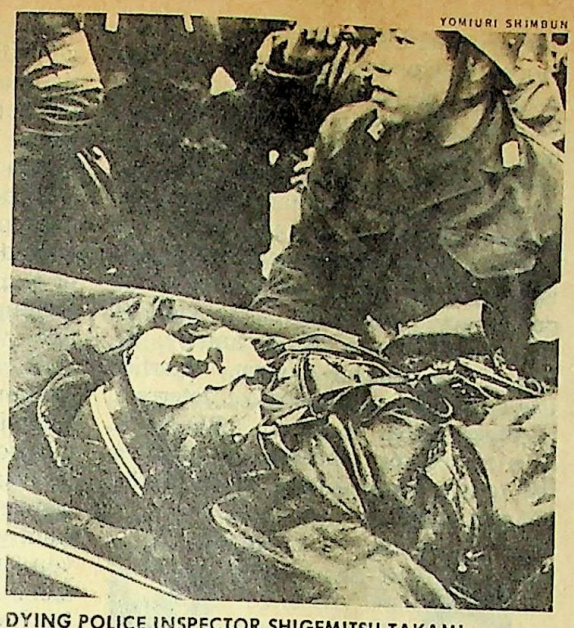
two miles long; at each end of the span rise two 70-ft. rose-colored towers. An exhibition hall in one of the bridge towers features a 20-ft. white statue of Mao; his poems are engraved in marble on the walls. The atmosphere is that of a cathedral for Communist construction. Visitors are proudly told that while the Soviet Union helped build the Yangtze River bridge at Wuhan 300 miles to the west, at Nanking the Chinese did it all themselves after the Russians stopped their aid in 1960 and defaulted on a contract to supply the steel.

As my guide emphasized, the bridge is also a symbol of triumph over the "revisionists." At the height of the Cultural Revolution, work stopped for two months while rival factions in Nanking argued bitterly over design details. Among other things, the revisionists —they turned out to be the Minister of Railways and several local party officials, all of whom were finally ousted —wanted the roadway to be only eight meters wide (26 feet); they lost—the road is thus a much more generous 19.5 meters (63 feet) wide. The revisionists also saw no need to have three huge red flags on the top of the bridge towers to symbolize "the general line of Chairman Mao"; the flags are there today.

■

Mao's line runs all through Nanking. At one school I was treated to a recital of songs by the Little Red Soldiers Mao Tse-tung Thought Team. Then there was the demonstration of the People's Militia, which practices twice a week. The marksmen—some were eight-year-old girls who were smaller than the rifles they carried —ran to the firing line shouting "Heighten our vigilance, defend the motherland!" The targets no longer carried the slogan "Defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs," but the children managed to demolish them anyway. The platoon leader, a 21-year-old factory worker named Kung Wei-kuo, explained that the training was "entirely defensive. We want to mobilize our country old and young. We would not attack first, but we are ready to mobilize to repel any intruders." But who? Americans? Russians? Japanese? Said Kung: "We have to let history tell us."





TERRORIST KUNIO BANDO — DYING POLICE INSPECTOR SHIGEMITSU TAKAMI

The painfully measured emotional buildup of a classical Kabuki play.

JAPAN

The Karuizawa Five

The setting: the fashionable mountain resort town of Karuizawa, 80 miles northwest of Tokyo. The cast: five young terrorists, a woman hostage, and 1,200 cops equipped with armored cars, loudspeakers and a wrecker crane. The scenario—carried live and in color for 10 hr. 20 min. on national television last week—called for the police to rescue the woman, while avoiding any possible charges of police brutality. In what Takeo Doi, a leading Japanese psychiatrist, likened to the painfully measured emotional buildup of a classical Kabuki play, the cops accomplished that task—though not without tragedy.

ACT I. The five terrorists, hunted by the police for bank robberies, were driven by the freezing cold from their hideout in the mountains round Karuizawa two weeks ago. They holed up in a three-story lodge used as a summer resort. The five were student radicals belonging to a ragtag collection of urban guerrillas that in the past had skyjacked a Japanese Air Lines plane to North Korea in 1970, staged riots at Tokyo's new jetport, and had lately pulled off a rash of bank robberies and indiscriminate bombings. Now, armed with a rifle, pistol, three shotguns and some homemade bombs, the bank robbers took as a hostage the wife of the lodge's caretaker, Mrs. Yasuko Muta, 31. When police tried to rescue the hostage, the terrorists opened fire, sending the cops into a hasty retreat.

ACT II. The police brought up reinforcements and began a nine-day campaign of friendly persuasion. Over powerful public address systems, a police officer boomed: "Think of your own future. Surrender now." Instead, the radicals took potshots at the armored cars carrying the loudspeakers. Then the police brought in three of the country's top psychologists for an on-the-spot consultation. The scholars, shivering in the biting winds, took a pensive look and at last recommended the obvious: do nothing rash that might harm the hostage and try to keep the cops from catching cold. More volleys came from the students.

Next, three of the boys' mothers were airlifted to the scene to plead with their sons. Over a loudspeaker Mrs. Yoshiko Bando, 50, mother of the gang's leader Kunio Bando, 25, first whimpered: "You know what Mr. Nixon is doing at this very moment in China. He's meeting with Chairman Mao and trying to do what you've long wanted to do." Then she nearly screamed: "Come on out. Your job's done and finished." The terrorists responded with silence. The frustrated police next turned to psychological warfare, flooding the lodge with blinding light and bombarding it with thunderously loud recordings of marching troops and traffic noise to keep the boys from sleeping. Meanwhile, the TV public—92.2% of all viewers, by one rating—flooded police switchboards with their own tactical suggestions, like calling in a hypnotist to mesmerize the radicals by remote control. A young snack-bar operator, volunteering to be a substitute hostage, ran through the police cordon and was shot dead by the radicals.

ACT III. Concluding that over 200 hours of captivity had brought the hostage to a point beyond endurance, the police brought up a huge mobile crane with a 1.5-ton demolition ball to smash holes in the lodge's wall. Through the gaping holes the cops poured an almost endless barrage of 300 tear-gas canisters and 60 tons of freezing water. Finally the police charged. Two cops were shot in the face, and died on the way to hospital. The police retreated, waited until darkness and then recharged again. The terrorists surrendered, with their hostage unharmed.

While Kunio Bando and his accomplices were jailed and the angry public mourned the police deaths, Kunio's father, a former hotel manager, gave the final dramatic touch to the affair by hanging himself from a tree. Composed in traditional Samurai style, the note he left said: "With my death I offer apologies for crimes committed by my son. Do not accuse the other surviving members of my family."

PAKISTAN

Mounting Troubles

As freezing rain lashed an old farmhouse on Pakistan's northwest frontier, the leader of the country's 6,000,000-member Pathan community, Khan Abdul Wali Khan, huddled over a stove and talked politics with several grizzled elders. In words as dark and foreboding as the winter night, he hinted that Pakistan, already defeated, divided and demoralized, might be veering toward further fragmentation. "We refuse to be treated like East Pakistan," the tall, gray-maned Wali told TIME Correspondent Dan Coggin, referring to the Frontier and Baluchistan provinces where his pro-Soviet National Awami Party predominates. He refused to speak openly of secession, but added ominously: "The potentialities are quite clear."

Smuggled Rifles. The further breakup of Pakistan is a nightmare that has become a possibility—though no more than that as yet—in the aftermath of last December's war with India. Since then, continued martial law has provided a focus for the historic nationalism of the warlike Pathan and Baluch tribesmen. Russian-supplied automatic rifles are being smuggled across the frontier from Afghanistan, evidently destined for the 6,000-strong *Zalme Pakhtoon* (Pathan Youth). A bloody riot erupted in Quetta, a city in Baluchistan, after Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto appointed governors for the two provinces from his own party, despite the fact that the National Awami Party holds majorities in the provincial assemblies.

Last week, as an unmistakable signal to his restive countrymen, Bhutto moved abruptly to shake up Pakistan's demoralized armed forces. After taking the precaution of placing the television station under guard and temporarily closing down the telegraph office, he went on the air to announce that he had sacked the army and air force commanders, who had helped him gain power last December. He accused them of "Bonapartist tendencies," apparently meaning that they were meddling in political affairs. As the army's new chief of staff, Bhutto named none other than Lieut. General Tikka Khan, the man who supervised last year's brutal repression in East Pakistan, and is also known for his

role in crushing a separatist movement in Baluchistan ten years ago.

The appointment of Tikka Khan can hardly help but make more difficult any new approach to breakaway Bangladesh, but Bhutto evidently had other priorities in mind. "I cannot allow Pakistan to become incapacitated by actions of certain elements in the country," he declared. "We have the machinery, and an efficacious machinery, if people try to take the law in their own hands." Pakistan, he added, is in "a total crisis, in all spheres."

Separatism is thus only the worst of a host of problems facing Bhutto's two-month-old government. It is a symptom of rapidly spreading disillusionment among Pakistanis, whose hopes were raised when Bhutto took power last December and promised a prompt return to democracy and an "economic and social revolution." But despite a flurry of decrees, little has been accomplished. Pakistan's ills have been compounded by a postwar economic tailspin and a precipitous deterioration of law-and-order. Items:

▶ Troops and militia were called out after striking policemen looted shops, cut telephone lines, beat up politicians and fought students in Lahore and Peshawar. The cops were demanding higher pay and an end to interference and high-handedness by members of Bhutto's Pakistan People's Party.

▶ In Karachi alone, 45,000 factory workers have been laid off. Industrial production is running at a third of capacity. The government, deprived of foreign aid for nearly a year, is almost bankrupt and is $120 million behind in foreign-debt repayments.

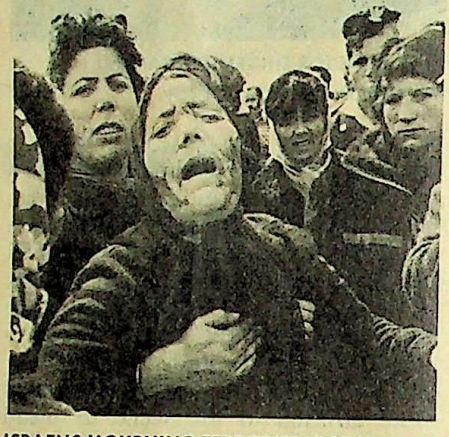
▶ Despite the government's new labor policy boosting workers' wages, the country is still beset by strikes and *gheraos*, the South Asian practice of besieging bosses in their offices until they meet labor demands.

▶ Almost daily, large delegations of angry wives, mothers, sisters and girl friends troop to Bhutto's office in Rawalpindi for fresh assurance that he is trying to speed the return of 94,000 Pakistani prisoners of war held by India. When Indo-Pakistani negotiations begin, probably later this month, Bhutto will be forced to bargain at a serious disadvantage in prisoners (Pakistan holds only 600) as well as territory seized in the December fighting (5-1 in India's favor).

Bhutto made a strong effort last week to win renewed support. He announced a long-awaited land reform program that "will break the back of feudalism." Under the new plan, the ceiling on individual holdings will drop from 500 to 150 acres of irrigated land, and from 1,000 to 300 acres of dry land. Among the rich men affected, pledged Bhutto, will be his own family, which owns a 4,000-acre estate at Larkana in Sind Province.

But Bhutto still faces widespread criticism for clinging to martial law and delaying his country's return to democracy. Opponents suspect that he is using the delay for political advantage. An interim constitution, now under preparation, is believed by his rivals to provide for a presidential instead of a parliamentary system of government—with Bhutto as a supremely powerful President. He promises to lift martial law and restore democracy "well before the end of the year." But in the meantime, he told Correspondent Coggin, "martial law serves as a psychological deterrent to other forms of unrest." Bhutto is thus relying on martial law—and on the tough Tikka Khan—to hold the country together.

NEWSPHOT-PICTORIAL



ISRAELIS MOURNING TERRORIST VICTIM

DEAD GUERRILLA'S WEEPING MOTHER



MIDDLE EAST

Almond-Blossom Battles

In the foothills of Lebanon's Mount Hermon last week, the quiet of almond-blossom time was shattered by the whine of jets, the clatter of tank treads and the thunder of explosions. Israel continued its attacks on Palestinian guerrilla bases inside Lebanon (TIME, March 6), and the fighting there indirectly led to a skirmish on the Syrian border and at least temporarily deprived the fedayeen of one more base of operation against Israel.

The battles began when Israeli troops, in reprisal for the deaths of six people at fedayeen hands, attacked guerrilla bases in "Fatahland" between the Hasbani River and Lebanon's S... ian border. The raids were almost s... gical, reported TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott after a visit to the v... lage of Rashaya al Foukhar, one of five communities that the Israelis o... cupied overnight. Alerted by the sou... of a spotter plane and the thud of i... coming artillery rounds, the 500 Chri... tian villagers had taken refuge in their church. Israeli soldiers dynamite... 15 houses, twelve of which had be... occupied by guerrillas, and bulldoze... dirt roads to permit a speedy retur... if necessary. They also left behin... warnings in Arabic: "If you don... want your villages and homes harme... you must keep the terrorists fro... them." In all, Israel reported som... 50 houses demolished and from 5... to 80 guerrillas killed during the raids.

The immediate effect of the raids was to create a crisis in Lebanon, whose fragile Christian-Moslem politi... cal entente was shattered two years ago following similar Israeli raids and a Lebanese army crackdown on guerrilla activities. Under an agreement following that flare-up, Lebanon had le... the fedayeen more or less take over Fa... tahland in return for pledges not to move into the villages or fire into Is... rael from Lebanese territory.

Decisive Move. That agreement is obviously no longer held, and Lebanese President Suleiman Franjieh, after successfully petitioning the United Nations Security Council to censure Israel, held worried meetings at his Baabda Palace residence outside Beirut. "Instead of wasting our energies in shouting and unproductive chanting," Franjieh finally suggested, "why don... we give blood generously to the Red Cross so we may care for our casualties." In a more decisive move, Lebanese troops moved into Fatahland to police and contain the fedayeen.

Many of the 5,000 guerrillas estimated to have been in the area retreated into the wooded borderland near Syria. Soon fighting shifted to Syria's Golan Heights, overlooking Israel. For the first time in 21 months, in support of ground fighters, obsolescent Syrian MIG-17s either strafed Israeli positions, as Damascus had it, or dumped their bombs in a field, as the Israelis reported. The fighting was brief; with its capital of Damascus dangerously close to the present ceasefire line—only 30 miles separated them—Syria has good reason not to let such battles escalate. Even so, the guerrillas may now attempt to continue the fighting, both to revenge last week's attacks and to influence municipal elections that will be held late this month in Palestinian towns on the occupied West Bank. "Violence can only lead to violence," lamented Jerusalem's Arab-language newspaper *Al Quds*, "which itself begets further violence."

CYPRUS

Mysterious Ways

Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus is both spiritual leader of 500,000 Greek Cypriots and President of the island's Greek-Turkish secular government. Lately, his problems have been mostly temporal, as the Greek government in Athens pressured him with humiliating ultimatums in an effort to either throttle his power or force him out of office (TIME, Feb. 28). Last week, for a change, the archbishop was experiencing ecclesiastical complications. At the annual synod of the Cypriot hierarchy, three bishops invoked a canon law—unused for at least a hundred years—forbidding bishops to hold church and state posts simultaneously. They moved that Makarios resign the presidency.

The bishops' action was curiously delayed; it has been more than twelve years, after all, since the bearded ethnarch was first elected President. Suspecting with good reason that the Greek government had put the bishops up to their protest, Cypriot Greeks responded riotously. In Paphos, capital of the district where Makarios was born, scores of cassocked priests seized the office of Gennadios, one of the three bishops involved, and declared that they were no longer loyal to him. Gennadios had wisely stayed in the bishopric of Kitium in Limassol as a guest of Bishop Anthimos. But there too, crowds beat at the doors of Anthimos' residence, screaming "Out with the traitor bishops!" In Nicosia, meanwhile, 100,000 people gathered outside Makarios' episcopal palace (he also has a presidential palace) to roar the archbishop's name and praises; it was the biggest such assembly since Makarios returned to Cyprus from British-imposed exile in 1959, and His Beatitude was suitably moved. "I will do my utmost to prove worthy of this love," he told the crowd.

The synod can force Makarios out as archbishop, although this would be dangerously unpopular. By making a show of his popularity, Makarios adroitly underscored the point that any overt attempt to topple him would raise the possibility of civil war.

FRANCE

Another Connection

Beneath a midnight Mediterranean sky, French customs agents last week approached the shrimp boat *Caprice des Temps* (Whim of Time) off the Riviera coast. The owner, a 58-year-old fishing-fleet operator named Marcel Boucan, refused to answer a radio order to cut his engines, so the agents fired shots across the vessel's bow and boarded it. Boucan frantically threw mysterious papers overboard and, while being taken back to port, slipped over the side. The next morning he was recaptured, exhausted, near the walls of Marseille's harbor fortress.

The agents had been watching the *Caprice des Temps* for some time —though for what they were never exactly sure. Captain Boucan had associated with cigarette smugglers in the past and his 60-ton, 216-ft. boat had been extensively refitted for transatlantic crossing (it had in fact made two trips to Miami). But it had not of late ventured noticeably from the coast —and certainly never to the shrimp-fishing grounds.

Once the ship was captured, the French police could not find a reason to hold either the vessel or its skipper. An initial search revealed nothing. Then, a full day later, the agents suddenly noted that the ship's concrete ballast seemed to be oddly positioned. They attacked the concrete with pickaxes. In the center they discovered a cache that contained 40 plastic bags of pure heroin—presumably processed in the South of France and destined for the U.S. French officials announced that the narcotics haul was the largest in history: 937 lbs. of pure heroin worth between $180 million and $400 million on the streets of New York City, depending on the extent to which it is diluted. It was enough to supply every addict in the U.S. for a month.

□ □ □

Two other drug developments: in Geneva the district attorney issued an arrest warrant for Huchang Davallou, a member of the imperial entourage of the Shah of Iran, and charged him with supplying 35 gm. of pure opium to an Iranian resident of Geneva. Police discovered that Davallou was protected by diplomatic immunity. The Shah angrily broke off a skiing holiday in St. Moritz and, with Davallou in hand, quickly schussed back to Teheran. Swiss papers noted sarcastically that the Shah's regime had executed scores of Iranians for the same offense: trafficking in drugs.

In Istanbul, a 14-year-old English tourist, Timothy Davey, was sentenced to six years and three months in prison on charges of conspiring to sell more than 50 lbs. of hashish. As a public uproar erupted in Britain, the Turkish embassy in London vainly noted that the schoolboy could have received a much more severe sentence. The outraged British found the Turkish court's heavy-handed treatment of the boy difficult to understand. For centuries, Turkish farmers have grown fields of poppies that have become a prime source of the heroin sold in the U.S. Only last June, in response to pressure and financial aid from Washington, the Turks promised to stop growing poppies after the 1972 harvest.

SUDAN

A Victory for Humanity

Of all the brushfire wars that have raged in black Africa during the early years of independence, none has been uglier or more intractable than the civil war in the Sudan. For 16 years, the 4,000,000 black Africans of the southern Sudan have been pitted against the 11 million mostly Arab northerners. An estimated 500,000 Sudanese, most of them southerners, have been killed; hundreds of grass-hut villages have been bombed, sacked and burned by the northern army and sometimes by the southern guerrillas, the Anyanya (named for the poison extracted from scorpions or cobras).

Suddenly, however, that most relentless of civil wars appears to be at an end. One day next week, if all goes well, a peace treaty will be signed at Addis Ababa, the capital of neighboring Ethiopia, by the leaders of the two sides: Major General Jaafar Numeiry, President of the Sudan, and Major General Joseph Lagu, commander of the Anyanya.

The negotiations began in mid-February under the auspices of Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie, and almost

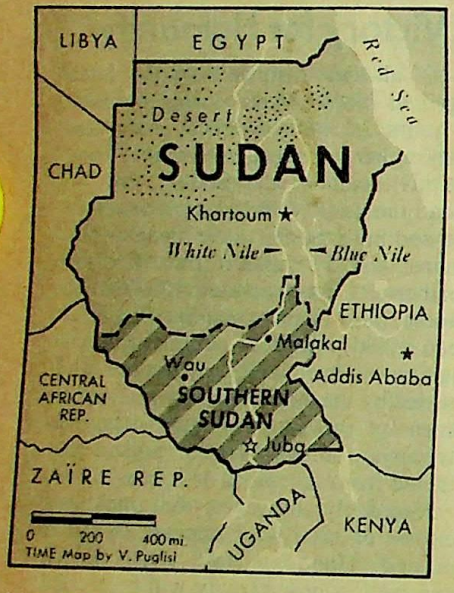
ETHIOPIAN EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE (LEFT) WITH SUDAN'S PRESIDENT NUMEIRY



RICHARD SPICER

foundered over how to guarantee the southerners' security against reprisals following the signing of an agreement. At that point the Emperor called the negotiators to his palace and guaranteed the southerners' well-being in his own name and that of the 41-nation Organization for African Unity. The rebels then abandoned their demand for a separate army, and the Sudanese government in Khartoum agreed to grant more autonomy for the south than it had originally intended.

Under a new constitution, the south will have its own Regional President, parliament and police; only foreign affairs, currency and defense will be controlled by Khartoum. The army in the south will be evenly split between southern and northern commanders and men. A majority of the approx-



imately 12,000 Anyanya will be amnestied into the Sudanese army.

The settlement must now be accepted by the fighting men on both sides. That will be made easier for the southerners because Lagu—a diminutive career soldier who in recent years built the Anyanya into a unified military and political force—will likely become their first Regional President. He shares credit for the settlement with Numeiry, who has worked for reconciliation with the south against strong opposition within his own hierarchy. On the eve of last month's peace talks, Numeiry dismissed his army commander and defense minister, Major General Khalid Abbas, who opposed the negotiations.

In a sense, the peace settlement runs counter to modern Sudanese history, ignoring as it does an enmity that has existed between the region's Moslems and blacks since the days when Arab slave traders made regular forays into southern Sudan. Yet both sides will obviously benefit from what a Uganda newspaper described as "a victory for humanity." The Khartoum government will be freed at last to develop a sprawling country.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Flouting the Charter

The Argentine freighter *Santos Vega*, now on the high seas, is due to dock at New Orleans this month with a cargo of Rhodesian chrome. The shipment violates the sanctions against trade with Rhodesia imposed by the United Nations Security Council in 1966 and marks the first time the U.S. has deliberately ignored its U.N. charter obligations.

The U.N.'s Sanctions Committee is investigating allegations that a number of European, Asian and Latin American countries have continued to trade with Rhodesia. There is also widespread suspicion that some of the overpriced "Russian" chrome the U.S. is currently buying originates in Rhodesia. Still, as the harsh criticism of the U.S. in the Security Council indicated last week, those who break the rules of the game in a world where appearance often counts more than reality should not be surprised when the other players cry foul.

Trial Balloon

Greece's 31-year-old King Constantine has lived in exile since 1967, but his throne has been protected by a constitution proclaimed in 1968 by his country's ruling junta. Any public suggestion that the monarchy be abolished is a crime, punishable by at least five years' imprisonment.

Or so it seemed until last week, when three Athens newspapers—all of whom support the junta—simultaneously blossomed with editorials questioning Constantine's continued role. One even called for a new constitution that would make Greece a presidential republic. What was going on? Apparently the regime was trying to find out if the King was still popular. If so, the junta could only have been encouraged by the apathetic public response to the editorials. The colonels' evident goal: a republican system, with an army man—probably Premier George Papadopoulos—as President.

The Macedonian Fuse

If the Balkans are still the powder keg of Europe, Macedonia may well be the fuse. The issue that could provide the spark is a century-old controversy over whether the Macedonians are a distinct strain of southern Slavs entitled to an autonomous republic within Yugoslavia, or whether they are Bulgars and should be part of Bulgaria. Bulgaria pressed its claim that the Macedonians are really Bulgars until last year, when Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev visited Sofia. After that, the Bulgarians suddenly softened their propaganda attacks against Yugoslavia over the issue.

Many Yugoslavs believe that Brezhnev, with an eye toward his project, a European Security Conference, may have prevailed upon the Bulgarians to make a few concessions in the interests of Balkan amity. What worries the Yugoslavs is that once the conference is held the Soviets will turn to their old game of permitting the Bulgarians to harass Yugoslavia over the Macedonian question.

Moscow and Jerusalem

Officially the Soviet Union and Israel have had no diplomatic contact since the Six-Day War in 1967. But unofficially, starting last November, at least six meetings have been held in Switzerland, Israel and Italy between representatives of the two countries. The purpose of the meetings, begun at the request of the Russians, is to seek grounds on which formal relations can be resumed.

The Russians have a number of reasons for talking to Israel. They want neither another Middle East war nor confrontation with the U.S., and communication with Israel is one way to help avoid either. They also feel disadvantaged because Washington is still represented in both Cairo and Jerusalem. And they want the Suez Canal reopened; apparently they hope that the offer of better relations with Moscow might persuade Israel to pull back troops from the canal.

Presumably to demonstrate good faith, the Russians have been careful to avoid any clashes over Sinai between Egypt-based, Soviet-flown MIGs and Israeli jets. They also coordinated talks that were held in Europe during the past three months between Israeli and Egyptian diplomats over reopening of the canal. The discussions proved unproductive.

The Black Australians

Since Australia's 150,000 aborigines constitute only about 1% of the country's population, they have never had much clout in Australian politics. Last December, however, militant young "Abos," calling themselves "black Australians," staged a violent demonstration in Brisbane. For the past month, to dramatize their case for land rights, they have been operating an eleven-tent "Abo Embassy" across from Parliament House in Canberra. "We are tired of hanging around the white man's door waiting for crumbs," cried Abo Journalist John Newfong. The Abos' next target: Interior Minister Ralph Hunt, whom they hope to defeat in elections late this year.

This week the Australian Cabinet will decide whether to seek the power to remove the Abo Embassy from the nearby lawn. If the Abos refuse to go away peacefully, the man who would have to decide whether to remove them by force will be none other than Interior Minister Hunt.

The **Woodrow Wilson** Award—one of the highest honors that Princeton can bestow on an alumnus—went this year to the youngest recipient in history. Because, said President Robert F. Goheen, from his "determined and persistent efforts we may look forward to more safety in our mines, highways and factories, less explosive accidents in our gas pipelines, cleaner meat and poultry on our tables, and broader public representation in the management of large public corporations," the $1,500 prize was awarded to 38-year-old **Ralph Nader.**

■

Oldtime Swing King **Benny Goodman,** playing a one-night stand with his band at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris, was honored to receive one delighted Goodman fan backstage after the performance. "I was particularly thrilled when you played *I'm a Ding Dong Daddy from Dumas,*" said U.S. Ambassador to France **Arthur Watson.** Whereupon the ambassador gave out with a vocal:

I'm a ding dong daddy from
Dumas
And you oughta see me do my
stuff.
I'm a ding dong papa from Harlem
And you oughta see me strut.

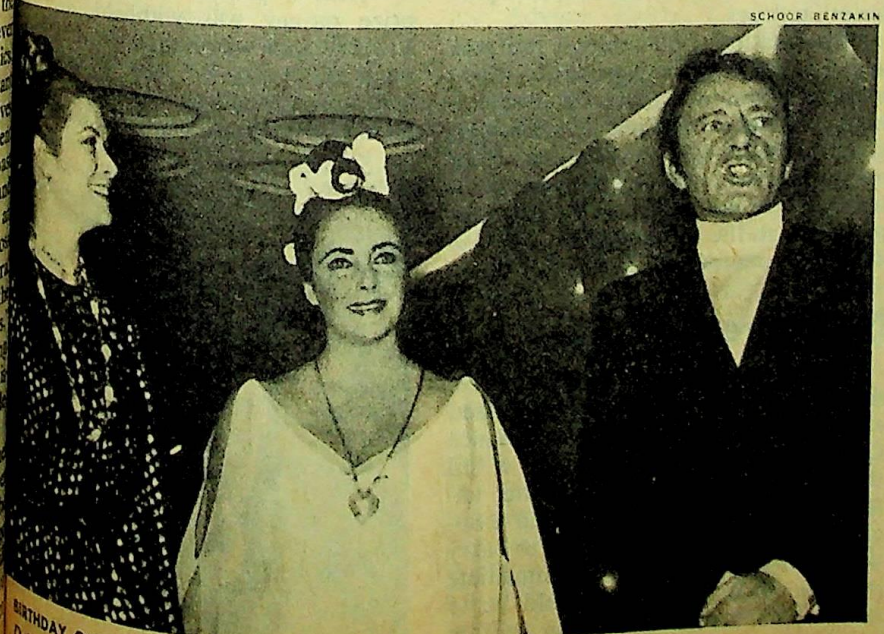
■

Lesser ladies may slide past their 40th birthdays with nothing but a private sob or two to mark the occasion. Not **Elizabeth Taylor.** In Budapest, where Husband **Richard Burton** is making a movie called *Bluebeard,* the beautiful 40-year-old invited some 200 friends in from all over the world for a couple of days of drinking and dancing and laughing and looking at the birthday girl and her jewels. The latest Elizabethan dazzler was a present from Burton: the flat, heart-shaped diamond given by 17th century Indian Shah Jahan to his wife, Mumtaz Mahal —for whom he built the Taj Mahal. Shah Richard promised to match the cost of the pendant (guesstimate: $100,000) with a donation to charity; he also said he would give UNICEF an amount equal to the bill for the party (perhaps another $70,000). There was no shortage of flowers or balloons or big names, such as **Princess Grace** of Monaco, **Ringo Starr, Michael Caine** and **Raquel Welch** (whose cast on her recently broken wrist was quickly loaded with autographs). And there were plenty of little names, as well—including an impressive Welsh choir made up of five of Burton's brothers and three of his sisters, plus their spouses.

■

The fact that it was leap-year day probably had nothing to do with it, but while Britain's Prime Minister **Edward Heath** was suggesting in the House of Commons that 60-year-old Labor M.P. Barbara Castle should take her parliamentary question to one of his ministers, she suddenly broke in: "I cannot, my dear boy." The 55-year-old Prime Minister paused, then icily informed the House: "I am not the right honorable lady's dear boy." Blushing to the roots of her red hair, Mrs. Castle sat down. It was also gaffe time in Ottawa's Parliament: Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** referred on the floor to the opposition leader's "goddamned question." Two days later he apologized on an open-line radio program. "I agree that one shouldn't use profanity," he told a shocked lady who called in. "I'm sure my grandmother wouldn't like it at all. I'm really sorry."

SCHOOR BENZAKIN



BIRTHDAY GIRL WITH FRIEND PRINCESS GRACE & HUSBAND RICHARD
Drinking and dancing and laughing and looking at Elizabeth.

UPI



LESTER MADDOX WITH & WITHOUT

What Senator **William Proxmire** is doing the hard way with his hair transplants, Lieutenant Governor **Lester Maddox** has accomplished in one fell swoop. Returning to the state senate after a longish lunch hour, a new-look Maddox explained: "Sorry I'm late—I had to stop and get my new hair." Later, looking vaguely avuncular in his sandy gray toupee, he proclaimed himself a pacesetter. "You remember when I rode backwards on my bicycle—now everybody is buying bicycles," he observed. "You just watch, pretty soon everybody will be buying hairpieces."

■

Retiring after no less than 46 years with the New York Philharmonic, the world's top virtuoso on the kettledrums, **Saul Goodman,** let fall some acerbic sidelights on conductors he has known. **Willem Mengelberg:** "A very arrogant man. I think he was sure he looked like Beethoven." **Artur Rodzinski:** "The kind of fellow who made the musicians give him a birthday party at his own house." **Seiji Ozawa:** "An audience eye-catcher. More than that I can't say about him." Well, one thing more: "He's an egomaniac." Tympanist Goodman's own weakness—or perhaps strength—is a Casey Stengelian war with words. Conductor **Lorin Maazel** recalls Goodman's indignation over the original acoustics in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall: "What's the point of music played in a concert hall, if the guys who can't hear what they're playing, are heard by people who wished they hadn't?"

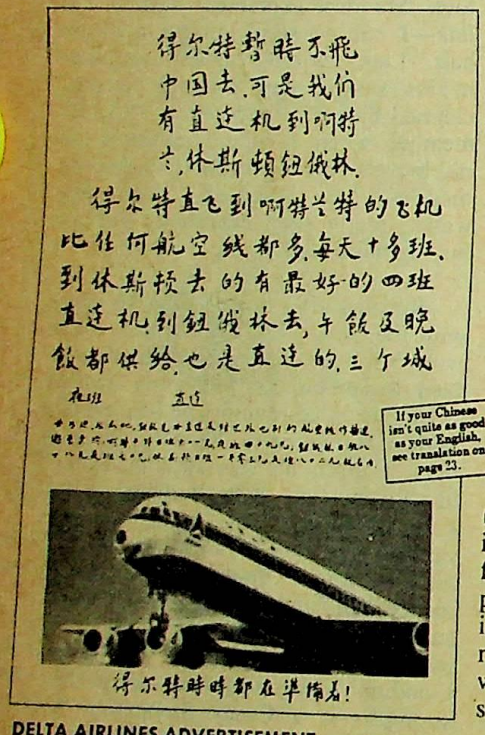
■

Men are just going to have to get used to it, and in the meantime, Conrad Chisholm, 55, is setting them all a good example. As the husband of Presidential Candidate **Shirley Chisholm,** he has taken leave from his job as a private investigator in New York City to chauffeur the candidate around, research her speeches and "see that she's fed, clothed, eats on time and gets to her appointments. Shirley's the one out there making it, not me." Non-Chauvinist Conrad adds: "If you are a man—and a mature man—you do everything to maintain your wife's stardom."

AMERICAN NOTES

Chinoiserie

One of the more visible repercussions of Richard Nixon's China trip has been a sudden American appetite for things Chinese. In New York City's Chinatown, according to one food wholesaler's estimate, restaurant business has increased 25% since the President went to Peking. Part of the rise may have been due to the recent Chinese New Year, but the televised spectacle of the Nixons sitting down to



If your Chinese isn't quite as good as your English, see translation on page 23.

DELTA AIRLINES ADVERTISEMENT
Also acupuncture kits.

eight-course Mandarin dinners obviously set many salivary glands to work.

Across the nation, there was a great fumbling and clicking of chopsticks—an item that restaurants often ran out of, as Americans accustomed to forks and chop suey suddenly demanded authenticity. Instead of the familiar Cantonese cuisine, spicier Mandarin dishes enjoyed a vogue. Some adventurous diners even demanded preserved eggs and shark's-fin soup.

Other businesses exploited the faddish fascination. Delta Airlines took out newspaper ads written in Chinese. Books about China sold briskly. The Harvard Co-op in Cambridge was offering do-it-yourself acupuncture kits with diagrams of the body's critical points—but without the needles.

It was an intriguing display of popular psychological accommodation to a new turn in foreign policy. There was, of course, no evidence that the Chinese were overcome by a corresponding yen for hamburgers.

Unnatural Disaster

Last month the County of Los Angeles installed $74,504 worth of plastic trees and plants along nearly two miles of roadway (TIME, Feb. 21). The artificial vegetation, it turns out, is not immune to unnatural disasters. In outrage at this final victory of plastic, someone set fire to many of the trees and sawed up others. The ruined trees were quickly replaced. But the county board of supervisors, disturbed at the lengths to which protesters would go to get rid of the fakes, decided that they would grant no more contracts to install plastic plant life.

Old Folks' Liberation

Having mobilized a youth corps of consumer advocates over the past several years, Ralph Nader has now begun work on an old folks' liberation movement. Last week, with an initial group of four retired professionals, Nader established a force that he expects to function as a clearinghouse for information about and for the elderly. Nader's first volunteers plan, among other things, to coordinate investigations into such problems as nursing homes, employment for older workers, retirement income and prescription drugs.

The nation's 20 million citizens over 65—10% of the population—represent a potentially powerful lobbying force. Nader's "Retired Professional Group" will begin by concentrating on problems of the elderly, but eventually, as he notes, "it will become apparent that the problems of our society are seamless and ageless."

Numbered for Life

Even though many Americans feel that they are codified and computerized enough as it is, the Senate Finance Committee last week approved a bill that would require every child entering the first grade to be issued a Social Security card and number to carry with him through life. The immediate purpose of the measure would be to make it harder for people on welfare to cheat; universal distribution at an early age would make it more difficult for anyone to apply for false Social Security cards later. In other words, a number in a central file would track a person for life from approximately the age of six. Such a system would further enable the Government to amass information on citizens and store it in a central computer under a single identification number. To date no one has suggested using tattoos.

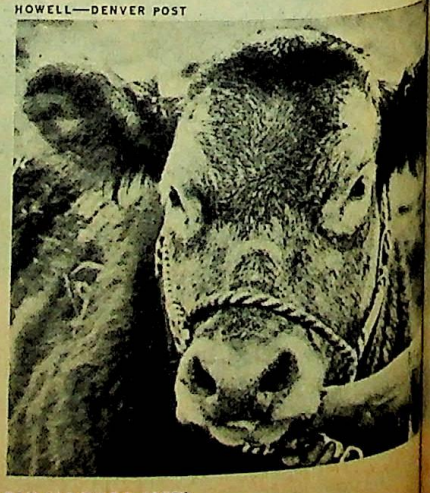
Bum Steer

The overall grand champion of this year's prestigious National Western Stock Show in Denver was a gleaming 1,200-lb. Aberdeen Angus steer named Big Mac. His name alone was enough to attract the owners of a group of McDonald's hamburger franchises around Denver. They paid $14,250 for the black steer, planning to use him to promote the McDonald's superburger also known as Big Mac.

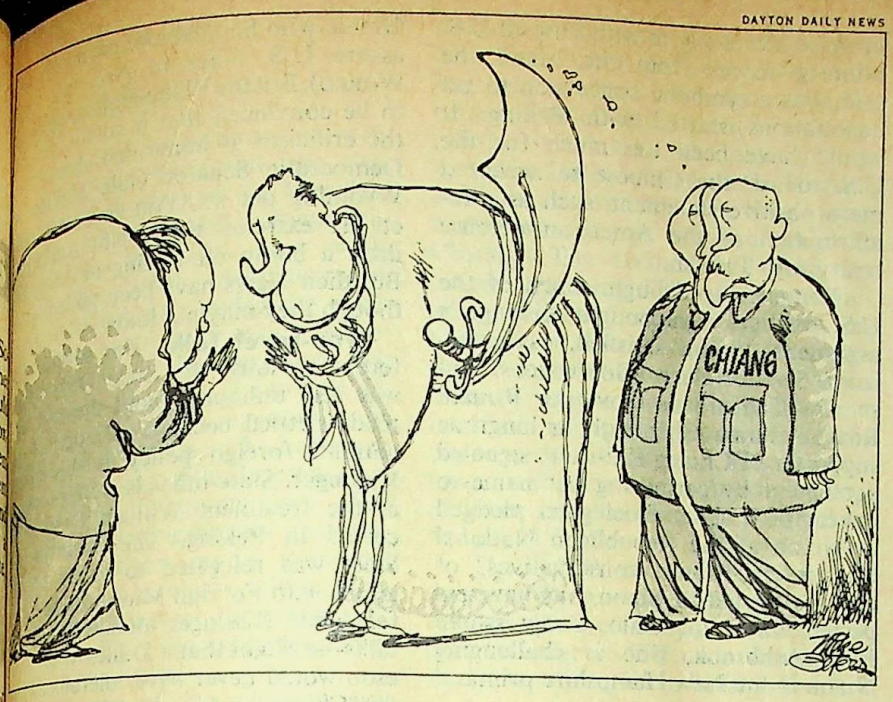
It is now a local joke among Denver cattlemen that the steer should have been named after a rival chain's hamburger, the Whopper. It seems that Big Mac may actually be a white Charolais steer named Jeep. It also appears that he was dyed black for the show, for which the Charolais breed is not eligible, and entered as an Angus. A previous owner of the animal, which was reported to have died last November of hardware sickness (from eating metal, like barbed wire), spotted Big Mac at the show and declared him "the spitting image of Jeep, except that he's black instead of white."

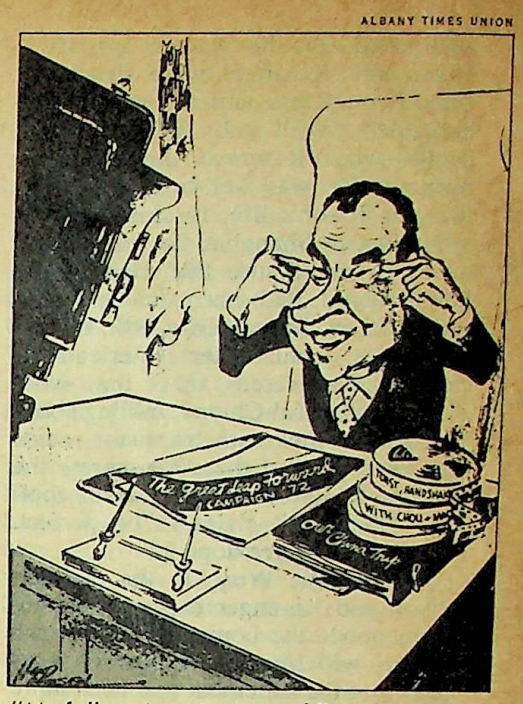
With a protest lodged, the $200 prize money was withheld, and the $14,250 sale was halted. For the moment Big Mac—or Jeep, or whatever it is—was settled on a suburban farm, turning whiter and whiter by the day.

HOWELL—DENVER POST



BIG MAC (OR JEEP)
Growing whiter.





"My fellow Americans and Democratic revisionist candidates . . ."

THE PRESIDENCY

Descent from the Summit

IT is generally expected of great historic events these days that they should have some immediate, dramatic consequences. No one could deny that Richard Nixon's Peking summit was such a historic moment, or that the public's expectations were intensified by its being the first event of such magnitude ever to be staged for television. Even so, there is a widespread feeling that what followed the President's dramatic voyage was somewhat anticlimactic, a bit of a letdown—except, perhaps, for returning journalists and officials, who found themselves instant celebrities in demand for interviews and talk shows. Abroad, the trip caused plenty of comment and speculation, both favorable and unfavorable. By contrast, the U.S. reaction was rather uncritically enthusiastic.

One of the larger controversies over the China voyage, in fact, seemed to be about who could, or should, visit the People's Republic next. In the wake of the President's trip, the lineup of Americans eager to go to China was growing almost as long as the Great Wall. Julie and David Eisenhower and Tricia and Eddie Cox have been invited to Peking as tourists. Invitations have also been extended to Senate Leaders Mike Mansfield and Hugh Scott—much to the annoyance of House Speaker Carl Albert and Minority Leader Gerald Ford, who wondered why they could not go too. Albert warned that if the institutional slight was not corrected, "appropriate action" would be taken. An apologetic White House assured the Congressmen that other invitations from Peking would be forthcoming.

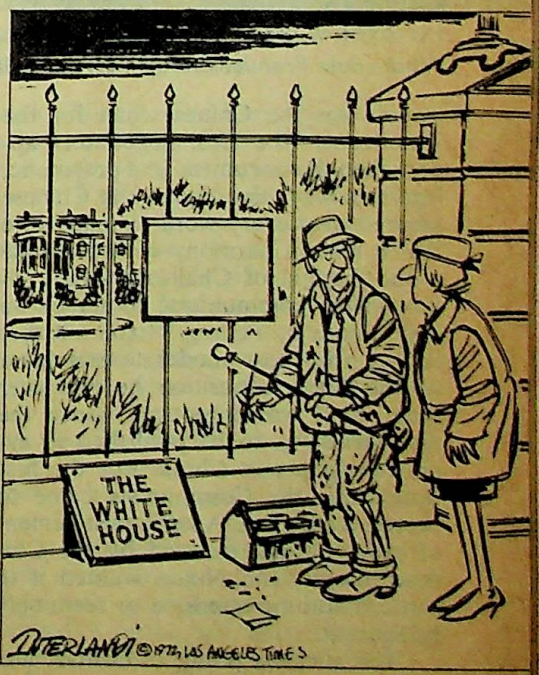
When the *Spirit of '76* brought the President home last week, he was clearly euphoric. The festive atmosphere at Andrews Air Force Base —where Vice President Spiro Agnew headed the welcoming committee —more than made up for the tepid reception that greeted Nixon in Peking. While trumpets blared out *Hail to the Chief*, the plane taxied up to the edge of the crowd of cheering thousands, with the whole scene captured on television.

"We have demonstrated," said Nixon, "that nations with very big and fundamental differences can learn to discuss those differences calmly, rationally and frankly, without compromising their principles. This is the basis of a structure for peace."

Quick Mind. To keep up the spirit of summitry, Nixon and Foreign Policy Adviser Henry Kissinger spent much of last week briefing Cabinet officers, congressional leaders and newsmen on what had gone on behind the scenes in Peking. The President laid to rest all doubts that Mao Tse-tung is nothing more than a senile figurehead. For all his years and illnesses, Nixon said, he has a "very quick mind." (Kissinger also described Mao as having an earthy sense of humor.) Why, then, did the President talk with the Chairman for only an hour? The time was sufficient, Nixon replied, because the talk was kept on a high philosophical plane. How profitable that summit conversation was can only be conjectured, since philosophy is not generally considered Nixon's strong point.

Nixon was equally impressed with Chou En-lai and awed by his energy. "He was as fresh at the end of a long conversation as at the beginning," the President said. "Here is a man of 73





"He's changing the name to 'The House of Heavenly Peace and Tranquillity and Re-Election'!"

who acted like he was in his 40s." Nixon and Kissinger were struck by Chou's toughness and assurance as a bargainer as well as by his mastery of detail—when it served the Premier's purpose. He was well-briefed on the facts of Nixon's life, for instance. At a banquet in Shanghai, he studied the menu to make sure that changes he had ordered had been made. Chou may, in fact, have been a little too attentive to detail. After American reporters discovered that the well-dressed, cheerful Chinese milling about the Ming tombs with transistor radios had been planted there to impress the visitors, he told Nixon by way of apology: "We don't claim to be perfect. We shouldn't have done it."

Pragmatic Way. In the briefings Nixon and Kissinger expressed enthusiasm about the communiqué, though perhaps with less justification. They argued that the statement had been more promise ultimately to withdraw all U.S. military forces from the island, he said, was a symbolic concession to get negotiations started with Peking. It would have been too much for the U.S. to ask the Chinese to accept a mere positive statement, such as a reaffirmation of the American defense treaty with Taiwan.

Remarkably enough, much of the U.S. political right bought Kissinger's argument. "I am satisfied," said Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater,* and so was California's Governor Ronald Reagan. Anna Chennault, a longtime supporter of Chiang Kai-shek, signaled agreement by permitting her name to appear on a slate of delegates pledged to Nixon at the Republican National Convention. Some conservatives, of course, reacted as Nixon may have expected them to. Ohio Congressman John Ashbrook, who is challenging Nixon in the New Hampshire primary,

UPI



PAT NIXON WINKING AT AGNEW DURING HOMECOMING CEREMONY
What could Premier Chou En-lai be saying to his Barry Goldwater?

trouble for the Chinese than for the Americans. The U.S. negotiators approached the document in a pragmatic, legalistic way; the ideological Chinese labored over every word to make sure that it was in harmony with principle —the thought of Chairman Mao. Although the communiqué contained no concessions by Peking, Nixon felt that it was the most moderate statement of the Chinese position he had ever seen. That was important, since the document was to be published in every newspaper in China. For the first time since the Communists came to power, a complete American statement of policy would be read by the Chinese masses, and Nixon wanted it to contain nothing offensive or seemingly belligerent.

The stickiest point, of course, was Taiwan. Kissinger insisted that, appearances to the contrary, the U.S. had not given anything away. The called the Taiwan statement a "sell-out" that will lead eventually to a Communist takeover of the island. As he arrived back in the U.S., Columnist William F. Buckley Jr. announced, "I am no longer interested in Richard Nixon," and went off to New Hampshire to aid John Ashbrook's campaign. Buckley's brother James complained in the Senate: "I felt that Richard Nixon would not repeat the mistakes of everyone else who has tried summitry."

Conservative objections were echoed by Taiwan, which denounced the communiqué during a visit by Assistant Secretary of State Marshall Green, who had been dispatched to assure U.S. allies in Asia (*see* The World). But the White House appeared to be convinced that it could ride out the criticism at home and abroad. As Democratic Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming put it: "You never can get the extreme right. Not until you drop a bomb on Peking or Moscow. But their claws have been pulled, even though they may not know it."

Top-Level Talks. For several different reasons, the State Department was also unhappy about the trip. Already nettled because so much of the nation's foreign policy is shaped by Kissinger, State officials were outraged at the treatment William Rogers received in Peking. The Secretary of State was relegated to lesser negotiations with Foreign Minister Chi Peng-fei, while Kissinger attended top-level talks—a slight that a Dulles or an Acheson would never have tolerated. Even the Chinese were perplexed, some of them asking the Americans if Rogers had had a falling out with the President. He hasn't; Nixon takes Rogers' friendship and loyalty for granted, but he relies more on Kissinger for foreign policy advice.

Because Rogers is so often ignored, morale at State is by and large lower than at any other time since the late Joe McCarthy was ferreting out supposed Communists in Foggy Bottom. The hurt feelings of career diplomats were not soothed by Humorist Art Buchwald. In a cruelly funny column last week, he suggested that a top Administration secret had been blown in Peking: "The American people have discovered that there is a highly confidential organization advising the President on foreign affairs which is called the State Department." Buchwald went on to say that a "sandy-haired man" had accompanied the President and that reporters had "assumed he was a Secret Service man and paid no attention to him. When questioned about what the person was doing on the trip, Ron Ziegler reluctantly admitted that the man's name was William Rogers, he held the title of Secretary of State and he had something to do with foreign affairs."

Other Visits. Only time will tell how successful the summit actually was, and whether the President's current euphoric sense that history has been changed is justified. The story will gradually unfold as other Americans encounter the Chinese. It is expected that U.S. businessmen will soon be allowed to visit China for trade discussions; there may also be an exchange of athletes, actors, musicians and scholars. From time to time, U.S. officials will pay other visits to China, and a permanent diplomatic contact will be maintained in a neutral third country. Nixon reached the summit that he sought, in short, but the climb toward closer Sino-American relations has just begun.

* While talking to congressional leaders, Kissinger harped on the point that Chou En-lai would have a harder time selling the new policy to his conservatives than the President would to the American variety. "I wonder what Chou is saying to his right wing," mused Kissinger. Cracked Goldwater: "In other words, what is he saying to his Barry Goldwater?"

THE ADMINISTRATION

The ITT Affair

It could not have come at a more inopportune time, what with the election drawing closer and the President trying to cash in on the political benefits of his China trip. Last week, though, the Nixon Administration found itself laboring under the shadow of what could be a major image-damaging scandal. The charge was that for a price—a $400,000 gift to help defray this year's G.O.P. convention costs—the Justice Department had dropped its antitrust suits against the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. The President was only indirectly involved, but the accusations—so far unproved—were aimed at his closest adviser, former Attorney General John Mitchell, and Mitchell's successor-designate, Richard Kleindienst.

The source of the charges was that well-known dealer in secret memos, Washington Columnist Jack Anderson. Last week Anderson published a summary of a personal memo, purportedly written by ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard, that linked the favorable antitrust settlement with ITT's pledge to underwrite some of the convention costs. Addressed to William R. Merriam, head of ITT's Washington office, the memo refers to Mrs. Beard's accosting Attorney General Mitchell at a party thrown by former Kentucky Governor Louie Nunn in Louisville after the 1971 Kentucky Derby.

Talking Freely. Mitchell had indicated to her, the memo said, that the settlement would turn out favorably for ITT. "Certainly the President has told Mitchell to see that things are worked out fairly," Mrs. Beard wrote. But, she warned Merriam, ITT officials were talking too freely about the $400,000 commitment, and if there was any more publicity, Mitchell might back away. So why didn't ITT put up the money and get its executives to shut up? The memo ends with the suggestion that Merriam destroy it.

The following day Anderson took out after Kleindienst in his column. The Attorney General-designate, he charged, had lied outright last year when he denied—in reply to a letter from Democratic National Committee Chairman Lawrence O'Brien—any connection between the convention cash and the antitrust settlement and insisted that neither he nor Mitchell had played any role in the department's negotiations with ITT. On the contrary, Anderson wrote, Kleindienst had in fact held several meetings on the case with ITT Director Felix Rohatyn before the settlement was reached.

Anderson's charges and the memo set Washington buzzing with rumor and speculation. It was no secret in the capital that ITT had given $100,000 through its subsidiary the Sheraton Corp.—to the G.O.P. and was considering giving more. It was also known that the money for the convention had been pledged only eight days before the Justice Department's favorable ruling. At the time, the department's Antitrust Division was under Richard McLaren, an exceptionally tough prosecutor who is now a federal judge in Chicago. The division had been furiously attacking ITT's earlier acquisition of several major companies, including the Hartford Fire Insurance Co. Several stories about the "coincidence" of the division's subsequent favorable ruling had run in the Washington press. But it took Mrs. Beard's memo and Anderson's columns to show a direct link between the settlement and the ITT gift.

The G.O.P. responded to the Anderson columns with slightly red-faced outrage. Mitchell flatly denied any prior knowledge of ITT underwriting for the convention. Kleindienst, who had been expecting routine confirmation by the Senate next week, quickly requested that the Senate Judiciary Committee, which had earlier given him a 13-0 vote of approval, reopen public hearings on his qualifications so that he might refute the charges.

Crucial Concession. Kleindienst showed up before the committee accompanied by McLaren and Rohatyn. All three denied any wrongdoing. Kleindienst insisted that he knew nothing about the ITT convention contribution until it became public knowledge "on or about Dec. 3" of last year. He also said that he had had nothing to do with the negotiation of the settlement agreed to by McLaren's Antitrust Division. He did, though, admit to several meetings with Rohatyn to discuss "some of the economic consequences" of the suit—meaning the impact on the stock market if the ITT-Hartford merger fell through.

The testimony by Kleindienst, Rohatyn and McLaren was not too well synchronized. In his statement, Kleindienst conceded that, besides Rohatyn, he knew one other ITT employee, a neighbor named John Ryan, who was deputy director of the corporation's Washington office, and whom he had met a few times at parties. But, he said, they had never discussed ITT's troubles with the Antitrust Division. Later, while McLaren was answering questions, Rohatyn and Kleindienst held a whispered consultation, after which Kleindienst cut off the questioning to announce: "My memory has been refreshed." Yes, he said, he had talked to Ryan about ITT's troubles after all; in fact, it was Ryan who had asked him to meet with an ITT executive, who turned out to be Rohatyn. Many in the audience felt that it was a crucial admission.

At the next day's hearing, Committee Member Ted Kennedy produced a letter written to Kleindienst by Reuben Robertson, an associate of Consumer Crusader Ralph Nader, questioning whether there was any connection between the ITT settlement and the company's gift to the G.O.P. Kennedy also produced the reply, dated Sept. 22, 1971, and written by McLaren, insisting that there was no such connection. Kennedy then pointed out that in earlier testimony both men had said that the first they had known of ITT's convention contribution was when it became public, "on or about Dec. 3." Yet here was a letter, dated two months earlier, discussing the gift. Both men denied any recollection of McLaren's or Robertson's letters, but Kennedy's probe had again cast doubt on their testimony.

Meanwhile questions mounted concerning Mrs. Beard, who had dropped out of sight two days after Anderson

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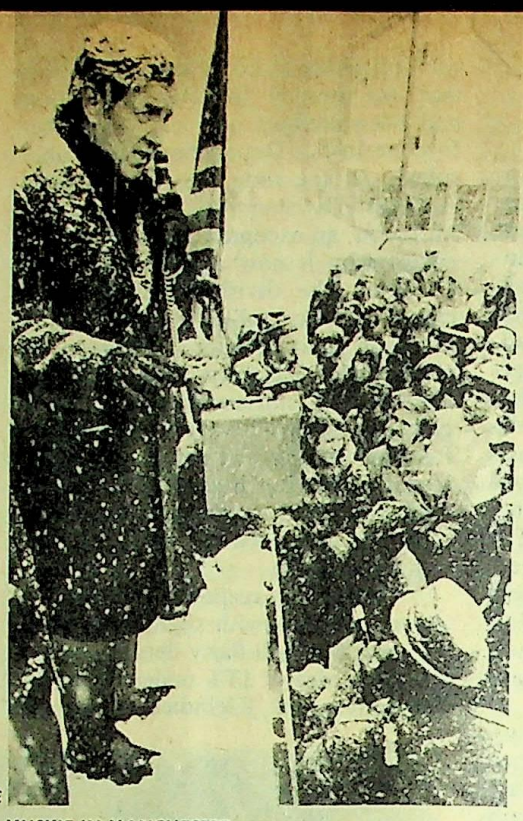
LOBBYIST DITA BEARD & ATTORNEY GENERAL-DESIGNATE RICHARD KLEINDIENST

The testimony before the committee was not too well synchronized.

published her memo. She had told a California Congressman that "where I'm going they won't be able to find me, and I won't be able to talk to them." Late last week, however, she was reported to be in the cardiac unit of the Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Center in Denver. Clearly Mrs. Beard, a divorcée of 53 with five children, and one of Washington's more colorful lobbyists, holds the key to many of the uncertainties surrounding the ITT affair.

There seems little doubt that she actually wrote the memo, but there are conflicting theories about why. According to one, she wrote it for the exact reason it states—to squelch loose talk about the $400,000 gift by company officials. Others suggest that she was about to be fired because of her abrasive personality and that she fabricated the memo to get even with ITT. The corporation has officially denied that the contribution to the G.O.P. was in any sense a political payoff, and insisted that there was no deal of any kind to settle the antitrust case.

So far, the hearings have established only that the Justice Department figures involved have both frail memories and a rather chummy relationship with certain ITT executives. Kleindienst may well survive further testimony with his reputation unsullied. Now, though, the chances of his confirmation being defeated were put at 25%—up from zero the week before.



MUSKIE IN MANCHESTER
Crying out loud.



JANE MUSKIE

POLITICS

Campaign Teardrops

Aside from trying out for the Olympic decathlon, there may be no more enervating enterprise in the U.S. than campaigning in the presidential primaries. Never before has the ordeal been more punishing than it is this year for the eleven major Democratic candidates, who have no fewer than 24 pre-convention primaries to contend with. It is enough to make strong men weep, and finally one did. The tears were all the more conspicuous because they were shed by the leading Democratic contender, Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine.

Standing on a flatbed truck in a snowstorm before the offices of the Manchester, N.H., *Union Leader*, Muskie defended his wife Jane against a snide bit of gossip about her in the newspaper. Its editor, the vitriolic, archconservative William Loeb, had reprinted a *Newsweek* item (itself a condensation of a story in *Women's Wear Daily*) detailing Mrs. Muskie's alleged penchant for pre-dinner cocktails and an incident in which she supposedly asked reporters if they knew any dirty jokes. Muskie was particularly angered by the headline Loeb put on the *Union Leader* item: BIG DADDY'S JANE. As the Senator later complained: "It made her sound like a moll."

In a voice choked with emotion, Muskie began to weep as he announced the title to the crowd. "This man doesn't walk, he crawls," sobbed Muskie. He tried to regain his composure, then said loudly: "He's talking about my wife." Muskie calmed himself; unfortunately for him, however, his breakdown was caught by CBS-TV cameras and shown round the country.

The moment of weakness left many voters wondering about Muskie's ability to stand up under stress. His aides were troubled by the performance, and one official of the Democratic National Committee observed: "You have Nixon in China meeting with the Communist leaders and you have Muskie having that difficulty in New Hampshire. I imagine the contrast would be somewhat harmful."

Expectably, there was some gleefully negative reaction in both parties. Washington Democratic Senator Henry Jackson asked: "If he's like that with Loeb, what would he do with Brezhnev?" Added Republican National Chairman Robert Dole: "I don't blame Muskie for crying. If I had to run against Richard Nixon, I'd do a lot of crying too."

As it happens, Muskie had not even intended to make an issue of the item about his wife in the address outside the *Union Leader* office. But en route to Manchester, he brooded over the article, then startled his aides by bringing it up after he had finished the first part of his speech. That part was devoted to answering charges in an earlier Loeb editorial that Muskie had laughed at an aide's sneering reference to Franco-American New Englanders as "Canucks." Someone named Paul Morrison had claimed that he had witnessed the incident wh Muskie was visiting a drug tre ment center in Ft. Lauderda Fla., and had sent a crudely wr ten letter to Loeb castigati Muskie. By week's end Morris had not been found. Reporte who had accompanied Musk to the center recalled no such i cident and agreed that the Sena had appeared somber and deep moved by his visit to the center.

Muskie's campaign headquarters New Hampshire was besieged by ca from Franco-Americans complainin about the purported slur. The proble was of no small concern to the Musk forces. His support in the state ha been eroding in recent weeks, and 40 of New Hampshire's registered Dem crats are Franco-Americans. Whi Muskie had to answer the charge, th trip to Manchester may have been i advised. Muskie fatigues easily, whi often brings out his celebrated tempe The plea to Muskie to counter the ac cusation came just as he had complete an exhausting two weeks of campaign ing and was looking forward to a week end of rest with his family. The prob lem was further compounded by Mus kie's long-running feud with Loeb, da ing back to 1957, after the edito helped keep a *Peyton Place* film cre from shooting in New Hampshire When Muskie, who was Maine's Gov ernor, allowed 20th Century-Fox t film the gamy picture in his state, Loe pilloried him.

Iceberg. Muskie contended th his weepy reaction was only huma He told CBS Correspondent Mike Wa lace: "For three years now I've bee told I have no emotions. So on one oc casion I show emotion about an at tack on my wife, and if I can't sho emotion in that instance. I guess th conclusion is that I've got to be an ic berg as President."

Muskie's supporters conceded th the brief crying jag had done their ca didate no good, but argued that it would probably be forgotten if there was no repetition. By his midweek ap pearance at a Boston fund-raising di

RACES

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ner, the Senator was composed enough to joke about the incident, telling the audience that his wife helped him pack, "and she put in six extra handkerchiefs." Aboard his campaign plane Muskie, who is of Polish extraction, even sang along with newsmen an impromptu ditty that one of them had written to the tune of *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling:*

When Polish eyes are crying
and when Polish hearts
are sad,
You can walk to Bill Loeb's office
and put on a public mad.

RACES

Busing Battle (Contd.)

As he rips through his familiar litany of complaints against liberals and Northerners, the stomping crowds in Jacksonville, Daytona Beach, West Palm Beach and Homestead roar as though it all were fresh. George Wallace teases, holding his big gun for last. Then he brings it out and blasts away at what has become his favorite target: busing. "I'm in tune with you," he shouts. "This busin' is callous and asinine. We're busin' children to kingdom come. But that busin' is gonna come to an end in this country when you elect me." The crowds go wild.

Busing has emerged as almost the only issue in the March 14 Florida primary, and Wallace seems fairly certain to ride the much-maligned yellow vehicles to victory there. In both North and South, the school bus is emerging as an unexpectedly dangerous hazard on the road that Democratic contenders have to travel to reach their party's nomination for President. The number of politicians still willing to speak out unequivocally against all antibusing moves was dwindling, but at least three persisted: Florida Governor Reubin Askew, New York Mayor John Lindsay and Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Protested Ribicoff: "If politicians continue to fan blind passions, we are lost. Busing is not the issue at all. The basic issue is whether America is going to have apartheid. I don't think we can exist on that basis."

Softened Stance. Last week, even as Wallace was flamboyantly exploiting the issue in Florida, three of his Democratic opponents hurried back to Washington to soften the Senate's antibusing stance (TIME, March 6). Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie and George McGovern* cast decisive votes as the Senate reversed its adoption of the extreme antibusing amendment pushed by Michigan Republican Robert Griffin. Carried by just three votes a week earlier—with all five Democratic presidential contenders absent—the Griffin amendment would have removed the courts' authority to order the busing of children.

In a display of parliamentary subtleties, the Senate took three tense votes on the Griffin amendment last week. Vice President Spiro Agnew even made a rare appearance in the presiding chair so that he could break any tie by voting for the Griffin proposal. He never got the chance. On the first two votes Griffin opponents defeated the amendment by a single vote on one tally and by a three-vote margin on a second.

Next day, when many assumed that the battle was over, Kansas Senator Robert Dole, chairman of the Republican National Committee, slyly offered an almost identical amendment. He again alerted Agnew to be on hand. "We had word," Dole explained later, "that Muskie had to leave, that McGovern had taken off. We thought we might just luck out." The Senate leaders, Democrat Mansfield and Pennsylvania Republican Hugh Scott, were battling hard for a less restrictive antibusing measure of their own. At the end of the roll call, the Dole amendment led, 40 to 37. Then stragglers walked dramatically into the chamber. Dole's information turned out to be wrong: both McGovern and Muskie were still present, and the amendment lost, 48 to 47.

The Senate then went on to approve the Mansfield-Scott proposal by a handy 63 to 34. The proposal would prohibit the use of federal funds to implement busing unless local authorities requested the money—something they would undoubtedly do if faced with a court order to bus, since the alternative would be to raise their own funds. It would also delay execution of any court order requiring the transportation of children across school district lines until all appeals are heard, or until July 1, 1973. The bill's most substantive provision would prevent federal officials, but not the courts, from ordering the busing of children to a school that would provide education inferior to what a student might receive in his home district.

Even as the possibility of a major retreat on integration lessened in the Senate, a new threat arose in the House. There the Judiciary Committee, which is chaired by New York Democrat Emanuel Celler, 83, a veteran civil rights advocate, opened hearings on a constitutional amendment, proposed in no fewer than 30 versions, that would ban busing for racial purposes. Confident that the Administration was also opposed to such an amendment, Celler had planned only perfunctory hearings, expecting the matter to die swiftly. Now, not at all sure of Nixon's eventual stand (the President last week was studying the matter in Key Biscayne), Celler decided to hold more extensive hearings in hopes of convincing the President that amending the Constitution would be legally unsound and might even be of doubtful political value.

Overblown. After allowing several antibusing Congressmen to score oratorical points for the folks back home, Celler turned to the most prominent of the amendment versions. As suggested by New York's first-term Republican Congressman Norman Lent, the amendment would provide that "no public school student shall, because of his race, creed or color, be assigned to or required to attend a particular school." Lent proved a weak witness; Virginia's conservative Republican Richard Poff, whom Nixon has wanted

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WALLACE AT NATIONAL GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON
After the litany, the big gun—and the crowds go wild.

* Despite a summons from Majority Leader Mike Mansfield to do their senatorial duty, two other campaigners—Indiana's Vance Hartke and Washington's Henry Jackson—stayed on the hustings and ducked the voting.

to nominate to the Supreme Court, questioned the ambiguity of the language. "I don't have the best lawyers working for me," Lent conceded.

Even Committee proponents of the amendment seemed deeply impressed by the countertestimony of the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame and chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. He protested that busing was a politically overblown issue, based on the too careless reaction by the press to some outraged parents, and that integration was actually working well in many schools—especially when parents did not interfere (*see box*). "Where you go to school has a determinative effect on your life," said Father Hesburgh. "For many, the only way to get a good education is to ride on a bus." He charged that the amendment was not so much antibusing as antidesegregation: "We better face that fact. It is also fundamentally an anti-black amendment."

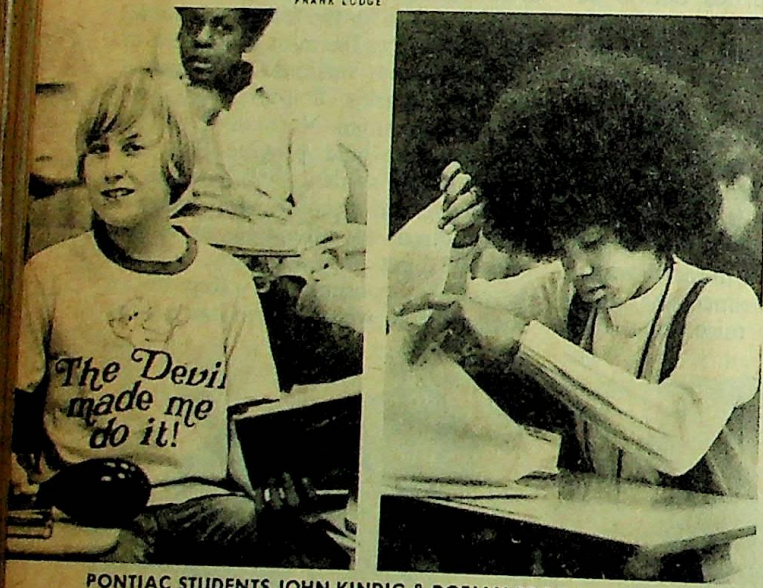
Even so, the constitutional amendment remains an enticing dodge for many worried politicians. They could vote for it to appease the antibusing sentiment, knowing that it might years before two-thirds of the Ho and Senate and three-fourths of the tion's state legislatures could, or wo act to put the amendment into effe By then individual Congressmen wo be long off the hook. But any amen ment on busing would put the Con tution in conflict with the Bill of Rig The legal debate over equal rights the races would be thrown into gre chaos than has existed since the S preme Court tried to clarify the ma by ruling on *Brown* v. *Board of Ed cation* 18 painful years ago.

The View from the Bus

NO northern city has been more polarized by the busing issue than Pontiac, Mich. (pop. 85,000), a transient auto assembly-line town 25 miles northwest of Detroit. Last May, the U.S. Court of Appeals upheld a district court order calling for the busing of 9,000 of the 24,000 students to achieve racial balance in the city's predominantly white (68%) school system. When the schools opened in September, six members of the Ku Klux Klan were arrested for firebombing Pontiac school buses; militant white mothers chained themselves to buses and enrolled their children in impromptu neighborhood "freedom schools."

For Pontiac parents, busing has been a traumatic experience. "There is fear," says School Superintendent Dana Whitmer. "The whites fear the ghetto and the blacks fear sending their children into what they are

FRANK LODGE



PONTIAC STUDENTS JOHN KINDIG & DORIAN BROOKS

afraid are Ku Klux Klan areas." The significant issue, though, is how the children have reacted. The answer, so far, seems to be: remarkably well, to judge by the testimony of two typical Pontiac teen-agers:

■

Dorian Brooks, 13, is a black eighth-grader at Pontiac's Eastern Junior High School, a once all-black school that is now 60% white as a result of busing. A shy, pretty girl who would like to be a social worker, Dorian does not mind being bused. "I like to meet a lot of different people," she explains, "and I was glad when the busing started. At the beginning they didn't socialize at all, the blacks and the whites. We had a Sadie Hawkins dance, and I only saw one white couple, and they left five minutes later. We had a skating party, and I didn't see any white people at all. I guess they either think we don't want them or they are afraid something will happen to them down here. Some mothers and fathers come and pick up their kids, and maybe I don't blame them if they a scared. I know one white kid who got on a bus and so black kids just jumped him for no reason at all and beat hi I don't think it happens very much any more, though."

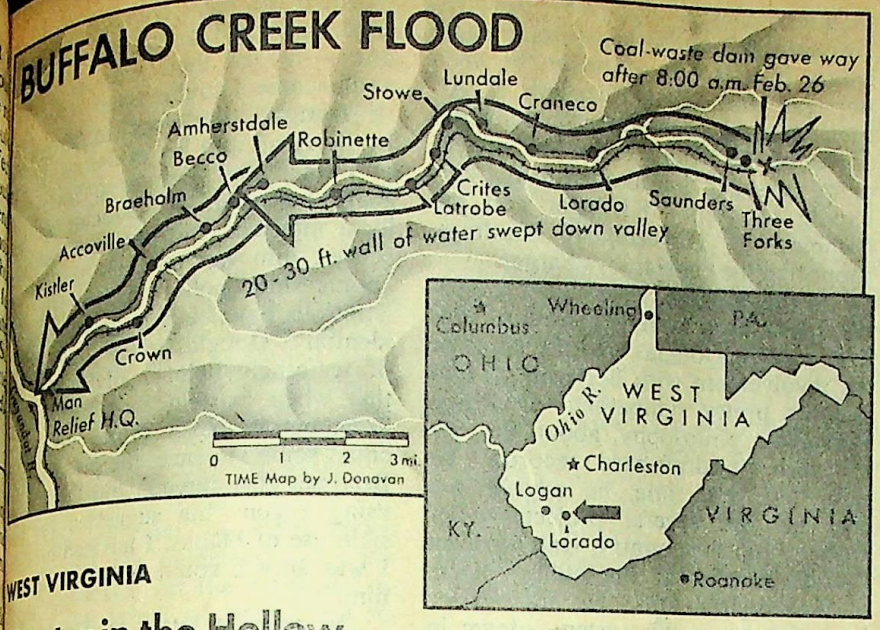
Dorian, one of the organizers of a Brotherhood We at Eastern, feels that continued togetherness is the answ "I have made some good white friends," she says, "but can see it is hard for them. Like, we were making these committees and this girl told us to put her in group with all white people because she had been socia izing with the blacks so much that she was afraid h friends would hate her. Another time, a friend of min had this pajama party and she wanted to invite me, on she was afraid her parents wouldn't like it. Maybe it going too fast for some people, especially parents, to acce it. The big problem is keeping the students together once the get to school. I think we could get a lot of school spirit an make kids interested, get activities going, have some cam paigns to make money and have trips. I think the more w are together the better it will be. It is up to the students to d it. It will take time, but we can do it."

■

John Kindig, 13, a white seventh-grader at Jefferson Ju nior High, where the white enrollment has grown fro 10% to 55% under the busing program, agrees. "A these adults keep telling us we're supposed to be against bus ing," he says. "They tell each other 'Burn the buses, tea down the schools, beat up the niggers.' Who do they think they are? We're the ones who are going to school. We're the ones that have to live together. We can do it fine if they'll let us alone. I've made a lot of friends here at Jef ferson, and my best friend, that's Keith Fowler, he's black. I'd like to have him come on over and spend the night, but my dad he wouldn't allow it. I've stayed at Keith's place though. And we go skiing a lot."

John, an A student who wears jeans and a T shirt bearing the inscription "The Devil Made Me Do It," is a founder of The Group, an organization of black and white students ded icated to making the new busing and integration program work. "The bus I travel on is all white," he says of his ten minute ride to school. "On the first days, when we pulled up to the school, like it was very quiet. I don't know why, excep I guess we were all afraid of the black people. I guess the blacks were worried about us too. At the beginning just abou everybody sat at all-white tables in the cafeteria, and the whites and blacks wouldn't talk to each other very much. But we've only had twelve big arguments or fights at Jefferson since school started.

"Blacks are different," he continues. "They have dif ferent personalities and all that. But I guess I would never have known any or made any friends among them if it had not been for busing, if some of those grownups ha their way. The adults say that seventh-graders can't grasp the situation, that we're too young. Well, how can the tell? They aren't the ones in school. They're not trying make it work. We are. We have to live together and grow up together so we can keep this earth going. Busing shouldn't be the solution to segregation. But it's one wa we can get to know each other."



WEST VIRGINIA

Disaster in the Hollow

Three days of rain mixed with a runoff of snow had dramatically raised the level of the lake dammed up behind the huge coal-slag heap at the head of Buffalo Creek. It was still raining hard at 5:30 a.m. when Logan County Deputy Sheriff Otto Mutters was awakened by a phone call from another deputy warning him that the slag heap was in danger of giving way. As Mutters remembers, "My gut went tight."

Deep in West Virginia's soft-coal region, where tough miners and their families have lived for decades along the narrow mountain valleys known as hollows, Buffalo Creek Hollow (*see map*) echoes the contours of the twisting, snakelike stream from which it takes its name. It is one of the most densely settled areas of Logan County, with a dozen coal mines and more than 10% of the population. Not much wider than a football field at some points, the hollow forms a natural funnel from the dam to the Guyandot River 17 miles away. Often, a heavy rainfall is enough to flood the valley's 16 mining towns, many of which border right on Buffalo Creek.

Holding Fast. After the other deputy's call, Mutters drove to the slag heap and checked with a mining official, who assured him that the dam was holding fast. Unconvinced, Mutters set out in his car to spread the alarm. But there was too little time, and the people of Buffalo Creek had been threatened too often before with false alarms about the dam. Some time after 8 a.m., the wall of slag burst open "like a bomb had hit it," according to one witness, and a huge mountain of water and sludge descended on the hollow, trapping many people still asleep.

Estimated to have been between 20 ft. and 30 ft. high, the 175 million gallons of raging water released from the dam simply demolished the valley. In the dozen miles closest to the dam, its enormous force stripped the soil down to bedrock in places, lifted buildings, cars and trees and hurled them downstream. A frame church was seen riding the flood's crest like a flagship, before being battered to splinters. In one community the only building left standing was the company store. Several bodies were later found floating in the Guyandot some 20 miles downstream.

Because of its mucky consistency, the flood tide took about an hour to course through the valley, leaving behind a thick mantle of silt and slime that hampered rescue operations for days afterward. Viewed from the air, reported TIME Correspondent Art White, the hollow "looked like a black corrugated moonscape." All told, 1,500 houses were destroyed or damaged and 4,000 people left homeless. More important, 92 are known dead, and almost as many are still missing; over 1,100 were injured.

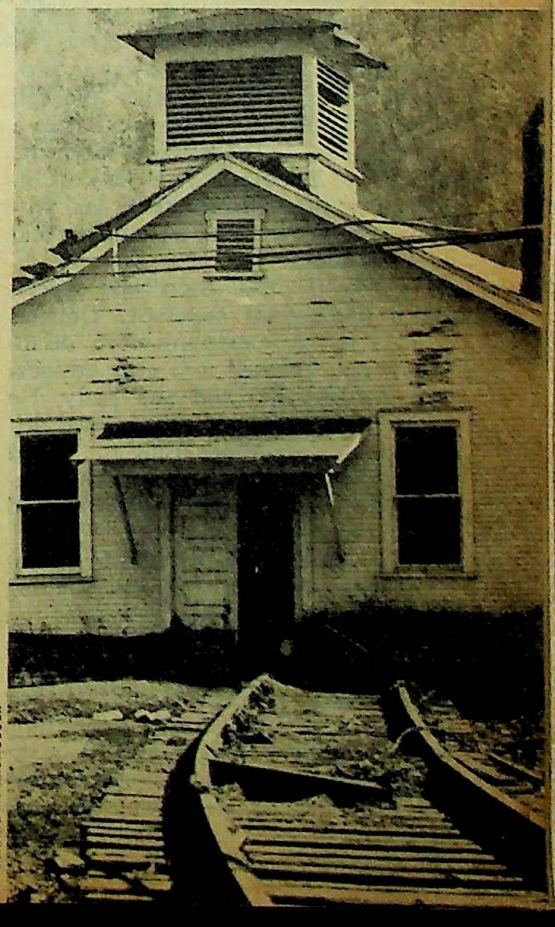
Rescue attempts began almost immediately, as West Virginia Governor Arch Moore Jr. sent in the National Guard and signed a bill providing $1,000,000 in emergency relief. From Shanghai President Nixon telephoned Moore and declared Logan County a national disaster area. Both the American Red Cross and the Salvation Army moved into the area and from emergency headquarters in the town of Man, which survived the flood relatively intact, began the awesome task of feeding and clothing the stunned survivors. Guardsmen driving heavy machinery prodded through the debris and rubble for bodies. To get the hollow back on its feet, federal authorities have promised to bring in 500 mobile homes, which will be set up in trailer parks and turned over to the homeless, rent-free for a year.

No amount of rescue work, however, could still the acrimonious debate that erupted over who was responsible for the disaster. Slag dams —or gob piles, as they are often called in the region—are an ugly but common sight in West Virginia. Like the one at Buffalo Creek, which was owned by the Buffalo Mining Co., a subsidiary of the Manhattan-based Pittston Co., they are built up from the residue that results from washing coal. The slime and silt settle, and the water that backs up behind the slag heap is often used again for washing the coal. Such dams in West Virginia have breached before. After the flood, the U.S. Geological Survey disclosed that in 1967 West Virginia state officials were warned that four waste piles in the state were dangerous, and corrective action was taken. Reports also were made on 34 other waste piles, including the one at Buffalo Creek, which was found to be stable, but could be "overtopped and breached" by water.

Act of God. At a press conference, Governor Moore denied any knowledge of the Geological Survey's warning. A high official of the Pittston Co. was quoted by the Charleston *Gazette* as fatuously blaming the disaster on "an act of God." The flood, of course, was rather the result of poor engineering and poor judgment. Intensive state and federal investigations are now under way to determine its immediate cause.

All of which matters little to the grieving and homeless miners of Buffalo Creek Hollow, many of whose kin and neighbors now lie beneath the markers that dot the rolling hills of West Virginia. The people of Buffalo Creek say that they have known for years that the slag pile was dangerous. And yet, in the face of a peril so imminent, they continued to live in the threatened valley because it was the only life they knew.

FLOOD-RAVAGED CHURCH AT BUFFALO CREEK



JEANNE M. RASMUSSEN

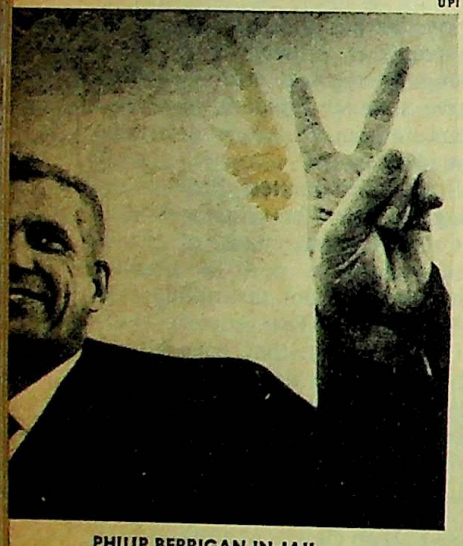
TRIALS

Minister With Portfolio

You have heard and will hear a lot about letters. Letters, letters, letters. In these you will find the saddest part of this case, believe me. Boyd Douglas. I think he is a very sad case. He's been in trouble all his life. The U.S. Government in its majesty did not deign to tell you much about this man's background. I think he's made lying a way of life.

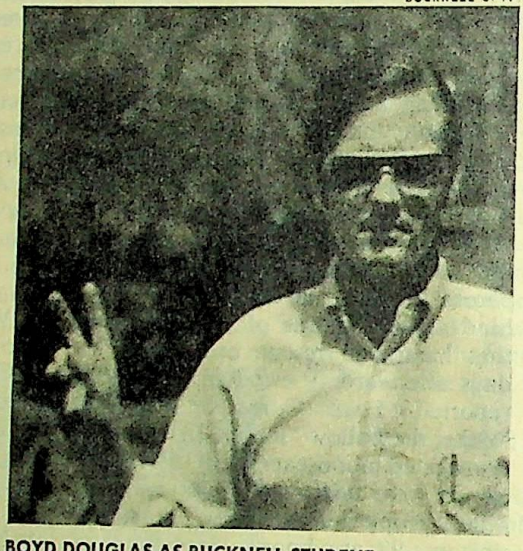
The opening statement of Defense Attorney Ramsey Clark left no doubt as to who would be the central character in the trial of the Harrisburg Seven. Indeed, ever since the Rev. Philip Berrigan and his co-defendants were indicted on conspiracy charges 15 months ago, the man who informed on them has been hidden away in protected seclusion. Thus, when the call came last week for his appearance, a hush fell over the courtroom. Moments later, Boyd Douglas Jr., 31—ex-con, informer and the Government's star witness—walked through a side door and took the stand.

UPI



PHILIP BERRIGAN IN JAIL

BUCKNELL UNIV



BOYD DOUGLAS AS BUCKNELL STUDENT

A very strict Catholic and a priest with a cause.

Puffy. To trial goers who expected a flamboyant superspy, Douglas proved to be something of a disappointment. Dressed in a gray business suit, he looked pallid and puffy. He spoke his testimony in a low, dispassionate monotone, using the stilted phraseology of a police blotter. Douglas' flat presentation, though, belied his importance to the case.

Convicted of such offenses as impersonating an Army officer, assaulting an FBI agent and fraud, Douglas has spent most of the past eight years in federal prisons. Following a conviction for passing $19,215 worth of bad checks, he was sent to the Lewisburg, Pa., penitentiary. There, in 1970, he befriended Philip Berrigan, who is serving a sentence for destroying Selective Service records. Douglas was permitted to leave the prison during the day to attend classes at nearby Bucknell University. Soon he began to smuggle letters in and out of prison between Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister. Douglas subsequently delivered copies of the letters to the FBI, which, citing passages that alluded to the kidnaping of Henry Kissinger and the bombing of Government buildings, supported the conspiracy charges.

In the System. In response to gentle questioning from Prosecutor William Lynch, Douglas told the court of his involvement with Berrigan. "I had become pretty sympathetic to Philip Berrigan's philosophy about the destruction of draft-card records," he said. "At that time, he advised me that he had several projects under study round the country. One involved the destruction of the utility system in Washington, D.C. He advised me he had been in this system—down in the tunnel system itself—with another individual. He said that he had been there posing as an electrical engineer. I told him that I had some experience with explosives while in the Army." "Was that an accurate statement?" asked Lynch. "No," answered Douglas laconically. "I had no experience."

According to Douglas, he became "concerned" about the goals of Berrigan and his friends—some of whom he met at campus meetings—and their talk about blowing up tunnels. "I am a Catholic," he said, "and I was brought up a very strict Catholic—in a relative way." Douglas decided that it was only a matter of time before prison authorities found out that he was serving as a messenger for Berrigan. "I hoped," he said, "that if I had some supplemental evidence that I could produce at the time that it was discovered I was carrying out contraband, the authorities would believe me, and would realize the threat of these people to the United States Government." It was only after one letter was discovered in a routine search of Berrigan's cell, Douglas said, that he gathered up copies of the letters —which he had conveniently d cated in the Bucknell University brary—turned them over to the and became a double agent.

Douglas continued to be tru by Berrigan and his associates. In of Father Phil's letters to Sister E abeth he refers to Douglas as local minister with portfolio" and scribes him as "the best thing he abouts since polio vaccine. His m istrations have been no less than pr idential." Douglas came up with of seemingly helpful advice. He that when he told Berrigan that Washington caper would necessa entail some violence, the priest agre Berrigan also agreed, said Douglas, using a gun "but suggested the p sible use of blanks. I advised him I was sure I could obtain a gun him."

In another letter to Sister Eliz beth, Berrigan talked about recruiti some fellow prisoners. "The you guys here more and more sit in on rap sessions. They are car thieves, b robbers, old experienced cons for their young ages. They are creati personable, funny, violent, racist, b what an injection they'll add to o movement. We hope that before th leave here to have them started on investigation of life—one which w put their talents at our disposal."

Letter to "Molly." The defen has hinted that it will try to attac Douglas as being an FBI plant fro the very beginning. Last week it r ceived a helpful bit of evidence, the form of a letter from Douglas "Molly," the code name of his FBI co tact. Dated Oct. 3, 1970, the lett reads in part: "Thank the bureau f the reward and thank you. This w be used for a new car soon. Consi ering what I will go through befor and after the trial or trials, I requ a minimum reward of $50,000, t free. Five thousand to be paid th first week in December 1970, and th rest at the start of the trial or whe things are blown wide open."

Douglas did indeed buy a new ca —a $4,000 Javelin with racing strip —two months later. According to Bucknell acquaintances, Convict Doug las was a high liver. He dated fr quently, drank expensive Scotch smoked imported cigarettes and spor ed around in a flashy mod wardrobe.

When it gets a chance to cross-e amine Douglas, the defense will ma the most of such reports. To offs the damaging evidence in the lette the strategy will be to discredit Doug las, the self-confessed liar. That ma not be too difficult. Even Boyd's fa ther once said of his son: "He h told so many lies, practically all h life, that I can't believe anything says."

* Douglas contends that his funds we part of a $10,700 settlement he received 1968 in a damage suit over complicatio he suffered after acting as a volunteer for prison medical experiment.

Three Bold Newcomers

The last effort to launch an art "movement" from the frail base of one New York patron's taste took place about a year ago, when Dress Manufacturer Larry Aldrich gave the Whitney Museum a mass of paintings by younger American artists on condition that they all be exhibited under the category of "Lyrical Abstractions." The show was a complete flop. Even New York—where the omnivorous appetite for meaningless art categories would test the digestion of a goat—rejected this offering: the name meant nothing and the members had nothing in common. Yet the event did involve a few artists of strong and serious talent, all of whom repudiate groups. And at a time when the death of abstract painting is monotonously proclaimed from various Manhattan pulpits, it is worth considering that these men have provided a large share of the rather sparse pleasures of the current art season. Among them:

David Diao, 28, came to New York eight years ago from Gambier, Ohio, where he had been studying philosophy at Kenyon College. In his new show at the Reese Palley Gallery, his work, which once was austere almost to the point of impallability, has taken on a peculiar density and resonance. Thick swaths of glossy acrylic are rolled onto the canvas in 5-ft.-wide swipes, and then buried by further layers. "I wanted to get away from all those tricks and nuances," says Diao. "I like to just lay a color down and leave it." The broad squeegee marks involve, for Diao, "the ends always reflecting the means—it's an idea that has become rather banalized by process art, but it's still an essential part of painting." The paintings are drenched in harsh and unappetizing color: the dark blue and bland bathroom-blue halves of *Untitled,* 1971, could almost go into a motel. But their relationships, as one edge of paint slides behind another "like theater curtains," are always controlled just this side of visual cacophony. By taking up some of the most overworked aspects of abstract expressionism—the extravagantly rich paint, the sweeping gesture—and presenting them in this faintly ironic form (one of his titles, *The Triumph of American Painting,* was also the title of a recent tome on the New York school), Diao has produced one of the most promising shows of the year. "The problem," he says, "is always to avoid a clique situation. I'm against the Marxist idea of art history as direction. The idea of connecting myself to some orthodox style bores me—I try to fight it."

■

Philip Wofford, at 36, is scarcely an abstract painter at all. The pictures in his current exhibition at SoHo's Emmerich Gallery all involve the general experience, if not the detail, of landscape—not as seen by the eye's perspective, with sky at the top and earth below, but as though taken apart and rewoven into an expansive shifting pattern of space. Wofford, who teaches art at Bennington College, regards a visit he paid to the Southwest in 1968 as one of the key experiences in his work—especially some nights he spent camping on the edge of the Grand Canyon, which provoked a long autobiographical poem named *Grand Canyon Search Ceremony* as well as a number of paintings: "It was a holy atmosphere, so silent, so vast; I was stunned by it."

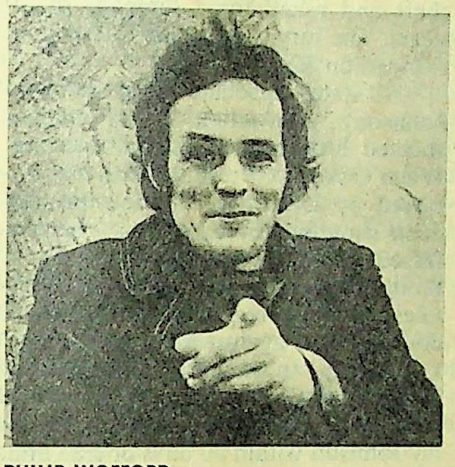
This has been one of the familiar themes of American art ever since the Hudson River School—the idea of epic landscape, which gives rise to the parallel idea that the actual making of a picture is some kind of journey. And for Wofford, whose attitude has been much influenced by reading the memoirs of an Oglala chief (*Black Elk Speaks*), landscape ought not to be separated from the way American Indians perceived nature: as an assembly not of dead earth and dumb plants, but of sentient presences. Some of this comes through in paintings like *Star-Weaver,* with their panoramic veils and zigzags of light, their flecks of paint that suggest flowers, mica deposits or dust: a soft immanence, vulnerable and pantheistic. Unfortunately, Wofford overworks his paintings. The light stiffens into crusts of inert pigment. But if the picture surface is sometimes cluttered, the effort to complicate it remains salutary and even brave.

■

Robert Zakanych exhibited at Reese Palley last November, and a new artist of singular grace and power seemed to have arrived. Praised as a colorist, Zakanych—a solidly built, Midwestern-looking 36-year-old who actually hails from New Jersey—denies the classification: "People are always trying to tell me I'm a color painter. In fact my work is just about painting." Nevertheless, color is the overriding content and subject of Zakanych's work. He manipulates it with stunning precision, by dividing the canvas with a grid of close rectangular intervals and then producing tiny, almost imperceptible grades of hue and intensity from one block to the next. The result is "a constant movement across the painting, and up and down. There isn't one color that remains stable; I don't want viewers to be able to lock into a basic color and say, for certain, that this or that painting is red or blue." In works like *Sapphire,* 1971, the fluttering accumulation of yellow, red and purple across the grid is so eye-fooling that, after a while, analysis stops; instead, one submits to the pressure of light that emanates from the field. Color becomes an absolute phenomenon; it needs to depict nothing to reveal its action. It may be that no American painter since Rothko has contrived to transform pigment into meditation more effectively than Zakanych. "I got completely sick of all the cool, boring, systematic painting that was around in New York a few years ago," he says. "I'm trying to break that down." And, it seems, succeeding. ■ Robert Hughes



DAVID DIAO



PHILIP WOFFORD



DAVID GAHR

ROBERT ZAKANYCH

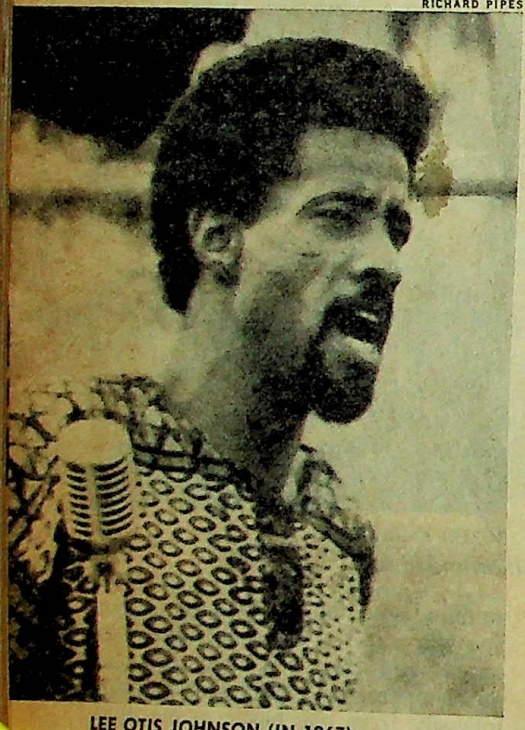
Among their effects: bathroom blue, squeegeed curtains, mica flecks, color blocks and an end to cool.

The Agitator

In Texas, where the average time served for homicide is less than six years, Lee Otis Johnson might appear to be an exceptionally dangerous criminal. For the past 42 months he has been languishing in prison, serving a sentence of 30 years. His crime: giving one marijuana cigarette to an undercover Houston policeman.

There is little doubt that Johnson's real "crime" was to be a militant black radical, a leading member of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. In May of 1967, there was a confrontation between Houston police and the predominantly black students of Texas Southern University. One white policeman was killed in the clash,

RICHARD PIPES



LEE OTIS JOHNSON (IN 1967)
Frijoles, frijoles!

probably by a stray police bullet, and no one was ever convicted of anything. Privately, however, police blamed Johnson, then 27, for "agitating" students in campus speeches.

During the next year, a dozen officers each spent 200 hours of overtime in tailing Johnson. They arrested him five times on charges ranging from suspicion of theft to carrying a concealed weapon, but they failed to get a single conviction. Finally, the authorities assigned a black police recruit to infiltrate the commune-style house where Johnson lived. The rookie began chauffeuring Johnson around town, bought food and supplies for the house. The surveillance continued for two months, until the rookie reported that Johnson had given him a joint.

The police hesitated for six weeks before filing a charge. Then, two days after Johnson made an angry anti-Establishment speech at a black rally, he was arrested for passing the marijuana. He denied the charge. District Attorney Carol Vance, who rarely tries a case, decided to prosecute Johnson personally. "When a person threatens to burn down a city, those responsible for a community's safety are justified in taking necessary steps to keep him from doing so," Vance later explained.

At the trial, in August of 1968, Vance peremptorily challenged all black veniremen, thus leaving Johnson to face an all-white jury. Vance also successfully opposed a motion for change of venue, even though two jurors admitted knowing of Johnson's militant reputation. After 1½ days of testimony and only half an hour of deliberation, the jury found Johnson guilty. Vance cited the fact that Johnson had previously been convicted of theft and asked for a sentence of 20 years. The jury went a step farther and decided on 30.

A state appellate court upheld Johnson's conviction, and officials showed little concern about the case. When Governor Preston Smith was harassed by University of Houston students shouting "Free Lee Otis!" he professed bewilderment. Said Smith: "I thought they were saying, 'Frijoles, frijoles!' I wondered what in the world do they have against Mexican beans?"

Unfair. In January, U.S. District Judge Carl O. Bue Jr. overturned the conviction and ordered the state to retry Johnson within 90 days or free him. "Outside influences affecting the community's climate of opinion were so inherently suspect as to create a resulting probability of unfairness," Bue ruled.

Vance is reported to be unenthusiastic about retrying the case ("The mood in Houston has changed dramatically," he says), but he is even more unenthusiastic about conceding that Johnson did not get a fair trial. He has decided to appeal Judge Bue's finding of probable unfairness, and the appeal process could take another six months to two years. While his lawyer jockeys for his release, Lee Otis Johnson continues to serve his fourth year in prison for passing that one marijuana cigarette.

Spoils of War

Sergeant Donald Morrison is hardly the classic soldier of fortune. Drafted by the U.S. Army at 19 from his rural Georgia home, he served a year in Viet Nam in the infantry. He came home just about as poor as when he left. If Morrison has his way, though, the state of his finances may radically change.

Morrison was out on patrol in Binh Dinh province on July 31, 19[illegible] when his flashlight happened to [illegible] out a piece of metal in a niche [illegible] cave wall. The glint was a U.S. [illegible] munition box, and in it, tied in [illegible] were three stacks of $50 bills—a h[illegible] some total of $150,000. (Officials h[illegible] speculated that Communists siphon[illegible] the money out of the Saigon bl[illegible] market, and were hoarding it for [illegible] purchase of supplies.)

"I offered to split with everybo[illegible] in the squad," Morrison recalls, "[illegible] the lieutenant said no. He said it was [illegible] mine." The lieutenant turned the mo[illegible] ey in to headquarters, and Morris[illegible] never saw it again.

Daydreams. Discharged from [illegible] Army a month later, Morrison bro[illegible] ed about his lost treasure. Finally [illegible] filed suit in the U.S. district court [illegible] Valdosta, Ga., claiming the money [illegible] war booty. The judge rejected the s[illegible] on the grounds that he had no j[illegible] risdiction. Morrison then went [illegible] Washington to press his case befo[illegible] the U.S. Court of Claims. His lawy[illegible] argued that the $150,000 was a "tre[illegible] sure trove" and therefore belonged [illegible] the finder. The Army responded tha[illegible] Morrison, while in uniform, was ac[illegible] ing as a Government agent, and tha[illegible] any loot he discovered consequently be[illegible] longed to the U.S. Government.

The court may take months to se[illegible] tle the claim. While he waits, Mo[illegible] rison, now 24, will be back in Argy[illegible] Ga., earning $125 a week from th[illegible] state highway department and da[illegible] dreaming about the lost riches tha[illegible] may someday be his.

Abortion and Privacy

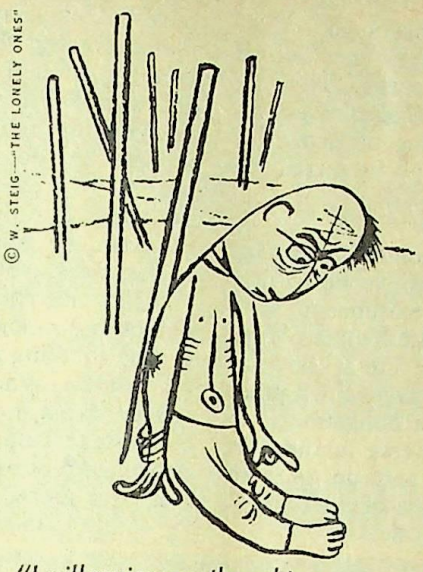
The core of the argument against [illegible] anti-abortion laws is that every wom[illegible] an has a fundamental right to decid[illegible] what happens to her own body, a[illegible] least until after the quickening of th[illegible] fetus. In recent years a few court[illegible] have given a sympathetic hearing t[illegible] this argument, but legal reformers hav[illegible] kept trying to get a clear-cut judicia[illegible] declaration that women are constitu[illegible] tionally entitled to a freedom of medi[illegible] ical choice. Last week a three-judge [illegible] federal court sitting in New Jersey pro[illegible] vided exactly that.

In a 2-1 decision, the court said flat[illegible] ly, "We hold that a woman has a con[illegible] stitutional right of privacy under the [illegible] Ninth and 14th Amendments to de[illegible] termine for herself whether to bear a [illegible] child." In the early stages of gesta[illegible] tion, the court decided, "a mother's [illegible] right transcends that of the embryo."

Up to now, New Jersey officials [illegible] have permitted abortions only if a [illegible] mother's life or health was threatened. [illegible] The judges' decision means that all [illegible] abortion prosecutions in the state will [illegible] probably be suspended pending an ap[illegible] peal. Until that is settled, however, any [illegible] one performing an abortion would still [illegible] be liable to prosecution if the de[illegible] cision is reversed.

The New Cult of Madness: Thinking As a Bad Habit

ONE of William Steig's bitingly wistful little cartoons bears the caption: "I will review my thoughts just once more." A figure, Steig's version of *The Thinker*, sits slumped at the end of a labyrinth of drunkenly tilting stakes. His eyes stare out of focus in the general direction of his knees. His forehead wears its frown like a cross.



"I will review my thoughts just once more."

The official myth may persist: man is the thinking animal. But whether the problem is Viet Nam or population growth, homosexuality or the existence of God, he seems to be turning queasier and queasier at the prospect of reviewing his thoughts "just once more." Thinking seems less and less likely to solve his problems. Worse, thinking seems to have become the problem.

Many intellectuals have even given up thinking—or tried to—as if it were a bad habit. Scrambled across their work as guidance for the public is the new and purgative graffito: "Nothing makes sense." The panicked outrage once reserved for those moments when all the reasons for living seem to fall apart has become a truism of everyday life. The list of anti-intellectual intellectuals, which used to begin and end with Hemingway, now runs on and on.

What do these celebrated Steigian brain scramblers share with each other, and with most of the rest of the populace? They are conspicuously rational people doing their unlevel best to become less rational. In so doing they are playing out cameo roles in what Dr. David Cooper calls the "Madness Revolution." Cooper is another determined irrationalist, a psychiatrist who frequently envies his patients. Together with British Psychiatrist R.D. Laing, he has composed a sort of "power of positive nonthinking"—a popular ideology of madness. Works like *The Politics of Experience* (Laing) and *The Death of the Family* (Cooper) codify the I-hate-to-think assumptions all too visible in the semantics of everyday speech.

■

Of course, there never has been a true Age of Reason, a time when everything made sense. Even in the darkest times, some men have embraced as an ideal Plato's famous symbol of Reason: the charioteer masterfully reigning in his two horses, passion and will. But Western civilization has too often made of Plato's metaphor a sort of public memorial, something that men absently tip their hats to on history's Sunday afternoons. Even a man of reason like Santayana was forced to acknowledge man's habitual flight from his rule with his cover phrase for history: "normal madness."

The really significant revolt against reason took place 40 to 100 years ago. Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, Kafka's *The Trial*, Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*—by comparison with these masterpieces, even the best among today's Madness Revolution artists seem dilettantes. But the new madness has taken the visions in hell of the masters and vulgarized them as chic. Perhaps the change was inevitable. Plato's charioteer had become the fat cat in the back of the limousine. Reason too often has dried up into "common sense" and become a cover word for intellectual timidity. The failure of conventionalized reason to explain two world wars or Jungian voyages into the unconscious must seem tragic as well as absurd. The result is that we have become the first people to proclaim their age the Age of Unreason.

"Reason" and "logic" have, in fact, become dirty words—death words. They have been replaced by the life words "feeling" and "impulse." Consciousness—the rational—is presumed to be shallow and unconsciousness—the irrational—to be always interesting, often profound and usually *true*. Cooper's law: "Truth is an unspeakable madness." Sanity is snobbishly looked down upon as uptight and bourgeois. Never has William Blake's Romantic maxim been so believed: "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom."

"Paranoia is a state of heightened awareness," writes one of the contributors to *The Radical Therapist*, a kind of underground paper for counterculture therapists. Madness "reinvents our selves," Cooper explains, speaking of "mourning for the madness I never had." Norman Brown (*Life Against Death*) has spoken of the "blessing," the "supernatural powers" that come only with madness. To such post-Freudians, even Freud has, as Leslie Fiedler put it, "come to seem too timid, too puritanical, and above all too *rational* for the second half of the 20th century."

■

Madness threatens to become the fashion in the arts, not as the stuff of drama and melodrama (it has always been that) but as an aesthetic creed. Some of the best, as well as some of the worst, novelists of the '70s are carrying out French Surrealist André Breton's definition of art as "a cry of the mind against itself." In Luke Rinehart's *The Dice Man*, a psychiatrist systematically freaks out, illustrating the advantages of what might be termed "planned madness." In *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*, Doris Lessing suggests that madmen may be mankind's front-running mutants—the pioneers of "inner space," the avant-garde of a superior race to come. Even John Updike, a traditionalist by temperament, includes in his latest novel, *Rabbit Redux*, the obligatory resident madman, a "Christ of the New Dark Age." And in the background, like the Muse of the '70s, the brilliant, cracked voice of Sylvia Plath sings out her love-hate sonnet to madness, the theme song of our times.

DIONYSIUS IN GRAPE ARBOR



The camera has practically created a genre as the recording angel of disintegrating minds—the corroborating witness to the psychopathology of everyday life. *Carnal Knowledge*, *Husbands*, *Straw Dogs* all in different ways perform the basic ritual of the '70s film. Once an Ingmar Bergman specialty, the perfectly average man going a bit mad is now a stock character, taken for granted. Similarly, one no longer bothers to speak of the theater of the absurd as if it were an exotic fringe entity. The achievement of the Madness Revolution has been to make Beckett, Ionesco and Genet seem old-fashioned.

As for true Pop madness, the scene is almost too depressing to contemplate. The awful banalities of mind blowing. Tarot cards. Astrology. The literature of

the occult. Drugs. The tragicomic Satan cults with their swastikas and animal sacrifices. Then there is that farthest-out symbol of the Madness Revolution: Charlie Manson, the master demon of unreason, praying to be "dead in the head."

"All that is now called culture, education, civilization," Nietzsche prophesied, "will one day have to appear before the incorruptible judge, Dionysus,"—the Greek god of ecstasy, intoxication and madness, the *deus ex machina* of all the highs. Nietzsche even imagined the scene: "How cadaverous and ghostly the 'sanity' " of all the obsolescent rationalists will appear as "the intense throng of Dionysiac revelers sweeps past them." That day, in all its mixed exhilaration and despair, seems near.

■

If the Madness Revolution—the Second Coming of Nietzsche—was inevitable, did it really have to be so predictable? Alas, it is original only in its extremism. Men have always longed for pure freedom, always dreamed of rebirth-on-the-cheap; and who lives out his life without at least one trip to the brink? "Man always travels along precipices," Ortega y Gasset noted. "His truest obligation is to keep his balance." What is new and perverse in the '70s man, bankrupt in common convictions and up to here with cultivating his precious self, is the hope of finding salvation by jumping. It is as if Lear's soul-shaking pra —"O! let me not be mad!"—had suddenly and ra casually been reversed.

The new cult of madness, the far-out wing of D nysus, has passed its judgment on reason more har than Nietzsche could have foreseen; but the time is co ing when judgment must be passed on the Dionysiacs the selves. The irony is that as absolutes, Reason and U reason commit the same mistake. The ideology of Rea was an attempt to escape human complexity by ri above it. The ideology of madness is an attempt to esc by plunging beneath it. Impulse to action—no hesita in between, no regret afterward—is the romantic dre of those who envy animals and madmen. But man thinks most as naturally as he feels. Would-be animal, would madman, he is doomed to exceed himself simply beca he can *think* about exceeding himself.

With this exceeding now ranged on the scale of nucle bombs and moon shots, small wonder that 1972 man wa to stop thinking about it all. But he really lacks that part ular choice. What the Madness Revolution finally demo strates is that man cannot even go mad without organiz committees and writing books about it—without sitt down and repeating, God help us, "I will review my thoug just once more."

■ Melvin Maddo

RELIGION

Raising the Devil

"The devil made me buy this dress," says the minister's wife in one of Comedian Flip Wilson's routines. "He sneaked up behind me and said, 'Say, Mama, look at that dress in the window . . .' " The listener chuckles at the transparent rationalization. Everybody knows that there isn't any *real* devil. The devil is just a myth, a relic of folklore, grist for a joke.

Or is he? After years of being dismissed or ignored by many theologians and ordinary believers, the devil is making a startling comeback. Some cults now worship Satan openly. In San Francisco there is even a First Church of Satan. On some campuses, the paperback *Satanic Bible* by Church of Satan Founder Anton La Vey is outselling The Holy Bible. In New Jersey last year, a young man of 20 was drowned, allegedly by his friends and at his request, because he believed that a violent end would put him in command of 40 legions of demons.

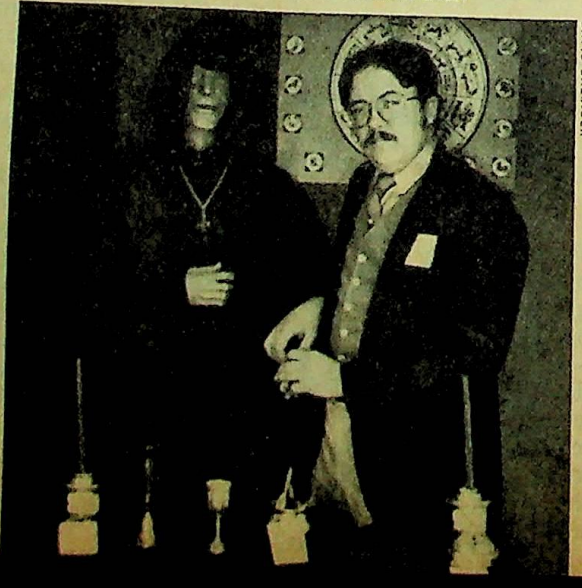
Christians are learning to fear Satan again. A group called Morris Cerullo World Evangelism Inc. in San Diego claims that at least 10 million Americans dabble in the occult arts traditionally associated with the devil —witchcraft, Black Masses, even blood-drinking orgies. The organization has dispatched an anti-occult mobile unit to tour 45 cities in an effort to turn people away from diabolism. And in Rome late last month, theologians and students at the Pontifical Gregorian University held a "Devil Day" seminar to examine the Roman Catholic Church's current teaching on Satan and other diabolical spirits. The consensus: Rosemary's Baby is very much alive.

The panelists did not evoke the medieval image of a devil with horns, forked tail and cloven hoofs. But they did uphold the orthodox Christian view that devils are personal evil spirits, angels who fell from God's grace by their own exercise of free will. God permits their evil-doing among men because it is part of the natural disorder of things, a necessary consequence of their original rebellion against God. Though the panelists agreed that the existence of personal devils is a firm part of Catholic dogma, a number of other Catholics believe that Satan and his demons are simply symbols for an impersonal force of evil in the universe. That is also the view of many Protestants.

Why a resurgence of interest in devils at all? Canadian Theologian Kenneth Hamilton blames demythologiz religion. "Liberal Protestantism excl ed anything that couldn't be explain But you can't have religious faith wi out the existence of a world tra scending this one. People are starv of anything transcendent, and th have gone to the oldest and crudest s perstitions." Evangelist Billy Grah says that Satanism is on the rise b cause belief in Jesus is growing. "T devil," asserts Graham, "is also ma ing his pitch."

Whatever the lasting strength the new interest, few proponents the devils' existence are likely to wa to return to the witch hunts of oth ages, or to a frequent use of bel book and candle exorcisms. As Bri ish Author-Theologian C.S. Lew wrote in 1941: "There are two equ and opposite errors into which ou race can fall about the devils. One to disbelieve in their existence. Th other is to believe, and to feel an e cessive and unhealthy interest in the They themselves are equally pleas by both errors, and hail a materialis or a magician with the same delight."

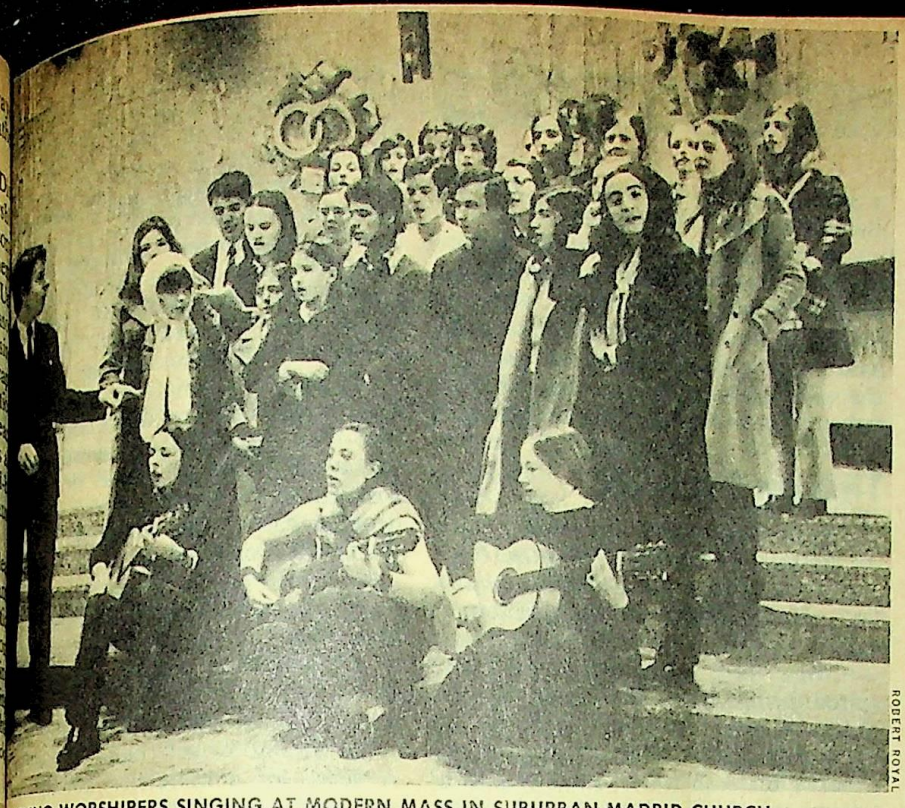
SATANIC ALTAR IN ANTI-OCCULT MOBILE UNIT



DAVID BALSIGER

Evolution in Spain

When General Francisco Franc and his Nationalists rose in revolut against the Spanish Republic in 19 many Roman Catholics in Spain w comed the general as a liberator. T Catholic Church had been badly h tered from the left in the turmoil th led up to the civil war: property h been confiscated, parochial schools o lawed, churches and convents burn After Franco consolidated his pow he put clergy in the pay of the st —a status they had lost under the R public. The church readily agre



ROBERT ROYAL

YOUNG WORSHIPERS SINGING AT MODERN MASS IN SUBURBAN MADRID CHURCH
Gone are the rows of mantillas and the feudal image.

to restore to Franco an old privilege of Spanish monarchs—a virtual veto over the appointment of Spanish bishops.

Today, that comfortable alliance is breaking up. The church, in fact, has asserted a startling new independence from the Franco regime. Last fall, at a meeting of the National Conference of Bishops and Priests in Madrid, more than half of the delegates approved a resolution apologizing for the church's role in the civil war ("We did not always know how to be true ministers of reconciliation . . . [in] a civil war among brothers"). In December, the church's National Commission on Justice and Peace attacked the maintenance of public order by "force and repression." In January, when he took office as the new Archbishop of Madrid-Alcala, Spain's Vicente Cardinal Enrique y Tarancón, 64—himself the son of a working-class family—pointedly pledged that he was the "spokesman for those who have no voice to defend their legitimate aspirations—the poor."

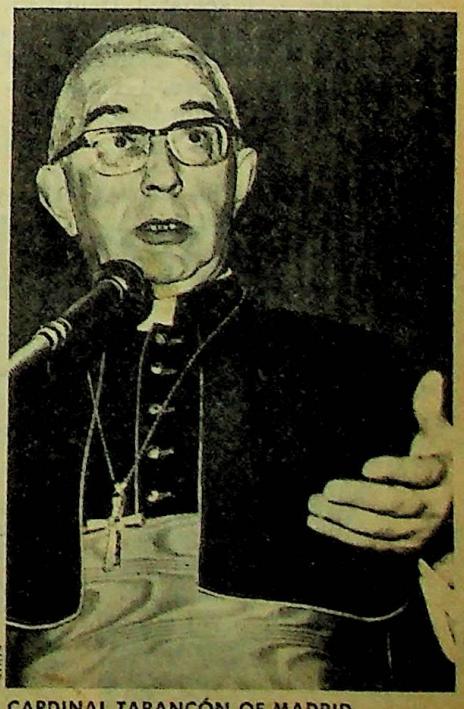
New Blood. The new church-state relationship reflects broader changes in Catholicism itself—changes that have swept away the feudal image of the Spanish church that persisted from the days of Philip II. Gone, except on the grandest feast days, are the somber rows of mantillas that once filled cathedral pews. In their place are bare heads, wispy dresses, blue jeans, even miniskirts. As in other Roman Catholic churches around the world, the liturgy has been modernized. Women and children now pass collection plates. Worshipers sometimes help themselves to the Communion host. Guitars and drums accompany new Spanish hymns set to such internationally recognized tunes as *Michael, Row the Boat Ashore* and *Blowin' in the Wind*.

Above all, the Spanish clergy and hierarchy have changed. Vatican attitudes toward the church's posture in Spain began to shift during the reign of Pope John XXIII, particularly in the liberal climate created by his Second Vatican Council. Then, in 1967, Pope Paul VI named Italian Archbishop Luigi Dadaglio as Apostolic Nuncio—papal ambassador—to Spain. Dadaglio arrived in Madrid with a virtual mandate to bring new blood into the Spanish hierarchy. With an assist from Franco's able ambassador to the Holy See, former Washington Envoy Antonio Garrigues y Díaz Cañabate, Dadaglio engineered the appointment or advancement of more than 30 Spanish bishops, the majority of them liberals. Franco, yielding to his progressive man in the Vatican (and some sympathizers in his ministries), accepted the choices. The appointees include nearly all of Spain's leading episcopal reformers today, among them Cardinal Tarancón. In all, two-thirds of Spanish churchmen may now be considered reformist.

Their reforms, however, are mainly in the political, social and liturgical spheres. Doctrinal issues that have plagued other European churches —even Italy's—do not trouble them: divorce, birth control (much less abortion) and the continuance of celibacy. The new liberals have backed such causes as the workers' right to strike and campaigns for unionization. In their national conference, they have approved conscientious objection to military service. Such activism apparently appeals to Spain's restless youth, who seem to be coming to the churches in greater numbers than they have for generations. The Spanish innovations are clearly in line with Vatican thinking. Indeed, some at the Holy See are concerned that the changes may be too slow. "Our big worry," says one Spain-watcher there, "is that evolution is not moving fast enough to avoid violent upheavals."

Temporal Justice. There are still some pockets of resistance within the church. In traditionally pious Andalusia, some peasants still literally kiss the hems of priests' cassocks. In Madrid, a group of ultrarightists who call themselves "Warriors for Jesus Christ" have smeared graffiti on the façade of one of the city's most liberal churches. But by far the most serious opposition has come from conservatives within the government itself. In his New Year's address, Franco threatened to take action against the church if it interfered in temporal affairs. A few days later, Spain's Undersecretary for Justice, Alfredo Lopez, attacked the "new church mentality," in which "the church becomes an exclusive group of prophets" preoccupied with achieving temporal justice and "the earthly paradise of Marxist society."

The Spanish church may have to pay a high price for its independence. At last fall's National Conference of Bishops and Priests, delegates proposed that all ties with the state should be cut and that the 1953 church-state concordat with the Vatican—which confirmed the arrangements made with Franco after the civil war—should be abolished. They asked, however, that the modest state salaries (most under $100 a month, even for some bishops) be continued until the clergy could persuade laymen to support the church themselves. The government has replied that it would be glad to cut all ties —and immediately end all financial support. So far, no compromise proposal has been found.



JERRY

CARDINAL TARANCÓN OF MADRID
Spokesman for the poor.

An Identity Thing

There was a time when graffiti were funny ("Nietzsche is dead —God"), or perceptive ("Even paranoiacs have real enemies"). Nowadays wild splashes of spray paint are in vogue, along with endless repetitions of names and street numbers. A New York adolescent who signs himself Taki 183 is said to be the champion, having defaced hundreds of walls, posters, street signs and subway seats. The New York subway system alone spends $500,000 a year to clean up after Taki and his myriad little friends, and there is no end in sight.

In Philadelphia, where the annual cost of graffiti pollution is now estimated at $4,000,000, the police have organized a 25-man "graffiti squad." Aided by handwriting experts, it has caught and prosecuted 330 offenders, nearly all teen-agers. A standard punishment: several hours at hard labor, scouring walls.

Prolific. There are still an estimated 10,000 graffitists on the loose in the City of Brotherly Love, and some people profess to see an aesthetic value in their obsession. "We sense that there is a lot of creativity in these graffiti," says the Philadelphia Art Museum's David Katzive. "Most interesting, the trend is away from profanity and toward simple signatures —a kind of identity thing."

The museum has joined forces with the University of Pennsylvania art department in backing a Graffiti Alternative Workshop. After "recruiting" some prolific vandals, who had been caught in the act, the workshop commissioned several at $2 an hour to candy-stripe a dilapidated transit-authority bus. The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co. hired yet another group to decorate the plywood fence surrounding its new Philadelphia office. One graffitist was even paid to paint a mural on the wall of Art Patron Ben Bernstein's town house.

Still, Pop art is never without its detractors. Isadore Bellis, a member of Philadelphia's city council, went so far as to propose an ordinance that would solve the problem by banning the sale of spray paint. Says he of the graffiti workshop: "Unbelievable."

Test on Taconite

By the shore of Gitche Gumee
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
—The Song of Hiawatha
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

More than a century after it inspired Longfellow, the northernmost of the Great Lakes still lives up to the poet's praise. The world's largest expanse of fresh water, Lake Superior has managed to maintain much of its purity because it has attracted relatively few polluting industries. An exception: the Reserve Mining Co.'s ore-processing plant at Silver Bay, Minn., dumps 67,000 tons of pulverized taconite waste, or "tailings," into the lake every day.

Now the Justice Department has filed suit in federal court, demanding that the $350 million Silver Bay plant stop violating the Federal Water Quality Act of 1965. The action, brought at the request of the Environmental Protection Agency's William Ruckelshaus, is considered a major test of the Nixon Administration's willingness to combat wealthy and influential polluters. Says Ruckelshaus: "Lake Superior is a priceless natural resource, and we are committed to save it."

There once was a time, about 20 years ago, when Reserve Mining's plant was considered a blessing. Northern Minnesota, its Mesabi Range depleted of rich iron ore by a half-century of open-pit mining, teetered on the brink of economic collapse. Then engineers devised a method of extracting [illegible] from crushed taconite, a flintlike [illegible] that contains some 25% iron. Reserve Mining, which is owned by Armco and Republic Steel, easily obtained dumping permits on the assumption that the gray torrent of taconite would sink 900 feet to the bottom of the lake's "Great Trough."

Turning Green. By the mid-1960s, it had become clear that not all of the waste material was sinking as planned. Local residents complained that the crystalline waters were turning a vivid green. Algae flourished. Fishermen reported a considerable drop in catches on windy days when the taconite clouded the water.

After Minnesota set out to enforce its own water-pollution standards in the late 1960s, Reserve resisted in court and won, on the grounds that the state had not proved that the Silver Bay plant was polluting the lake. (That ruling is still being appealed.) A series of conferences among federal and state water-quality agencies finally concluded in 1970 that the taconite tailings were killing the organisms on which the lake's fish feed. But it was not until last year that Ruckelshaus formally demanded that Reserve present a plan to stop polluting the lake within six months. According to an EPA-sponsored study, one solution would be to dump the taconite inland, but Reserve said no. The mining company offered instead to pipe the taconite directly to the lake bottom, where it would supposedly form a harmless reef. That was not the answer, said Ruckelshaus.

Lobbying. As the deadline approached, Reserve launched a major lobbying campaign in Washington. Republic President Willis Boyer and Armco President William Verity, both very important G.O.P. fund raisers and longtime Nixon backers, argued that inland disposal would be prohibitively expensive. Company executives claimed the move would require an initial outlay of $250 million plus $20 million extra in yearly operating costs. They warned that Reserve, the largest employer in the area, might close. On the Government side, EPA estimates the figures at about $75 million initially, and then $14 million a year. Grant Merritt, director of Minnesota's Pollution Control Agency, argues that the company "could dump inland and still show a profit of $10 million."

The Government's suit received the official blessings of the Governors of Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, but Reserve President Edward Furness sounded unconcerned. He recalled that a previous trial had shown "no evidence that the discharged tailings have any measurable adverse effects on Lake Superior's water quality, public health, fish life or navigation."

It may take quite a while, in short, before the taconite stops pouring into the shining Big-Sea-Water.

GRAFFITI IN PHILADELPHIA SUBWAY—AND A WORKSHOP FOR VANDALS TO TRY ART



RONALD KENNEDY

Poetry Therapy

In their efforts to understand the mental illnesses they treat, therapists sometimes encourage their patients to express themselves in painting, music, dance and drama. Now they are turning to yet another art form: poetry.

Across the U.S., according to the current issue of the *Sciences*, there are now about 3,500 mental patients, prison inmates, troubled students and nursing-home residents who are reading and writing poetry under the guidance of some 400 psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers and specially trained English teachers. These programs have shown so much promise that formal training in poetry therapy is now available. Indiana University of Pennsylvania is planning a three-week summer course in the subject, and Indiana Northern University, in conjunction with GROW (Group Relations Ongoing Workshops) in Manhattan, is preparing to grant a master's degree in the new field.

Patients in poetry therapy are encouraged to read verse, write it, or both. The technique seems to be effective in both individual and group treatment, probably because serious poems usually touch on deep, universal emotions. According to Yale Psychiatrist Albert Rothenberg, a patient who suddenly deciphers the message of a great poet may experience a flash of understanding similar to the dramatic insight that can come to patients in ordinary psychotherapy. By writing an original poem, an inhibited, repressed person may tell his doctor much that was previously secret. Poetry, says Rothenberg, "is even more revelatory than dreams."

Writing verses can help "hostile and disruptive students control their chaotic emotions," *Sciences* reports. One such student, an ex-addict at Manhattan's Washington Irving High School, wanted to hit people, leave school or begin mainlining again to get back at guidance counselors who, she felt, had misled her with false hopes. Encouraged to substitute words for deeds, the girl raged in verse: "I'll put you all up against the wall/ And execute you all./I'll have you destroyed./Remember, it's you all/I intend to kill." Having vented her anger in this and other verse, she became less hostile.

Another youngster, Lorene, was so withdrawn before being exposed to poetry therapy that she stayed out of school, refused treatment for her disfiguring facial eczema and sought escape in alcohol. Visited at home by English Teacher Morris Morrison, she began to respond and cooperate when he read her two lines from Emily Dickinson, "I'm Nobody! Who are you?/ Are you—Nobody—too?" "In Emily Dickinson," Morrison explains, "Lorene could identify with someone as lonely as herself." Eventually Lorene went for skin treatment and returned to school.

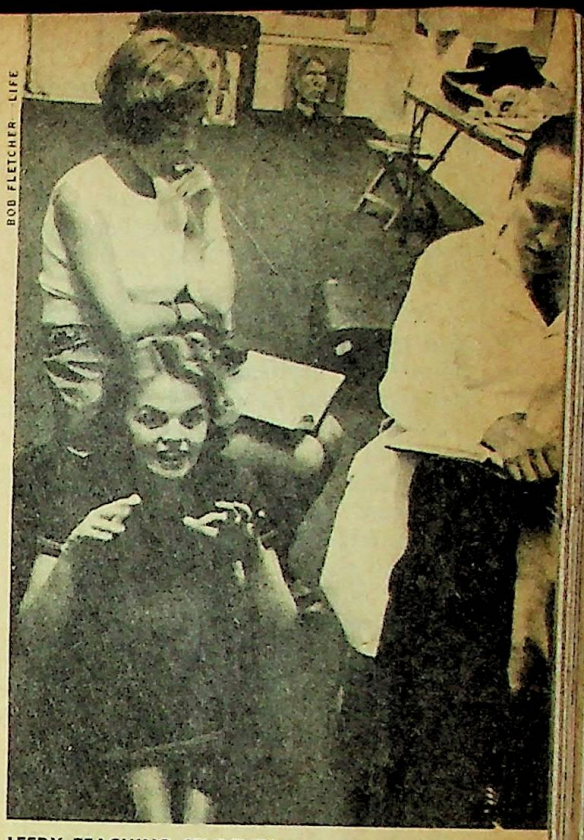
Cry for Help. Poetry always offers clues to the mind of its creator, but those clues are not often as explicit as the suicidal lines of a 15-year-old boy whose fate became known to English Professor Abraham Blinderman of the State University of New York. Blinderman thinks that the boy's teacher should have recognized his deep distress, and he believes that if the youngster had been in poetry therapy, his eloquent poem (*see box*) would have been understood as a cry for help. In that case, psychiatric treatment might have saved him. As it was, his cry went unheeded, and two years later he committed suicide.

Just as poetry can predict suicide, so it can also provoke it. That, says Psychiatrist Jack Leedy, president of the Association for Poetry Therapy, is one danger of the method in unskilled hands. Reading somber verses with upbeat endings can help unhappy patients by demonstrating that "others have been depressed and have recovered," but despairing poems may deepen the feelings of hopelessness. Psychiatrist Rothenberg cites another danger: poetry used only to get rid of intense feelings can keep a patient from understanding and resolving his conflicts. "Poetry by itself does not cure," he warns. But used by properly trained therapists, he says, it has an advantage over the other arts because it encourages "verbalization, the lifeblood of psychotherapy."

To Santa Claus and Little Sisters

Once . . . he wrote a poem.
And called it "Chops,"
Because that was the name of his dog, and that's what it was all about.
And the teacher gave him an "A"
And a gold star.
And his mother hung it on the kitchen door, and read it to all his aunts . . .
Once . . . he wrote another poem.
And he called it "Question Marked Innocence,"
Because that was the name of his grief and that's what it was all about.
And the professor gave him an "A"
And a strange and steady look.
And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door, because he never let her see it . . .
Once, at 3 a.m. . . . he tried another poem . . .
And he called it absolutely nothing, because that's what it was all about.
And he gave himself an "A"
And a slash on each damp wrist,
And hung it on the bathroom door because he couldn't reach the kitchen.

—A 15-year-old boy two years before he committed suicide



BOB FLETCHER—LIFE

LEEDY TEACHING STUDENTS
Flash of understanding.

The Violent Veterans

Like many a Texas barroom brawl, the fight between a Viet Nam veteran and a friend in the Panhandle town of Phillips was ostensibly over a girl. But by the time it ended, the friend lay dead of seven gunshot wounds. The veteran, a former Green Beret, dazed and thinking he had just killed an attacking Viet Cong, was stripping the body so that it could not be rigged with booby traps.

For Harvard Sociologist Charles Levy, whose testimony saved the veteran from a murder conviction (he was acquitted), the bizarre case underscored the kind of psychological disorientation suffered by many G.I.s long after returning from Southeast Asia. Over a two-year period, Levy has studied a randomly selected group of 60 ex-Marine combat veterans in an Irish working-class neighborhood of Boston. Through interviews, rap sessions and conversations in bars, he discovered a common tendency on the part of his

subjects to carry into civilian life the unbridled violence that served them well in combat. "They have learned to react violently, spontaneously and without premeditation," says Levy. "It's a situation that keeps them alive over there, but gets them into prison back here."

Veterans of other U.S. wars were also trained to be killers, but the readjustment problem seems more pronounced among Viet Nam veterans. That may be, according to Levy, because of some G.I.s' inability to direct their hostility primarily against the enemy in Viet Nam. Instead, they grudgingly learn to admire the courage and skill of the Communists, and often vent their anger against their South Vietnamese comrades, whom they see as inept, and against their own officers, sometimes brutally injuring or killing them.

Once back home, Levy discovered, some of the veterans still treated allies like enemies. Relatives and friends often took the place of officers and the South Vietnamese as targets for misdirected hostility. One ex-Marine told the sociologist: "When I got back from Viet Nam, my sister yelled at me. I split her leg open with a lamp. Then my mother said something to me one night and I threw a portable TV at her. It makes you an animal. You can't reason." At times, the connection between the veteran's Viet Nam experience and the present is more explicit; at least twice a member of the group indulged his hatred for "gooks" by attacking a waiter in a Chinese restaurant. During the two-year study, two of the 60 subjects have been indicted for murder, and five have been charged with attempting it.

Levy concedes that many ot the subjects of his Boston study group were probably violent long before going to war. "But the level of violence has now changed," he insists. "Now it has no boundaries." As a result, the veterans themselves are dominated by a fear of their own brutality, a fear that in turn discourages them from seeking employment or even normal social interaction.

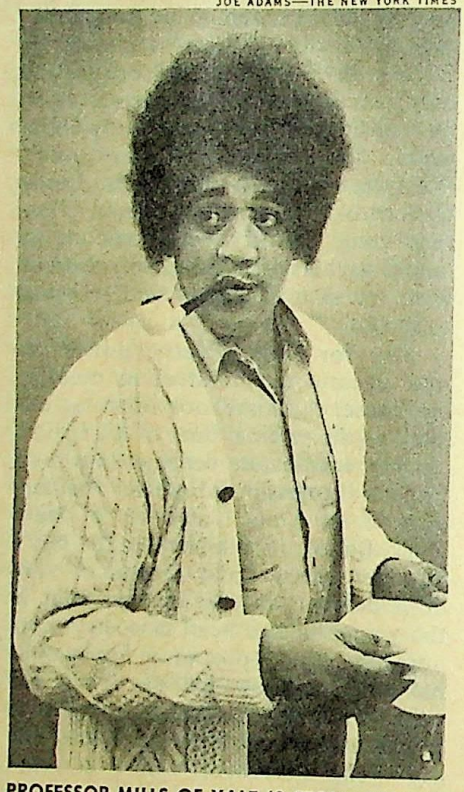
Berries. Some of Levy's veterans are dropouts from society—drug-using "heads" or alcoholic "berries." But a number of them have managed to capitalize on their wartime experience. One typical ex-Marine whose service record helped him land a job in the police department explained that his reason for becoming a cop was "to get those hippies and niggers." Another who learned "staging"—which involves occupying enemy buildings—has put his skills to use as a burglar.

To help the veteran adapt to civilian life, Levy believes the military should set up store-front readjustment centers, or "boot camps in reverse." There, veterans could receive legal and psychological guidance for re-entry into the world of the civilian.

The Moonlighter

Kenneth Ian Leighton Mills is not, in his own words, "an Old Blue member of the Yale inner circle." On the contrary, he is a heavy-shouldered, 6-ft. 4-in. black from Trinidad with a towering Afro hairdo and a penchant for blue jeans. He is also an avowed Marxist. Nonetheless, as a pupil of Oxford's distinguished logician A.J. Ayer, he so impressed the Yale philosophy department that he was hired in 1968 to teach courses on revolution and black liberation. And when Yale confronted the threat of a May Day riot

JOE ADAMS—THE NEW YORK TIMES



PROFESSOR MILLS OF YALE (& STONY BROOK)
An issue akin to bigamy?

two years ago, he worked diligently to help keep the peace.

At 36, his salary as an assistant professor was only $13,000, and he worried about gaining tenure. So he was happy to do some consulting for the Social Welfare School of the New York State University at Stony Brook, and even happier when Stony Brook offered him a full professorship, tenure, the possibility of "innovative teaching," and $26,000 a year. Without telling either university about his job at the other, Mills began making four weekly trips over the 115 miles between New Haven and Stony Brook. At Yale, on Fridays, Saturdays and Tuesday nights, he taught his two regular courses. At Stony Brook, the rest of the week, he taught two courses in social studies, headed a health research project, and even chaired the faculty committee on appointments, promotions and tenure. At both institutions he was popular with students and one dean put it, "extraordinarily ... dedicated, brilliant."

No university objects to a profe... writing in his spare time, but ... Yale and Stony Brook have ... against their faculty members secre... serving on other faculties as well. ... when Stony Brook learned of M... dual loyalties, it reluctantly asked ... and got his resignation. At Yale, P... vost Charles Taylor sent two adm... istrative assistants to Mills' bache... apartment with a demand that he ... sign within 24 hours. After Mills ... fused, President Kingman Brew... suspended him for a year for "bla... disregard of ethics."

Best Sellers. Mills admitted a ... take but not a fault. In a 15-page le... he reminded Brewster that "there ... faculty members who spend time ... ing extensive consulting, who wr... best sellers, introductory textbooks ... columns for popular magazines—all ... which do not necessarily contribute ... scholarship or teaching, but which ea... substantial amounts of money while ... quiring large amounts of time." M... named no names, but nobody had d... ficulty recognizing, among othe... Erich Segal, author of *Love Story*, a... Charles Reich, author of *The Green... of America*.

How much moonlighting is p... missible? There are no standard ru... and the Yale *Daily News* argued th... Mills "violated in letter a regulati... which is flaunted in spirit by a la... number of Yale College faculty me... bers." It promised to publish a ser... of articles on other Yale profess... who have briefly taught elsewhere ... done other outside work. But in th... words of one Yale political science p... fessor who believes nobody should ... tempt two full-time jobs: "Morally th... issue is akin to bigamy. It doesn't m... ter if you satisfy both wives; you ... still morally in the wrong."

Defining Terms

The California state department ... education recently decided to iss... "guidelines" to local school boards ... "evaluating certificated personnel." ... make sure that everyone understo... it solemnly included a glossary.

Evaluator, it said, means "one w... evaluates." *Evaluatee*, by contrast, ... "one who is evaluated." As for *ev... uation*, that is "the process of m... ing considered judgments concern... the professional accomplishments ... competencies of a certificated e... ployee based on a broad knowle... of the area of performance involv... the characteristics of the situation ... the individual being evaluated, ... the specific standards of performa... pre-established for the position."

A Question of Ethics

It is the duty of every physician to treat those who come to him for help. Is it also his responsibility to turn in those patients who are sought by law-enforcement authorities? The question is more than academic. At the FBI's request, two medical journals published under American Medical Association imprimatur have printed "wanted" notices soliciting doctors' help in catching a suspect. This odd procedure raises serious ethical questions about the physician's responsibility to his patient.

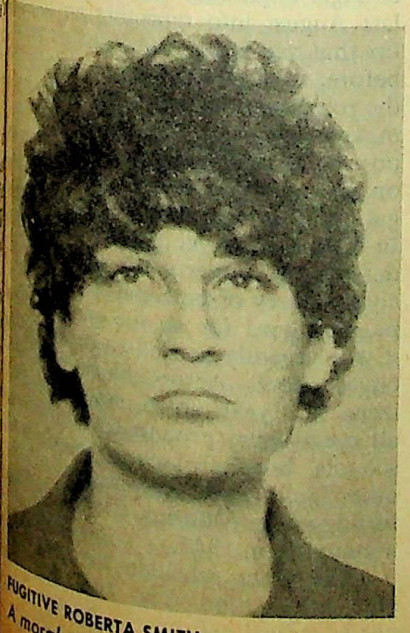
In the February issues of the *Archives of Dermatology* and *Archives of Internal Medicine*, the articles ask for assistance in finding Roberta Brent Smith, 27, who is under indictment for conspiracy to transport illegal explosives across the Arizona-California state line. There is a detailed physical description and explanation of why the request is being directed at physicians: Smith suffers from severe, chronic acne that may cause her to seek medical attention.

Adjunct G-Men. Publishing requests for assistance in catching criminals is hardly new. Both the FBI and an A.M.A. official insist that medical journals have occasionally been so used in the past and will be in the future; indeed, the current issue of the A.M.A. *Journal* notifies doctors of another woman being sought by the Bureau. Nor does the confidentiality of the doctor-patient relationship, which covers only medical matters, excuse doctors from the demands of the law. In many states, for instance, doctors are required to report gunshot wounds, and in some they must also alert authorities to suspected cases of child abuse. Certain communicable diseases, including syphilis and gonorrhea, must be reported to public health authorities.

A.M.A. officials see no conflict in running the wanted notices in the organization's publications. Dr. Hugh Hussey, chief of the organization's division of scientific publications, maintains that the decision to publish the articles was made purely on editorial grounds and did not pose any question of ethics. Nor can Edwin Holman, secretary of the A.M.A.'s judicial council, find anything wrong with the notices. "Doctors have a civic responsibility," he says, "and it is a decision that the individual doctor has to make as to whether or not he is to call the law." On the other hand, Psychiatrist Willard Gaylin, president of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., points out that "Whether or not the article is ethical can be debated, but surely ethics are involved."

Gaylin, who is also a professor of psychiatry and law at Columbia University, points out that if, unlike Smith, the wanted person has a medical condition that is possibly fatal, fear of being turned in could deter him from seeking a doctor's attention. "What if, in the next instance of this," asks Gaylin, "the alleged criminal has a heart condition?"

The moral muddle aside, there is also a legal question: Is a doctor who reads the articles about Smith and then finds her in his waiting room legally obligated to call the FBI? Apparently not. State and federal law make it a crime to hinder the police or actively aid criminals to remain at large. The statutes generally impose no penalty for mere failure to report.



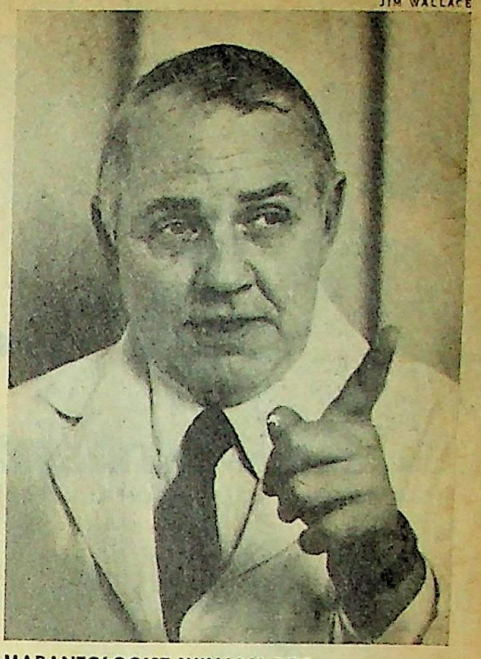
FUGITIVE ROBERTA SMITH
A moral muddle.

Specialty for Losers

Trained to regard death as the enemy they must defeat at all costs, doctors regularly resort to heroic measures to keep their patients alive. Often they perform radical surgery or use complex machines to maintain a flicker of life in people so old or ravaged as to be beyond caring. But does death always represent defeat? No, says Dr. William Poe, a professor of community medicine at Duke University. Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, Poe not only takes issue with the "winning psychology" of most medical specialties but suggests the creation of a new discipline, the practitioners of which would be willing losers.

Poe calls his new specialty "marantology" (from the Greek *marantos*, meaning withered or wasted). Marantologists would care for those whom no one else wants: the old, the incontinent and the incurable, those who have "committed the sin of remaining alive but not yielding to our manipulations." Those specialists, says Poe, would be taught to see their patients slip away without experiencing feelings of guilt or personal failure.

JIM WALLACE



MARANTOLOGIST WILLIAM POE
A plea for realism.

Like Jonathan Swift's *A Modest Proposal*, Poe's article is obviously intended more for shock effect than literal advocacy. But it does address a question that increasingly concerns physicians: How to deal with the hopeless case? Realistically, replies Poe, "Medicine should not use silly euphemisms such as rehabilitation and convalescence for its losing patients. A marantology service could be a place where a person could die in dignity without all the pother death engenders elsewhere."

Medical Restraint. A man with a self-described "penchant for reflection in the wee hours of the morning," Poe bases his case for what he terms "medical restraint" on a lifetime of observing the sick and dying. As a youngster in Roanoke, Va., he accompanied his father, a Baptist minister, on pastoral visits to the old and discouraged. "I'm pretty well steeped in the golden rule," he says, "and I'm old enough [53] to figure how I'd want to be treated some day. I don't want to be cycled and recycled to the doctor, to the hospital, to the specialist. I'm against the hauling and mauling of people who have no reasonable future."

Poe does not advocate euthanasia. "We are not supposed to shorten life," he says. "But there is a limit to what we ought to do to prolong it." The marantologist, he suggests, would not only recognize these limits but help the public do so as well. The result—peace, comfort and relief for the medically hopeless—would benefit both patient and physician. "Marantologists would not always look on death as an enemy, but often as a friend," concludes Poe. "They would have their vision extend beyond life into eternity."



TAXPAYERS SEEKING ADVICE ON FILLING OUT 1971 RETURNS AT INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE OFFICE IN CHICAGO

MONEY/COVER STORY

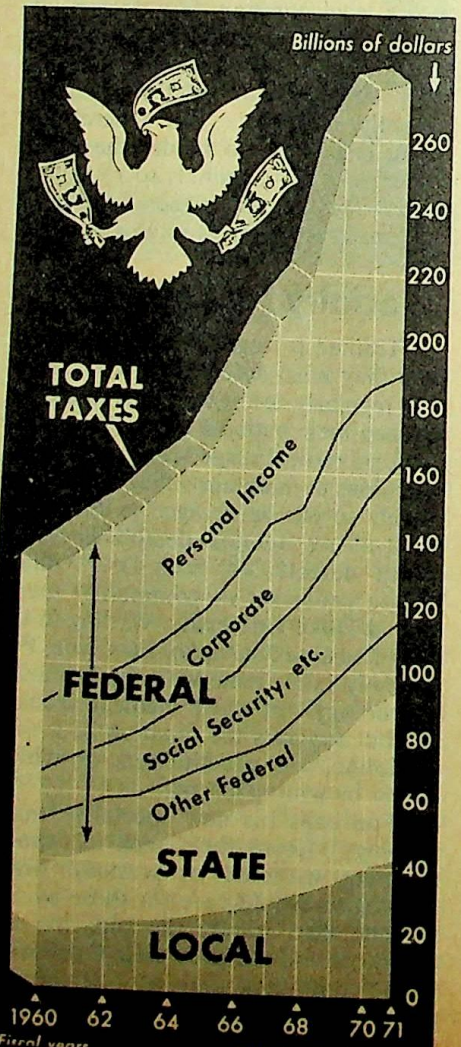
Empty Pockets on a Trillion Dollars a Year

CAN a nation with a trillion-dollar economy be running out of money? That startling question is forcing itself upon every government official who must shape a budget, from President Nixon down to the head of the smallest local mosquito-abatement district. By most measures of private wealth, the U.S. is the world's richest country. But in terms of its ability to pay for the public services—health care, education, welfare, garbage pickup, pollution control, police and fire protection—that make the life of its citizens pleasant, or at least tolerable, or in some cases even possible, the country seems almost to be going broke.

This anomaly has come as a bitter shock. Americans have long thought that they had the resources to accomplish practically any goal that they set for themselves. Political liberals have argued for years that economic growth could pay for a vast improvement in housing, health care and education programs, and leave an ample margin for tax cuts besides. Only a few years ago, liberals and conservatives alike thought that the major question of public finance was how best to use the "peace dividend" of $30 billion a year that they expected the U.S. to collect once the Viet Nam War ended.

Doubled Burden. Today, that *hubris* has been drowned in a rising sea of red ink. In 1970, federal, state and local governments spent $60 billion more than they took in, and the deficit certainly yawned even wider last year. Meanwhile, taxes keep going up and up. Though federal taxes have been reduced since 1960, the cuts have been offset by severe increases in state and city income taxes, sales taxes, property taxes, Social Security taxes and "sin" taxes on liquor and cigarettes. Between 1960 and 1970, the tax burden on each American man, woman and child almost doubled, from $711 to $1,348. Many Americans, worried about just what will be taxed next, could echo the Beatles' song, *Taxman:*

If you drive a car, I'll tax the street,
If you try to sit, I'll tax your seat,
If you get too cold, I'll tax the heat,
If you take a walk, I'll tax your feet.



The higher taxes and higher spending have brought little if any improvement in public services. In many cities the nation's streets are dirtier, its mass transit more decrepit, its public hospitals more understaffed, its streets more crime-ridden today than in decades. The knowledge that they are paying more and more for less and less service has bred in many citizens a suspicion that they are being cheated, and has fanned a mood of rebellion.

In Connecticut, an outburst of voter anger frightened the state legislature last August into repealing an income tax that had been passed just six weeks before; that was a hollow victory for the rebellious citizens because the lawmakers were quickly forced to impose some of the nation's highest taxes on sales (6½%), on gasoline (10¢ per gal.) and on cigarettes (21¢ per pack). In Kansas City, voters last December defeated a property tax increase that civic leaders of both parties had campaigned hard for on the grounds that it was urgently needed to improve the city's schools. Across the country, citizens last year voted down 65% of all bond issues proposed to build new schools, hospitals, sewage plants and other facilities *v.* an average of a 30% turndown rate during the 1960s and a mere 8% in 1947.

The voter rebellion has considerable justification. The U.S. urgently needs radical reforms in the way that it collects, apportions and spends its

money. But for the moment, the taxpayer revolt is only tightening an already merciless squeeze on the budgets of most of the nation's 81,299 governmental units. At a time when public officials should be planning to finance the pollution-control, mass-transit and slum-rebuilding programs of the future, they are having to struggle to stretch present revenues to cover immediate spending needs. Increasingly, they are failing.

Pray for Cash. The failure has been most conspicuous in Washington. Richard Nixon, who in the past has jealously denounced federal deficits, now admits that he is likely to run up the biggest three-year red-ink totals that the U.S. has ever experienced outside of the World War II period: an estimated $87 billion for fiscal years 1971 through 1973. The President argues persuasively that the deficits are necessary to spur a lagging economy. Even so, he has felt obliged to limit some programs that his Administration earlier had labeled top priority. For instance, the Labor Department has kept the number of people in its manpower-training programs below 1.3 million, although the persistence of a nearly 6% unemployment rate cries out for greater effort to help provide the jobless with marketable skills.

Still, the Federal Government is in much better budgetary shape than many states and cities. For the most part, Washington has only been delaying or underfinancing desirable programs, rather than cutting back on absolutely essential spending. No such statement can be made about many states and cities. Some examples:

▶ Ohio last year closed all state parks for two months beginning in mid-August, cut average state payments for care of the aged in nursing homes from $11 to $10 per day per patient, and furloughed 3,000 state employees. Having thus dramatized a shortage of funds, Democratic Governor James Gilligan persuaded the Republican-controlled legislature to pass a one-half of 1% to 3% income tax and was able to increase budget appropriations by 27%, to $7.7 billion, for the two-year period ending in mid-1973. Even that leaves only a pid-ding $7,000,000 for a new program to open treatment centers for drug addicts, and the legislature turned down Gilligan request to extend Medicaid to the working poor. Ohio limits these federal-state payments, for which states meet the standards, to people on welfare, despite warnings from Ohio hospitals that they will have to stop taking some low-income patients unless the state pays for them.

▶ New York State, after taxpayers had defeated a transportation bond issue in November, awoke to the fattest projected nonfederal deficit in U.S. history: $750 million for the fiscal year ending in June. To shrink it, Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller ordered payment of more than $350 million in state aid to local school districts delayed from March until July, so that it would count against the fiscal 1973 budget rather than the present one. The state this fiscal year has also closed two tuberculosis hospitals, a school for retarded children and a prison, and instituted a statewide freeze on hiring.

▶ New York City last week unveiled a tentative $10 billion budget for fiscal 1973 that is "balanced" only by counting in nearly $800 million of new state and federal aid that it is highly questionable the city will get. The budget gap would be even larger without "economies" that have grievously hurt the quality of life. A prohibition on hiring shrank the city's police force by 800 cops last year, despite a level of street crime that makes many New Yorkers barricade themselves in their apartments after sundown. At the overcrowded Morrisania City Hospital in The Bronx, a new obstetrics wing is kept locked because there is no money to hire anyone to operate it. Slashes in city support of the New York Public Library have forced it to reduce its operating hours from 78 to 40 per week, and to close many of its special research facilities to the public.

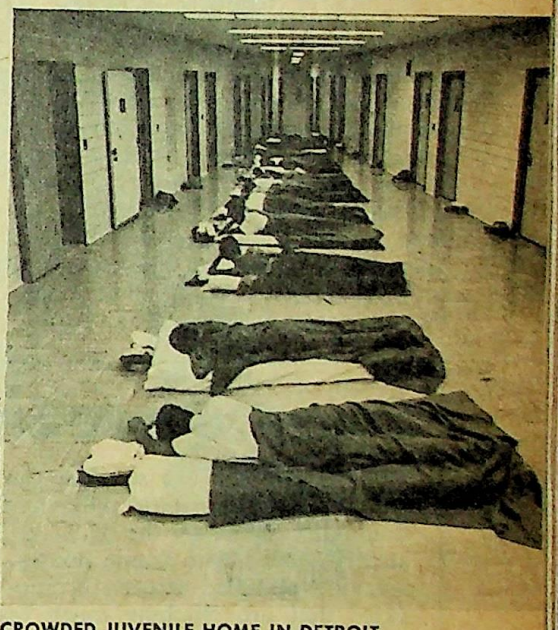
▶ Detroit has enacted income and property taxes as high as Michigan law allows, and slapped a 5% tax on residents' telephone, gas and electric bills. Still, the city faces a $30 million deficit this fiscal year. "Every morning we gather in the mayor's office to pray for money," quips a mayoral assistant, "and we face Washington." Since the prayers have gone unanswered, Mayor Roman Gribbs has requested cuts of 5% to 45% in all city departmental budgets. All Detroit skating rinks are closed this month, parks and playgrounds will not be cleaned up for the spring, and recreation programs in city schools have been dropped. One result: Martin Cramatie, a 15-year-old former car thief and alumnus of a detention home, who for a while had switched his energies to playing basketball in the gym of Butzel Junior High, has been forced back on to the streets for his fun. "It's bogue [a bad trip], man," grumbles Cramatie. "Everybody will be getting into trouble."

▶ East St. Louis, Ill., like many urban centers, has seen its tax base steadily eroded by a flight of relatively well-off whites and an influx of low-income blacks, who now constitute 70% of its 68,000 population. The city is desperately short of policemen, firemen, sanitation workers, teachers and public housing. "We are even begging for paint to fix up our high school," says Mayor James E. Williams. In order to pay its bills, the city began selling as many bonds as Illinois law permits. When that proved insufficient, it resorted to an annual charade. The city would borrow from banks to meet its payroll, then, by pre-



NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

BREAKDOWN ON PENN CENTRAL COMMUTER TRAIN



LODGE—THE NEW YORK TIMES

CROWDED JUVENILE HOME IN DETROIT



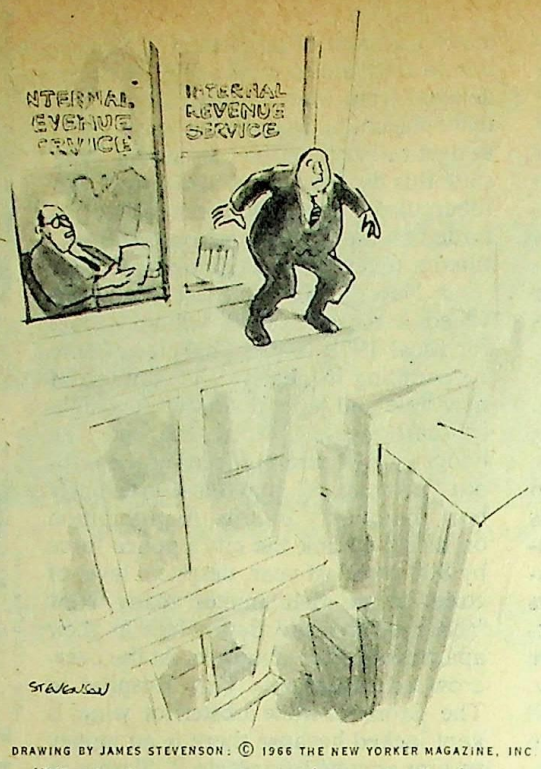
TIMOTHY CULEK

REOPENING STATE PARK IN OHIO

Bad trip for everybody.

arrangement, would fail to pay when the loan came due. The banks would sue and win a judgment demanding repayment. That would enable the city legally to sell bonds beyond the normal debt limit. Today, 35% of East St. Louis' tax revenue must be used to pay off old borrowings, causing the city to fall ever further short of covering its bills.

Deeper in Debt. These are only some of the worst examples. Though the squeeze is most intense in the old and crowded states and cities east of the Mississippi River and north of the Mason-Dixon line, it is nationwide. New Orleans cannot afford to add the 300 sanitation workers and some 350 police that city officials figure it needs; authorities are afraid to raise the 6% sales tax for fear of driving more businesses to neighboring areas where taxes are lower. At the University of Kansas in Lawrence, students have only limited access to 80,000 recently acquired books in the university library; officials cannot afford to hire people to catalogue the volumes because the state legislature has frozen all the university's appropriations at last year's levels. In Mora, Minn., children go to school twelve months a year; the town had to put the school on a year-round schedule to save money after voters defeated a bond issue.



DRAWING BY JAMES STEVENSON; © 1966 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"Histrionics cut no ice with us, Mr. Carlin."

The budget squeeze will probably become even worse later in the 1970s. Lawrence S. Ritter, professor of finance at New York University, calculates that during the rest of the decade, public spending will have to average $46 billion *a year* above 1970 levels for just four purposes: rebuilding mass-transit systems, cleaning up pollution, upgrading law enforcement and improving education. Spend needs would rise even more the U.S. decided to rebuild its ies or start a nationwide sy of low-cost health care, as should. There is no excuse the world's richest nation to ra 13th in infant mortality and in life expectancy for men.

If the country's governme units follow their present co they will respond partly by ther raising some taxes, partly rejecting some badly needed grams, and largely by plung deeper into debt. That is a self feating course. Keynesian ec omists have oversold the idea public debt does not hurt bec "we owe it to ourselves." Inte on the debt—currently $12 bi a year for the Federal Governm —devours tax dollars that are gently needed for other purpo Debt service is now the third hi est public expense, exceeded o by spending for defense and ucation; most of the money g to banks, which are the major buy of bonds that governments at all l els sell to cover their deficits. M over, debt functions as a wrong-w income redistribution device, chann ing tax money that is paid in la part by the poor and the middle cl into the pockets of wealthy holders trust accounts or stock in banks.

How did the U.S. get into such

Squeeze on a Small Town

BELFORD, N.J., a seacoast town 50 miles south of Manhattan, is little different from countless small communities across the U.S. It has quiet, tree-lined streets decked with frame houses. It also has crowded schools, potholed streets, erratic snow removal—and taxes that are climbing much faster than paychecks. Most of Belford's 8,500 residents are members of blue-collar families. The breadwinners tend to be electricians, welders and assembly-line workers. Because the town has practically no industry that can be taxed, Belford residents have to carry almost the entire load.

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Taxes are the second-hottest topic of conversation, after professional football and basketball. The most controversial levy is the property tax. Lillian Belicose, a widow with three out of eight children still living on the family budget, recalls that when she bought her house 20 years ago, her monthly payment for mortgage and taxes combined was $52.79. She has paid off her mortgage, but her property taxes now average $79 a month. "You struggle for years to pay off your mortgage," she says. "Then, when you think you finally own something, you get your property tax bill."

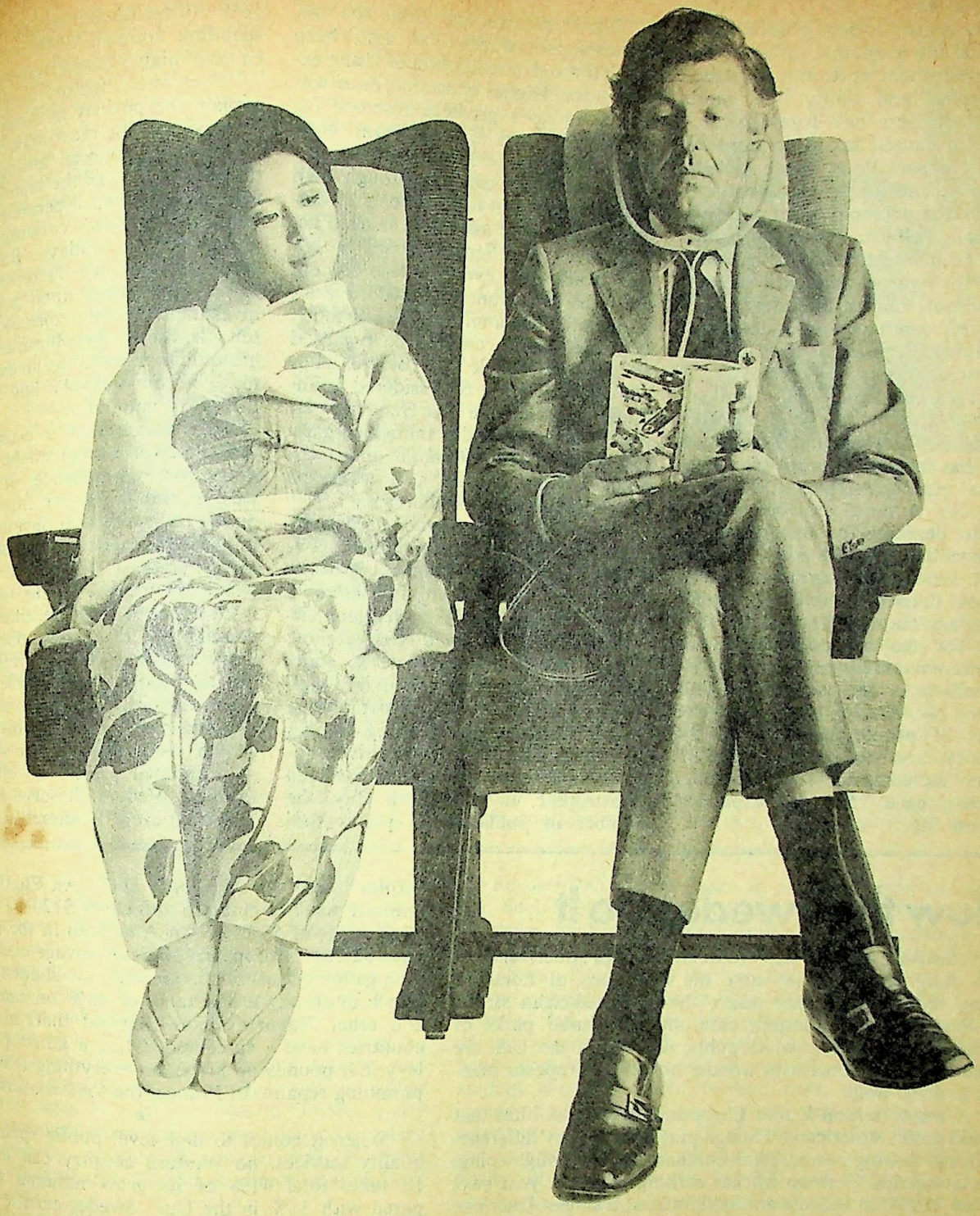
John Della Zanna, an electrician, complains that taxes on his $21,000 house have more than doubled in the past six years, to $1,186.50 annually. Della Zanna, who repairs Volkswagens on weekends to earn extra money, says: "I read in the newspaper that taxes in South Carolina are low. Maybe I'll move down there. I have to do something—I can't afford these taxes. Last year I was finally going to start a savings account so that I could have some money to help send my three kids to college. Taxes took care of that plan."

Property taxes are not the only burden. New Jersey has a 5% sales tax on most goods except food, clothes and medicine. Now state authorities are studying a personal income tax plan that might take another $5 to $10 a month from already tight family budgets in Belford. Besides taxes, residents were recently hit with special expenses when the town finally joined an areawide sewer authority. Every homeowner was obliged to pay $500 to hook into the sewer system, and is now charged a quarterly fee of $36.25.

Belford residents are rebelling against tax increases. Last year they surprisingly voted for a Democratic township administration in what has always been a Republican bastion. They also voted down a school bond issue. Last year 200 first-, second- and third-grade students were crowded into a 65-year-old red brick elementary school. Then fire authorities threatened to condemn the building's second floor, which has only one wooden staircase and an inadequate fire exit. More than half the pupils were transferred to nearby schools, compounding the crowding problem.

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To alleviate overcrowding at the junior high school, administrators are considering dropping courses in French and Spanish and putting the school on double sessions. The senior high school is already on double sessions. Crowding there will become worse because the student body of 3,066 is expected to grow by roughly 300 youngsters annually in 1973 and 1974. Even now, teachers cannot keep an eye on all the students. Thefts and assaults are so common in the high school that even the local police chief, Joe McCarthy, laments: "I'll be glad when my son gets out of there. It's so bad that the students are often afraid to go to the lavatories."



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mess? One reason is poor federal management of the economy. Inflation has raised government costs for construction, supplies and utility bills more than tax planners had foreseen. Recession has caused tax collections to fall below expectations, while joblessness has jacked up government expenditures for unemployment compensation and welfare. Although it has become an intellectual fad to question the need for vigorous economic growth, no Governor, mayor or federal budget director can have any doubt about the meaning of a halt or even a slowdown: fiscal disaster.

Changes in demography and society have also put the U.S. through a budgetary wringer. Population growth has brought a more than proportional increase in the need for public services. A more crowded society multiplies demands for housing, parks, garbage collection and police protection. A skewed demographic pattern also has pressed a relatively small working and taxpaying population into paying for the medical, educational and welfare requirements of rapidly rising numbers of the very young and the very old. During the 1960s, the number of people aged five to 24 rose 28%, and the number aged 65 or over increased 21%; meanwhile, the group aged 25 to 44 expanded less than 3%.

The U.S., no less than the underdeveloped world, has also been going through a revolution of rising expectations. Higher education once was looked on as a privilege reserved for the brighter sons of the affluent. Now it is coming to be assumed that every boy or girl who can get through high school has a right to four years of college, with public assistance if need be. Last week the Senate passed a bill that would give every college student the right to a grant of $1,400 a year, minus what his family could contribute. Untended illness used to be regarded as the unavoidable fate of the poor and aged. Today it is considered an intolerable, if still far too frequent outrage. Such demands, though fiscally troublesome, are just claims on a technological society that also wants to call itself equitable and humane.

Private Bias. A more complex issue is the rising expectations of government employees. Teachers, government clerks and other civil servants in the past struck a tacit bargain under which they accepted relatively low pay in return for easy work, short hours, job security and relatively high pensions. Now they are demanding —and increasingly winning—wages just about equal to those in private industry. The effect on budgets has been catastrophic. In New York City, the number of public-school pupils rose 16% during the past decade, but spending zoomed 207%, largely because of higher teacher salaries.

Even these factors do not wholly explain the poverty of American public services. The most important cause is a set of national attitudes. From the earliest days of the republic, Americans have shown a pernicious bias in favor of private consumption and against public outlays. Business expenditures for new factories and machinery are looked upon as productive investments. Public spending for new schools, fire engines, libraries and playgrounds is regarded as an expense that may be unavoidable but should be held to a minimum.

This bias has led to a massive failure to perform what might be termed preventive maintenance, of people as well as things. Bigger investments in public transportation during the 1950s might have avoided the worsening commuter crisis of today. In the period when low-income blacks (and whites) were flooding into the cities from the countryside, higher spending for manpower training, public housing and remedial reading could have alleviated many currently explosive social and racial tensions. Society is now being presented with the bill for such efforts —at inflated prices. To cite just one example, Federal Reserve Board Governor Andrew Brimmer predicts that

How the Swedes Do It

A SMALL sense of deprivation often nags Americans visiting abroad. They note the frequency of London's shiny red double-decker buses, the scrubbed-clean streets of Paris and the tranquil, carefully manicured parks of Frankfurt. At a time when public services in the U.S. are in such a mess, Americans wonder how the Europeans manage to do so well.

A major reason is that Europeans accept tax bites that would numb Americans. Though partly warped by differences in purchasing power, some comparisons are enlightening. An unmarried German worker earning $5,000 a year pays about $1,500 in income and social taxes; a single American earning about the same pays $800. An Englishman married, has two children and earns $12,000 a year income taxes of $3,257. An American in the same pays $2,154. Europeans also pay savage excise levies on a gallon of gasoline in Germany *v.* about 12¢ in the The English pay excise taxes of 45% on cameras, and other "luxury" items. Beyond that, many European countries have a value-added tax, a kind of national levy that pounds up prices on everything from shoelaces to plumbing repairs. In France, the VAT is a towering 25

When it comes to high-level public spending for quality services, no Western country can match Sweden. Its taxes total 41% of its gross national product, compared with 31% in the U.S. Swedes earn less than Americans; wages of blue-collar workers average $6,270 *v.* $7,400 in the U.S. On the other hand, Swedes are pensioned from birth to death against a wide variety of social and economic jolts. When a Swede cannot work because of sickness, he is insured against lost wages. When he is too old to work (over 67), he can collect two-thirds of his salary annually. Cities are sparkling clean, and police and fire services are excellent. Rail transport is modern and efficient, and the highways. A monthly ticket on Stockholm's smooth-running subway is good for unlimited rides, costs $

Practically all medical and hospital care is free. Swedish hospitals have first-rate staffs and the most modern equipment; they lead the world in number of beds—17 for every 1,000 people. Sweden also has long

LUNDMARK FAMILY FIGURING TAXES AROUND KITCHEN TABLE IN ÖREBRO



ÅKE MAINSTROM

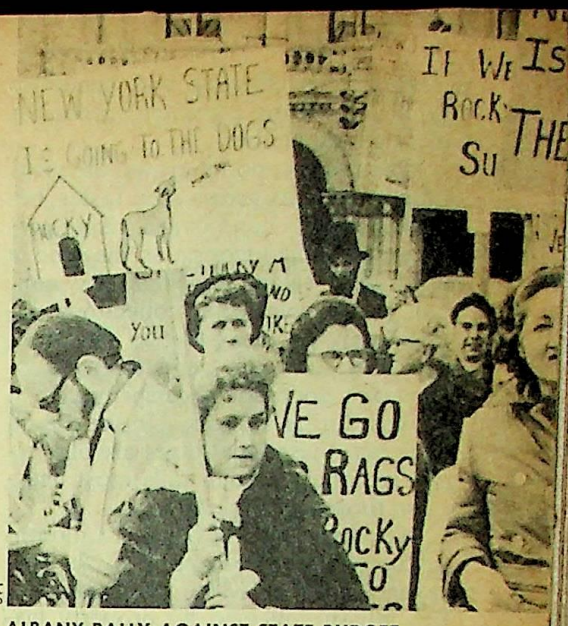
the nation will have to spend more than $16 billion annually in the next four or five years to keep pollution within tolerable limits. Part of that might come from corporate treasuries, but much surely would have to be tax money. The cost certainly would be lower if the building of efficient sewage-treatment plants, low-polluting city incinerators and the like had begun a decade ago.

Another result of the bias in favor of the private economy has been the persistent refusal by Americans to tax themselves heavily enough to pay for public services. Though almost every American feels oppressed by taxes, the U.S. is in fact one of the most lightly taxed of all the industrial nations. Total U.S. tax collections equal only 31% of the country's gross national product *v.* 33% in Germany, 37% in Canada, 41% in Sweden and 43% in Britain. By no coincidence, most of these nations enjoy higher-quality health care, recreational facilities, mass transit and many other services than the U.S. does. Japan is the only major industrial nation where taxes account for a smaller share of G.N.P. (16%) than they do in the U.S., at least partly because Japan's tax system was designed by American occupation authorities after World War II.

In some areas of the U.S., political opposition still keeps taxes low despite inescapable needs. New Hampshire, for example, can afford to keep only four state troopers on duty in the early hours of the morning, and has been unable to pay the telephone and postage bills of its own planning office. Nevertheless, the state has neither an income nor a general sales tax, and the legislature last week defeated for the second time an income tax proposed by Governor Walter Peterson.

Flat Failure. The bias against public spending has led the Federal Government to distribute the gains of economic growth in the form of income tax cuts rather than improved services. Since 1964, federal income taxes have been cut four times, from a range of 20% to 91%, to the present 14% to 50%. If rates, exemptions and deductions had been held steady for the past decade, Washington today would be collecting at least an additional $40 billion a year—more than enough to wipe out the $38.8 billion deficit foreseen in this fiscal year. Alternatively, if a large deficit were considered necessary to stimulate the economy, Washington could now be distributing enough additional aid to states and cities to meet nearly all the social spending needs expected for the 1970s.

The tax cuts have been aimed at shrinking the role of Government in U.S. life. In his January budget message, President Nixon boasted about his



UPI

ALBANY RALLY AGAINST STATE BUDGET
Drowning hubris in red ink.

Administration's tax cuts and declared that individuals "can use that money more productively for their own needs than Government can use it for them." This policy has been a flat failure. The role of Government has not declined because total tax collections, while still smaller than in other countries, have risen as a percentage of G.N.P. The reason, of course, has been the fast rise in state, local and Social Security taxes. The main achievement of the federal income tax cuts has been to distort the tax system by restricting the role of

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rld's lowest rate of infant mortality. Its men have the rld's longest life expectancy, 71.7 years, and its women second longest, 76 years, just behind Iceland. High-s, tuition-free education right through university is avail-e to all academically qualified Swedes. University stu-s get about $2,000 a year in living costs, partly in the m of state grants and mostly in low-cost loans.

Under the Swedish system, workers with average in-es get the most value from their tax kronor. A typical ex-le is Paul Lundmark, who is married and the father three children, ages 4 to 10. He lives in Örebro, a city 75,000. Lundmark earns an average blue-collar salary $6,500 a year by working in a paper mill. He pays re than one-third of this, $2,300, in direct local and na-al income taxes.

The Lundmark children attend local schools, where teaching is first-rate. All pupils get their books and y hot lunches free. At the local clinic, an outpatient costs $1.50. A city "social bureau" provides, among r things, "home help" to look after the children in an rgency. The Lundmarks also can use the city's boun-sports facilities, including a curling hall, two pools, ice-skating arenas and 20 athletic halls. Like all des, they get a $224 state grant at the birth of each d, and collect an annual $250 allotment until the child ches 16. Through a rent subsidy, the government pays % of the monthly rent for their four-room apartment.

■

The rising taxes to support all this, however, have most des wobbling. For example, the value-added tax, which iled on top of all other taxes, was recently increased by r percentage points, to 17.65%. Partly because of this t, prices of most goods and services are soaring. Some arettes cost $1.40 a pack, eggs $1.20 a dozen, hamburger 99 per lb. and filet mignon $5 per lb. Increasingly Swedes making do with items at the lowest end of the price scale: atoes, carrots, cabbage and spaghetti.

Beyond VAT, Swedes face an awesome array of levies. The Social Democratic Party, which has held power for 40 years, holds that taxes should aim at demolishing accumulated wealth. Many high-income "tax exiles" have fled abroad to conserve the remains of their fortunes. The sharpest wrench for the middle class and the rich is the "wealth" tax, which requires individuals to list the value of their worldly goods—jewelry, cars, house, securities, bank accounts—and pay an annual 1% levy on any amount above $31,000. Income from investments—dividends on stock, interest on bonds, rent on real estate—is taxed separately. On top of all this, Swedish homeowners pay a form of property tax that amounts to about $320 annually on a house worth $16,000 and about $1,932 on one worth $50,000. Apartment owners pay a similar tax.

■

Particularly for people who earn more than the Lundmark family, income taxes are as steeply progressive as Everest. On a salary of $10,000 a Swede pays 43% of his income in national, local and old-age pension taxes. On $20,000 he pays 53%, and on $40,000 his combined levy is a brutal 63%. Loopholes are almost nonexistent, and deductions are rare. Corporate income taxes, which average 53%, are less severe because, unlike individuals, companies can deduct from their national tax the amount they pay in local taxes. Even so, Sweden's leading business magazine, *Veckans Affärer,* has warned that if taxes continue to rise at the present rate, the government by 1980 will be taking 55% of the G.N.P. and will dangerously squeeze industrial expansion. This could crimp economic growth and diminish tax revenues, along with many of the public services that they provide.

It is neither possible nor desirable for the U.S. to emulate Sweden's controlled economy to achieve that country's justly praised social programs. But the Swedish experience does demonstrate that good public services cost more than American taxpayers have so far been willing to pay.

a levy that is effective and generally fair, and throwing a greater burden on taxes that are neither.

When the economy grows, the yield of the income tax grows even faster, because taxpayers hand over a rising percentage of their incomes as they move into higher salary brackets. By contrast, local sales tax collections increase only about as fast as the economy does, and the yield from property taxes does not necessarily rise at all even during a boom. Unlike the income tax, these local taxes are also regressive: their burden falls most heavily on those least able to pay.

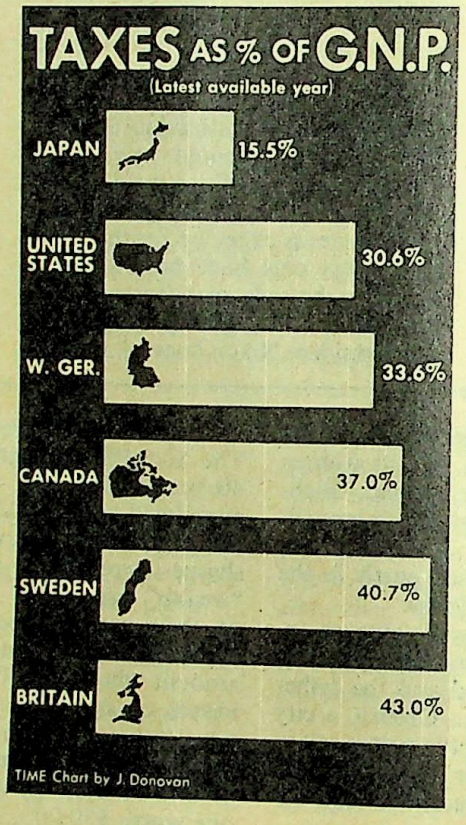
The property tax in recent months has become the flash point of the taxpayer rebellion. More than half the $36 billion collected by property taxes annually is earmarked specifically to pay local communities' share of education costs. But in many cities, towns and villages, property taxes also raise most of the revenues for the whole range of local government services.

Fiscal Suicide. Theoretically, the property tax burden should be shared equitably, since the rich own more taxable real estate than the poor. Actually, property tax rates tend to be higher on modest homes than on mansions. A 2% tax on a house assessed at $50,000 will yield $1,000. A 10% tax would be needed on a house assessed at $10,000 in order to raise that same $1,000—and a town filled with $10,000 homes may need more revenue for such services as sewers and fire protection than a suburb of stately homes. Favoritism in assessments, overly generous exemptions for business, and other abuses magnify both the inequity of the tax and its inefficiency as a revenue raiser.

Boston offers a striking example. Its revenue comes mostly from property tax. Yet fully 54% of property in the city is exempt, the result of unwise concessions to colleges, airlines and businesses putting up new buildings. A surge of commercial construction has increased office space in Boston by 40% in the past ten years, but the city has received little revenue from it. Property taxes on those who do pay have been raised to a mind-bending $174.70 per $1,000 of assessed value, and are likely to go up again shortly to $190 or more; that is equal to $2,660 a year on a house assessed at $14,000 (which probably would be worth $40,000 on the market). The city is still so broke that it cannot replace some century-old wooden sewers, or even plow its streets properly after snowstorms; two days after a heavy snow last month, many streets still had only one lane cleared. Says Mayor Kevin White: "We are on a course of fiscal suicide."

The inequities of the property tax in financing education are so glaring that four state and federal courts in the past year have ruled these disparities unconstitutional. The reason: poor districts cannot raise as much money for schools as rich districts, and the quality of a child's education should not depend on the wealth of his neighborhood. The likely result of these court decisions is that Washington will have to greatly enlarge its subsidies for local schooling in order to eliminate or at least reduce the role of the property tax. The Nixon Administration estimates that the Federal Government will have to come up with $12 billion to $13 billion more a year to help states and cities equalize school financing. Unfortunately, it is thinking of doing so by proposing a value-added tax—a kind of national sales tax (TIME, Feb. 28) that, like all sales taxes, would be regressive.

How can the nation raise the revenue it needs to improve public services? One way to begin is by slashing, or preferably abolishing, some Government programs that continue to soak up tax dollars long after they have lost their justification—if they ever had one. The U.S. is in trouble not only because tax revenues are inadequate, but also because too much of them has been spent for the wrong purposes.



The Pentagon is usually singled out as an overbloated tax eater, but there are many others. The federal highway system, by the time it is finished in the late 1970s, will have consumed $76.3 billion. That is only direct cost; indirect costs include increased air pollution resulting from more driving, as well as the destruction of much housing for the urban poor in Baltimore, Detroit and other cities to make room for new freeways. Meanwhile, mass-transportation systems that could move people more efficiently have been starved for funds. In Washington, D.C., area, the Nat... Association of Railroad Passengers... been unable to interest any go... mental unit in a proposal to s... up $17.4 million to improve pass... service to the city's suburbs. Yet Federal Government is spending $... million to build slightly more tha... mile of road just south of the ... The Government recently laid out $... million to open a new six-lane ... ment of Interstate 95, which para... an existing four-lane highway betw... Washington and Baltimore.

Former Budget Director Cha... Schultze lists some other unproduc... expenditures: the building of g... dams that yield little economic ... turn, even in terms of lower po... costs, but harm the environment ... flooding areas of great scenic bea... irrigation projects that subsidize ... growing in Western deserts of cr... for which the Agriculture Departm... is trying to cut acreage elsewhe... farm price supports that benefit ma... ly higher-income farmers; subsidies ... general aviation that aggravate airp... congestion by encouraging private f... ing. The nation can no longer aff... such extravagances, but they contin... because they are promoted by po... erful self-interest lobbies that encou... ter little opposition. They should ... opposed by public-interest counterl... bies, which could press competing ... mands for cash for other progra... That is a cause to which Ralph N... der and his army of followers co... profitably turn their attention.

How to Cut. The nation also ne... a thorough overhaul of its tax syste... The aim should be to make a ... formed federal income tax a major r... enue raiser for states and cities ... well as for the Federal Government. ... ducing the necessity for endless sh... increases in unfair and ineffective s... and property taxes.

Although the income tax is f... enough in principle—rates rise w... ability to pay—the way in which it ... tually operates is not. Because of el... orate deductions and exemptions, h... ly anyone pays the rate that theo... ically applies to his salary brack... The deductions and exemptions ... cessively favor married couples o... single people, homeowners over re... ers, large families over small, receiv... of dividends and stock market pro... over people who live by wages alo... Congress narrowed some of the lo... holes in 1969, with the result that ... number of people who paid no ... whatever on incomes of $200,000 ... more declined from 300 in 1969 ... 112 in 1970 (before final audit). ... multaneously, though, Congress ... piled on new tax breaks. The latest, ... acted last year in a bow to Wom... Lib, is a child-care deduction for w... ing mothers in families with inco... up to $27,000 a year.

Some tax favors reward acti...

that once seemed socially desirable, like the bearing of many children and the buying of single-family houses. It is questionable whether such goals should still be encouraged. If so, they should be promoted by direct subsidy. Indirect subsidies handed out through the tax system are extremely expensive and lead to ludicrous distortions. For example, the Federal Government last year in effect paid 70% of the mortgage interest and property taxes on the home of a couple who had a $200,000 annual income, but it paid only 9% of the interest and taxes on the house of a couple who earned $10,000 a year, and nothing at all on the house of a family too poor to pay any income tax.

Joseph Pechman, one of the nation's leading tax experts and a member of TIME's Board of Economists, proposes a drastic reform. He reckons that by eliminating almost all deductions and exemptions—except for payment of state income taxes, unusual medical expenses and high charitable contributions—the Federal Government could reduce income tax rates by 40% and still raise as much revenue as it now does. A somewhat smaller but still major rate cut would yield new revenue to meet social and environmental needs. Pechman's wholesale removal of deductions would be far better than attempts to close loopholes one by one. Such efforts arouse furious opposition while still leaving many inequities.

No Bail-Out. Unless federal tax reform is coupled with a revenue-sharing plan to funnel cash to hard-up cities and states, it would benefit only Washington, while leaving local governments the choice of either shortchanging their citizens or boosting sales and property taxes. President Nixon has proposed a plan, now heading toward a vote in the House Ways and Means Committee, that would return $5 billion to states and cities in fiscal 1973. That is inadequate. Walter Heller, who with Pechman originated the revenue-sharing idea in the 1960s, proposes that the amount be set at 2% of the "tax base"—that is, all individual income subject to federal tax. That would yield about $10 billion annually under the present tax structure, and much more if most exemptions and deductions were knocked out.

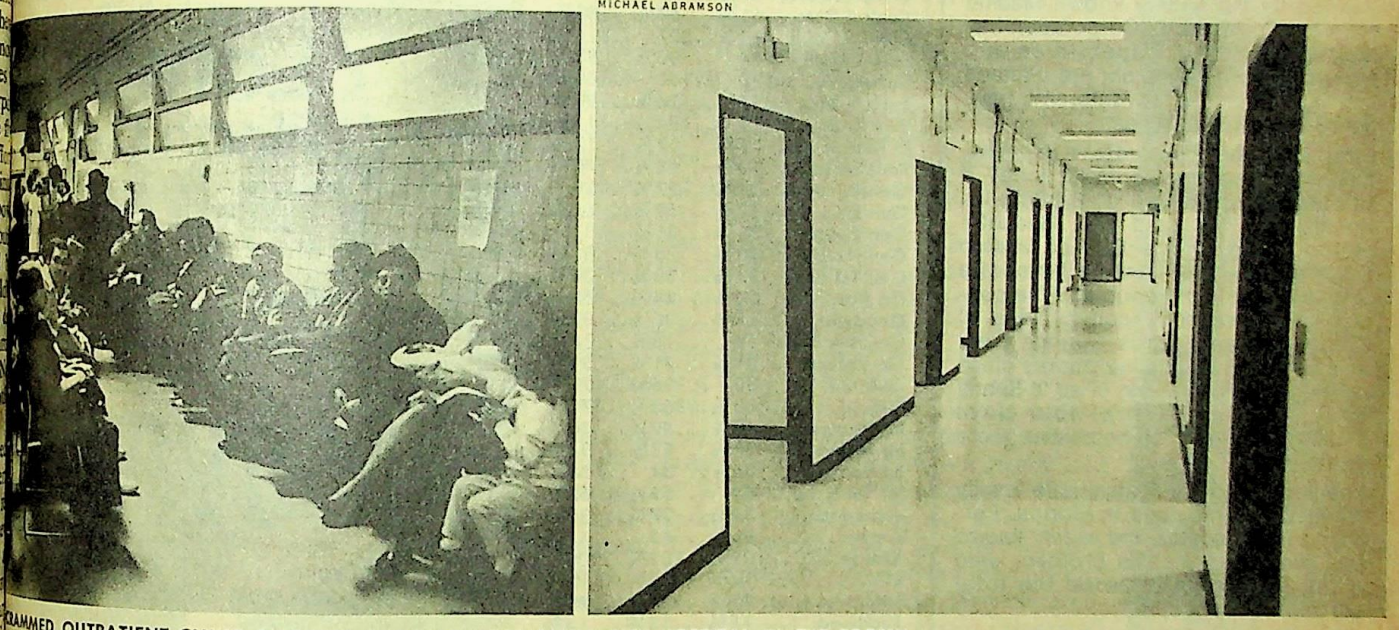
Two further improvements would increase the effectiveness of revenue sharing. Heller suggests that the Federal Government calculate a national average of state and local taxes, then distribute more revenue to areas whose citizens are taxed more heavily than average and less to areas where taxes have been held down. Heavily taxed states and cities would get significant relief, while areas that had refused to tax enough to meet their needs would be prodded to do so because they could not count on Washington to bail them out.

Democratic Congressman Henry Reuss also proposes that in order to qualify for revenue sharing, states should be required to submit plans for consolidating the crazy-quilt pattern of local government units. That step could go far toward bringing order out of the chaos of overlapping villages, towns, school districts, fire districts, water districts and other jurisdictions. As one fairly typical example, residents of Fridley, Minn. (pop. 9,233), pay taxes to nine government units: the city of Fridley, the Metropolitan Council Sewer Board, the North Suburban Hospital District, Anoka County, the Minneapolis-St. Paul Metropolitan Airports Commission, the Metropolitan Mosquito Control District, the state of Minnesota, the U.S. Government and an independent school district. A tenth unit, a watershed district, is now being formed. Such Balkanization wastes public funds, because tax revenue is divided among competing jurisdictions that operate with no area-wide plan or coordinated set of priorities.

Other administrative reforms are needed for the nation to get the most out of its tax money. The states should take over a larger role in the collection and distribution of money for education, under a federal mandate to work toward equalizing per-pupil expenditures among school districts. The Federal Government should assume the burden of financing welfare and make payments uniform across the country. That would relieve states and cities of a demand that they can no longer meet without starving other programs for funds. It also would end the scandalous situation under which citizens of states such as New York and Illinois in effect subsidize low tax and welfare levels in other areas, predominantly the South, whose poor still flock to the high-welfare states in order to collect more money.

In the end, though, no amount of administrative reform is likely to save Americans from the necessity of paying higher taxes. The nation is not running out of money so much as it has misallocated its resources so badly that it now faces a staggering bill for the public services that citizens have a right to expect. Tax and governmental reforms can and must apportion that bill more fairly; to the extent that the taxpayers' revolt is a protest against inequity, it is only too justified. Americans, however, will have to get used to the idea that a greater portion of the country's wealth must be devoted to the public sector if they are to enjoy clean air, safe streets and better health and education. Paying the bill cannot be made pleasant. By reflecting on the observation of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes that taxes are the price of civilization, it can perhaps be made at least tolerable.

MICHAEL ABRAMSON



CROWDED OUTPATIENT CLINIC & LOCKED WING AT MORRISANIA CITY HOSPITAL IN THE BRONX

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MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 104,821,850 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 60.07, up 1.12 for the week ending March 3. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 942.43, up 19.64; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 107.94, up 1.76. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Net Change
Allied Chem..	30⅞..	29¾..	30¼..	+ ⅜
Alum Co Am..	51 ..	47⅝..	49⅜..	+2⅛
Amer Airlines.	47¾..	45⅝..	47¾..	+1½
Amer Brands..	45⅛..	44⅛..	44⅝..	— ¼
American Can.	35 ..	32⅜..	35 ..	+2¾
Am Motors...	7⅜..	7⅛..	7⅜..	+ ⅛
AT&T.....	43¾..	42⅞..	43⅛..	— ½
Anac Cop....	19¾..	18⅛..	19⅝..	— ⅜
Avon Prod....	115 ..	111 ..	114⅝..	— ⅜
Beth Steel....	33⅛..	30½..	31½..	+1
Boeing.....	26¼..	23¼..	23¾..	—2¼
Burling Ind...	37½..	36 ..	37½..	None
Burroughs....	169¾..	167½..	169¼..	— ½
Cater Trac...	50 ..	48⅜..	49¾..	+ ⅝
Chrysler.....	34¼..	33 ..	33½..	+ ⅛
Clark Equip...	53½..	48 ..	53½..	+5⅜
Control Data..	61¼..	58⅛..	60⅛..	— ¼
Corn GI Wks..	216¼..	207 ..	216¼..	+8¼
Dow Chemical.	84 ..	80½..	83⅜..	+2⅛
DuPont.....	170 ..	161 ..	169¾..	+5
Eastern Air...	26⅜..	24⅞..	25⅛..	—1⅛
East Kodak...	112 ..	106½..	111½..	+4⅝
El Paso N G..	18⅝..	17⅞..	17⅞..	— ⅜
Ford Motor...	70⅞..	68½..	70½..	+ ⅛
Gen Dynam..	30⅝..	27⅜..	29 ..	+1¼
Gen Elec.....	62⅜..	59⅞..	61⅝..	+2⅜
Gen Foods...	31⅞..	31¼..	31½..	+ ⅝
Gen Motors...	83⅜..	78⅞..	83⅜..	+4⅜
Gen Tel & El..	31⅝..	30⅛..	30¾..	+ ¼
Ga Pac.....	50¼..	44⅛..	50¼..	+6⅛
Goodyear....	31⅝..	30½..	31⅜..	— ⅛
Great A & P..	19 ..	18¼..	18½..	— ⅜
Greyhound...	21¾..	21⅛..	21½..	— ⅛
Gulf Oil.....	30 ..	26⅜..	27¾..	+1
IBM.....	380½..	365 ..	377½..	+5
Int Harvester..	30⅞..	29¼..	30⅞..	+1⅛
Int Nickel.....	34½..	33½..	34⅛..	+ ¾
Int Paper.....	36⅛..	34 ..	35¼..	+ ¾
Int Tel & Tel..	64 ..	59½..	62½..	—1¼
Johns Man....	39⅝..	37¼..	39¼..	+1
Kraftco.....	46⅜..	45 ..	45⅝..	+ ⅜
Kresge SS....	109⅝..	102¾..	109 ..	+5¼
LTV.....	14⅜..	12⅛..	12½..	—1¼
Litton.....	21⅞..	20⅛..	20¾..	—3
Lockheed.....	15⅜..	13½..	14¾..	+1
McD Doug....	45 ..	41⅛..	45 ..	+5½
Merck Co....	136 ..	132 ..	136 ..	+1¾
3M.....	141⅜..	139½..	141⅛..	+ ⅛
Mobil Oil....	56 ..	53⅞..	55¼..	+1⅝
NCA.....	33¾..	31⅜..	33¼..	+1⅛
N Am Rock...	35⅞..	34⅞..	35¾..	+ ⅝
Occid Pet....	12¾..	11¾..	12⅜..	+ ¼
Owens Ill.....	48⅞..	47¾..	48 ..	+ ⅛
Pac Gas & El.	29⅝..	28⅜..	29½..	+ ¼
Pan Am.....	14⅝..	14 ..	14⅝..	+ ¼
Penn Cen....	5 ..	4¾..	5 ..	+ ⅛
Penney J. C...	76½..	72¾..	75¾..	+3⅜
Philip Morris..	79 ..	75¾..	78¾..	+1¾
Polaroid.....	127⅛..	118⅝..	124 ..	+5⅝
Proc Gam....	87¼..	85¼..	86½..	None
RCA.....	43¼..	41 ..	43 ..	+1⅝
Reyn Ind.....	74⅜..	68⅞..	74⅜..	+4⅞
Sears Roe....	116¼..	108¾..	112 ..	+2½
Shell Oil.....	50½..	49½..	49¾..	+ ⅝
Sou Cal Ed...	27⅝..	26⅞..	26⅞..	— ⅝
Std Oil Cal...	60¼..	57½..	59 ..	+1¼
Std Oil N J...	77¼..	74¼..	74⅝..	—3⅛
Swift Co.....	37¾..	34½..	37⅝..	+2½
Tenneco.....	25⅜..	24⅛..	25¼..	+ ⅞
Texaco.....	33⅞..	32 ..	32 ..	— ¼
Textron.....	35¼..	34⅜..	35¼..	+ ½
Time Inc.....	63 ..	58⅜..	62⅜..	+3⅜
TWA.....	51½..	48¼..	51 ..	+2½
UAL Inc.....	50¼..	47½..	50 ..	+1⅞
Union Car....	45¾..	44⅝..	45½..	+ ⅞
Utd Aircraft..	34½..	32⅞..	34⅛..	+ ⅝
US Ply Cham..	27¾..	26⅝..	26⅞..	— ⅛
US Steel.....	33¼..	31½..	31⅞..	— ⅝
Westing.....	47 ..	43⅜..	47 ..	+3½
Woolworth...	42⅝..	41⅛..	41½..	—1⅛
Xerox.....	140¾..	133⅝..	140⅝..	+5⅞

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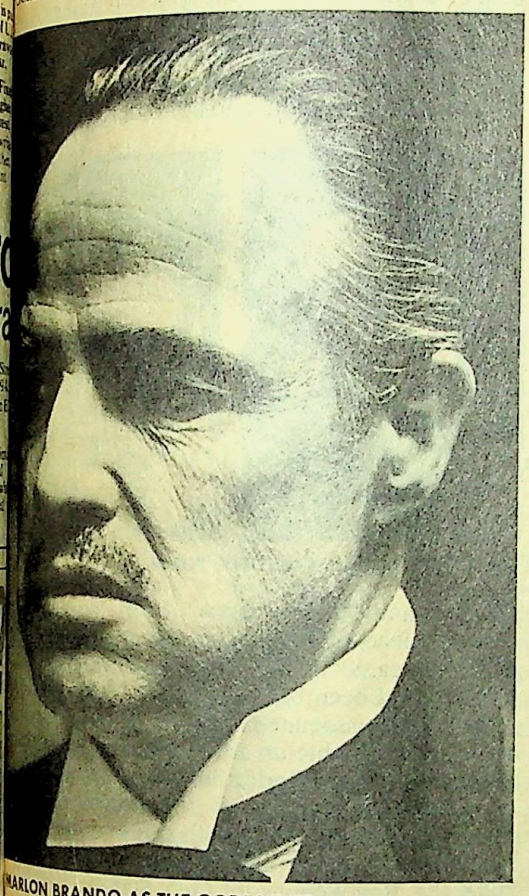
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The Making of *The Godfather*

THE box office appeal of a blockbuster best seller. The charisma of Marlon Brando in one of his finest performances. Warmth, violence, nostalgia and the dynastic sweep of an Italian-American epic *Gone With the Wind. The Godfather,* which will be released next week, is a movie that seems to have everything. Canny producers know that when a movie has everything, it needs something more: a sequel. What could the brains at Paramount come up with to match *The Godfather*? Something to do with the Mafia, something rife



MARLON BRANDO AS THE GODFATHER

with greed, intrigue and passion. For that, they might consider *The Making of the Godfather*. The story behind the movie has all those elements and then some.

No sooner had Paramount announced plans to film Mario Puzo's novel about the powerful leader of a Mafia family than the protests began. The Italian-American Civil Rights League, a group headed by Joseph Colombo, the reputed don of one of New York City's five Mafia families, held a rally in Madison Square Garden, raising a $600,000 war chest to stop the production as a slur on Italian-Americans. Close to 100 letters of protest came in from Senators, Congressmen and New York State legislators. The Manhattan offices of Paramount's parent company, Gulf & Western, twice had to be evacuated because of bomb threats. In Los Angeles, police told the movie's producer, Al Ruddy, that his car was being tailed, and Ruddy switched cars with his secretary. She parked his in front of her house, and the next morning found it riddled with bullets.

The melodrama was right in keeping with the kind of picture Paramount had in mind. The company wanted a quickie exploiting the book's success, shot in modern dress in St. Louis on a relatively low budget of $2.5 million. To direct it, Paramount Production Chief Robert Evans approached Peter Yates, who had established his thriller credentials with *Bullitt;* Richard Brooks, who shot *In Cold Blood;* and even Greek Director Costa Gavras, the man who made *Z*. When, for various reasons, none of these choices worked out, Evans went for a dark horse: Francis Ford Coppola, who was only 31.

Dynasty and Power. Coppola was an established screenwriter (he won an Oscar last year for co-authoring *Patton*), but he had an indifferent record as a director (*Finian's Rainbow, You're a Big Boy Now*). Nevertheless, Evans had faith in Coppola's ability, and attached particular importance to the fact that he was Italian-American. Says Evans: "He knew the way these men in *The Godfather* ate their food, kissed each other, talked. He knew the grit." Coppola, deeply in debt, could have used an offer to direct traffic, let alone a movie like *The Godfather*. He jumped at the chance, and over some strenuous front-office opposition, won the job.

Although hardly dealing from strength, Coppola fought to get his budget doubled, shift the style to the period in which the book is set (late 1940s and early 1950s), and alter the whole conception of the film. "I saw important ideas in this book that had to do with dynasty and power," he says. "Puzo's screenplay had turned into a slick, contemporary gangster picture of no importance. It wasn't Puzo's fault. He just did what they told him to do." With Puzo's collaboration, Coppola rewrote the script along the broader lines he envisioned. "It was my intention," he says, "to make this an authentic piece of film about gangsters who were Italian, how they lived, how they behaved, the way they treated their families, celebrated their rituals."

Puzo seemed to be bemused by the already dizzying changes. He had welcomed a Hollywood writing stint as a vacation from the hermit existence of the novelist. His office at Paramount had a refrigerator containing "an unlimited supply of soda pop free," he recounts in an upcoming nonbook entitled, naturally, *The Godfather Papers and Other Confessions*. "I had an adjoining office for my secretary and a telephone with a buzzer and four lines. This was living." However, between the soda pop and the tennis and the gambling, which Puzo plunged into with relish, he soon found that being the father of *The Godfather* had its drawbacks. At a Los Angeles restaurant he was introduced to Frank Sinatra, who was widely believed to be the model for Puzo's character of Johnny Fontane, the singer who is backed by the Mob. Sinatra, writes Puzo, never even looked up from his plate, but "started to shout abuse . . . The worst thing he called me was a pimp, which rather flattered me. But what hurt was that there he was, a northern Italian,



From the top: the Godfather standing alone and giving the embrace of The Brotherhood; Henchman Luca Brasi being strangled, Family Lawyer Tom Hagen, and Sonny lying dead.



threatening me, a southern Italian, with physical violence. That was roughly equivalent to Einstein pulling a knife on Al Capone."

More troubles were to come for Puzo. He became disgruntled because he had no final say on the picture. He was not allowed to view the finished cut when he wished to, and it was rumored that he had sworn—humorously, no doubt—a Sicilian vendetta against Paramount's Robert Evans.

Meanwhile it seemed that every actor in the world who was over 35—and some men who were not actors—was scowling into his mirror and jockeying for the plum role in the picture: the Godfather himself, Don Vito Corleone. Under consideration were prospects who ranged from George C. Scott to Laurence Olivier to Italian Producer Carlo Ponti, Sophia Loren's husband. Flamboyant San Francisco Lawyer Melvin Belli let it be known that he was available. Coppola and Puzo agreed that the actor they saw in the role was Brando (*see* CINEMA). Once again the Paramount bosses howled. They saw Brando in his more familiar role as the star of money-losing pictures and a moody troublemaker on the set. Brando's shenanigans during the filming of *Mutiny on the Bounty* had become legend, and the star, who is currently divorced from his second wife, was famous for his sometimes tumultuous off-screen romances.

Shoe Polish and Tissue Paper. Finally Paramount accepted the choice of Brando—with a stipulation. He would have to go through a screen test. Though Brando had never lost his technical brilliance, he had not given a truly satisfactory performance in years. Still, asking him to go through a screen test was like asking the Pope to recite the catechism. But Brando was so eager for the part that, when he heard about the stipulation through the grapevine, he beat Paramount to the punch by suggesting a test himself. Coppola hauled a video-tape camera to the star's house and Brando, with a little shoe polish under the eyes and wads of tissue paper in his cheeks, transformed himself undeniably into the Godfather. Two other contenders for the title role, John Marley (*Faces, Love Story*) and the familiar screen heavy Richard Conte, ended up taking smaller parts.

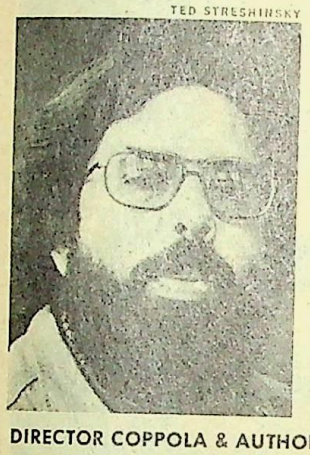
For the crucial roles of the Godfather's sons, such glamorous candidates as Robert Redford, Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson were ruled out in favor of lesser-known actors with a tougher, more authentic look: Al Pacino as Michael, the Ivy-educated son who succeeds the Godfather; James Caan as the lusty Sonny, the oldest son whose hot temper betrays him; Robert Duvall as the adopted son Tom Hagen, the lawyer who becomes the family's *consigliere;* John Cazale as Fredo, the timid, feckless son who is given a Las Vegas casino to play with. For the role of Luca Brasi, the Godfather's muscleman, Ruddy signed Former Wrestler Lenny Mantana, whom he spotted idling among a crowd of bystanders during the early shooting. Several of these actors had distinguished themselves on Broadway and in minor movies, but few could be considered name actors.

With the casting battles behind him, Coppola found other problems on the set. Some members of his crew, openly unimpressed with his direction after the first few days, began plotting to get him fired. His cinematographer seemed to obstruct more than help. "I'd tell the guy how I want[ed] shoot the scene," says Coppola, "and he'd say, that's dumb.'" Evans decided after three [weeks] that Coppola was near a nervous breakdown, never knew whether the director would show the following day. But Coppola got rid of the detractors, came to an understanding with the ematographer—for whom he still has high pro sional regard—and kept showing up. "I had hang in," he says. "Everything was at stake."

Ruddy turned his attention to the grow pressure being exerted by the Italian-Ameri Civil Rights League. Shopkeepers in New Y City, where the film was now being shot, making difficulties over the use of their premi for locations, unions were becoming restive, Joseph Colombo was continuing his harass by publicity. Coppola was stopped on the street people asking, "How come you, an Italian, make such a movie?"

Ruddy met with the league and made a num ber of concessions that cleared up most of trouble right away. He agreed to delete the w

TED STRESHINSKY



DIRECTOR COPPOLA & AUTHOR PUZO

"Mafia" and "Cosa Nostra" from the script shrewd piece of bargaining, since "Mafia" never appeared in the script anyway and "Cosa Nostra" had been used only once. Also, he hir some people associated with the league, includi a Las Vegas nightclub M.C., Gianni Russo, w got the role of the Godfather's treacherous son-law Carlo. Russo, a friend of Colombo's son A thony, provided the cast with tips on how Mafi would act. He cheerfully observes that the Mob "like the Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts. Everyo should have an organization."

Brando, who had been expected to loom as biggest of all the movie's problems, turned out be a model team player. Indeed, Brando's o major fault as an actor was that he would not could not learn his lines, and had to read th from hidden cue cards. Long known as an act who lives his roles, Brando in effect adopted actors who played his screen sons. Just bef shooting started, Ruddy threw a cast party at Italian restaurant in Manhattan. "We were all n to each other," says John Cazale. "We stood th not knowing what to do. It was Brando who bro the ice. He just went over, opened a bottle of w and started the festivities. I think we all realiz then that he was acting with us the way the D would have acted with his own family."

Brando gave and took advice freely, and e couraged backstage pranks that kept the atm sphere relaxed. A favorite was "mooning," the fantile practice of dropping one's trousers to sh bare buttocks. "My best moon was on Second A enue," remembers James Caan. "Bob Duvall an were in one car and Brando was in another, so drove up beside him and I pulled down my p

From the top: Singer Johnny Fontane at the wedding, Son Michael as the new Godfather, the Old Don lying wounded, Michael and his Sicilian bride, and the hot-tempered Sonny.

...d stuck my ass out of the window. Brando fell ...wn in the car with laughter."

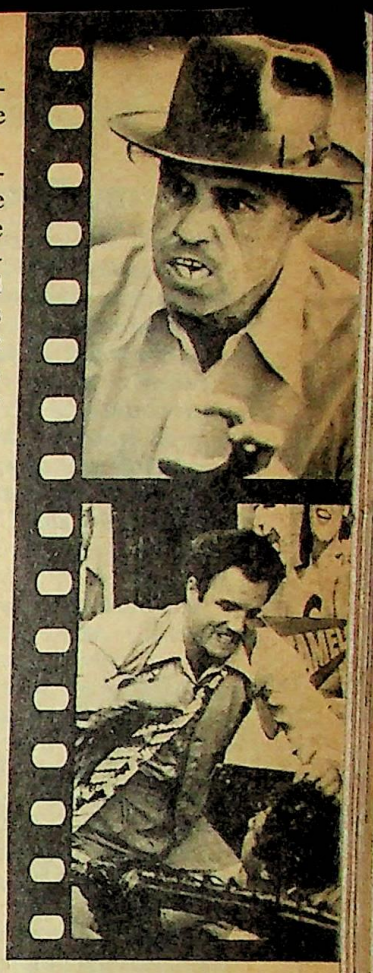
During shooting, says Coppola, "there was a ...ll flash of intuition that Brando fused with his ...chnique. If a herd of buffalo ran across the set, ...d react in character." For Brando's death scene, ...e script called for him to cavort with his grand...n in a garden, then topple over from a stroke. ...ando suggested adding a little game that he ...ayed with his own children: he cut a set of jag...d fangs from an orange rind and inserted them ...his mouth. The result not only drew a sponta...ous on-screen reaction from the child playing ...e grandson, but also captured in a tiny image the ...ence of the Godfather characterization—a ...nster, but seemingly benign.

Enormous Pains. Brando's stunning perfor...nce seemed to spur the entire cast. Coppola, ...rking from the emotional inside of his subject, ...s able to succeed as few American film makers ...ve in evoking the texture and variety of an eth... subculture. He took enormous pains to project ...believable period milieu, using old cars, plaster... buildings with correctly dated posters and ...ndbills, even making sure that such minute ...ms as pencils and lipsticks were authentic. He ...d his cinematographer emulated the visual style ...the period, eschewing zoom lenses, fast cuts and ...ring closeups. They used many longer tableau ...ots, achieving emphasis with subtle framing and ...ching. Coppola edited it all together in what he ...s a "legato" rather than a "staccato" rhythm, enabling him to build tension gradually and effectively over the picture's three-hour labyrinthine development.

The result is a movie that—despite the mayhem and gallons of gore—is far more than the soap opera full of raw energy that might have been expected. It is far more than an efficient action melodrama—more, even, than just a good solid movie. It is a movie that exemplifies what is great in the Hollywood tradition. Out of all the false starts and chaos and hassles, Coppola has created something that promises to open a rewarding new phase in Brando's career and put Coppola in the forefront of American film artists.

Does it give an accurate portrayal of the Mafia? Perhaps not. Many real-life Mafiosi were reportedly amused and somewhat flattered by their portraits in the book, despite the protestations of Colombo's now discredited league. They may well be equally amused and flattered by the movie. They are, however, angry about one thing. They have not been invited to the Manhattan première.

"Look," a top-ranking man in Vito Genovese's family recently told a federal agent, "if some picture company did the life of Audie Murphy, he'd be invited to the première. If the movie was about the military, they'd turn out the generals. So when they do one about us, we should be there too." Your move, Paramount.



From the top: the Don clowning for grandson and Sonny beating Brother-in-Law Carlo.

...ehind the Mystique of the Mafia

...AFIA business is not precisely ...booming these days, but business ...out the Mafia has never been bet... There are nearly 1,000,000 *God...ther* hard covers in print, and over ...0 million paperbacks. Jimmy Breslin's ...tselling comic novel *The Gang That ...uldn't Shoot Straight*—said to be ...takeoff on the chaotic exploits of ...ooklyn's Gallo gang—was recently ...carnated as a movie. Gay Talese's *...nor Thy Father*, a detailed and un...rstanding portrait of the son of Mafia ...ss Joseph Bonanno, has been on ...e bestseller lists for four months, ...d recently brought a beefy $451,000 ...r paperback rights.

There is a paperback called *The ...odmother*, a movie (a retitled Amer...an version of a film by the respect... French director Jean-Pierre Mel...ille) called *The Godson*. Paramount ...planning the official ...uzo-scripted sequel to *...e Godfather—The ...ath of Michael Corle...ne*. Also in the works ...a movie version of *...e Valachi Papers*, the ...moirs of Cosa Nostra ...eteran Joe Valachi. ...ere is even a Godfa...er game, in which play...s compete for control ...f the rackets.

Why all this avidity ...r Mafia lore? "The Ma...ia are like urban cow...oys," suggests Talese. They are "feudal lords, and whether you like them or not, they're fascinating father figures."

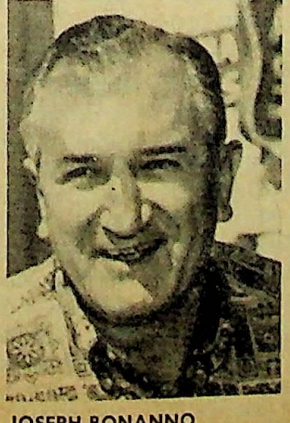
Paradoxically, the Mafia types embody everyone's fantasies of flamboyant banditry even while reconfirming in their personal life strict and sometimes puritanical standards of behavior. "Mafia children respect their parents and are very well behaved," Talese points out. "And the parents themselves are very patriotic. They stand for capitalism and free enterprise and very much against Communism. They shake their heads when they see students tearing up a flag on TV and they can't understand why police put up with being called 'pig.'"

Interest in the Mafia knows no social or intellectual boundary. The *Harvard Business Review* has included an instructional primer entitled "How to lock out the Mafia." A recent issue of *Commentary* carried a lengthy article entitled "Browsing in Gangland" by Joseph Epstein, who invoked such disparate sources as Sigmund Freud and Al Capone to prove that "we are all hooked on crime, because in our innermost beings most of us partly wish to be gangsters ourselves."

This brought a more intriguing demurrer from *Commentary* Editor Norman Podhoretz, who, befitting the author of *Making It*, thinks crooks "claim our attention not primarily by virtue of their brutality but by virtue of their worldly success: they are self-made men. We still want to read about men with the will, the energy, the daring, the boldness and the ruthlessness to claw their way to the top. But so powerful has the animus against business and commerce become in our culture that no legitimate businessman could possibly serve as the hero of any such story. Only an illegitimate businessman could; which is to say a gangster."

The Mafia leaders not only generate their own mystique but share in it. They have a good time, as Gay Talese reports, yukking it up over TV reruns of *The Untouchables*. They give high marks for verisimilitude and general élan to films like *Bullitt*, in which they admire Steve McQueen's resilient cool. Authors Puzo and Talese are esteemed for their portraits of Mafiosi as "men of respect" (although Mafiosi feel that Talese, especially, was taken in by his sources). The alltime Mafia favorite, however, is the movie *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938). Basil Rathbone, who plays the villainous Sir Guy Gisbourne, is hissed at every appearance. He is the totally corrupt and power-hungry official that Mafiosi feel they know so well. Between Errol Flynn, as Robin, and the cheering Mafia audience there exists, as they might see it, a kind of spiritual bond. It does not seem to extend, however, to that business of robbing to give to the poor.

WISDOM—TUCSON CITIZEN



JOSEPH BONANNO

The Army Racquet

Today's Army values athletes . . .
And today's athlete can develop in the Army. Because we have every sport imaginable. For every level of talent. In the finest playing facilities . . .
Today's athlete will like other things about the Army. The opportunity to learn a skill. A starting salary of $288 a month. All meals, housing, clothing, medical and dental care free. And 30 days' paid vacation a year.

So reads, in part, the text of a current U.S. Army recruitment advertisement, which also includes color photographs of nine contented young men clad in sports attire ranging from a fencing suit to boxing trunks. Altogether, it is an alluring ad, the sort of thing that might well tempt a young jock to join up. But if the Army really wants to jam its recruiting offices with muscular young men, it might do better to focus its advertising on an actual athletic case history: specifically, that of Tennis Player First Class (and Specialist Fourth Class) Stanley Roger Smith.

Sometimes known as "Steamer" because of his hot serve, Smith was drafted in December 1970; since then he has become a living testimonial to the veracity of the Army's ad. He has, for instance, developed into perhaps the nation's—if not the world's—best tennis player; and he certainly has made use of the finest playing facilities, such as center court at Wimbledon and Forest Hills.

Smith, 25, has even learned a new skill: journalism. He writes a tennis column for the Washington Evening Star Syndicate. But even before his military service, he had another nontennis talent that will stand him in good stead when his Army tour ends this December: he is a business and finance graduate of the University of Southern California. At least one big businessman already keen to hire him is PepsiCo's Chairman Don Kendall, with whom Smith signed an endorsement contract last year.

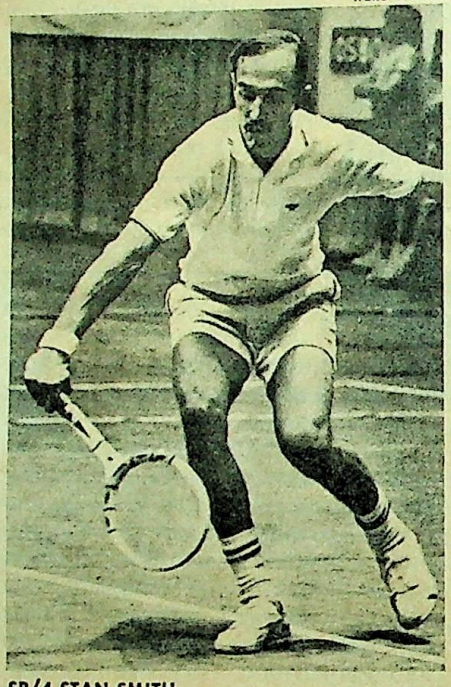
Various endorsements, in fact, helped boost Smith's off-the-court earnings last year by about $60,000, which is considerably more than General William Westmoreland made as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff ($36,000). Smith picked up about $25,000 more playing on Army time in tennis matches across the U.S. and in Europe.* Besides that, he won an undisclosed amount playing on his own time on vacations, special leave, weekends and after 5 p.m. on weekdays. On top of all that he earned $4,200 as an Army specialist fourth class.

As for free meals, Smith gets plenty of them, if not from the Army, then from tennis promoters or other well-wishers. Housing? He travels so much that he spends precious little time either on Army bases, or at the "Spanish" villa he bought last year on the grounds of the South Carolina private resort that lists him proudly as its touring pro. Free clothes are no problem either. Apart from Army issue, he gets a good supply of civilian garb from the roster of manufacturers whose clothing he endorses.

Exploitation. The Army, as advertised, provides Smith with medical and dental care, as well as 30 days of paid vacation. Last year he also enjoyed an extra nine days of special leave, plus seven months on temporary duty, during which he played in 14 tennis tournaments.

Even though the Army does not use Stan Smith's case history in its recruitment ads, it has already used him on recruitment speaking tours and morale-building visits to hospitals. Smith feels that such activity is, in a way, exploitation. But he is not complaining. "It's part of my duty in the Army," he says. "I could be in Viet Nam."

HERB BARNES



SP/4 STAN SMITH
A unique soldier.

For its part, the Army contends that Specialist Smith has only been following in the footsteps of other professional athletes—Joe Louis, Joe DiMaggio, Sandy Koufax and Roosevelt Grier, for example—who continued to concentrate on their specialty while in uniform. Anyway, says Major Willis Johnson, chief of the Army's sports office, "Stan Smith is unique. He isn't a soldier in the original concept of soldiering. Smith is a national asset."

* The money was paid into a fund to offset Smith's Davis Cup expenses. Ed Turville, the 1971 non-playing team captain who administers the fund, says that its deposits are available only to Smith, who has thus far withdrawn $10,000.

Died. Paul Howard ("Dizzy") Trout, 56, Detroit Tigers pitching ace and scrambled-syntax raconteur; of cancer; in Chicago. A country boy from Sandcut, Ind., a town "what can be in two different places overnight the wind blows hard enough," Trout became a Detroit hero during World War II. In 1944 he won 27 games and posted the lowest earned run average (2.12) in the major leagues. He pitched for several years more, then adapted his freewheeling delivery to a job as the Tigers' radio announcer.

■

Died. William H. Lawrence, 58, political reporter and national-affairs editor of ABC News; of a heart attack; in Bedford, N.H. An aggressive newsman of the never-take-no-for-an-answer school, Lawrence worked for both the Associated Press and United Press before joining the New York *Times* 30 years ago. After a stint abroad, he returned to Washington and his favorite beat—politics. Though he had a voice of gravel and the face of an unsuccessful prizefighter, he made the switch to television with ease ten years ago and continued to report scoops with enviable frequency.

■

Died. Herbert Feis, 78, economist, historian and Government adviser to the Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman Administrations; in Winter Park, Fla. Feis entered the State Department in 1931 as an economist, but his masterwork was a ten-volume history of American foreign policy from 1917 to the 1950s. Though some younger historians questioned the objectivity of a man so close to his topic, Feis' books were widely praised for the richness of detail and incisive presentation. His account of the Potsdam Conference, *Between War and Peace*, won a Pulitzer Prize in 1960.

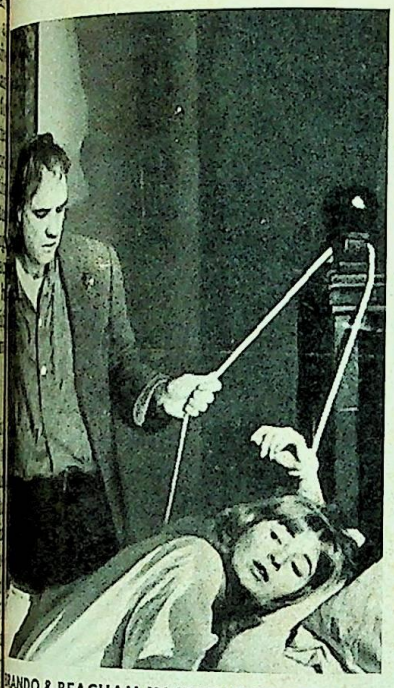
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Died. Victor George Heiser, 97, globe-traveling public health authority; in New York. As a young doctor with the U.S. Government before the turn of the century, Heiser helped establish immigration health standards that are still in use today. Later, as chief quarantine officer and director of health in the Philippines, he exercised nearly dictatorial powers for a dozen years in the fight against bubonic plague, cholera, smallpox, beriberi and malaria. He was credited with reducing the death toll in the islands by 100,000 a year. As an emissary of the Rockefeller Foundation he traveled to disease-ridden corners of the world, campaigning for modern sanitation and good diet. His 1936 memoirs, *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, became an international best seller that vied with *Gone With the Wind* in popularity.

The Tarn and the Screw

THE NIGHTCOMERS
Directed by MICHAEL WINNER
Screenplay by MICHAEL HASTINGS

Here is Marlon Brando in a slept- tweed jacket, sashaying around an Edwardian country estate complete with a genuine tarn (the better to drown you with, my dear!), and carrying on in various ways with a pretty governess and a pair of fresh-faced children borrowed from Henry James. Brando is Peter Quint, the ghostly valet of *The Turn of the Screw* turned



BRANDO & BEACHAM IN "NIGHTCOMERS"
A sabotaged rowboat.

into a gardener. The governess is Miss Jessel (Stephanie Beacham), his haunting paramour. The film's Big Idea is to make precise what James left terrifyingly ambiguous: just how Quint and Jessel died, and what they *did* to corrupt poor young Flora and Miles before James' story begins with the arrival of a new governess.

Properly handled, such a gimmick might have launched a spoof of James' convoluted style or a parody of Freudian criticism (scholars have wrangled for decades about whether the ghosts of Quint and Jessel are merely figments of the new governess's sexually starved imagination). Director-Producer Michael Winner, however, tries for a pretentious shocker in fancy dress. He serves up a pastiche of sexual satanism, witchcraft (two dolls are burned in chamber pots) and a pair of Quint-essential messages: love and hate are synonymous; the dead just hang around wherever they are killed.

Moreover, Winner wants the audience to believe that the children (aged about 9 and 11) regard anything Quint says as literally true. Children are often cruel but rarely that stupid. Quint lapses into a sodden, brogue-trotting Irishman, who mumbles to Miles, "If you love someone, sometimes you really want to kill them." Pow! Wilde! The governess drowns in the tarn—from an acute case of sabotaged rowboat. Quint is struck down, like St. Sebastian, by Miles' bow and arrow.

In all this, there is hardly enough of either terror or common sense to impose upon the average tufted titmouse. Christopher Ellis and Verna Harvey, however, are radiant and accomplished as the children, and Brando, 20 years on from Stanley Kowalski, still has the presence to make bullying cruelty captivating. ■ Timothy Foote

Uphill Racer

SNOW JOB
Directed by GEORGE ENGLUND
Screenplay by KEN KOLBY and JEFFREY BLOOM

Not since Sonja Henie first skidded across the Hollywood ice has there been such a movie debut. Skier and Promoter Jean-Claude Killy is now an aspiring actor. Looking like a cross between Dick Cavett and Peter Fonda, he bounds down the slopes with agility. But he racks up whenever he has to say lines—which, as luck would have it, is often. Waxing romantic or working out plans for an elaborate robbery, Jean-Claude always manages to sound as if he were making a half-hearted pitch for Chap Stick.

The screenwriters must have discovered their prehistoric plot frozen in a glacier. Christian Biton (Jean-Claude) runs a ski shop in Switzerland. He and his buddies have a pretty good thing going, selling equipment and eyeballing the snow bunnies who fall by with enviable frequency. "I have very strong thighs," says one in a voice that could turn hard pack to slush. Smirks one of the shop boys: "Maybe you'd like to feel my pectorals some time."

Biton and his pal Bob (Cliff Potts) steal $250,000 from one of the resorts and stash it in a snow-covered cranny. They plan to retrieve it in the spring when the snow melts. But an insurance investigator (Vittorio De Sica) comes around and endangers the whole operation. De Sica spends most of his time wagging his finger and laughing uproariously, for reasons that remain unfathomable.

Director George Englund is the man who produced the papal soap opera *Shoes of the Fisherman*, and last year made a rock-'n'-roll western entitled *Zachariah*. Thus *Snow Job* hardly comes as a surprise. ■ Jay Cocks

Heart Failure

TO DIE OF LOVE
Directed by ANDRÉ CAYATTE
Screenplay by ANDRÉ CAYATTE and ALBERT NAUD

In France in 1968, a high school teacher named Gabrielle Russier fell in love with one of her students. He was 17 and thus legally a minor. His parents invoked the law to thwart the affair, at one point having Miss Russier arrested and even sending the boy to a sanitarium. After several months, Miss Russier took her own life in desperation. The episode became a *cause célèbre* in France and the subject of at least three books.

Now André Cayatte (*Tomorrow*



GIRARDOT & PRADAL IN "TO DIE"
A sentimentalized plea.

Is My Turn) has derived a lumpish film from it. *Love Story* would appear to be another inspiration. The lovers in *To Die of Love* smooch, swoon and suffer with a fervor that would bring a blush of recognition to Jenny Cavilleri's wan cheek.

Cayatte is a former lawyer, and he approaches an audience the way he might have made a summation to a jury: his characters are less people than points in an argument. It is an argument in which sentiment undermines logic: despite the lovers' hardships and separations, Cayatte manages to stage at least one reunion per reel.

Annie Girardot is an exceptional actress, but she is allowed little opportunity to prove it in the role of the teacher. To play her adolescent paramour, Cayatte has chosen Bruno Pradal, 22, an actor who looks no more than 30. Two days before her death, Gabrielle Russier said, "I hope what is happening to me serves some purpose." The moviegoer can only hope that some higher purpose has been served than this film's. ■ J.C.



Upright, the Omega Speedmaster Professional, the watch worn by all American astronauts. Available at Omega dealers all over the world. Horizontal, the Omega Speedmaster Mark II; the moon watch, in a streamlined case.

Some people use the Speedmaster for timing eggs. Others use it for timing a walk on the moon.

"I use the split-second
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exactly 3½ minutes. I also
it for my physical fitness
ining." (M.P. Finot, Paris)

"Rocket firings for change
course manoeuvers are con-
lled by automatic timers
ard the spacecraft. But we
e the length of the firings
h our Omega Speedmasters.
the burn is too long or too
rt, we can take manual con-
l and correct the error."
l. Thomas Stafford, Houston)

There's no end to the num-
r of uses people find for their
edmasters.

Though we must admit that
en we built it, we didn't
ect it to go to the moon.
t that is just what happened;
e 1965, the Speedmaster has
n standard equipment for all
erican astronauts.

This remarkable watch has
n on 43 space missions and
landings on the moon. It has
rvived the shattering accele-
ion of Apollo, together with
ck temperature changes and
ense radiation.

But all this was child's play
the Speedmaster after the
uelling ordeal it had already



been through at the hands of Omega and NASA. Vicious temperature changes from −18° C to + 93° C. Days spent in a vacuum chamber. Pressures equivalent to a leap from 800 ft. below the sea to twice the height of Mt. Everest.

Here on earth the Speedmaster is the favourite of jet pilots, rally drivers, surgeons and television directors; anyone to whom split-second timing is important. Even if it's only to avoid runny eggs.

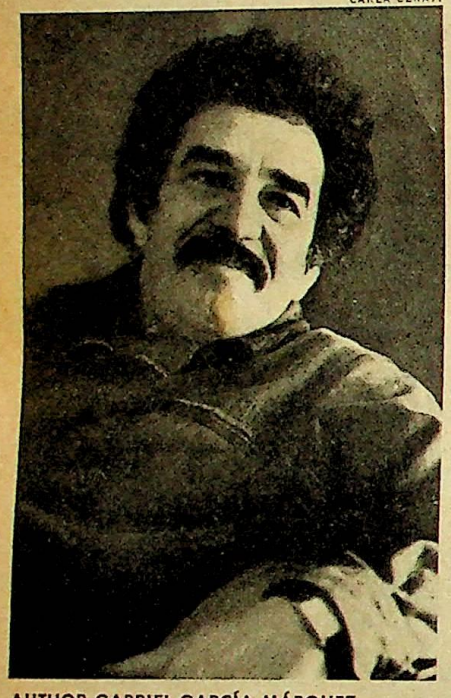
Ω
OMEGA

proselytizers. The chronicle of an enchanted town called Macondo, it is a "good read" in the Dickensian sense: it has abundant life, a tangle of characters and plots, all supported by a clear moral viewpoint.

The new book, which contains a novella and six stories, is in most ways a letdown. *Leafstorm*, the long work, is also about Macondo, but it is an early, earnest exercise in which three narrators—a boy, his mother and his grandfather—recall the old man's efforts to give a decent burial to an outcast whom the town wants to leave to the vultures.

It is filled with undifferentiated nostalgia—for old values, old vitality, old civility. One searches in vain for the raffish Macondo of *One Hundred*

CARLA CERATI



AUTHOR GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ
Prodigal fabulist.

Years of Solitude—modeled on the banana boom town of Aracataca, where the author was born. Macondophiles will at least learn some new bits and pieces about the place. The action starts with a note from Colonel Aureliano Buendía, the great revolutionary warrior who returns in *Solitude*, and the recluse Rebeca also makes an ectoplasmic appearance.

But García Márquez, who is now 43, obviously came to terms with his great gifts after he had finished *Leafstorm*. He has acknowledged that reading Faulkner and making a pilgrimage through Yoknapatawpha country helped him to enrich his own private literary property and see its mythic possibilities. At any rate he developed from a cautious, limited craftsman into a prodigal fabulist with total command in his protean imagination.

It is in the more recent short stories included here that one finds the authentic García Márquez in the humor, the color and detail, the easy access to magic balanced by harder ironies. In *The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World*, ostensibly written for children, the inhabitants of a fishing village discover a magnificent corpse on the beach, and in marveling at its splendor come to recognize the meanness of their own lives. In another story, a flea-bitten old angel makes a mysterious appearance.

Blacamán the Good, Vendor of Miracles is a wicked little fable about an itinerant worker of cures and exactly how he acquired his specialty. Blacamán is the kind of brazen fellow García Márquez obviously enjoys. The only thing he refuses to do is raise the dead, because, he says, "They're murderous with rage at the one who disturbed their state." He knows better, however. Offered the road to sainthood, he declines: "The truth is that I'd gain nothing by being a saint after being dead; an artist is what I am." And he actually manages to live forever. ▪ Martha Duffy

Home Stand

THE BOYS OF SUMMER
by ROGER KAHN
442 pages. Harper & Row. $8.95.

What is to be made of this nostalgic book about the Brooklyn Dodgers? Its title comes from a poem by Dylan Thomas, and its first chapter is called "Lines on the Transpontine Madness." "Transpontine": a very British word meaning that which lies over a bridge, specifically one that crosses the Thames. For reasons too academic to mention, it also means melodramatic.

This is the sort of pretentiousness one might expect from a New York Giants fan, which 44-year-old Roger Kahn could well have been if he had grown up on Manhattan's Upper West Side instead of a trolley lurch from Ebbets Field. But to Kahn, who covered the Dodgers for the New York *Herald Tribune* in the early '50s, baseball wasn't just baseball. It was—well—transpontine. Between Kahn and the game flowed the mainstream of American experience. On his side was a Jewish family life in which culture was spelled with a capital K. On the other side were those muscular, spitting, foulmouthed heroes in flannel knickers who represented an ideal of American manhood.

Luckily, Kahn's world of poetry and pop-ups resolved itself on the *Herald Tribune*, where he was eventually assigned to cover the Dodgers' 1952 and '53 seasons. These were the years when the Dodgers again lost the World Series to the Yankees, when the cry of "Wait'll next year!" rose over Flatbush. After Brooklyn finally defeated their Bronx rival in 1955 and then resumed their brilliant bumbling, the cry became "Wait'll last year!" The team was still one of the most exciting ever to take the field. There were Furillo's long, curate throws from right field, B Cox's impossible, spidery stops third, and Preacher Roe's spitballs.

Outclassing them all was Jac Robinson. Much of what Kahn s about the Dodger infielder will be miliar to former members of Hea Felton's Knothole Gang. There is R inson, first Negro in the majors: the cial abuse he endured on and off field, his testiness, the later tragedy his son's delinquency and fatal crash. What Kahn does is reki for a younger, less patient generati the pride of a remarkable athlete w wanted to be recognized and paid such. That Robinson eventually came a prosperous, overweight r publican has a perfect and glori consistency.

Kahn presents a number of ot middle-aged ex-Dodgers in form pieces that will appeal mainly to th who sang the national anthem alo with Gladys Goodding and lost terest in the Dodgers after they w to Los Angeles to become ballplay to the stars. He also touches a lot other bases, sentimentalizing about newspaper days, describing the lection of his father's coffin, visit the apartment buildings where o Ebbets Field once stood. The t throughout is unashamedly eleg though not totally uncalculated. Kah love and respect for his subjects p vide a sensitive measurement of years—years that have seen footb all but replace baseball as the No. 1 tional sport. The change says a lot, cause the difference between the games is crucial. Baseball is a noble, mantic game that spurns time by panding into extra innings. Footb with a sweep-second hand constan at one's throat, is too much l real life. ▪ R.Z. Shepp

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

1—The Winds of War, *Wouk (1 last we*
2—Wheels, *Hailey (2)*
3—The Day of the Jackal, *Forsyth (4)*
4—The Exorcist, *Blatty (3)*
5—The Assassins, *Kazan (6)*
6—The Betsy, *Robbins (8)*
7—Our Gang, *Roth (9)*
8—Nemesis, *Christie (5)*
9—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, *Higgins*
10—Message from Malaga, *MacInnes (*

NONFICTION

1—Tracy and Hepburn, *Kanin (2)*
2—The Game of the Foxes, *Farago (3*
3—Eleanor and Franklin, *Lash (1)*
4—The Defense Never Rests, *Bailey with Aronson (5)*
5—Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, *Brown (4)*
6—The Moon's a Balloon, *Niven (8)*
7—Brian Piccolo: A Short Season, *Morris (6)*
8—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, *Portola Institute (7)*
9—The Double-Cross System in the War of 1939 to 1945, *Masterman*
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—REINHARD OMIR, GERMAN ARTIST

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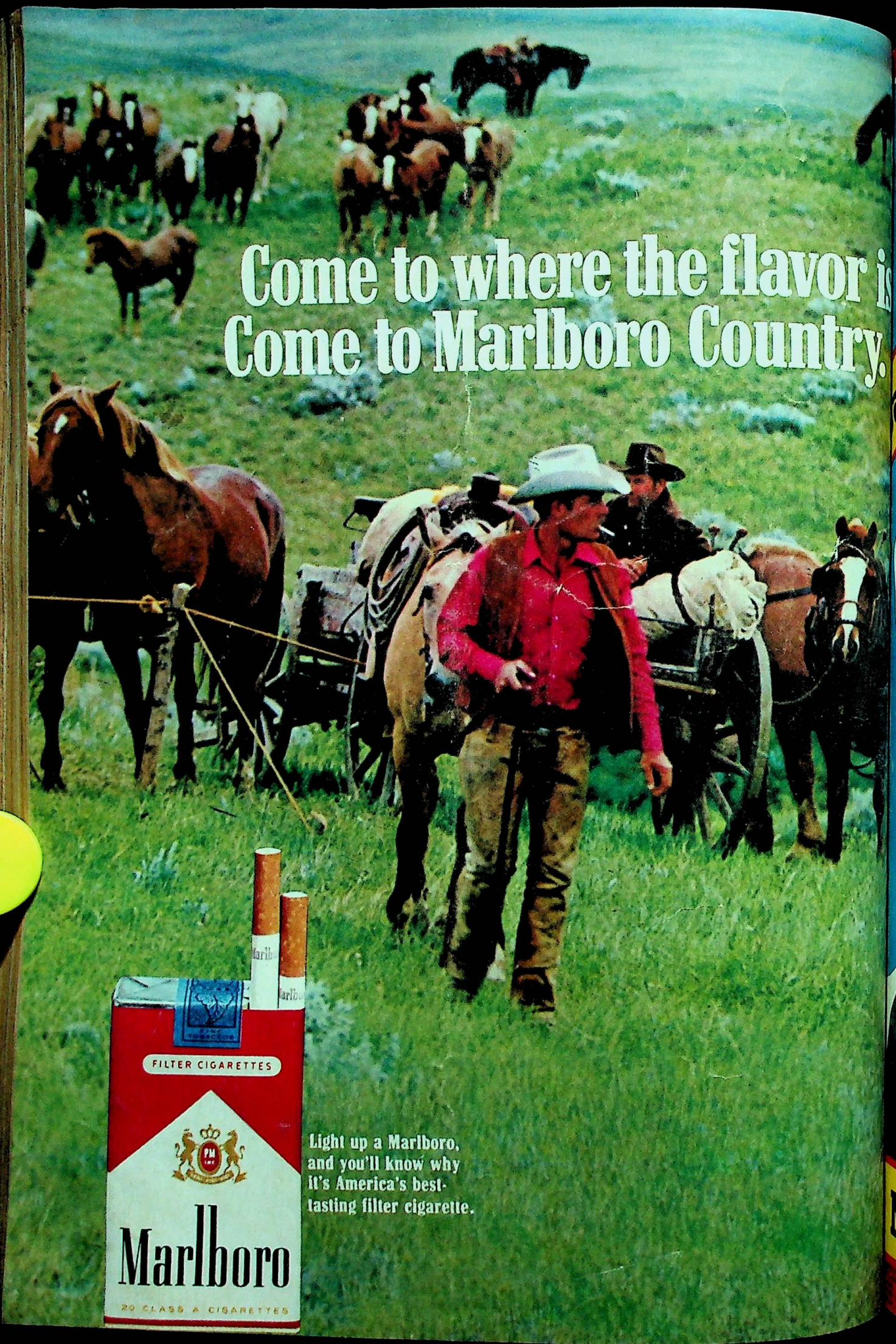


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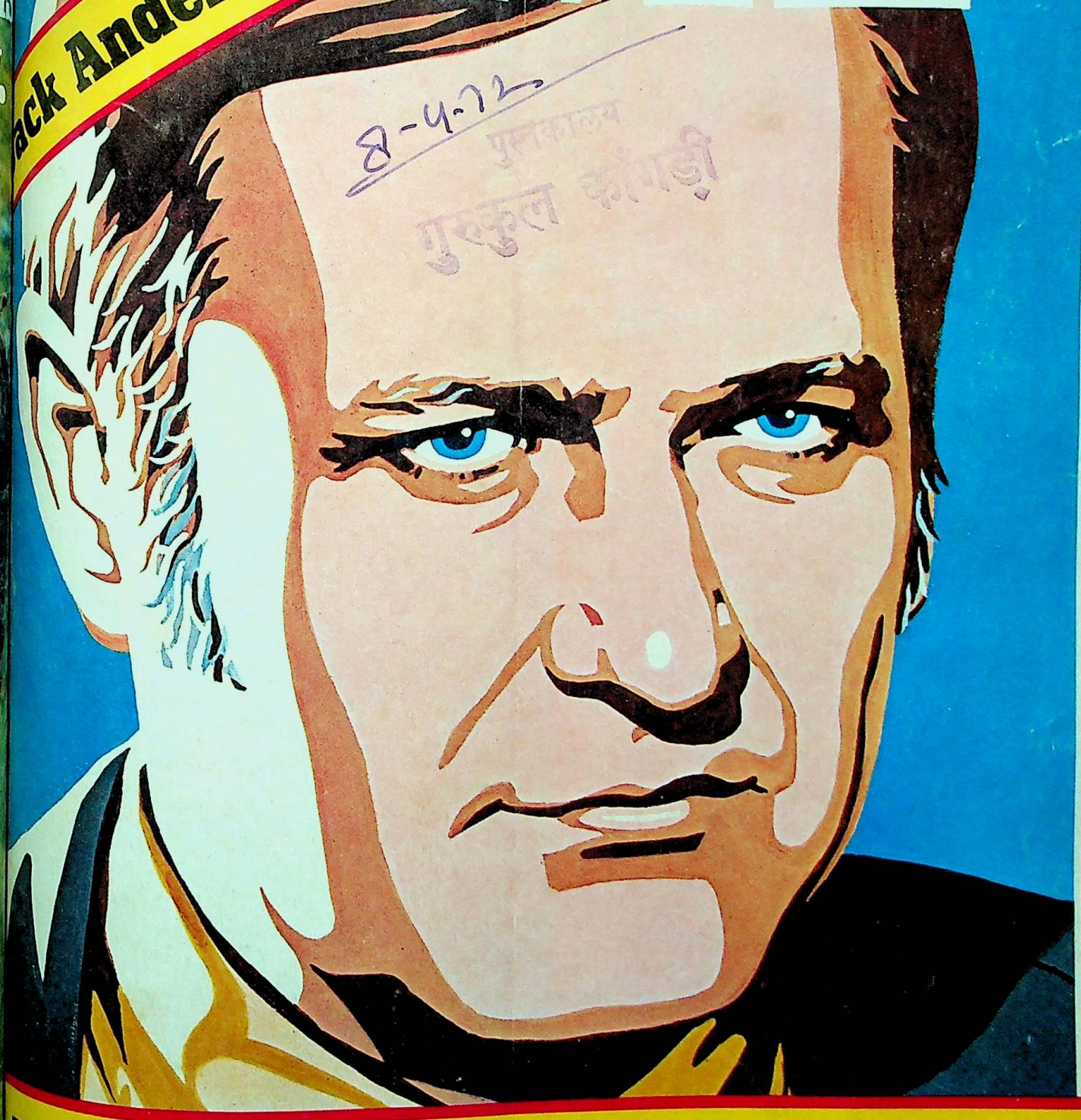
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APRIL 3, 1972

TIME

Jack Anderson Shakes Washington



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Northern Ireland: Between Two Furies

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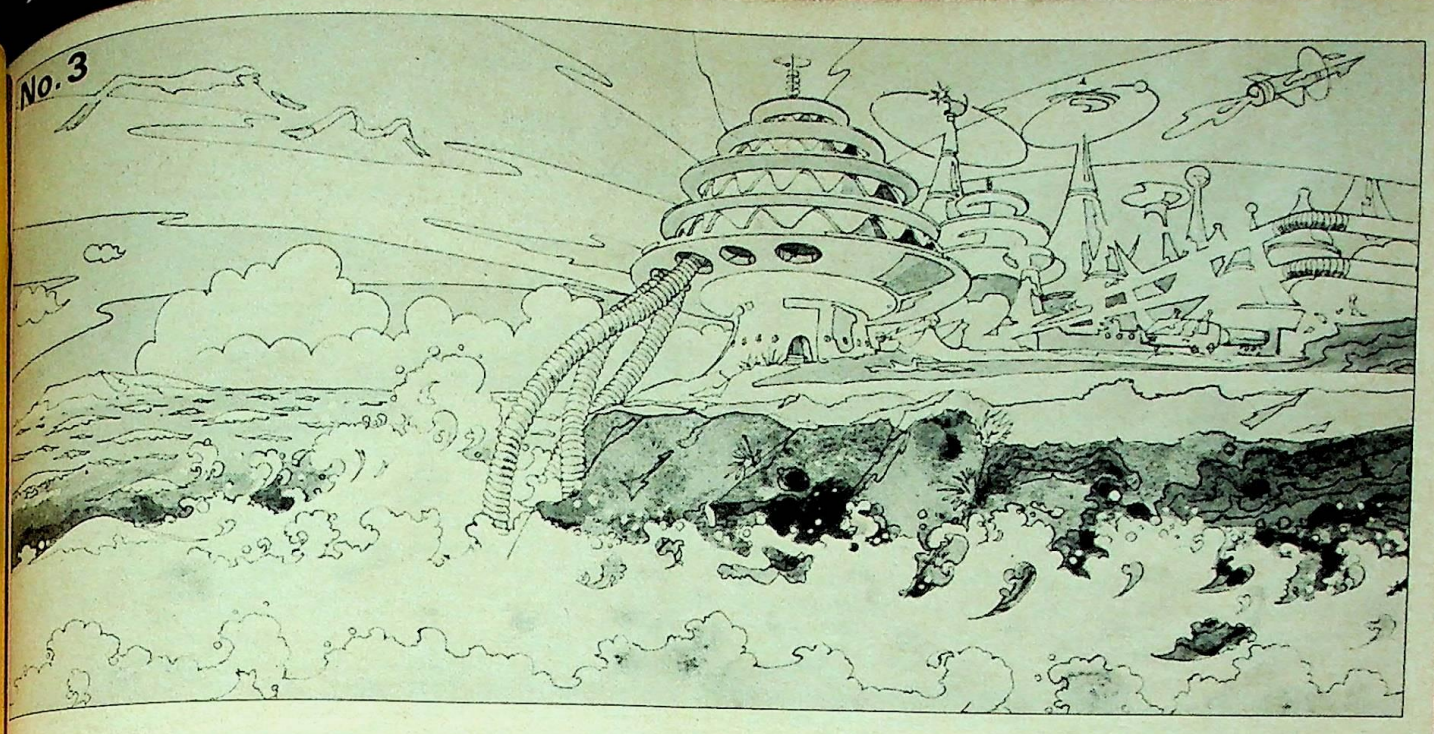
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No. 3



the wilderness of waters shall be farmed

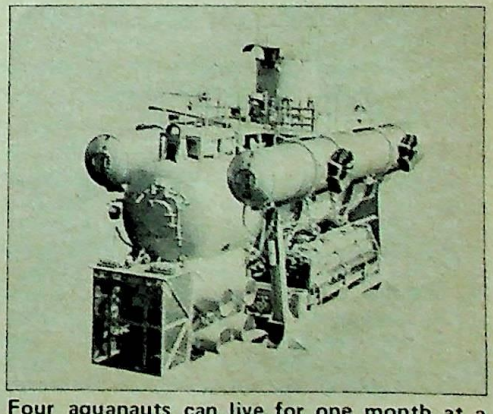
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Is the U.S. Going Broke?

Sir / TIME's cover story [March 13] completely misses the point. The solution of the Government deficit problem is not to raise taxes but to cut costs. Not by skimping on essential services, but by canceling nonessential services and jobs and by reducing pay scales to a point where the public is able and willing to pay. In short, for Government at all levels to do what any business concern caught in a fiscal squeeze must do to survive.

Why cannot TIME, instead of plugging for a still heavier tax burden, acquaint its readers with the major increases in Government costs since the real trouble began about 1967?

RICHARD A. DOUGLAS
Loudonville, N.Y.

Sir / Is the U.S. going broke? No, the U.S. *is* broke!

EDMUND LLOYD
Middletown, N.Y.

Sir / Having myself cited Justice Holmes' dictum that taxes are the price of civilization I agree with you that our unwillingness to pay more than token taxes leaves us a good deal short on civilization.

However, despite the reasonableness of your arguments, I must demur that I cannot afford further exactions. The reason is that I need all my money (and more) so that I may acquire what I see in my copy of your magazine:

A trip to Bermuda (p. 4); a Peugeot (p. 5); the LIFE Library of Photography (p. 8); an Emerson Permacolor television set (p. 11); a sterling silver Sheaffer pen (p. 12); a General Electric Potscrubber dishwasher (p. 25); Seagram's Crown Royal (p. 26); flying with Jo on National Airlines (pp. 41-42a); some De Beers Consolidated diamonds (p. 56); a Kodak Carousel projector (p. 76); and a Gran Torino Hardtop with bucket seats, vinyl roof, wheel trim rings and white sidewalls (back cover).

ANDREW HACKER
New York City

Sir / Kudos to Economists Pechman and Heller for theorizing solutions to our public service woes through major adjustments of taxes and expenditures. Now all we need is a sequel in *your Behavior* section telling us how our politicians can be psyched into proposing and passing the enabling legislation.

SIDNEY A. LEUBE
Corvallis, Ore.

Sir / If we were willing to tax ourselves more, what reason would we have to believe that we'd get all these goodies for the additional taxes? Is it not possible that the money would all go down the same rathole—military adventures in Viet Nam, foreign aid programs that don't help, and higher salaries for politicians?

JOHN S. CARROLL
Tucson, Ariz.

Sir / The U.S. taxpayer is rebelling against the way in which the tax money is spent. In large cities, the amount of money that is wasted and misspent is appalling. He sees working people driven from the city by exorbitantly high rents, while tax money is spent to build new housing in expensive locations for welfare recipients. He sees huge sums of public money misappropriated and stolen each year by public officials and employees. He sees more of his tax money being spent on criminals and drug addicts than he can afford to spend on his own family.

SYLVIA SCHUMAN
New York City

Sir / The problem of "Empty Pockets . . ." can be solved by a simple reordering of priorities: schools before bombers, houses before missiles, hospitals before napalm. The multibillion-dollar defense budget is what's killing us. With defense like this, who needs enemies?

BEN CALDERONE
Levittown, N.Y.

Portuguese Aid

Sir / The "Innocuousness Abroad" article [Feb. 14] reported that the U.S. abstained on a U.N. vote because it called for the denial of arms for Portuguese Africa. This is not true. The U.S. has not supplied any arms for such use since 1961. The fact is we abstained because the resolution as drafted would not contribute to peaceful progress toward self-determination for the peoples of Portuguese Africa.

The same article stated that "Washington recently signed an agreement with Lisbon promising it nearly $500 million worth of aid, part of which is in military supplies." This refers to the agreement recently signed by the U.S. and Portugal in connection with the extension of American basing rights in the Azores. What we did was to offer the loan of a research vessel, a grant of $1,000,000 for education, $5,000,000 in nonmilitary surplus equipment, and PL-480 credits of $30 million for the export of surplus agricultural commodities. Export-Import Bank financing may also be available. The $400 million figure frequently mentioned in this connection relates only to projects under consideration by the Portuguese, no commitment having been made by the U.S. as to amount. "Military supplies" are nowhere included in the assistance package.

MARTIN J. HILLENBRAND
Assistant Secretary for European Affairs
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

Muskie's Tears

Sir / In regard to Senator Muskie's recent display of emotion [March 13], surely there must be something irrational about a society that deems it a sign of weakness when a man is moved to tears when publicly defending a value he holds dear. I feel that if more tears were shed for the cruelty, suffering and inhumanity we seem to take for granted in this world, something might be done to eliminate them.

RONALD D. REMBAUM
Turners Falls, Mass.

Sir / Who knows, maybe crying on TV was part of Muskie's campaign strategy. Nixon did it when he was Eisenhower's running mate, and look where he is now.

DEAN P. BLANCHETTE
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir / Muskie's lachrymal performance suggests a slogan the Republicans might use this year: "Beat Muskie, for Crying Out Loud!"

KENNETH D. SCHROEDER
Columbia, Md.

Sir / That Senator Muskie cried in public is proof that he would be a poor presidential choice. Doesn't he know that crying not only is unnatural, but it also will cause him to rust severely? Someone had better tell him soon in order to stop the ugly rumor that the U.S. turns out *human* presidential candidates.

WILLIAM B. POWELL
Medford, Ore.

Madness Cult

Sir / I feel compelled to disagree with the statement that thinking has become a bad habit [Essay, "The New Cult of Madness," March 13]. Quite to the contrary, the exact opp is taking place—people are thinking for The Viet Nam War is a product of non-t ing. Surely had Americans been thinking would never have entered Viet Nam. Furt more, pollution, poverty, bad housing, and the other various diseases this country is fested with are all products of non-thinking

Today youth is thinking, and this has sulted in the closing of the Viet Nam War tacks on pollution, demands for better h ing, investigations into corporations, etc. T is the beginning of the thinking generation.

GREG FREEDMAN
Lexington, Ky.

Sir / Congratulations on your fine article. mystics and anti-reason advocates, priests, d ils and the like, have ruled the world for c turies, interrupted only by such inconvenie as the Renaissance. Aristotle gave us a bad when he identified the rational intellect as greatest possession, but now, with your he and with today's intellectuals behind us, we assume our rightful place on the throne of by guilt, fear and superstition.

WILLIAM WEDDELL
Pinehaven, New Zealand

Therapy in Verse

Sir / I read with interest and great concern article "Poetry Therapy" [March 13].

Those of us who care about our langua in spite of all the abuse that is heaped upon poor battered tongue, those of us who c about poetry cannot but deplore this new olation of our craft.

Verse without feeling is not poetry, feeling without craft is not poetry, eit Which is not to say that some of the produ of this new "therapy" cannot be poetry, therapy and art are two very different things

Society has consistently expected its ists to be neurotics. Now it seems society pects its neurotics to be artists.

MARGARET CLARKE TORRES
Verona, N.J.

Bus View

Sir / Thank you for your story "The View fr the Bus" [March 13]. This is to me the hear integrated school experiences—that those volved, *i.e.*, the students, will learn, given t and little interference, how to live in a m ethnic world. Thirteen-year-old John Kin gets my vote for "Human of the Year." W youth like him, we may make it—if he can teach the rest of us, in time, what it's all abo

(MRS.) ELIZABETH HARMAN
Atlanta

Sir / Thank God for the generation gap kids like these accepted the teachings of their ders, we would face a bleak future. As this world may one day become livable. Bl mean hope!

C.T. CAVANAGH
Cambridge, England

Marantology

Sir / May I commend your article on the r to die, "Specialty for Losers" [March 13]. H ever, I do protest the term losers. At 87 I like Dr. Poe, old enough to figure how I'd to be treated. I feel that I am a winner and my victory would be marred by any inapp priate delay in presenting the award.

(THE REV.) FRANK ATKINSON
West Palm Beach, Fla.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

WHEN Washington Correspondent Hays Gorey began calling on Jack Anderson to interview him for this week's cover story in the Press section, there was no need to get acquainted. They first met 25 years ago when both were young newsmen for the Salt Lake City *Tribune*. Their contact then was slight, but, says Gorey, "when I came to Washington for TIME in 1965, the first telephone call I got was from Jack Anderson. He had heard—he hears everything—that I had arrived, and he wanted to take me to lunch."

They met frequently after that when Anderson made hour-long monthly visits to the Gorey household. He came not to talk politics or scandal, but religion. Anderson is a lay teacher for the Mormon Church, responsible for keeping in touch with a number of Mormons in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Gorey is one of them. Last week the circumstances were radically different. Supersnoop Anderson, suddenly a controversial celebrity, required close scrutiny by Correspondent Gorey.

STEVE NORTHUP—CAMERA 5



HAYS GOREY WITH JACK ANDERSON

Having known his subject for so long, Gorey was well-equipped to report on Anderson's psychology as well as his journalism; what motivates the complicated columnist is an important element of our coverage of him. Beyond that, says Laurence Barrett, who edited the story, "we set out to critique his performance and analyze his techniques. When you're writing about someone in your own business, there is always the danger of being unconsciously partial to his side of the argument. In the case of Anderson, there is no problem. He has become a public figure, a contestant in the arena who almost demands to be judged on his views and record."

The evidence came from many sources. While Gorey interviewed Anderson at home, in his office and in the Chinese restaurant of which the columnist is part owner, TIME correspondents in Washington and elsewhere sought evaluations of him from fans, foes and other muckrakers. With these reports in hand and four years of Anderson's columns at his side, Associate Editor George Church wrote the story. "I have read enough scandal," said Church, "to doubt the probity of every passer-by I see." Reporter-Researcher Georgia Harbison checked the article for accuracy and compiled a sidebar on Anderson's record of coups and fluffs.

Appropriately, our coverage of an exposé artist this week is complemented by an exclusive news story of our own that appears in the U.S. section. Chicago Correspondent Ted Hall obtained a lengthy—and salty—interview in Denver with Dita Beard, the woman who, because of Jack Anderson, may be the most famous lobbyist in the U.S.

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The Cover: *Opaque watercolor portrait by Harvey Simpson.*

NORTHERN IRELAND

Britain Gambles on Peace—or Civil War

IT was a dramatic turn in the endless, blood-drenched conflict between Britain and Ireland, Protestant and Catholic. It was also the boldest step of British Prime Minister Edward Heath's career. In a daring attempt to end the terror in Northern Ireland, he last week imposed direct rule by London on that troubled province. Hoping to break "the vicious circle of violence and yet more violence," Heath suspended for at least a year the Protestant-dominated government at Stormont, which has ruled Ulster since 1921. For Catholics, it was the most significant victory yet won for political equality. But in ending home rule, he ran the huge risk of entangling Britain even more deeply in Ulster's troubles and loosing new legions of communal furies.

Heath's immediate aim was to pacify Ulster's 500,000 Catholics and thus dry up their support of the outlawed Irish Republican Army. At week's end, though, the urgent question was whether Heath's proposals—or any others that would satisfy Ulster's Catholics—might provoke a long-feared uprising by Northern Ireland's 1,000,000 Protestants.

Jackboot Unionism. Protesting what they regarded as a sellout, 6,000 Protestant shipyard workers walked off their jobs and marched on Belfast's city hall, carrying Union Jacks and the red cross flag of Ulster. William Craig, the right-wing former Home Minister who heads the militant Ulster Vanguard, warned that "Ulster is closer to civil war today than it was yesterday." He called for a massive, two-day strike this week by Protestant workers who man Ulster's public services, and vowed that the shutdown would be only the beginning. "We have the power to make government in this country impossible," he declared.

Moderate Catholic leaders, although fearful of the Protestant reaction, voiced a predominant mood of relief that they were no longer governed by the Protestant Unionist Party at the Parliament in Stormont. "Catholics have lost the feel of jackboot Unionism," exulted Gerry Fitt, leader of the Social and Democratic Labor Party. If that mood continued and if the Protestants could be restrained, there was a chance that Heath, with a little bit of luck, might win his gamble.

Clearly some dramatic stroke had been needed to halt the campaign of I.R.A. bombings, which reached a bloody climax in Belfast last week. There, pedestrians crowding a busy shopping street sought refuge in a narrow thoroughfare after police received a series of telephoned warnings that a bomb was due to go off in a nearby street. Suddenly 100 lbs. of gelignite exploded—not where it had been said to be, but in a car parked amid the fleeing shoppers. In the heaviest daylight toll to date, six were killed and 146 injured. Two days later, another bomb exploded, near the Great Victoria Street Railway Station, wrecking passenger cars, shattering every window in one entire side of the nearby Europa hotel, Belfast's newest, and injuring 70.

Against that backdrop in Ulster, Heath prepared in London to unveil his long-awaited new policy for Northern Ireland. Some proposals had already been announced: "an active, permanent and guaranteed place" for Ulster's Catholics in the government of Northern Ireland, massive economic aid to ease unemployment, and a gradual phasing down of the internment of I.R.A. suspects without trial, which had, more than anything else, infuriated the Catholic community. What had not been known was that Heath had also decided to place the police—up till now responsible to Stormont—as well as the army directly under Westminster.

Flying in from Belfast, Northern Ireland's tough, pragmatic Prime Minister Brian Faulkner first learned the contents of Heath's package. He accepted in principle an easing of internment, and Heath's plan for periodic plebiscites on Ulster's political fut (the results are entirely predictab since the Protestants have a 2-to-1 m jority). But Faulkner balked at a Lo don takeover of Ulster's security. for nine hours argued that it wo make Stormont "a mere sham and fac saving charade." Faulkner flew ba to Belfast and then, with Cabinet ba ing, returned to London, where he f mally rejected Heath's proposals. Prime Minister had no choice now to impose direct rule.

The Commons met next mon



SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL

PARATROOPER COMFORTING BOMB VICTIM



TOPIX

GROUP OF PROTESTANT YOUTHS WAVING UNION JACKS IN BELFAST RALLY



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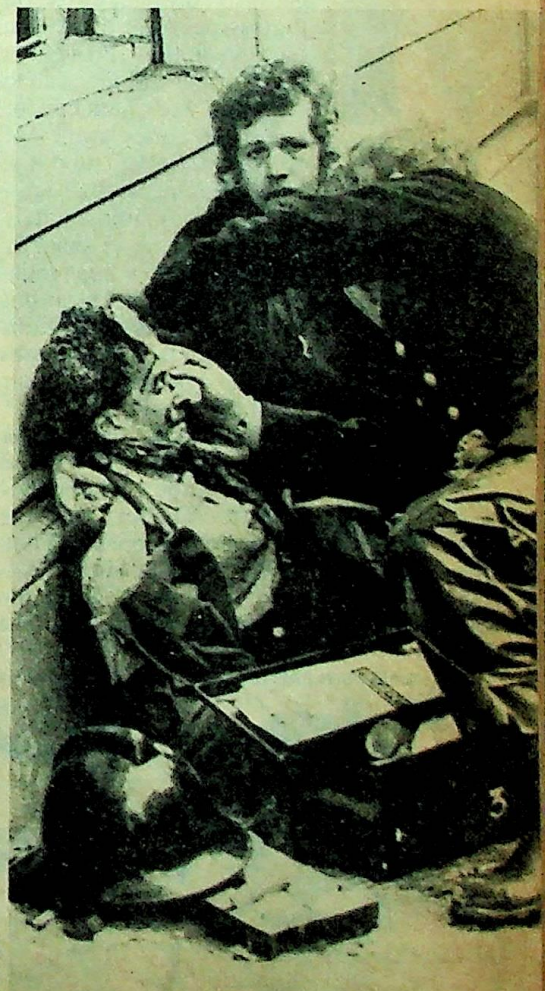


WRECKED TRAIN & DAMAGE & DEBRIS AFTER BLAST IN GREAT VICTORIA STREET RAILWAY STATION IN BELFAST



PEDESTRIAN INJURED BY BOMB IN BELFAST'S SHOPPING DISTRICT

SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL



FIREMAN TENDING WOUNDED WOMAN

KEYSTONE

amid a growing sense of constitutional crisis, the worst since King Edward VIII's abdication in 1936. As M.P.s assembled for prayers, their ancient ceremony suddenly acquired new symbolic meaning. By custom, they faced the walls, with their backs to each other, a relic of the days of religious intolerance, when M.P.s prayed in that manner so that none might see who crossed himself. Heath, pale and tense—he had worked past 3 a.m. the night before —rose to deliver a measured statement.

"Our immediate proposals," said Heath, "are put forward in an endeavor to change the climate of political opinion in Northern Ireland"—specifically, to bring Catholic leaders back into discussions that they had boycotted ever since last summer. He promised to let loose "internees whose release is no longer thought to be an unacceptable risk to security," and pledged more releases if terrorism decreased. For the

Protestants, Heath carefully pointed out that Stormont was not being abolished, merely prorogued, a step that preserved intact a constitutional guarantee that Ulster's status would not be changed without the approval of the local Parliament. But that right of approval will be Stormont's only power. As of this week, when Britain's Parliament passes enabling legislation and Faulkner officially resigns, the Northern Ireland government will be run by a Cabinet member from London.



IME MINISTER HEATH

Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson, apprised in advance of Heath's plans, pledged "full support," ensuring swift passage in the Commons. But Ulster's eight Unionist Tory M.P.s declared their opposition. Captain Lawrence Orr described Heath's plan as an "act of folly," and James Molyneaux charged that the Prime Minister had "done a Munich." The Unionists' opposition raised the possibility that they might retaliate by withholding their support on Common Market legislation, thereby cutting into the Prime Minister's dangerously thin majority on that issue. The Rev. Ian Paisley, a fiery Protestant leader and M.P., called from the Tory benches for complete integration of Northern Ireland and the United Kingdom. Right-wing Tories immediately cabled Queen Elizabeth, who was attending independence-day celebrations on the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, to protest the "betrayal of your loyal Ulster subjects."



CRETARY WHITELAW

Curiously, one Ulster M.P. who said not a word was firebrand Catholic Bernadette Devlin. In the Commons, reported TIME Correspondent Honor Balfour, "she slumped like the dormouse in *Alice* on the Labor benches, and merely watched the proceedings through her spaniel hair."



ULSTER'S FAULKNER

The new Secretary of State for Northern Ireland—who surely has the most thankless job in Britain—is an old and closely trusted friend of Heath's: William ("Willie") Whitelaw, 53, the former chief Tory whip in the House of Commons. A Scottish landowner, a former officer in the Scots Guards and a Cambridge graduate, Whitelaw is neither an intellectual nor an orator. But he does bring to the job a reputation for common sense, compassion, political skill and, obviously, courage.

By installing his own proconsul for Belfast, Heath instantly altered the calculations of all concerned. For the I.R.A. it was a short-run victory in its long-run struggle to bring about the reunification of all Ireland. By I.R.A. reasoning, direct rule will mean an open confrontation with Britain—a necessary step in the terrorists' campaign to get the British out of Ireland entirely. Confirming as much, the chief of staff of the I.R.A.'s militant Provisional wing, Sean MacStiofáin, promised an "even more direct conflict with the British army." In Belfast, though, one local I.R.A. leader called for a one-month truce.

Now that Ulster is governed by London, the I.R.A. could conceivably carry its terror to England in a repetition of the Aldershot army camp bombing last February. Even though such a campaign would be sporadic at best, Faulkner called direct rule a "sinister and depressing message" to the I.R.A. that "violence can pay. If Belfast is to bow to violence today, where will it be next—Birmingham? Battersea?"

Midnight Talks. The answer depends in large part on Ulster's—and the rest of Ireland's—Catholics. If they take Heath's move as evidence of good faith, the I.R.A. could be deprived of popular support. Ireland's Prime Minister Jack Lynch last week welcomed the British decision "as a step forward in seeking a lasting solution to the remaining problem in Anglo-Irish relations." Northern Ireland's Catholic opposition, the Social and Democratic Labor Party, which has demanded an end to internment as its price for

THE REV. IAN PAISLEY



PROTESTANT CRAIG



PROVO CHIEF MacSTIOFÁIN



Ulster: A Long Chronicle of Violence

In 1156, Adrian IV, an English Pope, granted sovereignty over Ireland and its Celtic inhabitants to England's Henry II. For the next four centuries, the English tried sporadically and without success to conquer the Emerald Isle. In 1601, however, an army of Elizabeth I defeated the last of the great Roman Catholic earls, and their lands were turned over to English and Scottish colonizers of the Protestant faith. Much of Ireland's history since then has been a record of bloodshed and trouble. Some milestones:

1690. King James II of England, a Catholic convert, was defeated at the Battle of the Boyne by his Calvinist successor, William of Orange. In succeeding years, the Penal Laws further restricted the Catholics' right to education, administrative posts and land ownership.

1800. The British government of Prime Minister William Pitt abolished the Irish Parliament and brought Ireland under direct rule.

1858. A band of romantic nationalists founded the Irish Republican Brotherhood, a predecessor of the Irish Republican Army.

1916. The I.R.A. boldly declared Ireland a republic on Easter Monday, but the "Easter Rising" was crushed by British troops.

1921. After two years of guerrilla warfare between Ireland and Britain, the 26 predominantly Catholic southern counties of Ireland became the Irish Free State, while the six northern counties became the Protestant-dominated British province of Northern Ireland.

1937. The Irish Free State repudiated its allegiance to the Crown, and in 1949 declared itself the Republic of Ireland.

OCTOBER 1968. The first major clash between Catholic civil rights demonstrators and Ulster police took place in Londonderry.

AUGUST 1969. British troops were sent to Ulster to maintain order after an outbreak of rioting in Londonderry and Belfast.

JULY 1970. Curfews were imposed on Catholic areas of Belfast after I.R.A. attacks on British troops.

AUGUST 1971. The Ulster government ordered the internment of suspected I.R.A. activists.

JAN. 30, 1972. At a civil rights rally in Londonderry on "Bloody Sunday," 13 Catholics were killed and 17 wounded by British troops.

MARCH 24, 1972. The British government imposed direct rule.

peration, welcomed Heath's move. wo S.D.L.P. leaders called for an end terrorism "in order to make a pos- ive response to the British govern- ent's proposals."

But in appeasing the Catholics, eath had unavoidably offended the rotestants, now deprived of the po- tical dominance they had historically njoyed through Stormont. At best they ight accept sullenly the decision and ontinue the remarkable restraint that ey have shown up to now in the ce of I.R.A. violence. At worst they ould follow the I.R.A.'s example and ount a campaign of violence against e Catholic population. That would ing them into conflict with British oops—and launch a replay in reverse the sorry scenario of the past six onths.

GREECE

The Poly-Papadopoulos

In the five years since he led a colonels' coup against Greece's last elected government, George Papadopoulos, 52, has become a polytitled politician. He is Prime Minister, Foreign Minister, Defense Minister and Minister of Government Policy. Indeed, he holds so many titles that Greeks have begun to joke about it: Papadopoulos is sitting alone at his desk, resting his head in his hands, when first one aide, then another, finally a third bursts in. "Can't you leave me in peace?" Papadopoulos screams in anger. "Can't you people see that I'm holding a Cabinet meeting?"

Last week the poly-Papadopoulos added another title. He brusquely deposed General George Zoitakis, who had been Regent and acting head of state since King Constantine fled the country following an unsuccessful countercoup. The ouster of Zoitakis was voted unanimously by Greece's 17-member rubber-stamp Cabinet last week, ostensibly because the Regent had refused to approve a new law increasing personnel in the security forces and national fire department. Within half an hour Papadopoulos had been "requested" to succeed the general as Regent. Under pictures of Constantine and his Danish-born Queen Anne-Marie, Greece's undisputed strongman took an oath upon a gold-embossed Bible to uphold King, constitution and country. While a surprised Zoitakis was being notified of his dismissal, Papadopoulos accepted congratulations from

The Angry Mood of Ulster's Protestants

THE Ulsterman was born of the Industrial Revolution, the Irishman of *e Book of Kells*," one Northern Irish urnalist wrote recently. The curious ing about the Ulster Protestant is that e feels neither completely Irish nor mpletely British. Catholic Ireland, he ars, will submerge his Protestant iden- y; Britain, he fears, will abandon him. st week events merely intensified his xieties. Complained Ulster Politician e Burns: "It is typical of the British overnment to placate their enemies to acify their friends."

Each July 12, arches are erected for e Orange Order parades celebrating King Billy's" 1690 victory at the Bat- e of the Boyne. On the arches is the rase "This We Will Maintain," tak- from William of Orange's motto *Je aintiendrai*. For nearly three centu- es, Protestants have maintained in Ul- er a political dominance that trans- tes into advantages not shared by atholics on either side of the border: tter jobs, better houses, and a better ture for their children.

■

Distinctions of name, address and ccupation in Ulster are subtle but vi- ous. Belfast's Shankill Road is definite- Protestant, the Falls Road just as def- tely Catholic. Protestants dominate e police, transport and public service; artenders and bookies' clerks are usu- y Catholic. Employers shy away from xing men of different religions. "I don't mind personally," goes the usual planation, "but there'd be trouble on e shop floor."

As the Protestants see it, the Cath- ics have opted out of the system by re- sing to recognize Ulster's indepen- nce from the rest of Ireland. Schools e segregated, they point out, because atholics insist upon it. To many if not ost Protestants, Catholics are lazy, "breed like rabbits," and have the Queen's picture on the pound notes in their pockets but not on their walls. "Are you loyal to the Crown or the half-crown?" goes an old Protestant gibe.

Hard work, frugality and a sharp business sense—all part of the Scottish Presbyterian tradition—are the mark of an Ulsterman. In contrast with the Irish Republic, Ulster in some respects is relatively permissive. *Playboy*, X-rated films and strip shows are available, as are contraceptive devices. Divorce is legal. Dour religiosity, however, prevails in the Protestant areas of the North. Pubs and cinemas are closed Sundays, and even the children's swings in the parks are padlocked. The Ulsterman, it is said, treats his Sunday properly.

The common concern is betrayed by the growing number of Protestant organizations: the Ulster Constitution Defense Committee, the Ulster Protestant Volunteers, the Ulster Defense Association, the Shankill Defense Association, the Ulster Vanguard movement. The number of "vigilantes"—roving street sentries—is on the rise. So are reports of Protestant target practice in old quarries and on lonely hillsides outside Belfast. Of the 102,000 legally held firearms in Ulster, the overwhelming majority are in Protestant hands.

■

The angry mood is well expressed by Billy Hull, a squat, beefy man who heads the Loyalist Association of Workers. "If we're sold down the drain," Hull said recently, "there wouldn't be civil war, there would be armed rebellion, and it could spread to Britain itself. We're not ready now, but, like our forefathers, it won't be long before we are." He paused, took a pull on his pint of Guinness, and added: "Bloody awful to be talking like this, isn't it?"

TOPIX

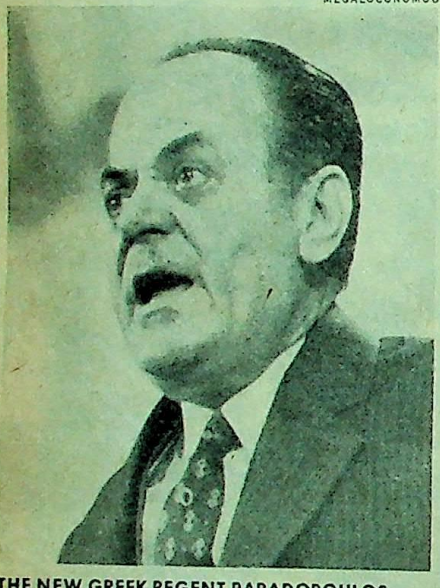


PROTESTANT YOUTHS IN SOLIDARITY DEMONSTRATION IN BELFAST

the Cabinet. "Incidentally," he informed them, "you can still call me Mr. Prime Minister."

Mr. P.M.'s moves and reasons baffled Greeks. The official justification for Zoitakis' dismissal was ludicrous. It was far more likely that he was dumped because he had criticized Papadopoulos for failing to curb Cyprus' Archbishop Makarios (TIME, March 13), and because he had become a magnet for younger officers disillusioned over the ravenous Papadopoulos reach for power. Another reason, insiders whispered, was that Papadopoulos—despite his oath last week—intends to dethrone Constantine completely and cut off the generous allowance that permits the handsome King to live comfortably in Rome. Sooner or later, it is believed, Papadopoulos will try to thwart international criticism of his dictatorship by creating a new republic with himself as President and by writing a new constitution that would restore "disciplined democracy"—without a King or freewheeling anti-Papadopoulos parties.

MEGALOCONOMOU



THE NEW GREEK REGENT PAPADOPOULOS
Reasonably secure.

Last month pro-regime newspapers, in an obvious attempt to measure Constantine's popularity, inexplicably published editorials calling for a review of "crown democracy" and even for abolishing the crown. Technically, such talk is treasonous, but no legal action was taken against the newspapers. New drachmas have been minted carrying the King's image; but in place of his coat of arms, the obverse side of the coin depicts the phoenix emblem of the revolution. The word royal has been dropped from military designations and the titles of almost all civil institutions. The next step, many Greeks predict, is for Papadopoulos to decree the monarchy dead.

To the average Greek, such a change at the top will have little practical effect; after five years of dictatorship, life has become a tolerable mixture of good and bad. The harsh rule that followed the '67 coup has largely lifted; political arrests have declined, martial law has been eased, and military courts hear fewer cases. Price increases on staples have been held down by government fiat, and per capita income has almost tripled in the past twelve years as a result of heavy tax-revenue investments in industry, farming, shipping and tourism.

Joy in Himself. Many democratic-minded Greeks resent the open U.S. support of the Papadopoulos dictatorship. Last month Washington gave further evidence of its acceptance of his regime by negotiating for home-port rights in the bays near Athens for the Mediterranean-based Sixth Fleet. In addition, the Nixon Administration is trying to persuade Congress to up military aid to Greece from about $90 million to $118 million.

With the U.S. convinced that a stable non-Communist government in Greece is essential to the security of NATO's southern flank, and with his political enemies dispirited or exiled, Papadopoulos would seem to be reasonably secure. But is he happy? No Greek, of course, would ponder the question openly. Lecturing in Athens last week, West German Novelist Günter Grass was willing to do so. "I went to Delphi today," Grass observed. "The oracle suggested that only when Prime Minister Papadopoulos, in his role of Minister of Defense, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Regent, also becomes the Archbishop of Athens will he resemble God and take joy in himself."

CAMBODIA

Double Trouble

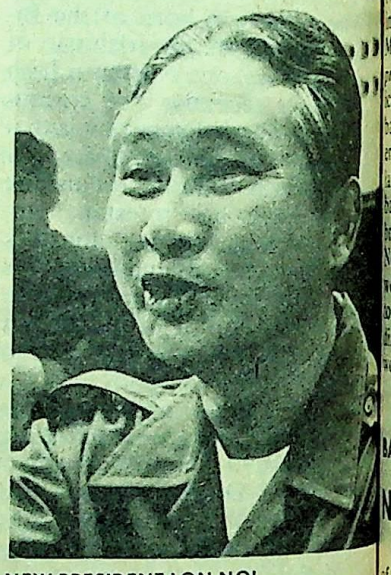
In the two years since its emergence as a major battleground of the Indochina war, Cambodia has teetered precariously between two kinds of trouble —military and political. Last week the once placid nation of 7,000,000 found itself deeply distressed by both.

Militarily, Cambodia has become a doormat for Indochina's warring forces. In its eastern provinces, 10,000 ARVN troops were cautiously probing the sanctuaries where elements of three North Vietnamese divisions are believed to be waiting for the signal to open their long-awaited dry-season offensive in South Viet Nam. Meanwhile, Communist units deeper inside Cambodia opened their own offensive. In midweek, a force of Communist artillerymen, perhaps no more than 200 strong, struck the capital with a devastating, 90-minute rocket and mortar barrage.

Nothing Left. By the Cambodian government's count, no fewer than 115 rocket and mortar rounds fell on the city and nearby Pochentong Airport, which had been the target of another well-planned attack 15 months ago.

The hardest-hit section of Phnom-Penh was a teeming slum that houses war refugees and soldiers' families. ing the barrage, 27 rockets pounded the area, which is roughly the size three football fields. At least 47 killed and 56 injured, either in the or in the fires that leveled every and lean-to in the area. By late ing, cabled TIME Correspondent ley Cloud, "nothing was left but a dering, stinking layer of ashes with the charred corpses of chick pigs and people. I learned that it is times difficult to distinguish the fied, ashen remains of a pig from of a human being, particularly human being was a child whose limbs were blown off in the explos In a little hollow, one worker was ing through the ashes with one while, in the other hand, he held a ed human foot. As he worked, a small boys, their faces somehow with fear, moved among the silent lookers begging for money."

Over the next three days, the munists followed up with sapper att



NEW PRESIDENT LON NOL
Unhappy anniversary.

that crippled two freighters mo near Phnom-Penh's docks and seve damaged an important bridge. But t was no sign that they wanted to the city, or even to increase the siderable swath of Cambodian terri under their control. What was the p of it all? According to some spe lation, the attacks were a counterp to the festivities surrounding the ond anniversary of the overthrow Prince Norodom Sihanouk, whose rule North Vietnamese had free use of Cambodia's ports jungle sanctuaries near South Nam.

It was not a happy anniversary any case. Cambodians are less and enamored of the mystical and times maddeningly extemporan Marshal Lon Nol, who seems bent re-establishing a Sihanouk-style racy. When the rockets hit, Lon No deep in a political crisis that was largely of his own making. Three

...ago, he threw the country's campuses ...into turmoil by declaring himself chief ...of state and abolishing a constituent as...sembly that was about to promulgate a ...long-awaited new constitution estab...lishing presidential government. Lon ...Nol did not care for some of the con...stitution's features, among them a pro...vision allowing the legislature to cash...ier the executive branch of the ...government at will.

At first unwilling to take their wrath ...out on Lon Nol, the student demonstra...tors went after his able, aristocratic No. ...2 man Sisowath Sirik Matak, whom ...they accused of "arrogance" and of ...sheltering corrupt officials. Last week ...Sirik Matak resigned, along with the en...tire government. Lon Nol declared him...self President as well as chief of state. ...On the day of the rocket attack, he an...nounced the formation of a new govern...ment under Son Ngoc Thanh, an ardent ...nationalist who for years had fought Si...hanouk, reportedly with CIA backing, ...from exile in Saigon and Bangkok. Lon ...Nol, however, will preside over the Cab...inet, in which Son will serve as Foreign ...Minister and "First Minister," a sort of ...*primus inter pares*. Meantime, the polit...ical shuffling has clearly enhanced the ...backstage strength of Lon Nol's young...er brother Lon Non, a shrewd manipu...lator who is widely thought to have ...backed the student demonstrations that ...brought down Sirik Matak. But, as Lon ...Non told Correspondent Cloud last ...week: "It is very difficult for foreigners ...to understand developments in Cambo...dia. I would only advise that no one ...worry too much."

BANGLADESH

Not Yet a Country

At 5:30 a.m. last Sunday, the city of Dacca resounded with the thunder of a 31-gun salute that marked the beginning of Bangladesh's first independence day. A year and a day earlier, on March 25, 1971, Pakistan had launched its military crackdown against rebellious East Bengal, which led to the brief, bloody war between India and Pakistan, the death of as many as 3,000,000 Bengalis—and the birth of a new nation.

Today, as TIME Correspondent William Stewart reported last week from Dacca, the Bengalis have a homeland, but they do not yet have a united country. "The present government, fearful of opposition, devotes itself to patronage rather than crisis; the government of reconstruction and reconciliation has yet to appear. If it does not, then the High Administration aide in Washington who referred to Bangladesh as 'an international basket case' may yet be proved right."

Across the vast, hot stretches of flat, brown delta, which awaits the life-giving monsoons in late May, there is a state of unease. Mutual distrust is pervasive. It is no longer sufficient to be Bengali; one must be a Bengali with the right inflection in his voice. "Collaborator" is an easy word to use, and the effects can be devastating. In Dhanmandi, Dacca's most fashionable quarter, residents are now accustomed to having groups of armed youths enter their houses in quest of money and goods. Acts of revenge against the non-Bengali minority of Biharis have subsided in the capital but have continued sporadically elsewhere; at the city of Khulna two weeks ago, a Bengali attack on the Bihari community reportedly left some 2,000 dead. Bitterness against the Biharis is widespread. "Those bastards," says Altafur Rahman, a Dacca law student. "Let them go to Pakistan."

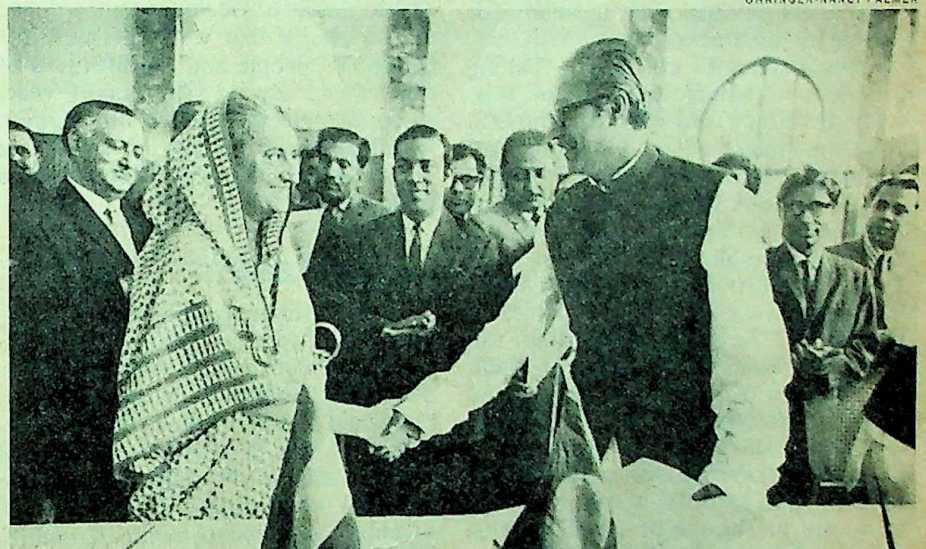
During the nine months of struggle in Bangladesh, the real freedom fighters, the Mukti Bahini, battled as best they could with little outside aid. The Mukti resent the fact that the government has given them few jobs and little patronage, and they have retained most of their firearms. Ranging from ardent patriots to outright thugs, the Mukti are among the most resentful critics of the ineffectual Dacca government, which has been accused of consolidating the position of Sheik Mujibur Rahman's Awami League instead of concentrating on reconstruction.

Moscow Links. Only Mujib himself, the country's Prime Minister, escapes such criticism. Despite his undiminished popularity, Mujib has yet to provide the kind of leadership that Bangladesh needs. Since his triumphant return to Dacca last January, after spending nine months in prison in Pakistan, he has visited Calcutta and even Moscow, but has scarcely ventured out into his own country at all.

Two weeks ago, Mujib welcomed India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to Dacca—where she was greeted at the airport by a pipe band skirling *Skye Boat Song*—and signed with her a treaty of peace and friendship. Mrs. Gandhi promised that India would hand over to Bangladesh all Pakistani military prisoners who have been accused of committing war crimes against Bengalis during the fighting (the list of suspects is said to total 1,500). The most important effect of the treaty is to link Dacca closely to India in matters of foreign affairs, and thus make Bangladesh in effect a member of the Delhi-Moscow entente.

Drop of Ill Will. While the U.S. has paid a heavy price in South Asia for backing the loser of the India-Pakistan war, the Soviet Union has strengthened its position on the subcontinent. The Soviet mission in Dacca already has a staff of 90, with more to come, and the Russians have undertaken salvage operations at the ports of Chittagong and Chalna. By contrast, the U.S. appears to have extracted the last possible drop of ill will out of Bangladesh. The handful of American officials in Dacca, however, make no secret that they would like to see U.S. diplomatic recognition at long last, as well as a small but hard-hitting aid program.

OHRINGER-NANCY PALMER



INDIRA GANDHI & SHEIK MUJIB AFTER SIGNING FRIENDSHIP TREATY

Blankets, baby food and midwifery kits won't do.

Such assistance is urgently needed at the present time, for Bangladesh's most pressing problem is the threat of hunger. The population of the capital has been swollen by thousands of famished, unemployed refugees from rural areas. As Toni Hagen, director of the U.N. relief operation in Dacca, puts it, the situation is "desperate." "Blankets won't do, baby food won't do, midwifery kits won't do," says Hagen. "Cash is required for employment and reconstruction—plain cash." Food is urgently needed, of course, especially in the next two months, before the arrival of 700,000 tons of wheat pledged by India. But vital repairs of roads and bridges must be made in order for such supplies to be distributed. Factories, too, lie stagnant for lack of operating capital—a reminder that their former owners, the majority of whom were Pakistanis, repatriated almost all the money in the country to West Pakistan.

SOVIET UNION

Message from Moscow

What do Soviet leaders really think about world affairs these days? In recent months, the Kremlin has provided few clues to its attitudes. Last week, though, Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev used the occasion of a speech to Russia's Trade Unions Congress to spell out the Moscow position on a number of major foreign policy issues. The Brezhnev speech, which ran for 90 minutes, was generally moderate and confident in tone. Major points:

U.S.-SOVIET RELATIONS. Brezhnev expects some results from President Nixon's visit to Russia, which is scheduled to begin on May 22. "We approach the coming Soviet-American talks from a businesslike and realistic position," he said. Brezhnev expressed his desire for an agreement in the U.S.-Soviet Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. His statement lent support to speculation that a partial agreement, perhaps banning the installation of ABMs, will be ready for signing by the time of Nixon's visit.

SINO-AMERICAN CONTACTS. Taking presidential rhetoric perhaps too seriously, Brezhnev is worried that the U.S. and China may have made a secret pact that went beyond the bilateral bounds of the Sino-American communiqué. "How else can one interpret the statement at the Shanghai banquet that 'today our two peoples hold in their hands the fate of the future of the entire world'?" he said. But Brezhnev undoubtedly wants to talk to Nixon about his China trip before jumping to any hasty conclusions. "We are in no hurry with final assessments," he declared.

SOVIET RELATIONS WITH CHINA. Brezhnev said that Moscow was now willing to accept a Chinese proposal that the two countries work out their problems on the basis of "peaceful coexistence." In Communist rhetoric that expression connotes relations between states having different social systems, and it could mean that Moscow despairs of ever healing its ideological rift with China. In his speech, the party chief did not mention that a Soviet negotiating team last week returned to Peking for what could lead to a resumption of the talks about Sino-Soviet border disputes. But he did stress that the responsibility for better relations "is up to the Chinese side now."

RUSSIA AND THE WEST. Brezhnev, who has committed his own prestige to an improvement of relations with Western Europe, did not conceal his anger that West Germany has not yet ratified the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw (TIME, March 20). The treaties, which call for mutual renunciation of force in settling disputes, are central to Soviet hopes of confirming the political status quo on the Continent while keeping the Communist bloc tightly insulated from contacts with the West. Brezhnev threatened that the consequences of a failure by Bonn to approve the treaties would be extremely serious. Said he: "The Federal Republic of Germany is now faced with a choice that will determine the fate of its people and the attitudes of other states toward it for many years to come." He then added an ominous warning: "In the final analysis, it is a choice between a policy of peace and a policy of war."



INTERFOTO-MTI

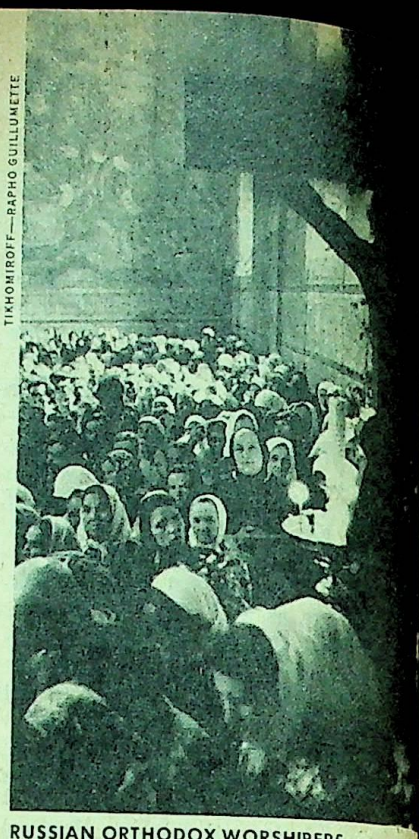
PARTY LEADER BREZHNEV
Moderate, confident.

Lenten Letters

"A church dictatorially directed by atheists is a spectacle that has not been seen for 2,000 years," lamented Alexander Solzhenitsyn last week. In an unpublished "Lenten Letter" that is widely circulating in Moscow, the famed novelist accused Patriarch Pimen, the leader of the Russian Orthodox Church, of abject submission to the Kremlin's antireligious policies.

Solzhenitsyn reproached the church hierarchy for compliance with such measures as the closing of churches, the repression of dissident priests and the ban on religious education for children. Even the ringing of church bells is forbidden: "Why should Russia be deprived of her most ancient adornment, her most beautiful voice?" Although critical of Orthodoxy's subservience to the state, Solzhenitsyn acknowledged that the church was hardly less obedient in czarist days. "Russian history might have been incomparably more humane and harmonious in the last few centuries," he wrote, "if the church had not surrendered its independence."

Until Solzhenitsyn's letter, no Soviet citizen of international stature had openly demanded religious freedom for Russia's estimated 60 million Orthodox Christians. The writer's concern with the fate of the church is, in fact, recent. Although he was baptized in childhood, his faith scarcely survived the eleven years of prison and exile he endured under Stalin. A year ago, however, Solzhenitsyn received first communion



TIKHOMIROFF—RAPHO GUILLUMETTE

RUSSIAN ORTHODOX WORSHIPERS
Directed by atheists.

in the Russian Orthodox Church. Solzhenitsyn dreams of building a church in Russia with the $79,000 Nobel Prize award he won in 1970. But the Soviet authorities have refused to allow him to receive the money, although he will apparently be permitted to receive the Nobel diploma and gold medal in Moscow next month. At the same time, his writings remain banned, while a campaign of vilification rages against him. In the face of these ordeals, Solzhenitsyn's faith seems to have given him a new serenity, which is reflected in a little-known prayer that may be regarded as another equally eloquent Lenten Letter from Solzhenitsyn*:

How easy it is to live with You,
O Lord.
How easy to believe in You.
When my spirit is overwhelmed
within me,
When even the keenest see no
further than the night,
And know not what to do
tomorrow,
You bestow on me the certitude
That You exist and are mindful
of me,
That all the paths of righteousness
are not barred.

As I ascend into the hill of earthly
glory,
I turn back and gaze, astonished,
on the road
That led me here beyond despair,
Where I too may reflect Your
radiance upon mankind.

All that I may yet reflect, You shall
accord me,
And appoint others where I
shall fail.

*Translation ©1972 by Patricia Blake.

EAST GERMANY

St. Angela

The businessmen of death
want to kill you, Comrade Angela.
But you will be free and will become
America's minister of education.

So goes a stanza in one of the pop tunes in East Germany these days. Comrade Angela, of course, is America's Angela Davis, the black revolutionary who has suddenly become the reigning heroine of East Germany. Leftists have demonstrated on her behalf elsewhere in Europe, but no other nation seems to be so deeply in the grip of Angelamania.

East German television features hour upon hour of "documentaries" about Angela. The radio broadcasts the latest bulletin about a protest rally in Tanzania or some other faraway spot. When Miss Davis was released on bail, East Germans took undue credit for springing her. East German children study about Angela in school. Students and youth groups collect money for her defense fund. In cities across the country, billboard posters and banners repeat one demand: Freedom for Angela. At the Leipzig Fair, one of Europe's oldest industrial exhibitions, the East Germans have put up a large display about Angela in the modernistic information center. Visitors are requested to sign a petition calling for Angela's release and to make a contribution. Hardly a day goes by that *Neues Deutschland*, the official party newspaper, does not run at least one article, and often two or three, on Angela. The paper's foreign editor, Dr. Klaus Steiniger, is reporting her trial from San Jose.

Steiniger does not pay much attention to the facts. Instead, he depicts the proceeding as a "monster trial," attacks the blatant "racism" of the jury, and insists that the young Marxist philosophy teacher is the victim of a frame-up. Angela is being persecuted, he reports, because she is black and a Communist, who is combating the monopolistic imperialist elite that rules the U.S. On the Communists' International Women's Day, Steiniger solemnly presented Miss Davis with 50 red carnations.

Why did the East Germans decide to champion her cause? Although Angela Davis is a plausible enough successor to Che Guevara as an ideal Communist martyr, and undoubtedly evokes sympathy from many German leftists, the real explanation for the growth of her cult lies in the shifting pattern of East-West relations. Until recently the East German regime concentrated its propaganda attacks on West Germany, whose free society and economic prosperity have for years exerted an almost irresistible magnetism on Germany's poorer half. In the past year, however, as Moscow and Bonn have sought to establish better relations, East Germany has had no choice but to tone down its attacks on the Federal Republic.

East Germany's rulers then needed a new external issue with which to whip up enthusiasm and militancy among their people. Thus when Angela was arrested and arraigned, the East German propagandists once again cranked up their apparatus. U.S. "racism" is hardly as threatening to East Germany as the visions that the propagandists once conjured up of a neo-Nazi invasion from the West. But at least it keeps the indoctrinated minds of the East Germans occupied until a more pressing issue comes along.

EASTFOTO



EAST GERMAN CHILDREN RALLYING FOR ANGELA DAVIS IN EAST BERLIN
To keep occupied until a more pressing issue comes along.

MIDDLE EAST

Quarreling Over the West Bank

"King Hussein could announce that the sun was coming up tomorrow," a merchant in the Jordanian capital of Amman commented last week, "and Cairo Radio would be on the air ten minutes later denouncing the idea as a Zionist imperialist plot." Cairo Radio and almost every other Arab station in the Middle East were on the air last week criticizing Hussein for a different sort of announcement. The attacks were focused on his proposal (TIME, March 27) to divide his country into two autonomous regions—Palestine and Jordan—and to rename the combination the United Arab Kingdom.

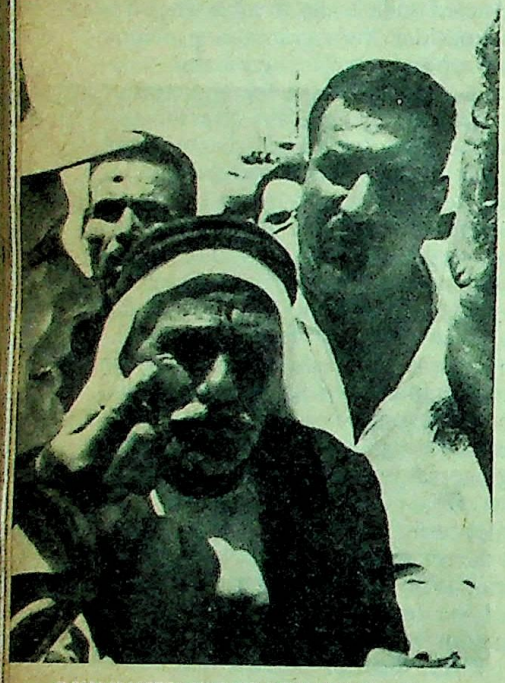
One complaint was that the King had acted unilaterally to solve what Arabs consider their common problem. His proposal, the Kuwaiti Cabinet declared, "does not have the approval of the Arab nation." Arabs also thought that the King would sell out to Israel by making an easy peace in order to retrieve territory he lost in the 1967 war. Hussein called another press conference to stress that the United Arab Kingdom would not be created until Israel returned to Jordan the West Bank and the Arab sector of Jerusalem. Meanwhile Israeli officials, after displaying initial public scorn for Hussein's plan, were beginning to admit that it was a basis for bargaining. At a lunch for foreign correspondents in Jerusalem, Premier Golda Meir—who at week's end temporarily canceled all appointments on doctor's orders because she was suffering from fatigue—allowed indirectly that the federation plan was the best basis for bargaining.

Bitter Battle. Hussein had timed the announcement of his federation plan to influence municipal elections being held this week in ten West Bank towns. He thereby intruded into a bitter election battle between Palestinian guerrillas and Israeli occupation forces. The fedayeen, who detest Hussein and want a free Palestine, were determined to prevent, by terrorism if necessary, the elections that Israel is sponsoring as part of its program to "normalize" life on the West Bank. From Baghdad, Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat warned that "collaborators with Hussein in the new plan will be assassinated." Six frightened candidates from Nablus withdrew, including the leading contender for mayor, Hamdi Kanaan. He had had second thoughts after a nighttime visit from the fedayeen.

A bruising counter campaign on behalf of peaceful elections was mounted by Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, who frequently visits Arab communities in Israel and the occupied territories to hear complaints and settle problems. Dayan imperiously summoned the incumbent mayor of Nablus,

Haj Mazuz Masri, 70, to Jerusalem by helicopter, threatened retribution if the elections did not take place, and ordered in additional troops to underline his warning and stifle the fedayeen. He also arrested the mayor's cousin—Hikmet Masri, a former speaker of the Jordanian Parliament—for suspected contacts with the guerrillas. At Dayan's order, Israeli soldiers refused to allow commercial traffic from Nablus to cross the Damiya Bridge over the Jordan River. That was a stunning blow to many merchants, who, despite the occupation, have been able to maintain prosperous traditional markets under the open-bridges policy of Israel and Jordan. Dayan later rescinded his traffic ban and released Masri. The town of Nablus got his message. Five candidates for the town council who had threatened to

ISRAEL SUN



DAYAN LISTENING TO ARAB PROBLEMS
The town got the message.

pull out changed their minds, and eight new candidates decided to run.

The next move in any peace negotiations between Israel and Jordan will probably occur this week, when Hussein is expected to visit Washington to detail his plan. He will soon be followed by Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban and Deputy Premier Yigal Allon, the author of an Israeli plan for the West Bank that also calls for Jordan's recovering most of the occupied territory. Washington worried that both sides would like the U.S. to act as middleman, and is wary; mediation would not only infuriate other Arabs, but could also complicate U.S. relations with Israel. The U.S. will instead try to persuade both sides to keep working bilaterally, once Arab outbursts diminish, toward what Eban last week described as the "progress in stages" that might be a more likely outcome of Hussein's proposal than any "dramatic jump to a full peace settlement."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Silence in Paris

Under orders from the White House, Ambassador William J. Porter has been talking tough since he took over as chief negotiator at the Paris peace talks six months ago. Last week he threatened not to talk at all. He told the North Vietnamese that the U.S. was suspending this week's discussions. It will also boycott all future sessions unless and until the Communists indicate their willingness to hold "serious discussions" on substantive issues.

Both sides, in fact, have canceled meetings in the past for various reasons, but Porter's threat had an air of finality about it. At a Washington press conference, President Nixon complained that the Paris talks amounted to "a three-and-a-half year filibuster on the part of the North Vietnamese. When they're ready, we're ready. But we are not going to let them use this forum for bullying the U.S."

By suspending the talks, the President hopes to pressure the Communists into starting serious negotiations. But if that does not happen in Paris, he will not be very surprised. In fact, if serious talks with the North Vietnamese are possible, they will most likely take place in secret—where most statecraft is accomplished—rather than at sessions that lend themselves to propaganda displays. The Administration has more confidence in Vietnamization than in talks and expects the war to come to some kind of halt no matter what happens at the conference table.

Gimo's Gerontocracy

There was no suspense in the election that assured Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, 84, a fifth six-year term as President of the Republic of China, *i.e.*, the Nationalist government of Taiwan. The Gimo was the only candidate, and he received all but eight of the 1,316 ballots cast in the National Assembly (the others were left blank or deliberately mismarked). The vote, however, demonstrated the urgency of the regime's plan to hold new popular elections for the Assembly—the first since before Chiang and his 2,000,000 Nationalist followers fled to Taiwan in 1949.

The idea is to grant a bigger voice to the restive Taiwanese natives, who account for 85% of the island's population of 15 million but hold only 2% of the seats in the Assembly. In addition, the regime has strong actuarial reasons for seeking to broaden its base. Of the 2,961 Assembly members chosen at the last election, which was held on the mainland in 1946, many never made it to Taiwan at all; hundreds of other Assemblymen have died over the years. There have been five more deaths since the opening of the current session on Feb. 20, and present membership stands at 1,369, with an average age of well over 65. Several hospitalized members were unable to get to Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall just outside Taipei for last week's vote. One arrived in an ambulance to cast his ballot for Chiang.

V-B Day

It could be argued that the most excruciating negotiations in the world have been the twice-monthly sessions of the Korean armistice commission in Panmunjom. Over the years the stalemated talks have turned into something of an endurance contest, with national honor at stake. After sitting down at 11 a.m. in their meeting rooms, the ten delegates—five representing North Korea and five (a South Korean, an American, a Briton, a Thai and a Filipino for the U.N.—would not budge until one of the squirming participants broke down and in desperation moved for adjournment, usually late in the afternoon. On one particularly truculent day in April 1969, everyone sat tight for 11 hours and 38 minutes.

That record is safe. Last week, after only three hours in their chairs, the beaming delegates stood up and took a 20-minute break—a touch of civility that will become standard in future sessions. Thus, while the Korean conflict is still unresolved, the great Bladder War, as the Panmunjom talks have become known, is over.

A Question of Duty

At the Common Market's modern headquarters in Brussels, earnest discussions continue on one of the more controversial dilemmas facing the new Europe: whether to close the tax loopholes that have turned airports and other travel facilities in the Market's six (soon to be ten) nations into oases of cheap, duty-free liquor, perfumes, cameras and other items.

It is no small matter. Alitalia, KLM, Lufthansa and Sabena have appealed for preservation of duty-free shops, which are a source of considerable income for the airports. Also worried is British Railways, which operates ferries that carry 6,000,000 travelers across the English Channel every year. These tourists are such eager spenders that British Railways is building new ships with on-board duty-free "supermarkets" so capacious that passengers will be given self-service shopping carts to push around.

The shops stretch the spirit of Common Market tax laws, and the Eurocrats are of a mind to act—either by barring the shops to passengers traveling between Market countries, or by imposing a limit (perhaps $150) on duty-free purchases. But no one needs to fear a quick disappearance of $3.50 per quart Cutty Sark Scotch (at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport) or Gauloises at $1.75 a carton (at Paris' Orly). Market officials will not act at all before the end of 1973, if then.

Was **Howard Hughes** fun on a date? ...es, choruses an octet of actresses in ...is month's *Ladies' Home Journal*, but ...e had his quirks. "Howard usually ...ove a one-year-old Chevrolet," recalls ...ni **Gaynor.** "He had hundreds of ...em, he said, 'because they give good ...ervice, and nobody stares into a year-...d Chevrolet like they do into limou-...nes.' " **Loretta Young** says Hughes once ...ioned her, announced that he was tak-...g her to a play that night. "I told him ...already had a date. He said, 'Fine, I'll ...y three tickets.' My poor date didn't ...ve a chance." Hughes once flew **Ida ...ino** to view his yacht; she found it ...aped in canvas. Says Ida: "I asked, 'Do you ever use this boat?' And he said ...ope.' Then I asked if it just stood there ...h a full crew ready all the time. And ...e said 'Yep.' " **Terry Moore** tells of a ...ght over the Grand Canyon with "the ...o of us alone in one of his big Con-...ellations. He promised to buy me a ...nderful lunch when we landed, but ...oward never carried any money and ...had only 97¢. So that's all we could af-...rd. We went back to Los Angeles flat ...roke."

■

"I'm not going after any man," in-...sted New York's flamboyant Con-...esswoman **Bella Abzug.** "I have only ...e man I go after: Martin Abzug, my ...husband." After making that perfectly ...ear, Bella officially announced that ...e would go after her old friend **Wil-...am Fitts Ryan** in the June 20 Demo-...ratic primary. The reason: the legis-...ature had drawn up new boundaries ...d abolished Bella's Manhattan dis-...ct, forcing her to choose between ...ithdrawal and friendship. Said Ryan's ...ffice: "We're very surprised and dis-...ppointed. She's some friend."

■

Ever since **Maria Callas'** dwindling ...ce made operatic appearances haz-...dous, the soprano has looked for ...ings to do. She made a movie of *Me-...a*, took up teaching (an opera class ...Manhattan's Juilliard School of Mu-...) and hinted at a return to the stage. ...ow, at 48, she has asked a friend, Ac-...r **Raf Vallone,** to create a suitable ...ovie role for her. Vallone is working ...a scenario for a prima donna's dream ...Callas is to play Callas in a movie ...bout Callas. "She is one of the very ...w great individuals we have in this ...e of mass leveling," says Vallone. But ...ow can he portray the warm friends ...d sulfurous enemies in La Callas' tu-...ultuous private life? "That is a very ...elicate matter," sighs Vallone. "Nearly ...ll of them are of signal notoriety."

■

Sweden's scholarly **King Gustaf VI ...dolf** is 89 years old and still rich in ...e esteem of his subjects. So when a ...onstitutional commission announced a ...an to strip the throne of its few re-maining political powers, it also announced that there would be no change until the accession of 26-year-old **Crown Prince Carl Gustaf Folke Hubertus Bernadotte.** No longer head of the armed forces, no longer charged with resolving Cabinet crises, the future King will rattle around in a 700-room palace, having little to do except entertain dignitaries and pass out Nobel Prizes. Of all these changes, the prince says, "Monarchy is an old tradition, and I don't see how a country can live without tradition. It would be like walking on water. Nothing solid underneath."

■

Japan's royal family descended from its divine status a generation ago, and now it cultivates a more mundane image. So there was no effort to disguise the triumphant glee with which seven-year-old **Prince Aya,** second son of **Crown Prince Akihito,** gripped his newest honor: a diploma from Tokyo's Gakushuin kindergarten.

■

"There is this prejudice against actresses," fumed **Barbra Streisand.** "They're supposed to look pretty and read their lines, then shut up and go home." Filming a movie called *Up the Sandbox*, Barbra got herself deeper into her role of an identity-searching housewife by offering some qualified support for Women's Lib: "Job opportunities, yes. Abortion, yes. But there should also be a time for mothering. If a woman chooses to stay home and be a wife and mother, she shouldn't be put down for that. A good mother is a fantastic creation." That said, Barbra went back to the set to harangue Actor Jacobo Morales, who plays one of the characters in the housewife's fantasies: **Fidel Castro.**

■

Only three years ago, **Barry Goldwater Jr.** was a blue-eyed, jut-jawed version of his father—but with a reputation built more upon swinging than politicking. Since his election as a Republican Representative from California, he has settled down and indeed is about to marry. His bride-to-be: Susan Gherman, 25, a business major at U.C.L.A., who skipped studies long enough to catch the Emmy Awards with her future husband in Hollywood. On affairs of state she says, "I am very conservative politically."

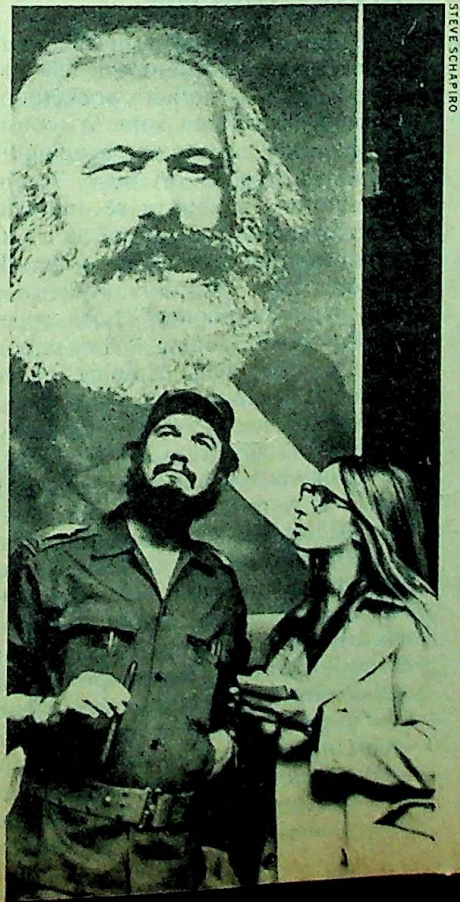
SETTLING DOWN: GOLDWATER & FIANCÉE

AP



SPEAKING OUT: "CASTRO" & STREISAND

STEVE SCHAPIRO



GROWING UP: PRINCE AYA & CLASSMATES

UPI



AMERICAN NOTES

Pot Luck

President Nixon is having a bad time with special-study commissions. He has appointed some 50 of them, but they keep recommending things he does not approve of. Two years ago, he rejected the findings of the National Commission on Obscenity and Pornography (named by President Johnson), which concluded that pornographic materials were not eroding the nation's morality. A Nixon-named commission made the proposal that oil import quotas be increased; the President picked another commission that opted for the status quo. Now he has dismissed a report on marijuana and drug abuse in the U.S.

The report maintained that the overwhelming majority of marijuana users do not turn to hard drugs. It also found little link between marijuana and crime or violence, and even suggested that less regulation of marijuana might curtail the use of heroin by taking "the young marijuana user out of a criminal drug-using culture."

The report contains the same *Catch-22* flaw that exasperated drinkers and lawmen during Prohibition. The committee proposed, in essence, that private possession of marijuana be legalized, but that trafficking in the weed for profit should remain a criminal offense.

MIA PLESSER



LORI ON TELEPHONE AT HOME
What price convenience?

Diluted Bangladesh?

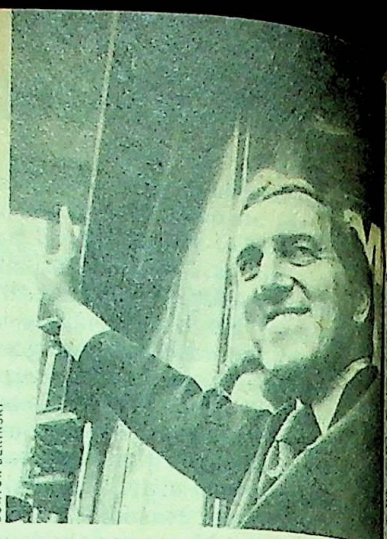
Addressing another U.S. social problem almost as widely debated, the U.S. Surgeon General last week defended a report issued earlier this year calling for a reduction of violence on television. Appearing before the Senate Subcommittee on Communications, Dr. Jesse L. Steinfeld asked for "appropriate and immediate action" to diminish violence on television because of its possible effects on children. While Steinfeld's appeal did not constitute an official threat, touchy network heads were quick to react. Said ABC President Elton Rule: "Even greater emphasis is being placed on presenting children's programs which resolve conflict situations through wit, charm, intelligence and imagination." NBC President Julian Goodman added: "The real question for us is not to condemn all action and conflict because it can be called violent, but to present all these elements, when they are necessary to the story, in a way that does not glorify violence."

In essence, all agreed with the principle that violence begets violence, but also apprehended the basic paradox: one can dilute *Gunsmoke* and *The Mod Squad*, but how to make blithe stories out of Bangladesh and Bogside?

I'm Lori. Dial Me.

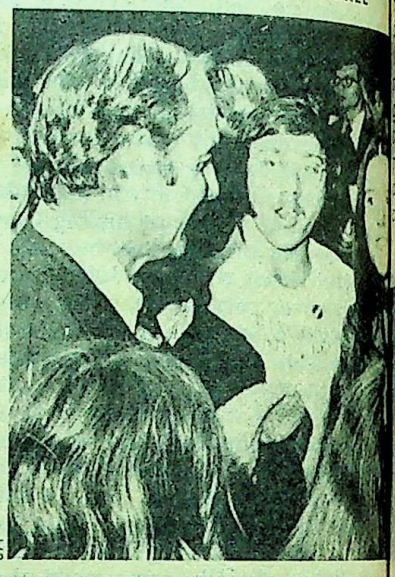
As any advertising executive with a breakfast-food account will tell you, the best way to a mother's pocketbook is through her children. Some Wisconsin Telephone Co. ads use an engaging little moppet named Lori Busk, 7, who urges mothers to buy a second telephone for the convenience of their tots. One ad begins with a hidden voice asking Lori, "Hey, what do you like most about extension phones?" Lori replies, "All the colors," adding, "They're convenient." She then explains convenience: "It means that when you're busy coloring in your room, you don't have to run downstairs to answer the phone."

All of which would be devastatingly cute if it were not also rather unsettling. At least State Representative Harout Sanasarian thinks so. He says that the phone company, a monopoly, should not make its customers pay for this kind of advertising: "It is a blatant example of entering into people's homes and causing conflict between a child and his parents." Wisconsin Telephone seems unperturbed by Sanasarian's crusade—especially since the company realized a record gain of 15,000 extension phones after it launched Lori last year.



BURTON BERINSKY

MUSKIE CAMPAIGNING IN MILWAUKEE



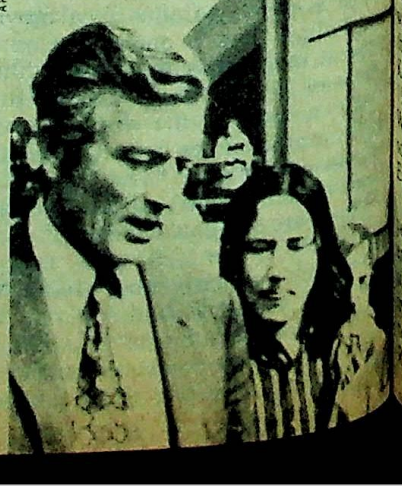
UPI

McGOVERN WITH STUDENTS IN MADISON



AP

WALLACE IN TALLAHASSEE



AP

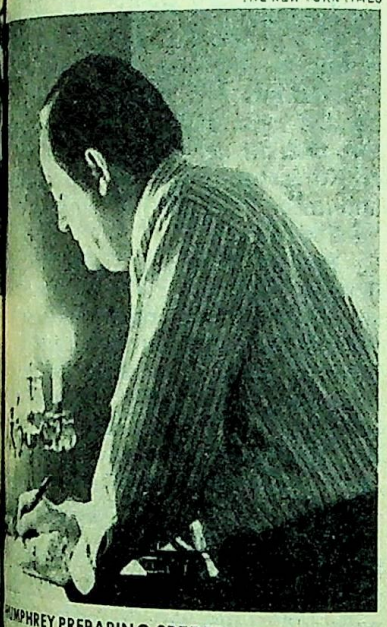
POLITICS

Weeding Out in Wisconsin

THE intricate, Rube Goldbergian system of primary elections clanked through its first three stages without doing fatal damage to any of the major Democratic candidates, though some were seriously hurt. How the American people were going to survive the endless spring—with 20 more primaries to go—was another question. Almost weekly, it seemed, with hurdy-gurdy and bugles, politicians were "front-running" and "slumping," buried one Tuesday to be disinterred the next week in the costly, chaotic exercise of democracy. The spectacle was beginning to have some point to Arizona Representative Morris Udall's suggestion that primaries be held only on three fixed dates, with the choice of date left to each state.

Next week's contest in Wisconsin,

THE NEW YORK TIMES



HUMPHREY PREPARING SPEECH

with twelve candidates on the ballot in a large state that is in many ways a microcosm of the U.S., will be the first real bloodletting of the year, the first primary in which candidates risk being eliminated. Rural and industrial, populated by blue-collar workers, farmers, ethnic minorities and students, Wisconsin is known for its independent, sophisticated and erratic voting behavior; it was the home of Senator Joe McCarthy, but also of Robert LaFollette. John Kennedy undercut Humphrey there in 1960, and it was on the eve of the 1968 Wisconsin primary that Lyndon Johnson withdrew from the race, just before Eugene McCarthy swept the state.

The voters' mood in Wisconsin this year remains unpredictable, oddly disengaged. "There is something sleeping, something going on under the surface in this state, and the candidates have not captured it yet," muses Harold Kohr, a painters'-union official in Madison. It is not apathy, reports TIME's Gregory Wierzynski, "but something bordering on despair. People seem to suspect that the candidates are mere shadows—that if elected, they could not do much to change the rising prices, unemployment and heavy taxes." Says Mrs. Marguerite Wiegand, an Appleton housewife: "I watch television with a book in my hand, and when a political commercial comes along, I shut it off."

The chief issue, a pervasive discontent, is the economy. Says Mrs. Marion Guslek, a housewife in Milwaukee: "Last week I paid 49¢ for salad dressing; this week it's up to 53¢. You don't know when you go to the grocery store whether you are going to have enough money." Old people complain about the dwindling buying power of their Social Security checks. Except on university campuses, Viet Nam is discussed not in terms of morality but of its costs. Says Carolyn Root, a Sheboygan sales clerk: "Lord knows how many kids we could send through school if we just cut out a few of those B-52 raids."

Boost. Edmund Muskie is going into Wisconsin with a psychological boost. Disappointed in New Hampshire and badly embarrassed in Florida, where Hubert Humphrey emerged a strong second behind George Wallace, Muskie captured 63% of the vote in a preferential poll against Eugene McCarthy last week in Illinois. Beating McCarthy was not exactly a triumph; Clean Gene was not taken seriously as a presidential contender, although he did campaign industriously. McCarthy's vote in part represented an informal coalition of "stop Muskie" voters, including supporters of Humphrey, George McGovern, John Lindsay and even Edward Kennedy, who has a hard-core following inside Chicago's Democratic organization.

Perhaps more important than the overall popularity contest were the races for convention delegates. McGovern, Muskie's sole opponent in those races, won only 14 seats, to Muskie's 59. Of the total, 87 delegates are "uncommitted"—almost all of them controlled by Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley. While Daley's bloc will make him a powerful force next July in Miami Beach, the primary demonstrated that the new Democratic Party reforms have almost halved his once total control of the Illinois delegation. At the same time, the primary results in contests for Governor and state's attorney revealed that Daley is otherwise losing his baronial grasp (*see following story*).

Through New Hampshire and much of the Florida race, Muskie ran a gingerly centrist campaign, ignoring "trust" issues and appealing vaguely for "confidence." In Illinois, after his Florida setback, he unveiled a "new Muskie"—fighting vigorously and taking the offensive on three fronts: the war, the economy and the Administration's ties to big business. His stance became distinctly populist.

Muskie is testing a new strategy. He has begun attacking his Democratic opponents on the right—not only Wallace but also Humphrey and Henry Jackson, whom he criticized last week for their support of the ABM system and the $8 billion space shuttle. But he has not attacked those to his left—Lindsay, McGovern and McCarthy. The reason, as Adviser Jack English says, is that he hopes to be "the surviving candidate on the left," while Humphrey emerges as the choice of the party's "establishment"—businessmen, old-line politicians and entrenched union leaders.

Diehards. In Wisconsin, the man to beat will be Humphrey. Because of his years as Senator from next-door Minnesota, Humphrey enjoys broad support from labor unions and farmers. A Public Broadcasting Service poll last week showed Humphrey with 18%, McGovern with 16% and Muskie with 13%. Says a Muskie organizer in Wisconsin: "Humphrey has diehard support. I myself won't watch him on TV for fear I'll weaken. For most of us here, Hubert is more than a candidate. He is a blood brother."

McGovern's camp, which is formidably organized in Wisconsin, always contended that the race would eventually narrow down to their man and Hubert. To staffers still preparing offensives against Muskie, McGovern Adviser Frank Mankiewicz scoffed last week with perhaps premature bravado: "You're firing torpedoes into the hulk of the *Graf Spee*."

Since busing is not a major issue in Wisconsin, Wallace has concentrated his campaign on high taxes and "liberal elitism." He won one-third of the Wisconsin vote in the 1964 Democratic primary, and 8% as the third-party candidate in the 1968 general election. After his victory in Florida, he is a potentially explosive factor in the Wisconsin voting this year.

For John Lindsay, Wisconsin is most crucial of all. Having won only 7% of the Florida vote, Lindsay has thrown all of his organizational resources into the state, although his budget is so threadbare now that he can only afford $12,000 for TV spots—*v.* $170,000 in Florida, where they did not do much good anyway. He suspended some staff salaries—as has Muskie—and tried to broaden his appeal. In a novel technique, he spent the night on the couch in a Milwaukee steelworker's house, after listening to the family's problems.

After Wisconsin, the field will narrow. Some of the candidates, contemplating the frenetic spring ahead, may be tempted by Adlai Stevenson's vision of an apolitical peace: "To sit in the shade with a glass of wine in my hand and watch the people dance."

Mangled Machine

It was primary-election night in Chicago, but what was the matter with everybody? Why no festivities, why not the usual arm pumping and back thumping? The hordes of loyal Democratic Party workers who gathered in the Sherman House hotel to await the returns were uncommonly solemn and silent. Ward bosses did not barge exuberantly into Mayor Richard Daley's tightly guarded inner office. They slunk in sheepishly or stayed away altogether.

The gloom was justified. The vote tallies had spoiled their plans and struck the machine a staggering blow. For the first time since 1938, the Cook County organization had lost a primary. Not only had Edward Hanrahan beaten the machine's candidate, Raymond Berg, for state's attorney, but Insurgent Daniel Walker had won the party nomination for Governor against Paul Simon, now the Lieutenant Governor. Five machine-backed state legislators from Chicago had also gone down to defeat before independent candidates. As he moodily paced a corridor in the hotel, a ward boss remarked: "This is like waiting outside the maternity room when someone is having a miscarriage."

The Daley ticket was trounced by a combination of the Old and the New Politics. The old was represented by "Fast Eddie" Hanrahan, who returned from the political dead—and as everyone knows, the dead do not vote in Chicago unless Daley tells them to. Daley had originally endorsed Hanrahan for re-election, but party pressure forced the mayor to dump him from the ticket. A grand jury had indicted Hanrahan for obstructing justice in the investigation of the killing of two Black Panthers by the police in 1969.

Surprise Dessert. Hanrahan, however, decided to fight back, and he had the resources to do so. As U.S. Attorney for Northern Illinois and as state's attorney, he had built up a reputation as a zealous law enforcer. He asked voters during the campaign: "Would you want your law enforcement carried out by me or by a nice fellow?" A volatile man, he buttonholed precinct captains to remind them who he was and what they owed him. When he found that doors were locked at ward meetings, he sometimes tried to bash them down. He claimed that he had done more than anyone else to protect blacks from street crime, but he also played to the gut fears of whites. His appeal was likened to that of George Wallace.

Normally surly and dour, Hanrahan was at pains to demonstrate another side of his personality—one that people had not seen before. He developed a sense of humor. Marching in the St. Patrick's Day parade, he doffed his hat and released a white dove as he passed Mayor Daley. He engineered a surprise dessert for Daley's precinct captains when they gathered in support of Berg at a dinner. When they cracked open their fortune cookies, they found the message "Hanrahan is the man."

Less amusing, Hanrahan made use of the powers of his office to help [illegible] get elected. It was implied that any[one] who opposed him too vigorously [might] become the target of an investigation [illegible] —and investigations are not popular [illegible] Cook County; they have a way of [hurry]ing up things.

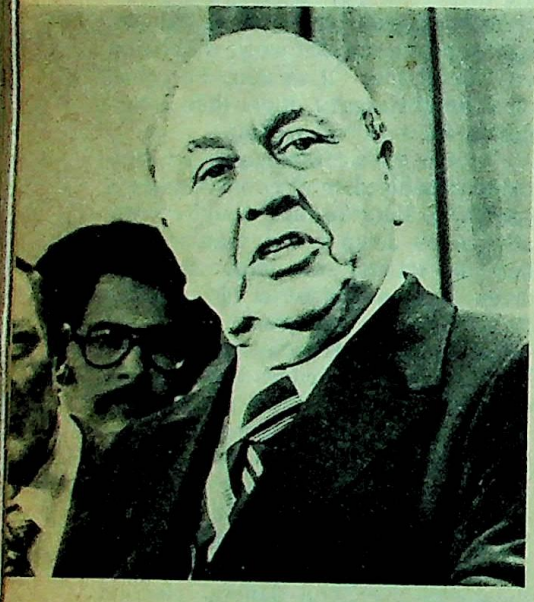
On election night, Martha Mitch[ell] called Hanrahan to gush, "I'm a Re[pub]lican, but you're my kind of Dem[o]crat." Not much later, Mayor Dal[ey] also phoned his congratulations. "Pol[itics] is no different than sports," the mayor philosophized. "You win 'em and you lose 'em." Having defied the ma[chine] and won, Hanrahan returns to [the] fold with much more power than he had before he was kicked out. Unless he is convicted on criminal charges, he seems likely to beat his Republican opponent in the general election. He is, in fact, in a strong position to succeed Daley.

It was the New Politics that cost the mayor the gubernatorial primary. When he announced for Governor more than a year ago, Dan Walker was scarcely known outside Chicago. He had served as vice president and general counsel for Montgomery Ward, and had headed the commission that investigated the rioting during the 1968 Democratic Convention. His report was an even-handed indictment of both demonstrators and police, but it aroused the everlasting enmity of Daley and other law-and-order backers by referring to a "police riot."

Fed Up. Last year Walker got publicity by walking 1,200 miles around the state, spreading a populist message: he roasted his opponent for suggesting an increase in the state income tax; he denounced some of Daley's proposed public works in Chicago; he opposed busing. But what he chiefly presented to the voters was Walker the man —straight-shooting, indignant, a mite self-righteous. He would lock eyes with his audience and demand: "Aren't you fed up with race-track and shoe-box politics?" It was an allusion to scandals that have embarrassed the Daley machine. Voters apparently were too mesmerized to remember the Walker Report or whether they liked it. They liked Walker because he appeared to care, and they liked his seven sprightly children who helped in his campaign.

Walker won with 52% of the vote, even running Simon a close race in areas of Chicago where the machine is strongest. While it will be easy for Old Politician Hanrahan to make up with Old Politician Daley, it will be harder, if not impossible, for New Politician Walker. Daley may well favor Walker's Republican opponent Governor Richard Ogilvie, the front runner in the November election. But it is Daley, basically, who must sue for peace because he took the licking. It has now been proved that the charismatic independent candidate—whether of the [illegible] school or the new—can triumph even in the innermost fastness of once impregnable Cook County.

DALEY ON ELECTION NIGHT



AP

WALKER AFTER VOTING



UPI

HANRAHAN DISCUSSING VICTORY



AP

INVESTIGATIONS

Dita Beard on Dita Beard

ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard agreed last week to talk about her past with TIME *Correspondent Ted Hall. It was only days before she was to face a grilling by U.S. Senators investigating Columnist Jack Anderson's charges that she had written a memo linking the Nixon Administration's settlement of an antitrust case against ITT with a campaign contribution to the Republican National Convention (see* THE PRESS*). The combustious Mrs. Beard, 53, refused to discuss her role in the ITT controversy, but was not at all shy about revealing intimate, if sometimes confused details of her earlier days. Hall's report:*

DRESSED in a navy blue nightgown with white piping at the neckline, Dita Beard chain-smoked cigarettes in Room 269 of Denver's 178-bed Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Hospital behind a sign that said NO SMOKING PLEASE, OXYGEN IN USE. Under treatment for a heart ailment, Dita was well protected against unwanted visitors by tight screening. Western Union called with a telegram that had to be read to her personally. The message: GET YOUR FAT ASS BACK—THERE'S NO ONE TO BUY DRINKS. Dita's laugh rumbled from her diaphragm. "Must be my old drinking buddies from the club," she explained.

The way Dita tells it, her life has had its grim moments, but mostly it was fun. Her job at ITT "got better and better—it was beautiful until those sons of bitches pulled this one on me." She was apparently referring to Columnist Anderson and his legman Brit Hume. "I started raising hell when I was born, and I ain't quit yet," she said. Her father Robert Davis was serving in Germany as an Army colonel when she was born at Fort Riley, Kans., in 1918. Her parents at one point had three birth certificates prepared with different names: Grace Lorraine, Roberta and Adele Fournier. She does not know how she wound up with the name Dita. The family moved to Fort Monmouth, N.J., where, she claims, her father was so important in helping build up the Signal Corps that his photo was prominently displayed. "He built the goddam place," she says. "But when it got big, some son of a bitch took Dad's picture down."

Mann Act. Dita grew up as an Army brat, moving from base to base. She adored her father, who treated her like a boy, made her learn to ride almost as soon as she could walk. "Every morning at 5:30, the goddam horses were at the back door," she recalls of a stay in the Panama Canal Zone. She was on a raft there once, swimming with her father, when a "goddam crocodile was skulking under the raft." He ordered her to swim for shore anyway.

Dita claims that she moved too often to finish high school. Her mother, an amateur concert singer who loved to travel ("She didn't care much for me"), would take her out of school on trips whenever Army transportation looked tempting. Her father bought a 300-acre spread, Rising Wolf Ranch, in Montana, and Dita spent summers there as a child. "Dad thought nothing of giving me a gun and a fishing rod and telling me to go off for a couple of weeks. I learned to be very independent." He retired from the Army in grand style in 1930, she claims. "He hit his commanding general over the head with a riding crop at the officer's club—we never did know which was drunker."



AP

MRS. DITA BEARD
Raising hell.

At 17, Dita got a job modeling women's clothing. "I could wear sizes 11 to 16, depending on the maker." She refused to model anything as skimpy as a bathing suit, but traveled with a salesman to display clothes in stores in Western states. When he asked her how old she really was and she confessed, she says, "the poor bastard turned 17 shades of green." He told her she was through with the job. "I told him, 'If you fire me, I'll get you for the Mann Act.' He called his wife, and she joined us in Reno and traveled with us after that."

Dita admits to liking booze early in life. In her late teens she recalls being lonely at a Navy officers' club in Selonely at a Navy officers' club in Seattle on Christmas Eve. She found twelve equally lonely officers. "We got stiffer than 900 planks." The family moved to Los Angeles, where Dita helped exercise horses at an exclusive club. She remembers that Joan Crawford's horse Red Satin was part of the stable. Later, in Washington, the Davis family lived in high society, so she tells it, entertaining the Cordell Hulls (he was Secretary of State under F.D.R.) and Idaho Senator William Borah ("Mother was a terrific Republican"). Dita came out at a debutante ball at Washington's Carlton hotel in 1939. "It was like a wedding without the agony of being married," she sighs.

Living in Washington, Dita claims she "got engaged to three men at the same time": a Far East expert in the Dutch embassy, an Army officer and an Italian naval attaché. Since the Dutchman gave her the prettiest ring, she agreed to visit him in Honolulu, traveling on a Matson liner. "They were all interested in this long, lanky female traveling alone. We had a party that wouldn't stop." She ditched the Dutchman in Hawaii, but claims she met Ernest Hemingway there. "He called me Princess." As she booked passage home, "I saw this gorgeous hunk of body with the little tiny behind, and I went to the desk and learned that it was leaving that afternoon on the *Matsonia*. 'Book me on it,' I said." That, she claims, was how she became friendly for a time with Baseball Player Hank Greenberg.

Six-by-Six. During the war, Dita first worked as "a troubleshooter" for the Board of Economic Warfare. "I just stamped and signed and got things moving." She joined the Red Cross. "We were sent to George Washington University to learn to play poker and shoot craps—things that I was born doing." She was then sent to an Army camp where, she complains, "they had us getting up at 5 in the morning cooking for the goddam WACs." She got out of that by becoming a truck driver even after the motor-pool officer "checked me out on a six-by-six, and I ground the gears and choked it and screwed up."

Shipped overseas, Dita did not care for all the Red Cross clothing she had to wear or carry. "We had to walk six miles carrying those goddam suitcases to the ship." But Dita says hers was heavier than the others. "Everyone else had nice dainty underwear in their suitcases, and here I got twelve bottles of booze." She served in Casablanca, Algiers and for 13 months on Corsica, getting to know a lot of military airmen. She claims that she "used to fly P-47s sitting on the pilot's lap."

She married a fighter pilot, Benjamin Atwood, in 1945. She declines to talk about the marriage except to say that they had three children. Atwood died in a plane crash in 1967, many years after they were divorced. In 1952, she married Cameron Randolph Beard, a flag manufacturer, and they had two children. He was "very wealthy, very wonderful, and also, he was an alcoholic. So there's me and five children, a drunk husband and two dogs." One son was injured in an automobile accident ("You can still see the tire prints across his chest"), and she tried to nurse them both. That, she says, was when her heart began to bother her. (She and Beard are

divorced, and he now lives in retirement on a Tennessee farm, where he is a successful member of Alcoholics Anonymous.) "With no father or husband to get in the way, the kids and I did very well. I knew a woman had no right to bring up boys, so I put the two older boys into military schools. Then I had a housekeeper who was like a member of the family—just wonderful."

That brought Dita up to the point of becoming a lobbyist for ITT. Throughout her reminiscing, she remained good humored and spoke with a strong voice. "When my health was good, I wasn't afraid of anything," Dita said in parting. "Not even of that bunch of little bums coming out here. But I don't know how I'm going to face it."

On a ground-floor conference room of the hospital, workmen were setting up tan folding chairs from which Dita Beard would be quizzed by seven members of the Senate Judiciary Committee. She would be wheel-chaired to the room and face them from a bed. A nurse with emergency equipment would be stationed outside the door.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Agnew Faces LIFE

Arriving in the midst of the ITT affair, an article in LIFE last week raised still more questions about the relationship between the Nixon Administration and some of its wealthy political backers. The central figure in the story was San Diego Millionaire C. Arnholt Smith, a longtime Nixon backer. Smith was under investigation in 1970 for possible violations of federal law by channeling campaign contributions to Nixon in 1968. LIFE charged that through the White House, the Justice Department and the Internal Revenue Service, the Administration tried to squelch investigations, delay prosecutions and interfere with cases involving Smith, another major G.O.P. fund raiser in San Diego and a former mayor of the city, Democrat Frank Curran.

Smith refused to comment on LIFE's charges for the present. The Justice Department issued a curt denial. But two former federal investigators who were involved in the cases supported LIFE's story. One of the strongest denunciations came from Vice President Spiro Agnew. In Los Angeles for a press conference of high school journalists, Agnew declared, "I don't have a high respect for a magazine that has such a high gullibility quotient that they would publish the Clifford Irving story." LIFE, of course, never did publish the Irving story. Agnew added, "The best and most charitable thing LIFE could do would be to follow the course taken by *Look* magazine"—which folded last year. But when he was asked repeatedly whether the LIFE article was accurate, Agnew snapped, "That is a damn stupid question. I haven't even read it yet."

TRIALS

The Chaplain's Case

It was a tawdry story, almost as if *Confidential* had rewritten Somerset Maugham's *Rain* for the U.S.O. In this case, the clergyman was a Baptist chaplain in the U.S. Navy, his accusers wives of fellow officers. On trial at the Jacksonville, Fla., Naval Air Station for conduct unbecoming an officer is Commander Andrew Jensen, 43, a 16-year Navy veteran, married and the graying father of two. The trial marks two embarrassing firsts for the Navy: no officer had ever stood trial solely on adultery charges, and no chaplain had ever been court-martialed.

The Jensen trial reached its seamiest stage last week when the defense tried to show that Jensen had been physically incapable of committing at least some of the acts of which he is accused.

AP



NAVY CHAPLAIN ANDREW JENSEN
One kept count.

He is also an unlikely philanderer, pale and mild-mannered. But according to Lora Gudbranson, 40, the wife of a naval supply officer, she and Jensen made love in a motel near the base last July 8. Testifying for the defense, Dr. Clay Wickham told the court that at the time the skin around Jensen's midsection had been covered with "a rash and boils," which would have made sex a painful enterprise at best. A character witness, Captain Thomas Loomis, who had served aboard the carrier *Ticonderoga* with Jensen, offered a well-meant if ill-phrased testimonial. Jensen, he said, was "the finest example of moral turpitude on the ship."

The case against the chaplain was compounded by the testimony of Mary Ann Curran, 24, the wife of a flyer. She said that she had had relations with Jensen 17 times between August 1970 and April 1971—after her husband h asked the chaplain for counsel abo their marriage. The prosecution pr duced a note, purportedly from Jens to Mrs. Curran, which said: "You ar everything to me. Please share your lo with me forever."

Mrs. Gudbranson claimed that sh had found out last August that the cha lain was also having an affair with Mr Curran. "After agonizing over it for tw days, I decided he'd have to be repor ed," she told the court-martial. Mr Gudbranson confessed to her husband who informed the base executive off cer. Naval authorities tried to persuad Jensen to resign his commission, but h refused, protesting his innocence.

Not the least of the problems cre ated for the Navy by the trial is the heavy bombardment it is sustaining from a formidable opponent, the Amer ican Baptist Convention. The case pose a serious jurisdictional question: Should the military or Jensen's denominatio have priority in handling it?

The Baptists, besides declaring the case an attempt at character defama tion, emphatically contend that they are the sole judges of the moral and spir itual qualifications of their ministers. To underscore its ire, the convention has announced that it will send no more chaplains to the Navy until the Gov ernment formally recognizes its claim.

THE CONGRESS

One Giant Leap For Womankind

It was an idea whose time had been a long season coming. Since 1923, a constitutional amendment proposing equal rights for women had languished in Congress, debated seriously only rarely. But last week, with a disparate array of midwives in attendance, the Equal Rights Amendment passed the Senate, 84 to 8, and was sent to the states for ratification. If approved by three-quarters of the states, it will become the 27th Amendment to the Constitution.

The final push was provided by growing feminist pressure in an election year; more than half of the country's registered voters are women. Although many women could not care less about the amendment, those who do came out in force. Representatives from such varied groups as the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs and the American Home Economics Association worked alongside militant Women's Liberationists. On the day of the vote, the Senate galleries were filled. Liz Carpenter, Lady Bird Johnson's former press secretary, played a latter-day Madame DeFarge; while listening to the debate, she worked on a needlepoint design carrying the motto UPPITY WOMEN UNITE. Exercising her privilege of access to the Senate floor, Michigan Representative

Martha Griffiths, who shepherded the amendment to House approval last year, borrowed Edmund Muskie's desk and kept a tally on the voting.

The final battle centered on a series of crippling provisos put forth by Democrat Sam Ervin of North Carolina. Ervin feared that women would suffer hardships and dangers if the amendment passed. He tried to limit its scope to allow existing protective legislation to stand after passage. Ervin raised the specter of women "sent into combat, where they will be slaughtered or maimed by the bayonets, the bombs, the bullets, the hand grenades, the mines, the napalm, the poison gas and the shells of the enemy." Illinois' Adlai Stevenson III replied: "What we are doing is enunciating a principle in the Constitution of the U.S. There are and will be classifications based on sex which will be valid not to deny or abridge any individual's equal rights." Each of the Ervin proposals was defeated.

The ratification process will have to be completed within seven years for the amendment to become law; the Hawaii legislature started the process by voting approval just 32 minutes after the Senate had acted. Nebraska, New Hampshire, Delaware, Iowa and Idaho followed suit within days.

Some laws will likely be struck down, others rewritten to apply to both sexes equally. Married women could retain their names or take the names of their husbands. Alimony could be available to either spouse; child-custody laws that specify a preference for the mother could become invalid. Many of the protective labor laws might become invalid; banning women from certain jobs because of the possibility of pregnancy could also be forbidden. Laws against prostitution could be jeopardized unless the customer is also subject to penalty.

RACES

Still Slipping

In the aftermath of President Nixon's slashing attack on busing, the nation continued to slip away from its intention to integrate its schools. Amid a growing but still ineffective counterattack by Nixon's critics, there were these major developments:

▶ Officials of HEW, the arm of the government that had for years pressured Southern school districts to desegregate, announced that they had lifted their threat to cut off federal funds from school districts that have not yet complied with civil rights laws—at least until Congress decides what to do about the President's antibusing legislation. Most immediately relieved was Maryland's Prince Georges County, which had been faced with the possible loss of some $14 million.

▶ The Justice Department, charged with enforcing civil rights laws in the courts, went into a U.S. district court in Detroit to urge postponement of a ruling on what Detroit officials must do to desegregate their schools. Yet there was evidence that federal judges might not go along with such delays. Rebuffing similar arguments from school officials in Memphis, Federal Judge Robert McRae said that his court had no authority to postpone action merely because Congress may act in unknown —and possibly unconstitutional—ways to change the law in the future. He is duty-bound to observe existing law.

▶ The rise of local resistance to new integration plans was dramatized by the school board of Buffalo, which refused by a 4-3 vote to comply with an order by New York Education Commissioner Ewald Nyquist to present a plan for a better racial balance in its 98 public schools. When New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller endorsed Nixon's busing moratorium and urged state education officials to review their probusing policies, he was stiffly rebuked by the New York Board of Regents, which supervises all public education in the state. "In a multiracial society," a Regents statement said, "a person cannot be considered educated if he remains unexposed on a personal basis to the cultural richness and the individual diversity of his neighbors."

▶ The fate of the President's busing moratorium and proposals for improving inferior schools remained in doubt in Congress. Although they probably enjoy strong support, they are opposed by some key committee chairmen, including the House Education Committee's Carl Perkins of Kentucky. As hearings opened in a Senate subcommittee, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson defended Nixon's proposals. Missouri Democrat Thomas Eagleton bluntly branded Richardson's arguments for the President's compensatory education plan "hypocritical hogwash."



UPI

ANTIBUSING RESIDENTS IN MEMPHIS BURY DISCARDED BUS IN PROTEST

NEW YORK

Southeast Side Story

West Side Story, the 1957 Broadway musical about two warring teenage gangs, ends in a hopeful hymn to togetherness: "We'll find a new way of forgiving, somewhere." In the years following, that magical somewhere became in reality a sad nowhere of hard drugs and forgotten loyalties. Now, however, the gangs are back on the streets with a vengeance born of a decade of upheaval. The battleground is no longer Manhattan's West Side but the Southeast Bronx, a predominantly Puerto Rican ghetto where more than 70 "cliques" or "organizations" have formed in the past year. The members —mostly dropouts, reformed junkies, displaced Viet Nam veterans—are older, angrier, better armed and more socially aware. Their avowed enemy is not a rival gang but society. "In essence," says Benjamin Ward, deputy police commissioner for community affairs, "what the kids are saying is: 'Dammit, you've failed us. And if you're not responsible, who the hell is?' "

The conditions that produced the rumbles of the 1950s have, if anything, worsened. The population density of the Southeast Bronx—500,000 people crammed into 5 sq. mi.—is among the nation's highest. Housing, health care, employment and education are woefully substandard. Fifty percent of the children under six have never been immunized against polio. Forty percent of the area's families are on welfare. More than 10% of residents between 15 and 44 are heroin addicts. Says one of Mayor John Lindsay's minority specialists: "The Puerto Rican experience in New York has been a total disaster."

In the Southeast Bronx, the unrest has spawned gangs with such sinister-

sounding names as the Savage Skulls, Young Sinners, Savage Nomads, Mongols and Reapers. Each clique has from 20 to 50 members ruled by a president, vice president and warlord. Their "colors," elaborate coats-of-arms stitched to the backs of their denim jackets, depict bloody skeletons and skulls, fire and lightning. Their arsenals include not only clubs, chains, knives and zip guns but also Molotov cocktails, rifles, shotguns and, say youth workers, hand grenades and machine guns.

Although centered in the Southeast Bronx, the gang subculture exists in Brooklyn, Queens and even Chinatown: pitched battles between immigrant Taiwanese and U.S.-born Chinese youths recently resulted in two homicides. In Castle Hill, a lower middle-class neighborhood in the East Bronx, teachers at Adlai Stevenson High School say that a gang of black girls called the Black Persuaders is one reason for a rash of student transfers. The Persuaders' initiation rite requires the new member to beat up a white girl.

Rooftop Rifles. Frank Gracia, head of a drug-rehabilitation program in the Southeast Bronx, became aware of the gangs six months ago. He told TIME Correspondent Leonard Levitt: "We had this street fair, selling sausages for a dime, sodas for a nickel. Well, these kids got in an argument with one of our people, broke his arm and all his fingers. Then they sent their girls over to tell us they wanted to fight us. Now, hell, I've been around. I was in gangs in the '50s. I was a junkie for 15 years before I kicked the habit. So we went over there with bats and clubs. But Jesus Christ, these kids were armed. They had 17 rifles staring down from the rooftops. They're organized. It's a whole new thing."

Gracia says that he eventually achieved an armistice with the gangs because he shared their abhorrence of drugs. "What you got to understand," he explains, "is that these kids now have like a holy war against the pushers. And the reason they hate cops is that the cops are always busting them, never the pushers." That frustration, he claims, caused the rape and murder of an alleged woman pusher three months ago. "The week before," says Gracia, "some of her junkies had stabbed some of the Immortals. The kids went to the 41st Precinct and told the cops: 'You've got 72 hours to get them junkies out of there or we will.' When no arrests were made, they did it themselves."

The police later charged nine gang members with the murder; it is one of nine homicides for which gang members have been arrested in the past year. "The danger," says Ward, "is that there is a fundamental difference between the rhetoric of the leadership and the action of the periphery. The ten to 15 hard-core members in each group just can't control their own people."

That was tragically true of Black Benjie, 25, an ex-junkie respected as a peacemaker between black and Puerto Rican gangs. A member of the Ghetto Brothers, he tried to ward off a rumble four months ago, and was stabbed to death by members of the Immortals and Spades. The next day, through the intercession of the Javelins and Peacemakers, Ghetto Brother President Charlie Melendez met with the Immortals and Spades. After hearing their apology for the "misunderstanding," he decided against a war of revenge. In an extraordinary summit meeting of most of the gangs in the Southeast Bronx, the peace treaty was extended to include the entire "family."

Though a tenuous peace within the family still prevails, the gangs have become increasingly aggressive in their demands for change. Says Ted Gross, head of the city's youth services agency: "The thing is, you could b.s. the gangs of the '50s. Take 'em to a movie, give 'em basketball, put 'em on a bus for the beach. But these kids today are not the 13- to 18-year-old punks of 15 years ago. They've been around. Now they're in their mid-20s and some even in their 30s. You tell me, how do you b.s. a guy who's been to Viet Nam? If nothing is done to help them, they will become more and more of a police problem. The tragedy is that they are out there virtually crying for help, pleading for someone to listen to them."

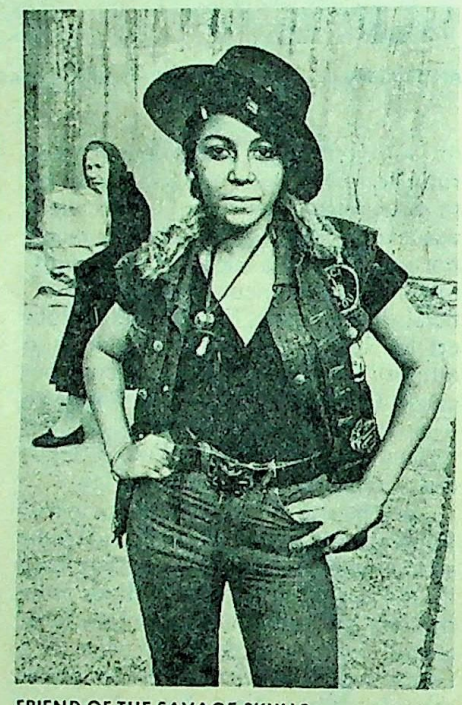
Self-Respect. The most encouraging aspect of the gangs is that they are largely drug-free. City Council President Sanford Garelik, among others, feels that their all-out war on drugs may help diminish one of the ghetto's most insidious problems. The Ghetto Brothers, for instance, have developed a reputation as a drug rehabilitation group.

A gang member named Sly, 22, a tall black who lost a college basketball scholarship because of his habit, put it this way: "I was arrested three times for robbery and larceny. Drugs were ruining my life. But then the Brothers got hold of me and wouldn't let me out of their sight. You get a guy on the Jones [drug withdrawal] and that's what you have to do. They watched TV with me, drank wine with me, took me downtown with them, out to eat. They laugh with you, fight with you, but they won't leave you. I've been here six months now and I'd die for these guys. They gave me back my self-respect."

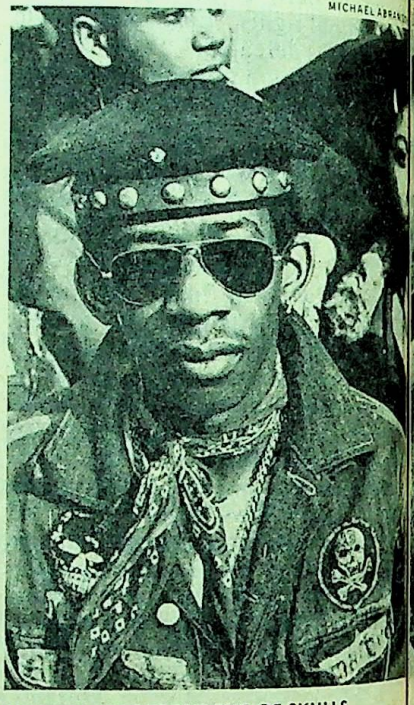
Such feeling among some gang members is genuine, but the conditions that have produced it make the gangs a new kind of menace. Says YSA Commissioner Gross: "The prospects for the coming summer are frightening."



GANG MEMBER & HIS GIRL



FRIEND OF THE SAVAGE SKULLS



MARVIN, VICE PRESIDENT OF SKULLS

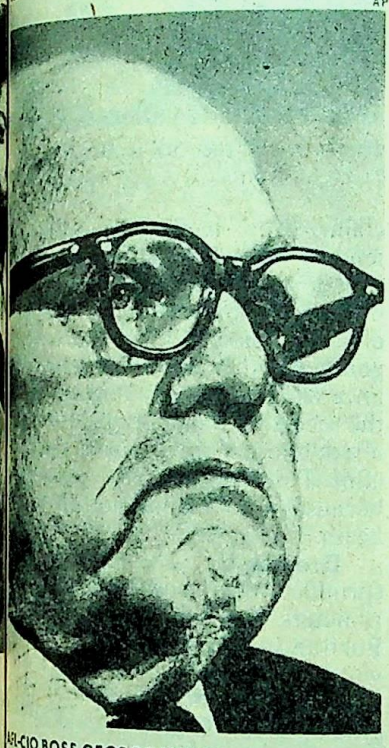
Mostly dropouts, ex-junkies and Viet Nam veterans, they are older, angrier and better armed.

CONTROLS

What Made Meany Walk

We will not be a part of the window dressing for this system of unfair and inequitable Government control of wages for the benefit of business profits." On that tendentious note, George Meany, autocratic boss of the AFL-CIO, followed through on a recurring threat last week and stomped off the Pay Board. Three other labor leaders walked out with him. Their immediate reason for resigning: the board's decision to override them and cut back the West Coast dock-strike settlement from a 20.6% first-year raise to 14.9%, which itself is more than twice the basic wage guidepost. The surprise departure of Meany and Presidents I.W. Abel of the Steelworkers, Floyd Smith of the Machinists, and Leonard Woodcock of the Auto Workers threatened briefly to overturn the Administration's painfully constructed controls on wages and prices.

AP



AFL-CIO BOSS GEORGE MEANY
Class-struggle rhetoric.

President Nixon reacted swiftly to save his program. After hurried meetings with top aides, including Treasury Secretary John Connally and Budget Boss George Shultz, Nixon declared: "I shall not be deterred by the disaffection of a few union leaders who represent only 17% of America's 80 million wage earners." His solution was to continue controls under a rejiggered Pay Board. Instead of a tripartite panel made up of five members each from business, labor and the public, the board will now have five public members and one representative from labor and business. Ironically, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, president of the scandal-scarred Teamsters, who refused to walk out, is for the moment the panel's lone labor spokesman. "Fitz" owes a favor to the President, who commuted former Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa's prison term last year.

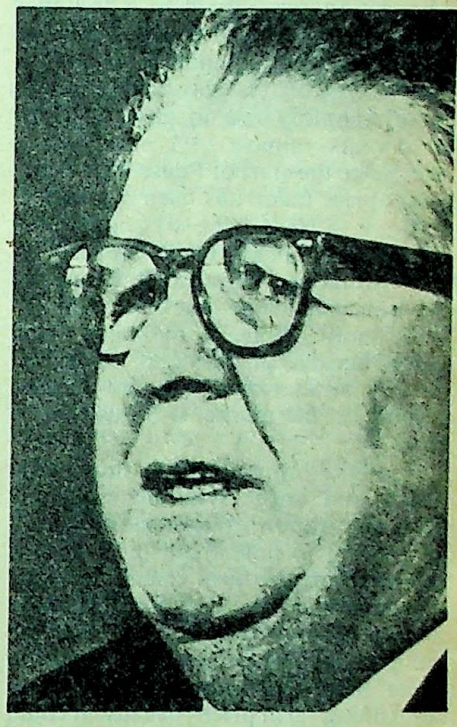
Politics First. Meany's opposition was inspired more by politics than economics. In the upper ranks of the AFL-CIO, the distrust and dislike of Richard Nixon is so intense that, as one Teamster officer says, it verges on "paranoia." Many months ago, Meany demanded wage-price controls while the President was still voicing an almost theological opposition to them. When the President turned around and embraced controls, Meany held out for a tripartite Pay Board with labor representation—and got it. Meany has not attended a board meeting since November, but he has sent his economist Nat Goldfinger, who for quite a while did all he could to block proceedings and sow dissension.

Even so, labor fared fairly well at the hands of the Pay Board. Four important pay cases came before it, and the board gave unions all they wanted in two of them; railroad workers got a 10% raise and soft-coal miners a 15% increase. But the West Coast dock workers were cut down, and the first-year settlement in the ailing aerospace industry was clipped from 12% to 8%. The unionists had their own way in many policy matters, such as lifting the limit on catch-up settlements to 7%.

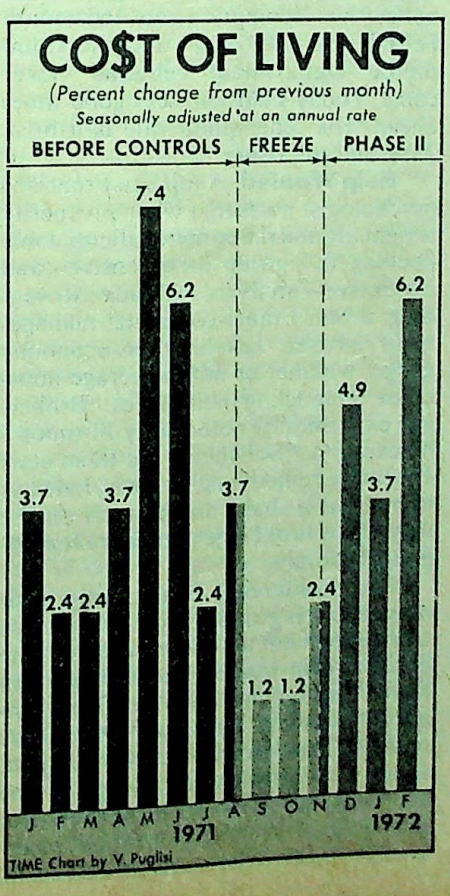
Despite labor's spoiler tactics, the panel made progress, the economy picked up, Nixon's chances for re-election seemed to brighten. Thus Meany's position as a "team member" on the board became untenable. He has made no secret of his earnest desire to block Nixon's re-election. The rejection of the dock settlement was the last best chance to quit in high dudgeon, and Meany took it.

His exit is not likely to affect Pay Board policy; the most difficult hurdles are now behind it. In the past two years, contracts covering about 4.75 million workers came up for renewal. This year the number is 2.8 million, and negotiations are in such noncritical areas as apparel, retail trade and transportation equipment. The major imponderable now is the reaction of Harry Bridges' West Coast dock workers, who have yet to approve or reject the Pay Board settlement. If they thumb it down, a real crisis could follow, and the Administration would have to go to Congress for new strike-restraining legislation to keep the wharves open.

Even Democrats sympathetic to labor's aims are puzzled by Meany's peevish departure. "Labor should be just as interested in price controls, unemployment and the general economic situation as anyone else," notes Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. In



TEAMSTER CHIEF FRANK FITZSIMMONS
A favor for the President.



abandoning the board. Meany and his union supporters now will become readymade scapegoats if the Administration's anti-inflation efforts fail. They have also provided the President with a potent election issue among the growing numbers of voters who view labor's incessant demands for ever higher wages as irresponsible and unfair.

The main focus of attention from now on is likely to be on the Price Commission, which must lead the fight against rising prices. So far, the commission has done well in curbing prices in areas under its control, especially manufactured goods. But utility rates and rents are only loosely controlled. As for food, the most critical item of all, the board can do practically nothing because unprocessed foods are exempt from controls.

Flyaway Food. The importance of putting some kind of rein on food prices is becoming painfully clear. The Labor Department reported that in February consumer prices jumped at an annual rate of some 6%, largely because of the fattest monthly rise in grocery prices in 14 years—almost 23% at an annual rate. Since the start of Phase II, the consumer price index has risen at a rate of 4.9%, *v.* 4.1% in the six months before Nixon imposed the freeze last August. Moreover, Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Herbert Stein expects another bulge in meat costs next month because of shortages. After that, he says, an increasing amount of meat coming on the market will push prices down.

Despite spreading public impatience and anger with flyaway food costs, the Administration has done next to nothing to hold them in check for fear of losing the farm vote. Indeed Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz regularly travels through the farm belt holding out promises of even higher prices to come. Most economists are wary about controlling farm prices because it could lead to shortages and rationing. Yet there are alternatives to price controls. The Administration could increase supplies by 1) loosening meat import quotas, 2) reducing some price supports and 3) releasing Government feed surpluses on the market. A start in that direction could well come out of congressional hearings next month that will look into the reasons for rising food prices. Said President Nixon last week: "If food prices don't start moving down, other action will have to be taken." As politicians are discovering, much of the battle of the ballot this year will be fought on the floor of the supermarket.

Jump in a Month

Largely because of shortages, uncontrolled meat and vegetable prices have been rising for months. In February alone, they really jumped over the moon. A sampling:

	Increase from January	Price in February
Pork chops	13¢ lb.	$1.25
Veal cutlets	8	2.61
Round steak	7	1.51
Sirloin steak	5	1.54
Cucumbers	6	.35
Lettuce	5 head	.42

INDICATORS

Forecasting Self-Taught

Economist W.S. Jevons astounded the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1878 by postulating that ups and downs in the economy were caused by sunspot cycles, which he said governed agricultural cycles. Economic science has advanced notably since then, and forecasters now focus on more down-to-earth indicators—like housing starts, manufacturers' new orders and retail sales (which according to the most recent weekly report ran 11% ahead of a year ago). Yet countless Americans have their personal systems for handicapping the economy. Their idiosyncratic indicators are sometimes as reliable as the official measures.

Take Mickey Feldstein's Foolproof Pawnshop Index. Feldstein keeps a close watch on the percentage of pawned items that are eventually redeemed at his Lincoln Loan Bank & Jewelers in Chicago. In 1966, when the economy was throbbing, Feldstein's redemption rate was 90%. In December of 1970, the Commerce Department's average of twelve leading indicators was pointing up unmistakably, signaling a big rebound in business. Feldstein knew better; his redemption rate the month before was only 60%, and the Commerce Department rebound never came. Today Feldstein sees good times ahead. His redemption rate is a brisk 75% and still rising.

Help Wanted. A top San Francisco psychologist notes that when prosperity is right around the corner, patients come flocking to sign up for intensive—and expensive—analysis. Claude Rosenberg, a San Francisco capital-management adviser, has another economic gauge: whether or not brokerage houses are remodeling their offices. "Brokerage expansion is notoriously ill-timed," he explains. "So when I see them start expensive remodeling projects, I always know that a sharp downturn is on the way." Few brokerage houses are remodeling these days.

The Conference Board, a top business research group, keeps an eagle eye on employment ads in newspapers. The board's help-wanted index has risen from 75 in January 1971 to 85 last January, but is still far below 1967's base of 100. Claims for workmen's compensation are sensitive to swings in the economy, says Donald Seagraves, vice president of American Mutual Insurance Alliance. When a recession sets in, claims drop; inefficient plants—which tend to have high accident rates—are shut down, and employers are under less pressure to throw poorly trained workers on an assembly line just to keep it going. Another bellwether is auto-insurance claims for bodily injury. "During the recession," says Seagraves, "there is a reduction of travel, and accidents decline. Times must be getting better now because auto claims are on the rise again."



ARTHUR SHAY

REDEEMING AT LINCOLN LOAN BANK
The country needs a 50¢ cigar.

Dresses Up. The retail business is sprinkled with sensitive economic barometers. Bernard Galitzki, owner of a Portland, Ore., fabric-store chain watches women's dresses. "In a recession, women buy sportswear or no clothes at all," he says. "A healthy dress business means that women expect their husbands to take them out more." Women's secondhand dress shops provide another indicator. Last autumn the clothes on the racks of some shops were three years old; women were hanging on to their old fashions instead of buying more recent ones—a clear sign of hard times. Lately there has been a turnaround, as women rush to sell old outfits and buy new ones.

To Marvin Canin, president of a Los Angeles pet-supply firm, a leading indicator is the rhinestone-studded poodle collar. Sales of that superfluous item fell as the recession dawned. They are rising now. A Manhattan cigar dealer swears by the 50¢ cigar. When he notices increased demand for more expensive cigars, he knows the economy is in an upturn. A bad sign: lots of orders for cigarillos and pipes. The Cigar Manufacturers Association reports that orders for higher-priced cigars were up a puffy 12% in January over the same month last year.

Optoelectronics Arrives

A pocket-sized electronic calculator that almost instantaneously flashes answers in bright numbers. A tabletop clock that at the press of a button displays with lighted numerals the hour, minute and second in any of the world's 24 time zones. A transistorized depth-finder that tells the Sunday sailor in glowing red numbers exactly how many feet, or fathoms, of water lie under his keel. These futuristic devices, already on the market, are only samples of the dazzling consumer spin-offs from a tough new scientific field called "optoelectronics"—the marriage of modern optics with space-age electronics.

The journal *Physics Today* devotes most of its current issue to optoelectronics, calling it "without doubt one of the fastest-growing areas in physics." The new technology has already produced miniaturized lasers that are no bigger than a grain of sand. It is turning holography (three-dimensional photography) into an exciting new adjunct of diagnostic medicine, civil engineering and computer technology. It has yielded light-detection devices that can virtually see in the dark, and it offers a promising way to help relieve the jam in cable and radio communications by transmitting messages on beams of light. Yet in terms of everyday impact, optoelectronics has had its greatest visibility in the rapidly proliferating consumer devices that use electronics to display numbers, letters and other changing signals.

Such "alphanumeric" displays are not entirely new. Since the 1960s, cathode ray tubes (CRTs) similar to those in home TV sets have been used to perform such varied chores as giving stock information in brokerage offices, confirming reservations at distant hotels, and even showing air traffic patterns over crowded airports. For simpler tasks, such as those performed by electronic meters—where only numbers are needed on display panels—there are smaller and less expensive devices called gas discharge tubes. The Burroughs Corp.'s popular Nixie tube, for example, contains ten overlapping electrodes that form the digits 0 to 9. If current is sent into one of these electrodes, all of which have their own separate connections at the base of the tube, the electrode will light up (reason: the gas surrounding that electrode quickly begins to glow).

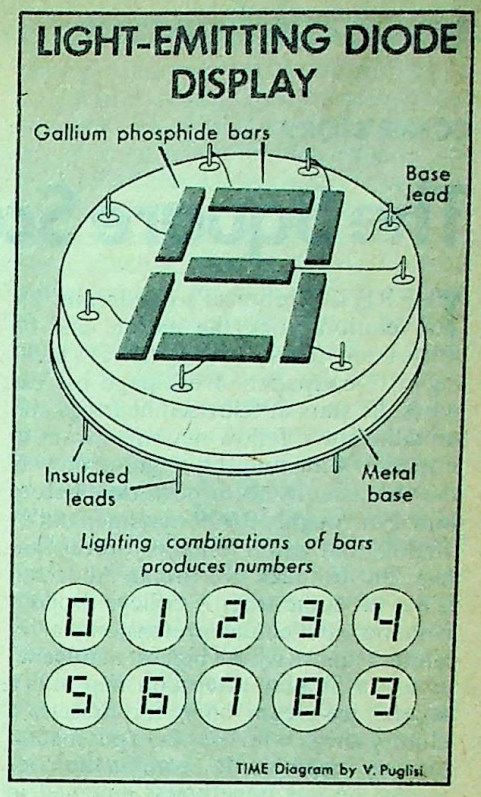
MONSANTO'S EXPERIMENTAL DASHBOARD



Despite their many uses, CRTs and gas-discharge tubes have certain drawbacks. They require considerable electrical power, are sensitive to vibrations and other stresses and cannot readily be miniaturized. These shortcomings are all the more significant in military and space applications. Aboard a rocket ship, for instance, every part must be as compact as possible and also be capable of surviving the shock of sudden acceleration and deceleration. To fill this need, the Pentagon and NASA began to look for other types of electronic display systems.

One Way. The search quickly led to the same technology that produced that tiny workhorse of modern electronics, the transistor, which owes its success to a class of materials called semiconductors. These are crystalline substances that will readily conduct an electric current only if they are contaminated —or, in technical jargon, "doped" —with other substances that give them either a surplus or deficit of electrons. Moreover, if two dissimilar semiconductors are joined together—one with a shortage of negatively charged electrons (known as a P-type because it has a positive charge), the other with an electron abundance (or N-type because it has a negative charge)—an electrical current applied to this junction will flow in only one direction: from the N side to the P side, much the same as the one-way current flow in old-fashioned radio vacuum tubes called diodes. Even more significant, certain semiconductors, notably those made of gallium phosphide and gallium arsenide phosphide, will glow with a bright red light when current is flowing through them.

These remarkable new optoelectrical components are called light-emitting diodes, or LEDs. Often only 1/32 of an inch wide, they have advantages that many of the older optical displays lacked: a longer lifetime (up to 100 years in the opinion of some scientists), very low power consumption (much less than that needed even by a tiny flashlight bulb) and, like the transistor, a high resistance to shock and other abusive treatment. Most important of all, they can be easily assembled into miniature electronic displays that form numbers in a flash.



In a typical LED display, such as those made by RCA, Monsanto or General Electric, each digit is formed of seven separately wired segments on a single base plate (*see diagram*). Reminiscent of matchsticks laid out for a parlor game, the segments are so arranged that they can form any digit from 0 to 9. The trick is to send an electric current into the proper combination of segments to form the required number.

Switching. That may require very complex electronics. A depthfinder, for instance, works by bouncing sound waves off the ocean floor and clocking how long it takes them to return. Thus the intervals between the original signals and their echoes are actually measurements of depth. But before such measurements can be visually displayed, they must first be converted into an electric current with fluctuations that precisely mirror those echo intervals. The reason is that the depthfinder is, in effect, a miniature computer or switching system. Only those circuits linked to the appropriate diode segments will be switched on with each fluctuation of current.

In more sophisticated arrangements, where complicated images like letters are required, there may be a larger number of segments and back-up circuitry of greater complexity. Even so, many scientists are convinced that in the future light-emitting diodes will be increasingly used in everything from wristwatches to auto dashboards. As Dr. Henry Kressel, head of semiconductor device research at RCA, puts it: "The LED's day has come."

COVER STORY

The Square Scourge of Washington

THERE is a reporter's daydream: his revelations rock the nation, and he shifts from merely writing news to making it. Newspapers front-page his exposés, he stars at televised hearings and on talk shows, fellow newsmen want to interview him, and the reigning powers that he assaults seem powerless before him. For roughly 9,999 newsmen out of 10,000, that vision remains forever fantasy, but for Jack Northman Anderson it has all come true. A college dropout with no intellectual pretensions, a relentless square whose biggest indulgences are a Sunday-afternoon nap and a second ice-cream cone for dessert, a clumsy writer who has yet to put together any memorable combination of words, he has nonetheless emerged in the past dozen weeks as the pre-eminent scourge of Washington. Security precautions in many offices are being tightened because no one knows where he will strike next. Nationwide, he is a household name. Now the most celebrated practitioner of the muckraking tradition, Anderson has conquered the shadow of his late employer and friend, Drew Pearson.

Anderson startled and embarrassed the Administration when he published secret papers showing a strong anti-Indian bias in Washington's handling of the India-Pakistan war. While hardly of the same magnitude, his story about Ambassador Arthur Watson getting drunk on a commercial airliner also produced red faces—and no denials. That was only a pinprick compared with his ITT charge. Anderson reported that the Justice Department settled an antitrust suit against ITT, on terms relatively favorable to the firm, at about the same time that ITT promised a contribution to help pay for the Republican Convention.

Chumminess. That accusation has endangered the confirmation of Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General, discomfited both the White House and the largest of all multinational conglomerates and set off a major Senate investigation. At the end of last week seven Senators flew to Denver to question the ailing Mrs. Dita Beard in her hospital room about the controversial memo* ostensibly written by her.

The case remains far from settled. No wrongdoing has yet been conclusively proved; indeed, hardly anyone seriously thinks that ITT tried to buy off the Justice Department, or that it could have. What is being widely suggested is a Washington atmosphere of moneyed chumminess, of convenient convergence of interests between certain businesses and Government.

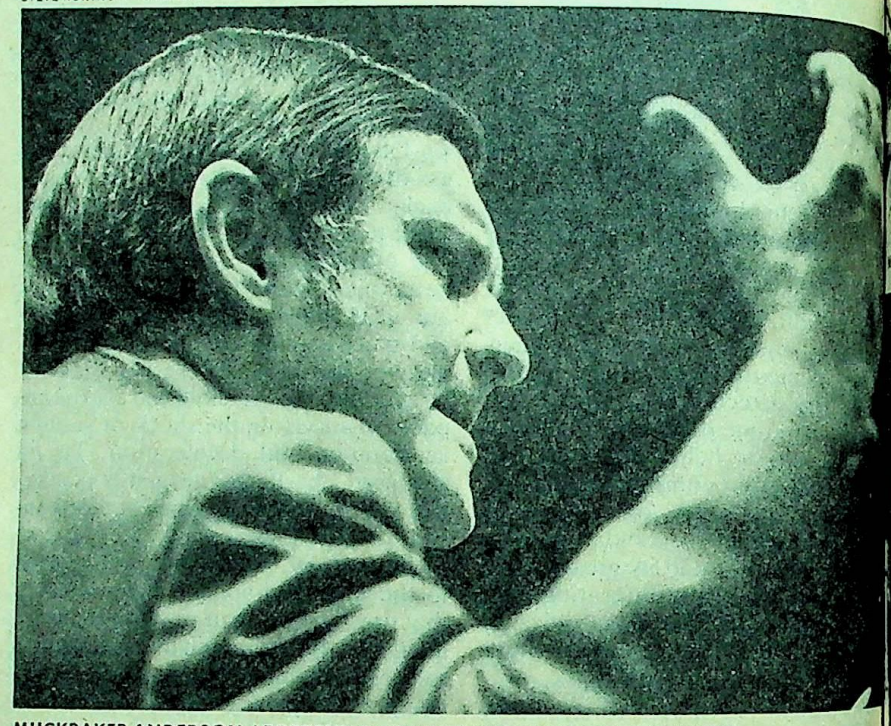
Meanwhile, Anderson returned to the attack. Last week he flaunted a sheaf of stolen ITT documents. On the basis of these, he charges that some ITT staffers and U.S. Government personnel plotted to prevent Salvador Allende, a Marxist, from taking office as President of Chile (*see box, page 26*).

This indictment too is already having wide impact. Even if the story is only partly true, it confirms the ugly suspicions in Latin America about a modern version of gunboat diplomacy, and about the Nixon Administration's intimacy with those old villains, *Yanqui* business and the "vested interests." ITT, meanwhile, is worried about the safety of its personnel in Latin America, where radicals like to take symbolic hostages.

The conglomerate is also anxious about further disclosures; Anderson has more documents as yet unreleased. Though ITT has destroyed some of its files and hired the international investigative agency Intertel to look into the leakage, the culprit is still unknown. It has to be someone with news sense and access to tightly held material. One theory: "A goddam angry secretary."

It is a plausible idea. Anderson often does get tips from disgruntled secretaries and clerks, as well as from newspaper reporters whom he sometimes pays. He also has a network of regular informants among Senate aides, sub-Cabinet officials and Civil Service careerists in every important branch of Government. He has received documents from the White House, CIA, Pentagon, State Department and, on one occasion, part of a message to TIME from its Boston bureau. With three full-time legmen, Anderson rigorously follows up leads. He then divides the results into seven chapters a week of scandal and assorted disclosures for his column "The Washington Merry-Go-Round."

STEVE NORTHUP—CAMERA 5

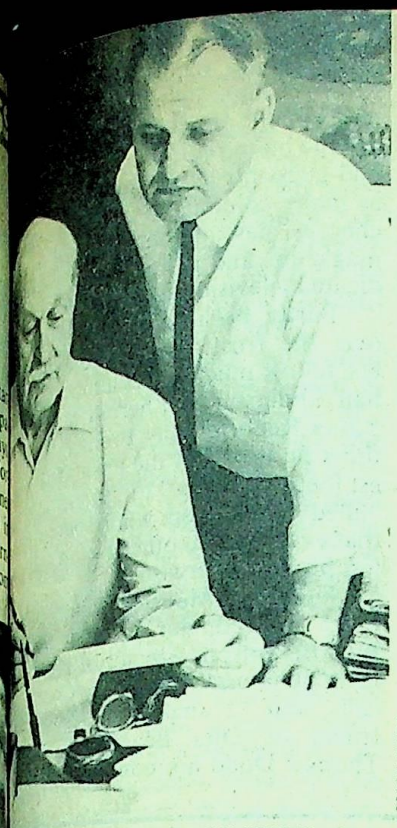


MUCKRAKER ANDERSON ADDRESSING COLLEGE STUDENTS IN PHILADELPHIA

The column is a mishmash with an uneven history. After Pearson's death in 1969, the heir suffered dry periods in which his output was only so-so. Now even Jack Anderson can find an interesting piece of skulduggery every day. So he relates, in tones of breathless outrage, such gossip as a 1970 bit about the then mayor of Tucson, James Corbett Jr., allegedly barging uninvited into a young woman's Washington hotel room and biting her knee (Corbett lost the subsequent election). Anderson also deplores the drinking habits of Capitol Hill (he is an abstemious Mormon) and waxes indignant when public servants do not pay their own hotel bills.

These marginalia dovetail with Anderson's more important work. A whole vein of moralism runs through much

*An FBI test of the document indicated that it was typed about the time it was dated—last June 25. While not conclusive, the FBI finding supports Anderson's story rather than the theory that the memo was actually written later. ITT, however, insists that chemical analysis indicates the memo was "probably" typed early this year.



JON R WOODS

WITH MENTOR DREW PEARSON IN 1965

forbidding Government secrecy that allows officials to mislead the public. "The framers of the Constitution did not intend that," he maintains.

To the argument that an Administration needs a great deal of privacy to conduct its business properly, he says yes, "but not to pursue a course in private that is counter to public pronouncements." Some secrets remain sacrosanct to him. He would not print information about weapons technology, for instance, or deployment of forces in time of war. Once, he says, he withheld material at the specific request of CIA Director Richard Helms.

But these concessions are unusual. Anderson and his legmen have a certain disdain for conventional journalistic standards, believing that most large news organizations are too timid and too respectful of those in authority. Les Whitten, 44, the senior of the assistants, points out cheerfully that "the Xerox has done more for freedom of information than any law that could ever be concocted." As long as there are people willing—for whatever motive—to

WALTER BENNETT



TESTIFYING WITH LEGMAN BRIT HUME AT SENATE HEARING ON ITT CASE

How to act out the reporter's fantasy.

Such relationships are inevitable for a variety of reasons, including regulatory procedures and the realities of political fund raising. Businessmen, like all citizens, obviously have the right to plead their cases in Washington and seek to influence Government decisions. However, the fact that affluence is usually influence cannot be denied. Nor is there much doubt that powerful private interests are often willing to spend their way to favorable decisions. Therefore investigative reporting—a term considered by Anderson to be "too high-toned" for his own work—is an invaluable antidote to corruption. It is also a practice with a proud if erratic history.

Sense of Unease. Muckraking seems to be a cyclical phenomenon. Its classic period came between 1902 and 1912, when Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell and Upton Sinclair exposed civic corruption and business chicanery. It diminished in the 1920s, revived briefly during the Depression, and then went into eclipse again during the long period of post-World War II prosperity and contentment. In recent years, however, confidence and complacency have been shaken by the Viet Nam War, explosive social and racial tensions and the youth revolt. All these have bred a deep unease and an anti-Establishment mood in which the nation's institutions are undergoing tough scrutiny.

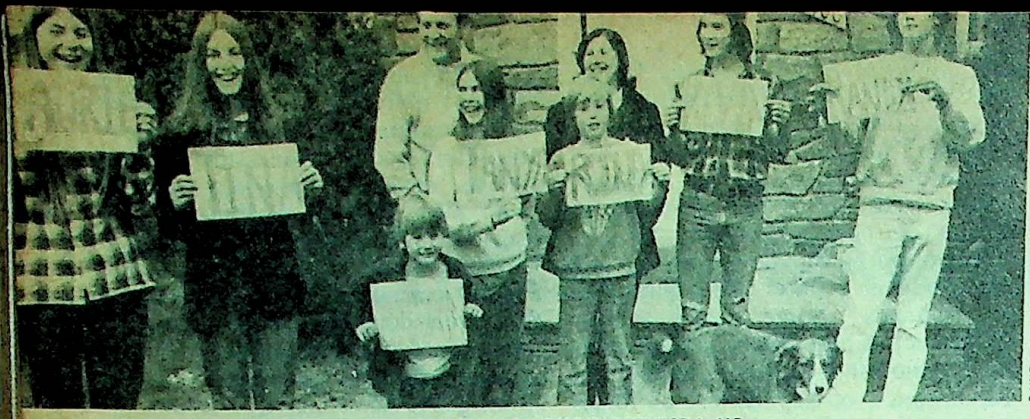
More newspapers and magazines are assigning individual reporters, or groups of them, to work full-time searching for exposés. Some notable scoops have resulted. LIFE, for instance, revealed connections between Abe Fortas and Financier Louis Wolfson, who was later imprisoned, that eventually forced Fortas to resign from the Supreme Court. A team working for the Long Island paper *Newsday* counts 21 indictments, seven convictions and 30 resignations of public officials and businessmen as a result of its stories. Other journalistic sleuths have won national recognition for local digging; in the past four years, exposés of harbor-commission bribery (George Reasons of the Los Angeles *Times*) and of shoddy practices by private ambulance services (William Jones of the Chicago *Tribune*) have earned Pulitzer Prizes. On a broader level, probing writers have shed light on what have become national issues. For example, Social Critic Michael Harrington and Reporter Robert Sherrill, in the 1960s, drew attention to the continued existence of widespread hunger and even starvation in the U.S., popular myth to the contrary. New Left publications like *Ramparts* wage a kind of holy war on authority generally, though they are often inaccurate. Skeptics like Jack Newfield and David Halberstam have savaged public policies and the reputations of those who make them.

For all that, many investigative reporters, particularly those on newspapers, do not exactly feel that they are riding the wave of the future. Their

if his writing and his suddenly prominent persona. Though congenial and even gentle off the job, he adopts an almost snarling style in his frequent speechmaking and conveys rigid righteousness on paper. In his own mind he is a man with a mission; its imperatives are not to be denied. He calls himself a watchdog on government" and says that he was "brought up with a sense of duty and a sense of outrage." He insists that the drinking or leching capers of public men do not offend him "until they affect the public business."

Divine Charter. As for using stolen documents, Anderson has no scruples, except that he and his staff do not do the filching themselves. He says that he believes the Constitution to be divinely inspired—an idea he derives from Mormon theology—and he interprets it as break security, Anderson & Co. are willing to consider the offerings.

How else, Anderson argues, can there be an effective check on the probity of government? Brit Hume, 28, another of his staff members, charges that most political reporters ask the wrong questions. "Who's paying?" he demands to know. "Who's behind the candidate? Who's *really* winning?" This is another strong tenet in the Anderson credo —one that unites him both philosophically and tactically with Ralph Nader, with whom he shares material and mutual admiration. They are both obsessed by the influence of private power and big money on public men and public policy. Almost by reflex, Anderson seems to smell danger in the contacts between Government officials and private industry.



STEVE NORTHUP—CAMERA 5

ANDERSON & WIFE LIVVY WITH CHILDREN AT HOME IN BETHESDA, MD.
Some Mormons choke when they call him "Brother."

work takes weeks and sometimes months of interviewing and perusal of piles of documents, all too often with no results. Many false trails must be explored for every one that leads to a genuine story. Not many publishers feel that they can afford the investment, to say nothing of the risk of libel suits. Investigative reporters complain that the press on the whole prefers to report the activities of a Ralph Nader rather than dig up the facts itself.

Though obviously a creature of the muckraking philosophy, Anderson is in a class by himself. Unlike the ideologues who write for small or specialized publications, he has a mass audience; 746 newspapers now buy his column, an increase of more than 100 since Pearson's last days and a gain of 46 just since early January. Unlike the reporters who work for large individual magazines or newspapers, he controls his own budget and has no editor or publisher to second-guess his judgment. He can devote as many columns to one subject as he chooses, has another outlet in *Parade* magazine, and is now doing brief syndicated television spots.

Partly because he has triumphed over the frustrations suffered by other muckrakers almost to a man, fellow muckrakers almost to a man hail Anderson as a hero. Chicago *Sun-Times* Reporter Ray Brennan rasps: "I think he is one of the absolutely greatest there ever was." I.F. Stone finds him "filled with a good, wholesome attitude that every public official is an s.o.b. unless proved otherwise."

Positive Menace. Anderson is much less popular in other quarters. Buel Berentson, director of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, calls him "a snake." Berentson is a friend of Dita Beard's. Friends of Thomas Dodd are convinced that An-

Meanwhile, Down in Chile . . .

LAST week's Anderson revelations were an exposé fancier's delight: big business pressure on the Administration combined with foreign intrigue. The columnist published two articles and gave fellow newsmen 80 pages of confidential documents said to be from ITT files. The material portrays ITT staff members as working desperately to prevent President-elect Salvador Allende of Chile from taking office in 1970. If taken at face value—a considerable if—the memoranda also indicate a degree of cooperation from some U.S. officials and a sympathetic Richard Nixon.

Both the State Department and ITT denied any attempt to keep Allende out of office. Neither, however, challenged the authenticity of the documents. Certainly the company had a motive for wishing the Marxist Allende gone: it has communications and hotel interests in Chile. Anderson charged that ITT was willing to spend millions to block Allende and even considered fomenting a coup.

The hope of the anti-Allende forces was explained in a memo said to have been sent to Robert Berrellez by Harold Hendrix, former newsmen who became public relations officials for ITT. The suggestion was that "massive unemployment and unrest might produce enough violence to force the military to move."

The economic pressure that could be applied was outlined in a note from ITT Senior Vice President Edward J. Gerrity Jr. to Chairman Harold S. Geneen, although Gerrity cautioned that "I do not necessarily agree" with the tactics. They included: "1) Banks should not renew credits or should delay in doing so. 2) Companies should drag their feet in sending money, in making deliveries, in shipping spare parts, etc. 3) Savings and loan companies there are in trouble. If pressure were applied, they would have to shut their doors." The document then mentions that a "visitor," whom Anderson identifies as William V. Broe of the CIA, had said that money was no problem.

■

According to the papers, some preliminary steps to encourage a coup were actually taken, though it was not clear by whom. One paper has ITT Vice President William Merriam advising ITT Director John McCone, who once headed the CIA: "Today I had lunch with our contact at the McLean agency [Anderson translates this as the CIA, whose headquarters are at McLean, Va.], and I summarize for you the results of our conversation. Approaches continue to be made to select members of the Armed Forces in an attempt to have them lead some sort of uprising—no success to date."

A memo bearing Hendrix's name is more specific: "It is a fact that word was passed to Viaux [former Chilean Brigadier General Roberto Viaux, a political foe of Allende] from Washington to hold back last week. It was felt that he was not adequately prepared, his timing was off, and he should cool it for a later unspecified date."

The material depicts President Nixon as determined to move to stop Allende. A paper dated Sept. 17, 1970, carrying the names of Hendrix and Berrellez, says: "Late Tuesday night Ambassador Edward Korry finally received a message from the State Department giving him the green light to move in the name of President Nixon. The message gave him maximum authority to do all possible—short of a Dominican Republic-type action—to keep Allende from taking power." Korry, then the U.S. ambassador in Santiago, is described in another memo as "a male Martha Mitchell" who often made undiplomatic remarks to newsmen. ITT's contacts with the White House allegedly included a telephone call from ITT's J.D. Neal to Henry Kissinger's office. In it, a Kissinger aide was told that "Mr. Geneen is willing to come to Washington to discuss ITT's interest and that we are prepared to assist financially in sums up to seven figures."

■

If there was an ITT-CIA plot, as Anderson claims, it failed to produce a coup. The head of Chile's army, René Schneider, was assassinated, and Viaux was imprisoned for taking part in the murder conspiracy. This killing could have been an attempt to incite a military uprising; there has been no evidence whatever that the U.S. was involved, or would have wanted to be, in so crude and brutal an enterprise. Once in power, Allende quickly took control of ITT's telephone company, though other ITT enterprises remained independent. Given big play in the Chilean press, the Anderson story has been a boon to Allende as he faces rising protests about economic conditions. Last week pro-government demonstrators in Santiago cited the Anderson charges in assailing "North American imperialists."

The company argued last week that it "has been, and continues to be, a good corporate citizen in Chile." The State Department refused to comment on details of the revelations but declared that "any ideas of thwarting the Chilean constitutional process following and before the election of 1970 were firmly rejected by this Administration." That hardly clears the air. A Senate investigation voted last week by William Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee may do better.

...son's revelations drove the Senator ...an early grave. He also has made ...overnment operations more difficult ...publishing records of private policy ...is—a complaint heard not only with... the Nixon Administration but on Em... Row. "This fellow is a positive ...enace," says one West German dip... "How can you run a Govern... ...ent with such people around?"

Jerry Friedheim, chief spokesman ...the Pentagon, condemns Anderson ..."too sensational and too superficial." ...me Washington reporters share this ...eling. Occasionally, they say, Ander... ...n will run with a fragment of a story ...t other newsmen then treat as a tip ...be developed. The propriety of us... ...g stolen documents also troubles a ...mber of his colleagues who cannot ...themselves of the feeling that there ...something dirty about it. Some crit... further say privately that Anderson ...information with a tacit under... ...nding that he will then leave the in... ...rmant alone. Anderson admits that he ...metimes uses this technique on an un... ...ring to pry out damaging facts about ...bigger fish. He compares it to the ...nting of immunity to a grand jury ...ness. "Why not?" he asks. "The Jus... ...e Department does it."

He is accused of browbeating reluc... ...t sources and playing rough with ...ple who threaten to bring libel ac... ...n. Anderson admits to making it as ...ainful as we possibly can" for an ad... ...sary, but denies that he ever even im... ...es an attack in print to ward off lit... ...ation. "We have never used the ...lumn for blackmail," he says. Nor has ...libel suit against him ever been suc... ...sful. Only two have even been filed ...the 2½ years that Anderson has been ...ning the column; Anderson won one ...d the other is still pending.

Planted Agent. His *modus operan...* ...is subject to almost as much gossip ...s the people in his columns are. While ...ll a legman for Pearson, he was once ...ught with a Senate investigator who ...as bugging the hotel room of Bernard ...oldfine, the businessman whose gifts ...a vicuña coat and other items brought ...wn Sherman Adams. Anderson in... ...s that he was only a reporter sniff... ...g around where the action was. He ...mself, he says, has never resorted to ...retapping or to bugging, but he has, ...n rare occasions, used a plant. While ...probing influence peddling in the office ...f then House Speaker John W. Mc... ...rmack, Anderson had a young man ...get a job there. That ploy produced ...much useful information.

As his fame has spread, Anderson ...as needed such methods less and less. ...He gets much of his news from reg... ...arly calling longtime contacts, the rest ...arrives unsolicited in a deluge of mailed ...or telephoned tips: "Everybody with a ...real beef and a handful of memos now ...knows where to take them," remarks ...one Washington reporter. Leads are di... ...ided among Anderson, Whitten, Hume ...and Joe Spear, 31, the other member of the quartet. Anderson works chiefly with his established sources in government, turning over most of the over-the-transom tips to the younger men for investigation. Admirers and detractors alike agree that the team is usually scrupulous about at least calling anybody it is going to write about before publishing anything. The column now has a far better reputation for accuracy than it did in Pearson's time, despite its occasional lapses (*see box, page 28*).

Noble Commitment. Most routine work is done by phone, of course, but the big stories require more attention. One of the memorable recent checks occurred on Feb. 23. On that morning, Brit Hume walked into the second-floor reception room of ITT's Washington headquarters and asked to see Dita Beard. He, Mrs. Beard, Public Relations Man Jack Horner and Bernard Goodrich of ITT's Washington staff sat down around a conference table. Hume produced the memo mentioning the "noble commitment" of ITT to contribute to the G.O.P. convention.

The three ITT people studied the memo with horror, and Beard uttered a few four-letter words. But she did not then call the document a fraud, as she was to do weeks later. In fact, she told Hume "that's my little *d*." Hume obligingly offered to let the ITT people copy the memo, which they did on a machine outside the conference room. Hume then tried to question Beard about the memo, but got nowhere because Goodrich kept signaling her to silence by nudging her under the table with his foot. So Hume left, taking the original memo with him. Beard was furious, insisting later to her colleagues that, alone, "I could have handled him." Six days later the memo was quoted in Anderson's column. Anderson revealed last week that he had arranged a lie-detector test for Hume about his meeting with Beard, and Hume had passed.

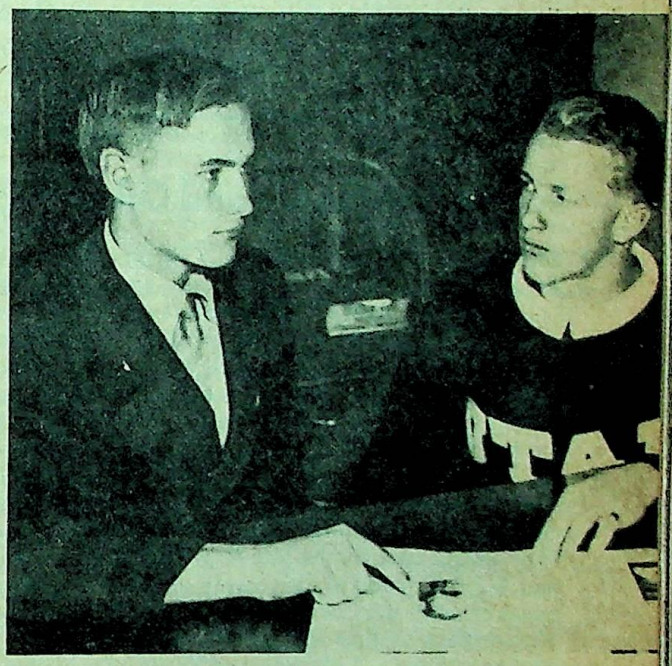
When Anderson himself checks out a tip, he meets sources at their homes or in out-of-the-way restaurants or "crowded places"—rarely in his own home. He thinks it is now under surveillance, perhaps by Intertel, perhaps by the Government. Neighbors have noticed a car with two men sitting in it parked in the cul-de-sac. The pair just seems to be enjoying the scenery.

A peek inside the large stone-and-frame house might confuse any sleuth. A kind of cheerful chaos reigns. Anderson likes to do much of his writing and phoning at home, despite the presence of many of his nine children (ages four to 20) and neighborhood kids who wander in. It is more than a little mind boggling to watch the feared crusader, dressed in pajamas and loafers, talking to a Pentagon source on the phone and trying to soothe a young son who is crying, "Daddy, she hit me!"

Anderson and his wife Olivia ("Livvy") are big on togetherness. Aside from running the household, she is on his payroll at $15,000 a year as a bookkeeper. They watch TV and go to an occasional movie and are decidedly unfashionable. Pearson lived in Georgetown, the Andersons are in Bethesda, Md. Although Pearson was heartily disliked by many in Washington, he was a sought-after catch for the more important hostesses. The Andersons are on no one's In guest list and candidly do not care. Anderson will never be modish, though now, at 49, he dresses spiffily and even tints his graying sideburns (his television producer wants it that way).

The columnist is not even a member of Washington's tight Mormon inner circle, though he attends services regularly and serves as "a home teacher," visiting Mormon families regularly for counseling and prayer. He is a bit too liberal and splashy for Mormon leaders like Senator Wallace F. Bennett and Hotelman J. Willard Marriott. Church etiquette requires that he be called "Brother Anderson," but some of the brethren choke on the words.

All that is somehow fitting. A man with Anderson's kind of mission should be a loner vis-à-vis all sorts of authority. The church—and Pearson—are probably the only yokes he has willingly borne since he left home. He grew up in Salt Lake City, the son of a postal worker; his mother once drove a taxicab to subsidize young Jack's missionary travels for the church. At the age of twelve he was a newspaper employee, reporting on Boy Scout affairs, and in high school he was student-body president. Once he tried to do an exposé on the remains of Mormon polygamy; when church authorities learned of it,



ANDERSON (LEFT) AS TEEN-AGE REPORTER
Invaluable antidote to corruption.

Anderson was summoned to go on a mission. During the war Anderson shipped out with the Merchant Marine, then got accreditation as a correspondent. That led him to Communist-guerrilla country in China, but no newspaper was interested in his stories.

At the age of 24, Anderson walked unannounced into Drew Pearson's Washington office. For the next 22 years he was Pearson's low-paid (never more than $14,000 a year) legman and for a while was anonymous as well. In 1957 he threatened to quit; Pearson held him by promising more bylines and eventual inheritance of the column.

On taking over the "Merry-Go-Round" in September 1969, Anderson set out to make it strictly investigative and, much as the idea might shock his victims, impartial. Though he tries to avoid criticizing his mentor, he says: "With Drew, the column was more of a personal vehicle. Some of Drew's columns were simply to expound his own philosophy." Pearson conducted what looked like personal vendettas—against Richard Nixon, Lewis Strauss, Joe McCarthy, L. Mendel Rivers. He also had a reputation for going easy on friends, notably Lyndon Johnson, who sometimes sought his advice by telephone.

Surprise Plug. Anderson, by contrast, rarely pleads for any specific cause, and lambastes almost everybody: Republicans and Democrats, Congressmen and Administration officials, diplomats and business executives, Edward Kennedy and J. Edgar Hoover. Some Republicans believe that Democrat Anderson hits harder at them, but that is probably because they currently are in office. Few people except Nader appear in Anderson's column in a favorable light, and some of those who do are surprising. His infrequent pieces on President Nixon have occasionally been sympathetic, and in a 1970 column he gave a plug to the anti-pornography campaign of, believe it or not, Senator Dodd.

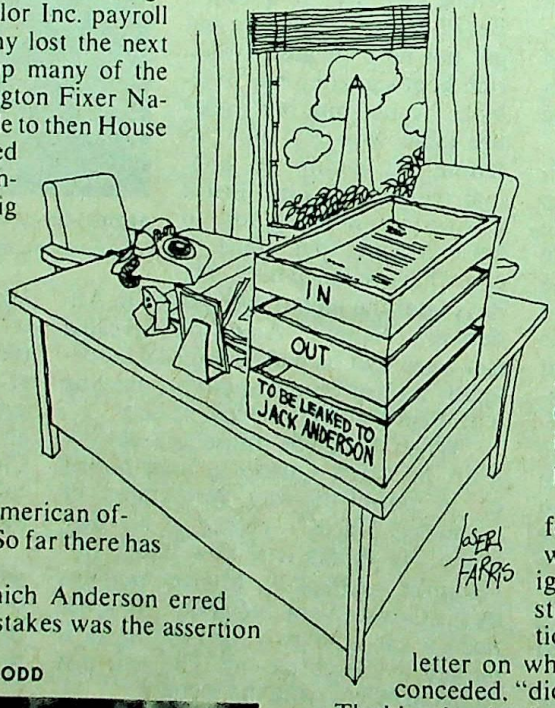
Muckraking has not made Anderson rich. The column last year grossed $236,000, of which the United Feature Syndicate got half. Anderson's share went in office costs, salaries ($22,0 to Whitten, $14,000 to Hume, $11,5 to Spear) and other expenses. And son's main income comes from out activities: $21,650 last year fr speechmaking, $10,000 from *Par* varying sums from writing and cons ing jobs and small investments.

More difficult to calculate is his re influence. No laws have been passed policies changed because of his c umns. But a number of former inc bents are now retired because of h and he has spread a not unhealthy a prehension throughout Washingto "He keeps a lot of people honest," sa one Navy officer. "I do not know ho many tricky decisions I have sat in and heard someone say: 'And how you think that will look in a Jack A derson column next week?' " It is a s bering thought. Had it occurred in t right minds at the right times, it mig have saved some Justice Departme trustbusters, ITT executives and ma others a lot of trouble.

Scoops On Target and Off

THOUGH the jury is still out on the ITT case, verdicts have already come in on many Jack Anderson scoops. The record is impressive, despite a few serious lapses.

It was Anderson, while still working under Drew Pearson, who in 1966 exposed the misuse of campaign funds by Senator Thomas Dodd; the Connecticut Democrat was then censured by the Senate and defeated by the voters. Anderson was the first to report that California Republican George Murphy remained on the Technicolor Inc. payroll while serving in the Senate; Murphy lost the next election. The columnist also dug up many of the facts in the case of the late Washington Fixer Nathan Voloshen and Martin Sweig, aide to then House Speaker John McCormack, who used McCormack's office for profitable influence peddling. Voloshen and Sweig were convicted of perjury. More recently Anderson branded Pennsylvania Congressman J. Irving Whalley a "back-country Bobby Baker," accusing the seven-term Republican of taking kickbacks and padding his payroll. Whalley has announced that he will not seek reelection. Anderson does not confine his muckraking to Capitol Hill. Two weeks ago he implicated top Latin American officials in a heroin smuggling scheme. So far there has been no convincing rebuttal.



Perhaps the biggest story on which Anderson erred was Chappaquiddick. Among his mistakes was the assertion that both John and Edward Kennedy had often visited the land. In fact, J.F.K. had never been to Chappaquiddick, and the day of the fatal accident was the first time Edward Kennedy had visited it.

Actually, most Anderson boners have occurred in relatively minor stories—though that is little consolation to the victims. A year ago, predicting "a sex scandal that will rock Britain," he implicated two members of the royal family and hinted that photographic proof of hanky-panky existed. No such story has come out. He accused the Pentagon of trying to cover up Admiral Thomas Moorer's visit to Spain last year. In fact, the Pentagon had announced the trip two weeks in advance. With another shot from the hip, he implied that New York Senator James Buckley was seeking a seat on the Interior Committee in order to protect his family's limestone and oil holdings, some of which came under federal jurisdiction.

In his retraction, Anderson wrote: "We have now had an opportunity to visit with the Conservative Senator, who has completely convinced us that he sought the Interior Committee assignment because of his interest in ecology, not his interest in profit."

Anderson also apologized in print for a column published last year in which he accused President Nixon of ignoring B'nai B'rith appeals for a strong U.S. stand against the persecution of Soviet Jews. The White House letter on which the charge was based, Anderson conceded, "did not represent the President's views."

The blunder that has haunted Anderson the most involved another marginal story. Shortly before Donald Rumsfeld left the Office of Economic Opportunity to become a Nixon adviser, Anderson obtained blueprints for a lavish renovation of the OEO chief's private office. Assured by his source that the work had been completed, Anderson ran a column accusing Rumsfeld of frittering away tax dollars while the poor languished. Actually, no alteration had been started. Admits Anderson: "I had the poverty czar living in luxury. It was a terrible error—the worst mistake I ever made."

SWEIG RUMSFELD DODD

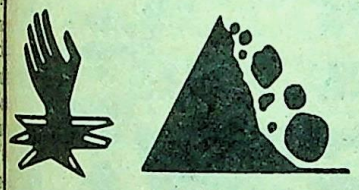


Sign Language

Man has long dreamed of an international language, but attempts to produce one have always failed, probably because no country wants to abandon its traditional tongue. Now a new means of international expression is beginning to catch on, one that carries no threat of national pride: the silent, visible language of graphic symbols. To spread the word about these substitutes for words, Industrial Designer Henry Dreyfuss has just compiled a *Symbol Sourcebook* (McGraw-Hill, $28.50) of 8,000 universally comprehensible signs.

Dreyfuss is both a serious student of semiotics, the science of signs, and a passionate crusader who believes that symbols can help break down the cultural barriers raised by the world's 5,800 languages and dialects. He believes, too, that signs are more efficient than words because they take up less space and that they promote safety because their meaning can be comprehended more quickly.

Who, for example, can fail to understand such representational symbols as these widely used warnings against



thin ice and falling rocks? But the *Sourcebook* also includes such arbitrary signs as plus and minus in mathematics and the clefs in music. These require preliminary explanations, Dreyfuss observes, but "you can play Beethoven in any language once you've learned the symbolic notes."

Packages can be shipped—and protected—in any language, too. These symbols instruct shippers and cargo handlers to "keep frozen" and "keep



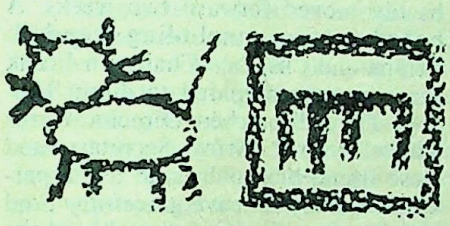
dry." Equally clear are labels that depict a broken goblet ("fragile"), a crossed-out hook ("use no hooks") and a package separated from the sun by a heavy diagonal line ("protect from heat").

People as well as packages can travel without knowing any of the conventional languages. For instance, a foreigner in certain air and rail terminals can locate an information desk or a pickup point for lost children, if he



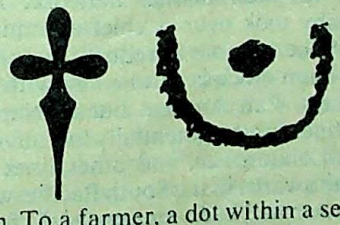
looks around for these signs. "I got off the plane in Moscow some years ago," Dreyfuss remembers, "and I was able to find my way to my baggage, customs, the bank at the airport, a taxi and the hotel, and I don't speak a word of Russian—all by symbols."

That experience would not have seemed at all remarkable to members of the international fraternity of hobos, who have worked out 40 or 50 graphic hints that they chalk up on fences or walls to guide those who come after them. The cat, for example, conveys the welcome news that a "kind lady lives



here," while the canine image warns of a "vicious dog here." Other signs are a cross ("religious talk gets free meal"), two intersecting circles ("police here frown on hobos"), two wavy lines supported by a pillar and sheltering a small circle ("you can sleep in hayloft") and an indescribable squiggle that translates "food here if you work."

Not all widely used symbols are as unequivocal as the hobo markings, however. Some, like the dagger, have multiple meanings. In publishing, the dagger signals a footnote; in biology, it means "obscure species" or "incorrect citation," and in medicine, it symbolizes



death. To a farmer, a dot within a semicircle signifies a drinking trough, while to a meteorologist, it means rain that does not reach the earth.

But there is no mistaking the headlight or windshield-wiper symbols on the control knobs of some automobiles. Other similarly unmistakable symbols have begun to replace lettered instructions on machinery, enabling illiterate farm laborers to raise their standard of living by becoming machine operators. That, Dreyfuss points out, is just one example of the potential of universal symbols in a world that has 800 million illiterates.

On a volume of 84,219,010 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 59.86, off .22 for the week ending March 24. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 942.28, down .60; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 107.52, down .40. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Net Change
Allied Chem	31	27¾	31	+1⅝
Alum Co Am	53¼	50⅛	50¾	−2¼
Am Airlines	47	42¼	45⅞	+1⅝
Am Brands	44⅞	44⅛	44⅝	+ ¼
Am Can	33¾	33	33	− ½
Am Motors	7¼	6⅝	6⅞	− ¼
AT&T	44⅝	43⅛	43¼	−1
Anac Cop	19¼	18¼	19⅛	+ ¼
Avon Prod	119	112⅞	118½	None
Beth Steel	33⅜	31⅞	32⅝	None
Boeing	23½	20⅝	23	+ ¾
Burling Ind	38¼	37¼	37⅝	+ ¼
Burroughs	169⅞	163⅛	163½	−5¼
Cater Trac	53¾	52⅞	53	− ¼
Chrysler	33⅞	31¾	32	−1⅛
Clark Equip	55⅜	52½	54	− ⅝
Con Data	60½	55½	59¼	+1½
Corn Gl Wks	229¾	218¾	221½	−8
Dow Chem	86	84	85	+ ¼
DuPont	171	165⅝	170	+ ⅞
East Airlines	25¾	22⅝	25	+ ¾
East Kodak	119⅜	114⅛	118⅝	+5⅜
El Paso N G	18½	18⅛	18⅜	− ⅜
Ford Motor	74¾	73	74¼	+ ⅛
Gen Dynam	27	24⅞	26¼	− ⅝
Gen Elec	64⅞	62⅞	64⅜	+ ¾
Gen Foods	30¼	29½	29¾	− ¼
Gen Motors	84⅛	82½	82⅞	− ⅛
Gen Tel & El	31	30⅛	30½	− ⅝
Ga Pacific	47⅞	45⅞	46¼	− ¾
Goodyear	31¼	30⅜	30¾	− ¼
Great A & P	20¾	20	20⅛	+ ¼
Greyhound	20¼	19½	19¾	− ¼
Gulf Oil	26⅝	25¼	26	− ⅜
IBM	384	373	382¾	+5¾
Int Harv	30½	28¼	28¼	−1¾
Int Nickel	34⅜	33	33⅞	− ½
Int Paper	36⅛	34⅝	36	+ ⅝
Int Tel & Tel	59¼	56⅞	57⅞	− ¼
Johns Man	39⅛	38	38⅛	− ⅞
Kraftco	45	43½	44⅜	+ ⅜
Kresge SS	114¼	107	108½	−3
LTV	12⅜	11	11¾	− ⅝
Litton	19⅛	18⅛	18½	− ½
Lockheed	13¾	12⅜	13½	− ¼
McD Doug	45⅛	41⅝	44⅞	+1⅛
Merck Co	141	138¼	139	+1¼
3M	149⅝	144⅞	148⅝	+1¼
Mobil Oil	52⅝	50⅝	52¼	None
Nat Cash Reg	33⅞	31½	33	− ½
N Am Rock	34⅛	33⅛	33⅝	− ⅜
Occid Pet	12⅛	11⅜	11½	− ⅝
Owens Ill	50¾	49⅛	50⅜	+ ⅝
Pac Gas & El	30⅞	29⅜	29½	− ¾
Pan Am	14⅝	13⅛	14¼	+ ½
Penn Cen	5	4¾	5	None
Penney J C	76⅜	73¼	74¾	−1
Philip Morris	80⅜	76¾	79⅞	+2½
Polaroid	123¼	114¼	120½	+3
Proc Gam	88⅛	83¾	87¾	+4¼
RCA	41¼	39¼	39¼	−1¾
Reynolds Ind	74½	70¾	72¾	− ¼
Sears Roe	113⅜	109⅝	112⅞	+1
Shell Oil	48⅜	45⅝	46¾	−1½
Sou Cal Ed	27½	26½	27⅛	− ¼
Std Oil Cal	59½	57⅝	57⅝	−1⅝
Std Oil N J	73⅞	71½	71¾	−2⅛
Swift Co	35⅜	33	33⅜	−1⅞
Tenneco	25⅜	24¾	24⅞	− ½
Texaco Inc	32⅜	31¼	31⅞	− ½
Textron	35¾	33⅞	34⅜	−1⅛
Time Inc	62¾	60½	60¾	−1¼
TWA	53¼	49	51⅞	+ ¾
UAL Inc	49⅝	45½	48½	− ½
Union Car	46¼	44⅜	45¾	+ ¼
Utd Aircraft	32⅞	30¼	32	− ½
US Ply Cham	26½	25⅛	25⅛	−1⅛
US Steel	33½	32⅛	33	None
Westinghouse	48	46¼	47⅝	None
Woolworth	43¼	41⅞	42⅛	− ⅞
Xerox	140	133½	137¼	−1¼

AIRLINES

Pan Am Changes Pilots

None of us can have real job security unless we are part of a successful and growing business. Security, real security, can only come from convincing our customers of our ability and our dedication to first-rate service.

THAT tape-recorded inspiration from Najeeb Halaby, their chairman and chief executive, could still be heard until late last week by Pan American World Airways employees who dialed 937-3200 in New York City. Even as they pondered those words, Halaby's own job security ran out. After Pan Am had suffered more than $100 million in losses during his 27-month stewardship, the directors pulled out an all-purpose letter of resignation that he had written two years ago and accepted it. He was replaced by William T. Seawell, whom Halaby had brought aboard four months earlier as president.

Halaby looks and talks like a movie model of a modern corporate chief. He is a Yale-trained lawyer, a former Navy test pilot, an articulate, athletic, craggily handsome man of 56 whom President Kennedy had picked in 1961 to head the Federal Aviation Administration. At Pan Am Halaby earned both intense loyalty and intense dislike. Because he was unable to prevent growing losses—$26 million in 1969, $48 million in 1970, $46 million in 1971 and $23 million in the first two months of 1972—he also inspired repeated rumors of his impending departure.

When the Pam Am board met in November to approve Seawell as president, a faction led by PepsiCo Chairman Donald M. Kendall and Pan Am Founder Juan Trippe considered replacing Halaby with Seawell in one quick move, but Halaby survived. In February, however, the line lost a staggering $11 million, and officers of the group of 38 banks that has extended Pan Am a $270 million credit line became increasingly impatient. They indicated that the financing might have to be renegotiated under terms less favorable to Pan Am. That would have jeopardized the company's credit rating and knocked its stock for a loop. The board's regular April meeting was hastily moved forward two weeks. A board faction—including Kendall, Trippe and CBS Vice Chairman Frank Stanton—was prepared to dump Halaby. They dispatched Director Cyrus Vance, former Army Secretary and close friend of Halaby's, to try to persuade Halaby to leave gracefully. Said Halaby after his resignation: "I did the best I could in the time available to me, but I truly believe it will be a miracle if the new team does any better."

BURTON BERINSKY



FORMER CHAIRMAN NAJEEB HALABY
An end to job security.

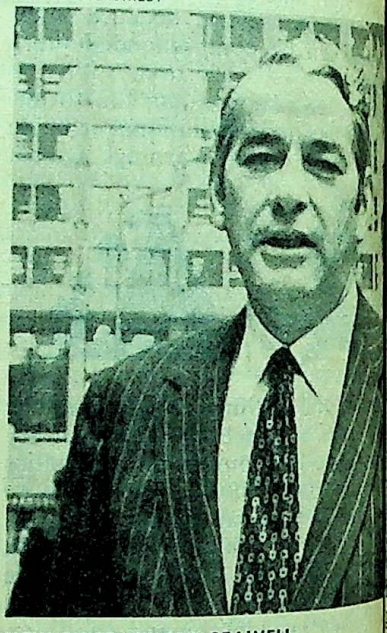
Crowded Skies. Founder Trippe had originally spirited Halaby away from the FAA in 1965, named him a senior vice president and made it clear he was grooming the new executive to move in as chairman. Trippe figured that Halaby's charm and once considerable influence in Washington would help persuade the Government to award Pan Am some domestic routes and permit it to merge with a domestic airline. Pan Am sorely lacks continental U.S. routes that would feed passengers into its international network. After Halaby took over as chief executive in 1969, he became a frequent supplicant to Nixon officials, but he met with little success. Pan Am lost out to National Airlines for the potentially lucrative Miami-London run, and other lines won route awards in the South Pacific, where Pan Am had had a monopoly. As for domestic routes, Civil Aeronautics Board officials decided that they were already too crowded. Merger talks with TWA (twice) and Eastern fell through.

Halaby can hardly be blamed for all of Pan Am's problems. Almost as soon as he took over, the industry was caught in a recession that reduced travel. Trippe had ordered 25 Boeing 747 jumbo jets that Halaby found he could neither fill nor sell. Though he fired or retired some three dozen senior executives in his first year as chief, Halaby was saddled with many more nonproductive middle- and upper-level managers left over from the Trippe e... The company's unionized workers g... ever bolder in their demands, and P... Am's average wages rose 8% last ye... to $13,500.

Trying to reduce costs, Halaby ... off 5,200 of the company's 35,700 e... ployees. Last year he cut almost $... million in maintenance, food and ... vertising expenses. Deeper cuts m... have seriously impaired passenger ... vice. Halaby also unsuccessfully t... to eliminate a number of unprofita... routes to Latin America and the C... ibbean that Juan Trippe had taken ... partly at the behest of the S... Department.

On the other hand, Halaby crea... many of his problems. Morale at ... top suffered when he began clearing ... senior executives, and it grew wo... when he went outside the company ... find replacements for many of th...

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT



NEW CHIEF WILLIAM SEAWELL
The problem solver.

For a year and a half, Halaby str... gled to carry on both his lobbying ... tivities and the day-to-day operation... the airline. When he could not find ... No. 2 man to suit him, he picked f... "group vice presidents" to share the se... ond spot and gave every indication th... one of them would eventually becom... president. That unusual arrangeme... led to endless confusion over respo... sibility and frenetic efforts by each ... the "groupies" to promote himself. ... fighting was compounded by Halaby's ... aversion to making firm decisions.

Seawell, the new chairman ... chief, is expected to fire more peop... He takes charge at a time when ma... airlines are in a steep climb: as a gro... they lost $125 million last year but ex... pect to be well in the black this ye... Pan Am, still saddled with too ma... jumbo jets and no domestic routes, ... be left behind. Its archrival, TW...

turned around from a $63 million loss in 1970 to a profit last year. Seawell, formerly president of Rolls-Royce's U.S. subsidiary and senior vice president of American Airlines, is known as a good problem solver, a tough fighter and a highly ambitious man. Now Seawell faces his greatest challenge: to revitalize a great but seriously demoralized airline.

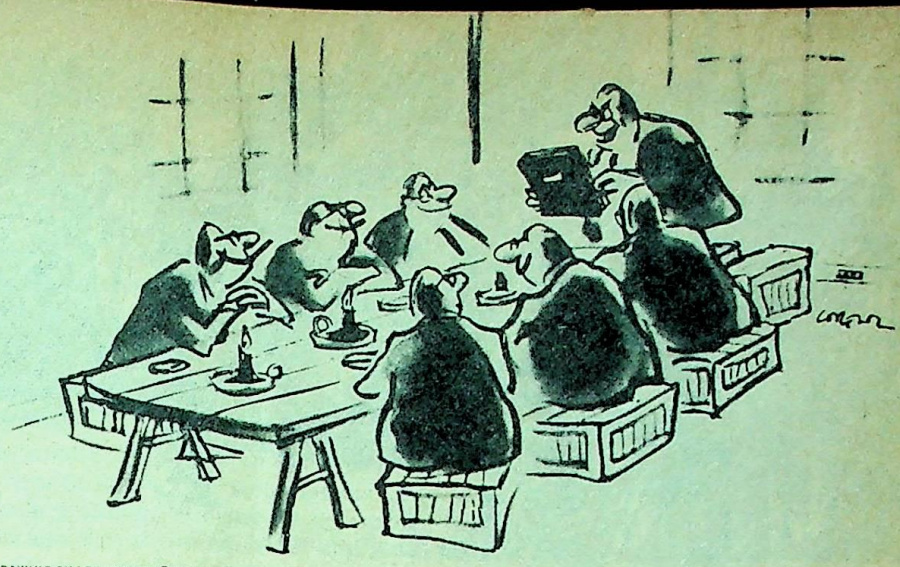
CORPORATIONS

The Bosses Cut Back

Technically, the 1970 recession ended more than a year ago—but try to tell that to the battle-scarred bosses of many corporations. They are continuing or even tightening the draconian controls on spending that they started during the downswing. And their austerity campaign is cutting a wide swath from hiring practices to such two-bit matters as engineers' putting tuxedo rentals for professional dinners on their expense accounts. In what could be a permanent, important change in U.S. business, more and more managers have adopted a show-me attitude. They are asking: "Is this expense necessary?"

Corporate chiefs argue that such penny-pinching eliminates wasteful practices that they never should have allowed in the first place. "People who get fat get coronaries, and the same is true of corporations," says Jim Patterson, public relations director of American Oil Co. His company is restricting, among many other things, the number of executives who attend conventions. The nationwide economy drive also reflects a persistent hard-times psychology among some bosses who have been starved for profits for several years and now will do almost anything to bring earnings up. They want to see more solid evidence of the business comeback before relaxing their grip on the corporate budget. E.F. Andrews, a vice president of Pittsburgh's Allegheny Ludlum Industries, sums up the mood with considerable hyperbole: "When you have been lying in the gutter and finally reach the curb, you feel better, but not that much better."

Goodbye, Veeps. Company chiefs learned during the recession that they could get along with smaller work forces, and they are continuing to trim zealously. Though steel production rose slightly last year, the number of employed steel workers fell by 44,000, to 447,000. U.S. Steel Corp. chopped almost 17,000; among others, it dropped 250 engineers in Chicago and 100 scientists, mostly Ph.D.s, at Monroeville, Pa. Two years ago U.S. Steel had 13 administrative vice presidents and 45 garden-variety v.p.s; now the respective totals are four and 38. At Jones & Laughlin Steel's Pittsburgh works, job cuts have bred a strange situation: some high-seniority steelworkers have been kept on only by being bumped to the lower-paying plant cafeteria, where they have replaced waitresses who in turn have been shunted to menial jobs in the mill so that the lowest-seniority workers could be let go.



DRAWING BY LEE LORENZ © 1972 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

". . . and so it is with some degree of pride that I say there is no fat in this budget."

There is also a deflation in plans for hiring the hard-core unemployed. Ford Motor Co. had pledged to hire 1,800 low-income, unskilled workers in the year ending this June; so far it has taken on only about 750. Among the other firms that have reduced their hard-core hiring programs are Gulf Oil and Burlington Industries. Early retirement is another increasingly common device to reduce costs. After eligibility for under-65 retirement programs was temporarily widened late last year at Eastman Kodak and IBM, some 3,700 employees from the two companies took advantage of it. More and more employees are leaving at age 55.

Dirty Dozen. At some companies, comprehensive economy drives embrace just about everything. TWA in the last two years cut 3,000 employees from its payroll, sold 16 jetliners and ordered a company-wide freeze on management salaries. A cost-cutting committee nicknamed "the Dirty Dozen" followed up by axing the company's entire 35-man ad department.

Cost cutters are still paring inventories. Government analysts, who earlier predicted a smart rise in inventories this year, now expect them to stay flat through June. For example, Borg-Warner Corp. reduced its stockpiles by $10 million last year, despite a rise in sales, chiefly by buying materials and supplies closer to the time that they were put into production. Frills and fripperies are falling all over. UMC Industries, a widely diversified manufacturer, discarded all of its Western Electric speaker phones—devices that permit an executive to conduct a phone conversation while standing several feet away from his desk.

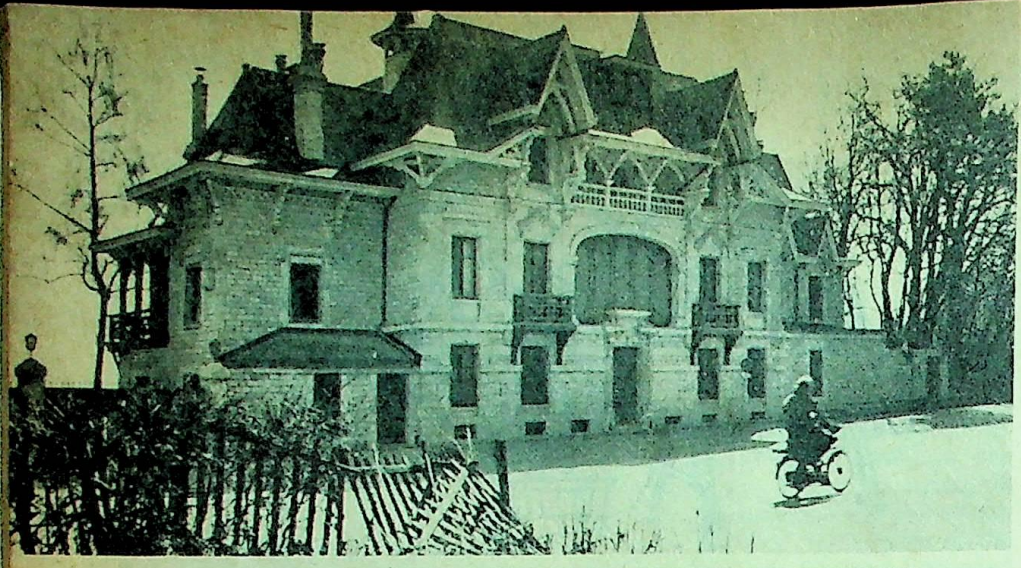
The unkindest cut for many managers has been in opportunities for creative use of the expense account. Like many another company, papermaking Crown Zellerbach has ordered employees to fly tourist rather than first-class on domestic trips. More and more Borg-Warner executives are taking buses instead of taxis or limousines from airports to hotels, offices or homes. Outgoing Chairman Robert Ingersoll started the practice years ago, and subordinates figure that they had better emulate the boss. Attendance at the Engineers Society of Western Pennsylvania dinner in Pittsburgh recently dipped to 800 from 1,000 last year, and free liquor was harder to find; only 31 companies opened hospitality suites, off from 40 to 45 in more liquid times.

Top administrators have been forced to spend endless, exasperating hours poring and picking over minor items in corporate budgets, thus cutting into the time that could be better invested in more creative work. Having done so much to squeeze expenses, many of them vow that they will never revert to their old spending habits. That is not necessarily good news for the economy. Companies need to keep costs under control, and the U.S. doubtless can survive a deflation in the number of hospitality suites at conventions. But reductions in employment and inventories, however justified in individual cases, slow the business upturn. Those executives who are holding back on new spending because they fear that the economy will not soar may be indulging in self-fulfilling prophecy.

MUTUAL FUNDS

I.O.S. Seeks a Home

When Bernard Cornfeld's mutual-fund empire came tumbling down in a spectacular mid-1970 crash, his main company, Investors Overseas Services, sank so low that moneymen might well have figured it had nowhere to go but up. Not so. Under Cornfeld's successors, I.O.S.'s troubles have been endless. The several mutual funds that it manages have gone on dwindling in value, to about $982 million last week, from $2.3 billion in the late 1960s. Roughly



DANY GINIOUX

THE FORMER I.O.S. HEADQUARTERS IN GENEVA, NOW STANDING EMPTY & UP FOR SALE

Even with 250 lawsuits, adversity can get worse.

300,000 investors, mostly Europeans, still have money tied up in I.O.S.—and they are hurting. Anybody who put $1,000 into its vaunted Fund of Funds in 1968 now has assets worth only $338. The Geneva-based company has accumulated 250 lawsuits against itself, affiliated companies and officers past and present. Now the shrinking giant faces its toughest threat: impending homelessness. From Switzerland, TIME European Economic Correspondent Roger Beardwood filed this report:

Alarmed by the scandals that have rocked I.O.S., Switzerland has tightened its securities laws. These now prevent the selling "from a Swiss base" of mutual funds that are not registered with the Swiss Federal Banking Commission. To register them now would rob I.O.S. of one of its few remaining assets—freedom from legal surveillance. The new Swiss laws thus have the effect of giving I.O.S. notice to abandon its Geneva headquarters.

When the laws were passed last year, I.O.S. officers thought that the company could bypass them by moving its sales office to London, administering clients' accounts from Amsterdam and keeping only executive offices in Geneva. That plan was shattered in November, when the Swiss arrested three I.O.S. officers on charges of "dishonest business practices" and held them in jail for one night before releasing them on bail. Among the trio was New Jersey Entrepreneur Robert Vesco, 36-year-old chairman of an electronics firm called International Controls Corp., who wrested control of I.O.S. from Cornfeld's group in 1970, and is now chairman. The charges were dropped recently.

Even so, Swiss hostility has forced Vesco and his executives to maintain only remote control over I.O.S. operations. I.O.S.'s president, Milton Meissner, was arrested with Vesco last November, and since then has been careful to stay in a hotel across the French border. I.O.S.'s day-to-day operations are run by Norman Leblanc, a Canadian accountant, but even he cannot work full time in the Geneva corporate offices because the Swiss have not granted him a labor permit. Leblanc is forced to operate from Ferney-Voltaire, a French village that became a minimetropolis almost overnight in 1967, when Cornfeld erected a complex of buildings to house I.O.S.'s administrative operations.

Nassau Haven? I.O.S. cannot move its sales or executive offices to Ferney-Voltaire, though. Like the Swiss, French authorities are increasingly antagonistic toward the foundering empire. Indeed, I.O.S.'s troubles have stirred such wide suspicion of unregulated mutual funds that the company cannot easily find a suitable haven anywhere in Europe. A move to Nassau in the Bahamas is rumored.

A massive question remains: How much will be left to move? Currently, I.O.S. is running up legal bills estimated at $4,000,000 a year and accounting fees of some $1.5 million annually. For the first nine months of 1971, it reported a loss of more than $9,000,000. Vesco is underwriting some of the losses with loans and loan guarantees from his stateside companies. He is also trying to raise cash by selling surplus subsidiary operations, like a computer-processing company near Geneva, and some of the now unneeded real estate in Geneva and Ferney-Voltaire. Vesco has recently been discussing the possible sale of some of his I.O.S. holdings to Edward Ball and Raymond Mason, Florida financiers. Black as things look for I.O.S., its officers have learned one thing: adversity is never so serious that it cannot get worse.

VIET NAM

Make Money, Not War

They dress like soldiers and talk like soldiers, but many soft-palmed South Viet Nam army colonels holding high posts in the Defense Ministry act more like business executives—which indeed they are. By tapping the monthly paychecks of their troopers, the colonels have built a string of army-owned business ventures. They have also provoked enough protest, both from soldiers and from competing private entrepreneurs, that the South Viet Nam government last month began a high-level investigation. Last week, under pressure from the U.S. embassy, the government dismissed five Defense Ministry officials and ordered the tyro tycoons to turn over their operations to the government-owned Viet Nam Commerce Bank, claiming that it is illegal for the army to run private businesses. Now the bank is supposed to return to the soldiers all the funds that had been collected from them.

Conglomerate. Defense Minister Nguyen Van Vy may also lose his job because he founded the army's corporate empire in 1968, and has been running it ever since. Vy's vehicle was the Servicemen's Mutual Aid and Savings Fund (SMASF), which was financed by dunning every soldier 25¢ a month. Initially, Vy's goal was to encourage savings so that the soldiers would have some money to spend when mustered out. In theory, each army veteran was to collect all the SMASF money deducted from his paychecks, plus interest; similar payments were to go to the families of those killed in action. But bookkeeping at SMASF has been loose, and many families have had difficulty claiming the cash owed to them. SMASF accumulated $9,600,000, but only $1,500,000 has been paid out to soldiers or their families.

Last summer Vy began buying or starting private enterprises for the army. He wound up with five: the Bank of Industry and Commerce (BIC); Vicco, a builder of bridges and roads; Vinavatco, a transportation firm; Icico, an insurer; and Foproco, a food processing and canning company. Vy detached from war duties 155 army officers who had business experience to operate these enterprises.

Artificial Pump. Army chiefs could legitimately argue that South Viet Nam desperately needed new businesses to lift its weak economy. Desirable though the new businesses might be, however, many citizens doubted that the army should own and run them. Private businessmen feared that the army would use its power as a customer to divert revenues to its own companies. The army seemed likely to become the largest buyer of Foproco's canned foods, for example, and to have all its roads and bridges built by Vicco. Said an executive of one army company: "Private businessmen have a reason to worry. Our companies will probably force many of them out of business. But we will do it fairly."

Soldiers, too, began complaining about the companies they were forced to finance. Some people suggested that Vy's army colonels have profited personally from their enterprises—rather than the soldiers who through SMASF are theoretically the owners of the companies. Many of them, expecting pro-

ential treatment from the army bank, plied for loans only to be turned down cause they lacked sufficient collateral. ys BIC director General Nguyen anh Ly: "This is a commercial bank, t a social bank. The needy can go to government. Our profit certainly t for the soldiers."

Indirect Aid. Now it is unclear at the Viet Nam government will do th the army's conglomerate. Turning operations over to the state-owned k or private businessmen is not the re solution. The current companies e not yet big profit makers, and sev- have yet to win a group of civilian stomers. The government faces a dif- lt choice; it will have to funnel state ney directly into the army's business- some fashion, or risk the collapse one of the few groups of new en- rises in the country.

As in all things Vietnamese, Amer- ns have a more than passing interest e outcome. The U.S. Agency for In- national Development has been in- ved in Vy's enterprises. AID officials d to approve all purchases made by army's companies, and recently e been delaying such requests. In ad- on, more than half of the South Viet- ese soldiers' pay comes from AID ds, so Americans have indirectly ed finance the army's entrepreneur- ing.

LE MINH



ENSE MINISTER VY

SAIGON'S BIC BUILDING



Mitty Ditties

The songs of Cole Porter, George Gershwin or Jerome Kern are all very well. But what man does not believe in his heart that the songs he makes up and sings to himself are best of all? Most men do just that: make them up and sing them to themselves. Not Bob Friedman of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Bob is passionate enough about his ditties to dream of taking over a commercial recording studio, bringing in top name musicians, and cutting an LP to give to 1,000 or so of his best friends and relatives. As the retired millionaire president of Ohio's National Machinery Co., he happens to be in a position to realize that dream—and to pick up the $250,000 tab.

Recently, for example, Friedman stuffed 48 of his latest songs into his attaché case and hopped a jet for Hollywood. There, after hiring a Capitol Records studio, he gathered together his arranger-conductor (Jazz Great Benny Carter), a crack 49-piece band (including Saxophonist Bud Shank, Drummer Louis Bellson, Guitarist Barney Kessel), Vocalists Carmen McRae and Joe Williams, and a chorus of twelve. Then for the next few days he sat back and listened to the best that the music profession can do with songs like his *Look What I Found:*

> *. . . Happinessville,*
> *What a fantabulous thrill,*
> *I thought that I'd been through the mill,*
> *But look what I found.*

This week Friedman will be at it again. Carter and his forces will record three new compositions that Friedman wants to include in a new vanity album, his second in seven years. "I think I've written a lot of very good songs," he says. "But with what each one is costing me, I'm not sure I can afford to write any more."

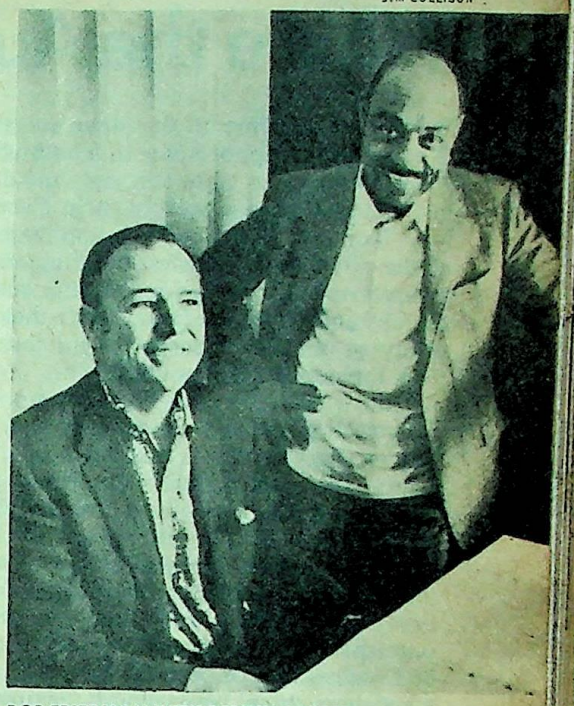
Friedman's lyrics celebrate family, home, patriotism and brotherhood. Many of his songs are dedicated to one or the other of his five children, like *Jenny:*

> *I was longing, sweet Jenny,*
> *Longing for the time,*
> *When you hear the love song,*
> *That's in my heart for my girl.*

As for Friedman's melodies, Benny Carter diplomatically says: "He doesn't refine them the way a professional does. If he spent just a little more time, he would have a great song instead of a good song."

None of Friedman's songs has ever been published commercially, though he would not object if a record company or publisher took an interest in them. Basically, he is just a Mittyesque amateur who has always been surrounded by music at home, and probably always will be. He was playing ukulele by four, guitar by six, and classical and pop piano by eight, plus studying harmony. At Tiffin (Ohio) High School and at Cleveland's Case Institute, where he earned a degree in mechanical engineering, Friedman kept on playing in his spare time. At Tiffin he even headed up his own band—an idea he carried over years later when he organized his children and wife into a group called the Sharps and Flats.

JIM COLLISON



BOB FRIEDMAN WITH BENNY CARTER
When in doubt, add more.

It was in 1962 that Friedman wrote his first song, and in 1965 that he made his first album (with the help of Arrangers Matty Matlock and Billy May). Nowadays he often works through the night, laying a lyric like the following on his wife's breakfast tray:

> *All my hope is beginning to crumble*
> *I'm afraid that I'll soon take a tumble.*

Friedman is as lavish in his hospitality to musicians as in his admiration for them. After a hard session in the studio, he might take all 49 members of the band to dinner. Back at his Fort Lauderdale home, he has been known to fly in combos from New York to play the night away—with his music.

All of which is trifling compared with his gesture in 1968, when he paid Billy May $40,000 to arrange 47 of his songs for such combinations as concert band, marching band, men's glee club, women's glee club and brass ensemble —then presented the whole package of sheet music to Ohio State University. "There's nothing cheap about Mr. Friedman," says May. "When in doubt, add more. He's really a sweet guy."

Where the Auto Reigns Supreme

THE tourists come off the plane and shoot around Los Angeles like camphor boats in a bathtub, trying to locate the downtown so that they can taste the drama of the big city, just the way they would back in Cleveland or Chicago or New York. At dusk they position themselves in the shadow of the city's tallest, busiest building and are simultaneously bee-swarmed by the swish of traffic, smell of bagels, whistles of cops and honking of cabs while they wait to feel the electricity of the place coming right through their shoe soles from the neon-sparkly sidewalk.

But it doesn't come. It isn't here, and they go numbly away feeling cheated. By the time they're back on the plane they're angry, as if Los Angeles were some ghost town, a big empty movie set merely masquerading as a city. Of course they have missed the point. Los Angeles does have its own charged-up inner life and soul. It just isn't out on the sidewalks waiting for them. It lurks in a very strange place: under the hood of the automobile.

It takes newcomers to L.A. months to find it there, and some people never do. At first the tourist feels totally lost and vulnerable, especially on the freeways: great, wide, whooshing things, marvelously engineered so that they average 15 m.p.h. faster than the weather-beaten, relatively narrow roads that pass for throughways in the East. But then, if he stays for a while, the newcomer gradually comes to look forward to going off across town, to the rolling *barrios* of East L.A., on up through brown hills to green Santa Barbara, knifing through the Santa Monica mountains into the flat maze of the San Fernando Valley, zipping across orange groves to San Bernardino.

The distances are so great and loose and easy, there is so much to see from the car window, baking, gleaming out there, that the driving, the perpetual motion, takes over. Get a good cigar, flip on the air conditioner and the FM radio, shut out the world with your windows and zip on down the freeway lulled by Carmen McRae, by the air whistling to get out the window crack, by the distant hum of the tires, zip past the palms and the houses at a standstill in the sun and float on the air on your shocks, free, rootless, just going—like the girl in Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays*. You become a skier out here, your times off the freeway being mere chili stops at the bottom, breathless, charged, waiting for another move.

▪

Everyone here seems to have this deadly fascination with motion, whizzing around on bicycles, dune buggies, motorcycles, skis, boats, surfboards, waves, cars. The town has more cars per capita than any other place, more freeway miles and car dealers. Its dealers, even retired ones like Ralph Williams, are celebrities. "People here will go without food for their cars," a West Hollywood Jaguar repairman told me. It used to be said that some people did that for their children.

Cars are clearly essential to the place. Without cars, Los Angeles would disintegrate into the "thousand tiny villages" that its critics have always claimed it to be. This is because the city spreads out long and wide and low, a nearly 500-sq.-mi. amoeba. There is no "central business district," no "good" residential quarter, no specific locale for heavy industry. Built in the car-dominated 20th century, L.A. had no need to cluster around a railroad station nor any need to throw up skyscrapers to shorten pedestrian distances. So in L.A. you find business, industrial and residential areas hopelessly intermixed and scattered everywhere. All of this makes L.A. a new kind of city, no less vital than a vertical Eastern town but without any hierarchy, held together by the auto.

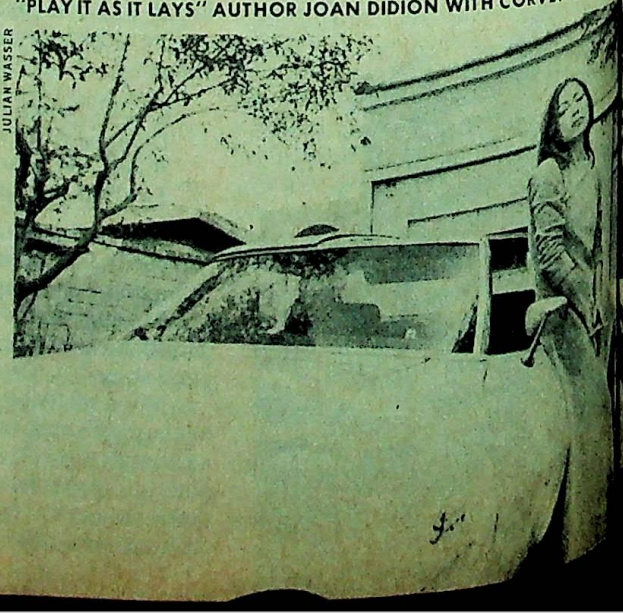
Being so car-oriented, L.A. looks different from any other city in the world. Everything, including the California ranch homes, is long and low and sleek. Store blocks and offices grow sideways instead of up, because it is easier to drive an extra block than get out and take an elevator. P ly out of fear of earthquakes, but also for convenience. Hollywood moguls built their studio offices as one- and story buildings with parking slots at the office doors.

The Angeleno, attuned to motion, moves more often the resident of any other major city in the U.S. As he s tles among Alhambra, Tarzana and Gardena, La Ca La Crescenta and Placentia, Maywood, Lynwood and P lywood, he gives up trying to identify with his neigh hood. He loses his regional accent, which merges int breathless, slightly lisping "I-just-got-off-the-freeway-a guess-what-I-saw" California way of talking. And, need something more than freeway signs and shopping center identify with, he sometimes looks to his constant comp ion, his car, for more than just transportation.

Take Ron Frantzvog. A television cameraman who sh a small West Los Angeles apartment with his brother, is away filming a show in Hawaii, and this worries h not because he misses his girl friend or his brother or wormholed stereo, but because he misses his 1958 Pors What will it do without him, pining away in a garage? writes his brother Wayne often: "Did you remember pump the brakes?" (This tests the condition of the ma cylinder.) Wayne agrees to show us the Porsche, deep i carefully padlocked garage. He unties a silk-soft dust co and gently folds it up onto the top of the car, being care not to scratch the paint—35 coats of the richest, most minous black paint that the world's most industrializ nation can provide. Each coat has been applied personal and diligently over a three-month period by the area's m ter car painter, Junior himself, of Junior's House of Pa in Lynwood. "This has gotta be the sharpest '58 Speed you've ever seen," Wayne whispers reverently. "Look side, those are Bigelow carpets on the floor . . . Ron the whole interior ripped out and redone. He paid twe eight hundred for the car, put another four thousand in The door hinges are lacquered as shiny black as the res the car; the engine is all gleaming chrome. But Ron gone too far: it is so perfect that he doesn't dare drive He takes another car to work and leaves his darling c dled for months on end in its supersoft dust cover.

Cars have become the main expression of the Ang leno's personality. A black man who works in a restaur on La Cienega Boulevard proudly cruises Hollywood i '56 Chevy covered in fuzzy chartreuse velvet, its wi colorful revolving bull's-eyes and its fenders painted w slogans expressing the man's feelings (INTEGRATION; I

"PLAY IT AS IT LAYS" AUTHOR JOAN DIDION WITH CORVETTE



JULIAN WASSER

WITH A WHITE GIRL). An Indian cocktail waitress ...ced Mary Whitecloud lives for her basic-black Volks... ...been done all over in marvelous primitivist scenes. Other ...s are flags, dollar bills, insects and painted faces coming ...you on the freeway. John Livingston, Hollywood de... ...ner, had to have a car all his own, unique, so he stripped ...Chrysler down to its frame and hand-built his own shiny ...minum body held together by crude rivets; the car is ...ated at the ends like a silver Buck Rogers rocket ship ...enough to frighten drivers off the road on Santa Monica ...levard. North Hollywood's Nudie the Tailor glorified ...Pontiac Bonneville with Western regalia. The religious ...e do not settle for plastic Jesuses on the dash, they erect ...ple crèches and biblical scenes next to the Kleenex box... ...their back windows.

Because people spend so much time on the road in L.A., ...al conversation has been partially replaced by bumper ...kers, a way of communicating where you're at even while ...re busy zipping down the passing lane with your Alfa ...nd up to 90 in third gear. You can witness whole bump... ...logues as you drive along: A Volkswagener croons in a ...minine-hip voice, HAVE A NICE DAY, a Pontiac GTO with ...Orange County dealer's sticker snorts back, P.O.W.S NEV... ...AVE A NICE DAY, and a VW bus crammed with hippies an... ...RS. ALL OUR BOYS IN VIET NAM ARE P.O.W.S.

■

But the bedrock car nuts, and there are tens of thou... ...ds of them in L.A., are the car customizers, the people ...y are forever rebuilding cars. The Nossecks are typical. ...ald Nosseck, some extra cash on hand from his chain of ...ss shops and dissatisfied with his Toyota 2000GT, took ...e car to Chief Kar Kustomizer George Barris, out in North ...llywood, and had Barris totally rebuild the little sports ...into something more like an old Jaguar XK140. After ...at he couldn't stop. Nosseck next took his 1970 Firebird ...to Barris, had him plunge through the roof with his acet... ...ene torch and put in a sun roof, apply heaters (great phony ...er pipes coming off the head of the engine, exiting from ...e sides of the car behind the front wheel, zipping, shiny ...rome tubes, down the sides of the car and fastening just in ...ont of the rear wheels), a mammoth hood scoop and del... ...ate pinstripes all over to underline the changes.

The disease spread to Nosseck's daughter Debbie, 20, an ...herwise typical California girl: "I don't do much. I just ...m, watch TV, see my friends." But Debbie plunged $4,000 ...o a 1958 Triumph 3 she had picked up for $75. "It's got a ...w engine all done in chrome, new seats and interior, seats ...e diamond button tucked, the body Mercedes chocolate ...wn highlighted with walnut lines, multiplex stereo and ...e deck inside, roll bar . . ." That is not so unusual as it ...ght seem. Dick Steele, a Rambler dealer in the Valley, ...d a man an Ambassador with reclining seats, telephone, re... ...vable hardtop—and an engine compartment that was com... ...ely carpeted in a lovely gold. Those months before the ...r was repossessed were the finest in the man's life.

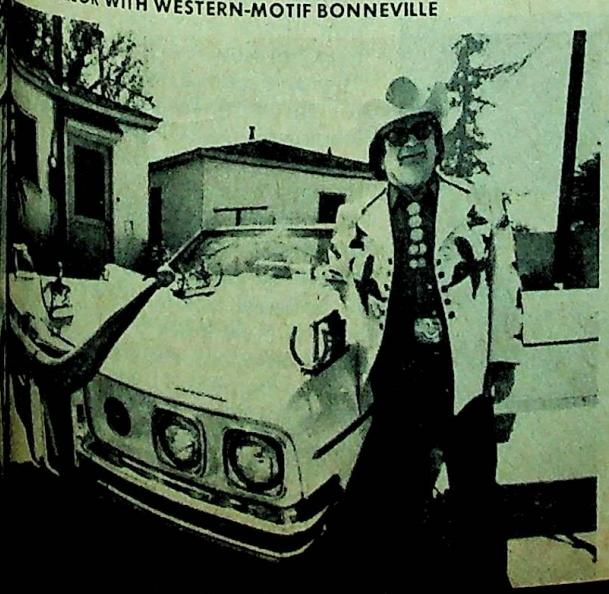
Once your car is the way you want it, you start going to Vilem B. Haan, an accessory shop that is like a pet shop for cars. There you buy a brassière for your car, padded plastic cups that fit over the car's nose to ward off bugs and tar. "We sell them by the ton," says a salesman. And beer mugs and beach towels with an insigne of your auto's make on them, air horns that play your favorite tune, wood and leather steering wheels, driving gloves, headers, roll bars. Jack Cassidy recently picked up an air horn for his Rolls, Bill Holden a bullhorn for his Continental, Paul Newman some gloves to help him handle his VW, Robert Wagner a wood shift knob for his Mercedes, James Garner some goggles for driving around in his dune buggy.

Kar Kustomizer Barris, a short, hefty Greek, understands the car-nut psyche: "Cars out here are like clothes, very personal. They are a form of entertainment. You might go for cigars or for guns, but this type of entertainment you can enjoy while driving, not just while you're at home. And it's a good clean form of fun, instead of pills or dope. You know, you can get high on your car.'" "Here," says Ben Carco, an American Motors dealer in Reseda, "your car is part of you." There are Angelenos who, like those old ladies with toy poodles, bristle when told that they have to leave their cars outside, which accounts for the popularity in Los Angeles of drive-in banks, drive-in churches (with speakers and heaters for every car) and Jack-In-The-Box restaurants at which you merely pause, still in "drive," give your order to a polite machine, move ahead to a window, pick up your Bonusburger with the Secret Sauce as fast as a train snagging a mailbag, pay, then munch away even as you grind back up to 70 on the freeway.

Of course, this thing Los Angeles has with its cars, this secret life, is coming to an end. You can go up in the mountains of Griffith Park in the center of L.A. any warm evening now, park on a cliff edge and see the city dying. The smog has a topography all its own these days, massive chocolate mountains of it below you to the east, a permanent black tumor over Hollywood and the downtown area seeping in channels through the passes out into the Valley and on into the Mojave Desert; to the west, over West L.A., Inglewood and Santa Monica, the smog is unexplainably green, and you realize that you are surrounded by a rainbow of smog, all of it a part of the land, undeniable, permanent, so that soon you'll be able to say, "I live in the green part"—or the brown part, or the black part. Up there in Griffith Park you realize that the city does not have long to go. Of course it's just possible that William Lear's steam-turbine car may solve the problem or that people will settle for small, light electric putt-putts before they choke on their own exhaust, but not likely. In Los Angeles there is just no replacement for that mammoth steel hunk, that roaring brute car that shrinks the land, expands your reach with churning heady acceleration, burst of speed, smell of rubber, and sends you floating dangerously at dizzy speeds, free and loose and careless, across the land.

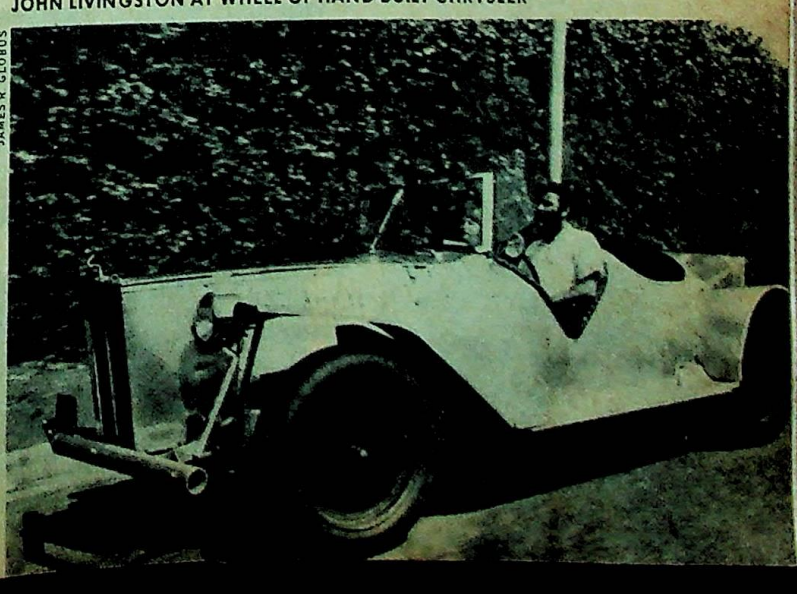
■ Timothy Tyler

NUDIE THE TAILOR WITH WESTERN-MOTIF BONNEVILLE



JAMES R. GLOBUS

JOHN LIVINGSTON AT WHEEL OF HAND-BUILT CHRYSLER



The Godsons

Saturday-night muggings in Times Square are as routine as the traffic, but one recent stickup had a certain piquancy. Two gunmen knocked over a movie theater, shot the manager in the arm and made off with $13,000. The theater happened to be showing *The Godfather*. A mad publicity stunt? Retribution by the Mafia? More likely it was ironic coincidence—and ill-planned as well. At the rate *The Godfather* is packing them in, the $13,000 loot would just about account for the weekend popcorn sales.

In its first week of simultaneous release at five theaters in New York City, *The Godfather* pulled down close to half a million dollars. The lines at box offices are so long that some Broadway sharpies sell their places up front for $20 a shot. After openings in 34 other U.S. cities last week, Paramount expects to have $14 million stashed in the corporate kitty by the middle of next month. Says Paramount President Frank Yablans: "The picture is nothing less than an annuity."

A movie with such mass appeal is not only going to make headlines and money. It is going to make stars. *The Godfather* is blessed with brilliant acting. Marlon Brando, of course, is the big news, revitalizing his erratic reputation with a performance of power and poignance as the Godfather, Don Vito Corleone. Yet superb as he is, Brando is merely reclaiming a position already staked out. In some ways more exciting are the clutch of little-known younger performers who burst forth in the film. Of these, none is more compelling than a short, brooding coil of tension named Al Pacino.

Pacino plays Michael, the Godfather's favorite son and eventual heir. It may well be the most difficult role of the film. Michael begins as a war hero and college boy who insists on retaining an identity separate from the Corleone "business." He ends as a remorseless Don who conducts family affairs with brutal efficiency. This development is only implicit in the script, never stated outright. Pacino carries it off with exceptional intelligence and energy. The triumph of his performance is that it conveys Michael's youthful sensitivity without ever losing an edge of animal menace. To tap the right mixture of emotions, Pacino says he "thought a lot about music while I was doing the part —and of an image. I saw Michael as though there was a circle of light and heat around him, shining on his face, that he was always trying to get out of. Michael is so very alone. That's the thing I found it difficult to live with. Next I want to do a comedy. Then I could have some fun every day."

Survival Test. Although Pacino was a long shot who had to overcome both Paramount's skepticism and some big-name competition to win his role (TIME, March 13), no member of the cast has a more appropriate background for the movie. Of mostly Sicilian descent, he was raised in the South Bronx, a place that is less a neighborhood than a survival test. He was a solitary boy who used to hide out for hours atop an advertising billboard and who lived in fantasies spawned by the movies his mother took him to see. (His father, a mason, had left home when Al was two.) He entertained the other neighborhood kids by spinning stories. "I would tell them I was from Texas," he recalls.

Pacino threw himself into school plays with such fervor that his teachers urged that he be sent to the High School of Performing Arts. There, despite his acting talent, his grades were lackluster. After leaving school at 17, he began what he calls "the lost years, moving from job to job, furnished room to furnished room, always broke." He had started drinking at 13. Now he was drinking more. He lost a job as a movie usher after he prankishly led a [illegible] of ticket holders across the street to stand aimlessly in front of a department store. Finally, as superintendent of an apartment building, he "hustled garbage cans" and lived in a basement room. Taped to his door with Band-Aids was an 8-by-10 glossy of himself. Underneath was written "super." Says Pacino, "That was down about as far as one can get."

During this time he walked [illegible] all over Manhattan, reciting [illegible] from plays to himself, slipping [illegible] side alleys to read O'Neill aloud to brick walls. In 1966 he auditioned for the Actors Studio and was accepted. "I got back into acting to save my life," is the way he puts it now. He started by getting small parts, which led to an Obie Award-winning performance in Broadway's *The Indian Wants the Bronx* in 1968 and, the following year, to a Tony Award for *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* on Broadway.

In his performances he seemed repeatedly to be taking refuge in what he felt safest doing—a manic, tortured intensity. His first major movie role, as a junkie in last year's *The Panic in Needle Park*, was an impressive debut but seemed, nevertheless, predictable to those who had seen his theater work. *The Godfather* changed all that.

While Pacino's character is the most important of the Godfather's four sons, he remains part of a balanced quartet. In the roles of the other sons—all crucial in varying ways—the movie brings three more actors into the front rank.

JAMES CAAN plays the terrible-tempered eldest brother Sonny in a performance of great force, the perfect foil to Pacino's calculating and withdrawn Michael. Sonny is a character who is a victim to his own passion. The actor playing him could have met the same fate. Caan, however, knows how to make a character broad and boisterous without being overemphatic.

Previously best known for his performance as the retarded ex-football player in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Rain People*, Caan offstage is an exuberant put-on artist and stand-up comedian. He also has a bit of Sonny in him. "I was the toughest guy at P.S. [illegible] back in New York," he likes to boast. "I was expelled from a private school for throwing some kid out a window. He wasn't really hurt. It was only a three-story fall, and he landed in a flower garden."

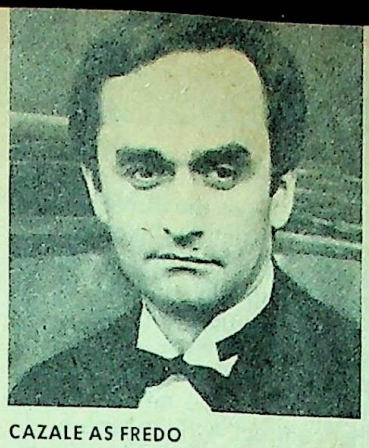
Caan himself fell into acting after a couple of aimless years at college where he played football and majored in business administration. He spent a year at New York City's Neighborhood Playhouse but stoutly refused to take certain courses. "I wasn't going to take ballet classes where the guys were looking in the mirror all day doing their exercises," he says. He made his way to Hollywood, where "they were always sending me rotten scripts." He recalls "I'd write 'Screw off' on them and

AL PACINO OFFSTAGE . . .

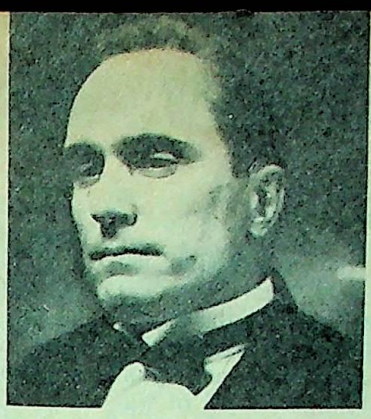
. . . AND IN CHARACTER AS MICHAEL CORLEONE



DIRCK HALSTEAD



CAZALE AS FREDO



DUVALL AS HAGEN



CAAN AS SONNY

...ger back." When the studio insisted ...his participation in *Journey to Shi-*... Caan donned a fright wig and mum-...ed his dialogue so badly that each line ...d to be dubbed. "That," he recalls ...ith satisfaction, "was my last picture ...Universal."

...Caan, 33, studied for his *Godfather* ...e not so much by reading the script ...by hanging around Brooklyn with "a ...of guys who aren't exactly bakers." ...an is one of the few non-Italians in ...film, and his assimilation seems vir-...lly flawless. He even added some ...siness of his own. Sonny's contemp-...us gesture of throwing money on the ...und after he has shattered a pho-...grapher's camera, for instance, is a ...an invention.

ROBERT DUVALL, who plays the ...dfather's adopted son Tom Hagen, ...s a face that is never familiar. En-...ve it on a newly minted nickel and ...still would not be recognized on ...e street. This enduring anonymity ...y be a handicap to celebrity, but it ...es him a chameleon's adaptability. ...er the past decade, Duvall, 41, has ...peared in at least a dozen movies, ap-...ing an unemphatic virtuosity to ...ery kind of role from cab drivers to ...on organizers, milksops to archvil-...s (remember John Wayne's nemesis ...*True Grit*?).

Hagen, the Godfather's *consigliere*, is a combination lawyer, valet and advance man—"a million-dollar go-fer," in Duvall's words. The role as written is a sketch, a brief for a character. Duvall painted in the portrait. For instance, he wanted to suggest that Hagen, despite all his college education, still retained strong traces of his street origins. He remembered two Italian cronies of his who had once come to watch him rehearse in Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*. "They sat there," Duvall recalls, "watching Miller, listening to him talk. After the rehearsal they told me Miller reminded them of a guy who had made it in the rackets. That quality was what I worked for in Hagen."

JOHN CAZALE plays Fredo in a role no more than half as large as the other Corleone brothers, yet he is just as memorable. Fredo is shy, tentative and a little dim. During the violent exercises of power he remains outside the action, full of precarious bravado that shatters at the first threat. By accentuating Fredo's all-too-human vulnerability, Cazale steals neatly off with *The Godfather's* funniest moment (Fredo struggling to be a Las Vegas stud) and its most poignant (Fredo sitting on a curb next to his father's bullet-riddled body, wailing helplessly).

Cazale, 36, has scuffled along from acting classes at Boston University to the Charles Playhouse to the inevitable stint off-Broadway, where he paid the rent between acting jobs by becoming a photographer. He was also an office messenger at the Esso Building in Rockefeller Center. There one of his fellow messengers was a struggling actor named Al Pacino.

What Is *The Godfather* Saying?

After the first hurrahs for The Godfather, *critical reaction to the movie has snagged on a few key questions. Does it revel in Hollywood gangster melodrama? Does it sentimentalize the Mafia? Does it present the Mob as a metaphor for all business or politics? One of* TIME's *cinema critics gives his assessment:*

"I believe in America."

Those opening words, heard over a black screen, are a testament and a plea—not so much a pledge of allegiance to an adopted country as an obeisance to a shadow government of profound power. An Italian immigrant funeral director has a daughter who has been dishonored. Because of a lack of evidence, the courts offer him no justice. In the tradition of his native land, he turns to a man who understands such matters and who will be able to give him satisfaction. In return he owes the man a service. And he must respectfully call him "Godfather."

No American film before *The Godfather* has ever caught so truly the texture of an ethnic subculture. Director Francis Ford Coppola knows his subject so well that he imparts an almost visceral understanding that does not permit easy judgments. Coppola gets it all down, and gets it right: the Don dancing proudly with his daughter on her wedding day; the informal ritual of family dinner, and the whole preoccupation with food. Even the dialogue has the unmistakable cadence of the street, as when a Corleone lieutenant describes an untraceable revolver as "cold as they come." The characters become neither stock villains nor national stereotypes, because Coppola has set them in a world of careful complexity.

But the fact that Coppola scrupulously humanizes his characters does not mean that he sentimentalizes the Mafia. The men are racists and hypocrites. They form a society closed to women, who are indulged, protected, finally depersonalized. One may admire the Godfather for his refusal to traffic in dope, but his reasons are practical, not moral: he stands to lose all his political contacts, because they—not he—consider narcotics "a dirty business."

In this world, "business" becomes the ultimate morality, the final and irrefutable excuse for the most insidious disloyalty and the most brutal slaughter. During the wedding that opens the film, the Don metes out favors and punishments; during the christening that ends it, his son and successor Michael pledges faith in God and renounces the devil while gunmen, acting on his instructions, murder rivals all over the city. "Today," says Michael, "I took care of all family business."

■

Coppola extends this moral masquerade even further, using the Mafia as a metaphor not only for corruption in business, but for corruption in all centers of power, emphatically including government. "My father is no different from any other powerful man," Michael tells his WASP-ish girl friend Kay. She says, "You're being naive. Senators and Congressmen don't have people killed." Replies Michael: "Who's being naive now, Kay?" When the Don expresses regret that Michael could not have been "a Senator, a Governor," the son promises him, "We'll get there, Pop." As the film would have it, he will.

Although it is nominally about crime, *The Godfather* has no more in common with the razzle-dazzle Warner Bros. gangster yarns of the '30s than *The Wild Bunch* had with *Shane*. *The Godfather's* primary concern is not bullets and murders but dynasties and power. In the cool savagery of its ironies, expressed within a traditional framework, it is much closer to, say, Bertolucci's *The Conformist*. In its blending of new depth with an old genre, it becomes that rarity, a mass entertainment that is also great movie art.

■ Jay Cocks

Red Sea Heresy

When Moses and the Israelites fled Egypt more than 3,000 years ago, God sent a strong wind to divide the waters of the Red Sea so they could escape Pharaoh's army. The Israelites marched on dry ground between two walls of water. Or did they? So it says in *Exodus 14*, and so it is depicted in Cecil B. De Mille's film *The Ten Commandments*. But most biblical scholars nowadays believe that the Exodus story, like such other Old Testament accounts as Jonah and the "great fish" and Adam and Eve, are not strictly historical but were embroidered much later by Jewish editors.

Arlis Ehlen, a professor of Old Testament studies at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, follows this mildly liberal interpretive trend. Many members of his denomination, the 2.9 million-member Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, do not. Because of the conflict and because the Missouri Synod controls Concordia, Ehlen, 40, finds himself at the center of Protestantism's biggest heresy fuss in a decade. "My own temperament is to stay away from such disputes," he says with some surprise. "My views are quite typical of those held by all the biblical teachers here."

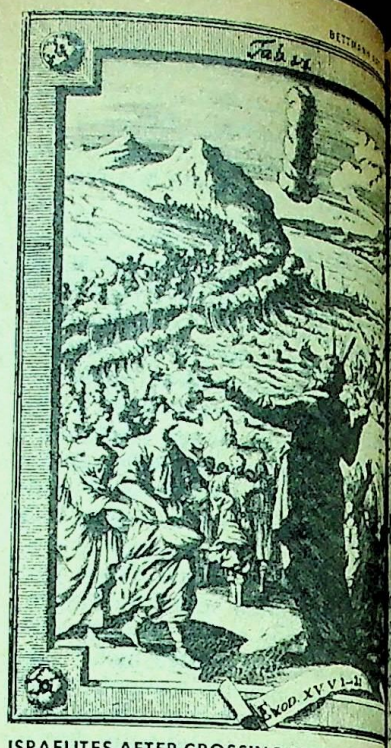
Error-Free. The case came to a head last December when Ehlen went up before the seminary's board for a lifetime tenure appointment. The meeting was also attended by Church President Jacob Preus. Preus, former head of the Missouri Synod's other seminary, Concordia of Springfield, Ill., is a theological conservative who holds that the Bible is error-free and that such stories as the Exodus must be taken at face value.

Under grilling from Preus, Ehlen said that he accepts the Bible as the word of God, but that he takes as factual only what the Bible intends to present as factual, a qualification that Preus labels a "hermeneutical cop-out." The board voted not to rehire Ehlen. But after the faculty and alumni protested, the board backed down and gave Ehlen another contract, without tenure.

Preus was not satisfied. This month he sent all Missouri Synod pastors and teachers his own five-page set of theological principles. In a covering letter Preus postulated a sort of Domino Theory: "It is only a short step from a denial of the miraculous elements surrounding the greatest redemptive act of the Old Testament (the Exodus) to a denial of . . . the miracles of the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Resurrection from the dead."

Claiming that the church constitution gives him jurisdiction over the doctrinal purity of all church employees, Preus also bypassed the seminary board and ordered seminary President John Tietjen to prevent Ehlen from teaching any Bible courses. "It was known all over the church that a man had denied the facticity of certain miracles. I felt I had to do something," Preus explains. "We've had constant unrest." Tietjen tossed the order back to the board, which met last week without resolving the impasse.

Meanwhile the American Association of Theological Schools has sent a team to the Concordia campus to determine whether the seminary's accreditation should be withdrawn. The A.A.T.S. does not enforce academic freedom as such, but it insists that theological discipline be handled by a seminary's board and not by church officials. Regardless of whether Preus takes any further action, the Ehlen case is s to be an issue when the denomina holds its convention in 1973, a meet at which Preus will be bidding for a se ond four-year term as president.



ISRAELITES AFTER CROSSING RED SEA
Theological Domino Theory.

Shadowed Union

For ten years ecumenical Prote tants have held high hopes for a seri of meetings called the Consultation o Church Union, aimed at forging a mer er among nine U.S. denominations wi a combined membership of 24 millio None of the participating denomina tions has seemed more enthusiastic th the United Church of Christ (2,000,0 members). But now the enterprise ap pears to be under a shadow—and th United Church of Christ is the caus The U.C.C. Executive Council has s

DUTCH FAMILY CELEBRATING A PASSOVER SEDER IN 18TH CENTURY AMSTERDAM



A Feast of History

THE Sedèr meal on the eve of over is "the most universall served and therefore the most u of all Jewish ceremonies," says Author Chaim Raphael. When throughout the world sit down t meal this week, they will recount a flect again on the 3,000-year-old of how the Angel of Death "p over" the Israelites when s Egypt's first-born, as told in the narrative, the Haggadah.

They could have no better than Raphael's lively, scholarly h tory of Passover, *A Feast of H* (Simon & Schuster; $12.50). Dr on a rich selection of illustrations phael traces celebrations of the S back through the centuries, all the to Abraham (rabbinic lore anach

nced that the sort of church the sultation has been designing all ng is too "hierarchical" and weak- the local congregation, the only in- tution where laymen feel they have power left. Besides, U.C.C. officials gest that organic merger at the top -of-date, they lean toward broad- d cooperation among both national ncies and local churches. The U.C.C. ement is the beginning of the end the denomination's commitment to union, say insiders. This in turn ld be a bad omen for the ultimate de- sions of the other eight churches.

eal Thy Enemy

"Expect a miracle," Faith Healer l Roberts exhorts his TV congrega- ns, and he practices what he preach- When he quit the gospel big top to ld himself a university (TIME, Feb. Roberts set his heart on a national sketball championship. Lo, last week ere was Oral Roberts University in the arter-finals of the National Invitation rnament at Manhattan's Madison uare Garden. During the game be- een O.R.U. and St. John's University, John's star Mel Davis had to be car- d off the courts with torn tendons in s right knee. Good Samaritan Roberts ode into the St. John's dressing room offer a three-minute prayer. "He's a eat player, but above all he's a human ing that needs Your help," he intoned h his hand on Davis' knee. "I ask You estore him to the game."

But for Roberts, the evening's re- ts were less than miraculous all the y around. Davis was whisked away an ambulance, and St. John's went to whip O.R.U. 94-78. Davis, a Bap- t, later mused from his hospital bed: believe what I've heard about Oral berts. If I had been more conscious what was happening, maybe it would ve worked."

y had it that he celebrated a Seder the three angels who visited him ries before the Exodus).

Raphael also provides the full He- -Aramaic text of the Haggadah, with his own English version. For translation of the Bible narrative he ews modern editions in favor of the James Version, because it pre- es the "loving intimacy which the s had with the original." But when mes to the Haggadah's blessings, ers and songs, he applies a free d, as in his cheerful rendering of this ite from 7th century Palestine:

When Pharaoh cried: "O woe is me!"
Passover Eve, Passover Eve,
God passed our doors, so all could see
His firm resolve to set us free
On Passover Day in the morning.

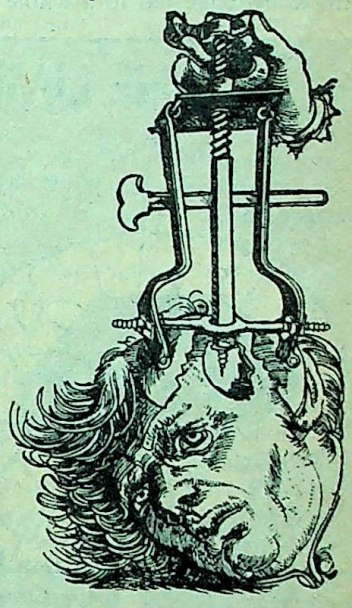
Capsules

▶ HEW officials have stated that the U.S. currently has a shortage of some 50,000 physicians. The American Medical Association disagrees. Reporting in the A.M.A. *Journal* on the results of a yearlong study of medical manpower, Henry Mason of the association's department of undergraduate medical education concludes that the problem is not scarcity but uneven distribution. In South Dakota, for example, there is only one internist for every 12,813 people. In 18 states, there is only one pediatrician for each 20,000. Obstetrician-gynecologists are also unevenly distributed; while the national median is 1 to 11,915, the ratio in ten states is only 1 to 20,000. There is also some overabundance, for example, one general surgeon for every 7,554 people in the U.S. today. (By contrast, the optimum general-surgeon-to-population ratio in prepaid group health plans ranges from 1 to 10,000 to 1 to 17,000.) Thus simply training more doctors will not solve the nation's medical dilemma. Instead, as an A.M.A. editorial states, medical schools should persuade more students to forgo glamour specialties like surgery in favor of those in which they can be better employed.

▶ Metaphysics aside, just how dirty is money? Filthy indeed, according to a report by two doctors at the University of Louisville School of Medicine. Writing in the A.M.A. *Journal*, Drs. Berel Abrams and Norton Waterman report that money carries copious quantities of potentially harmful bacteria. They base their conclusion on analysis of 150 coins worth $13.47 and 50 bills totaling $150. The coins were relatively clean; only 13.3% yielded common bacteria like Staphylococcus. But 42% of the bills carried that type as well as Escherichia coli. To avoid contamination by cash, the Louisville researchers suggest that people get rid of their money rapidly, something that few have trouble doing today. In order to continue their research, the doctors have agreed to accept and examine any currency sent them—and to safely dispose of all found to be tainted.

▶ Cancer of the inner lining of the uterus (the endometrium) can usually be cured if it is diagnosed early enough. But that is a big if. The simple Pap smear, which is effective for detecting cancer of the cervix (neck of the uterus), cannot always pick up endometrial cancer. Dilatation and curettage, used to obtain cells from the uterine lining for analysis, requires hospitalization and is impractical unless the disease is already suspected. By then it may be too late; endometrial cancer kills about 3,500 American women a year. The Gravlee Jet Washer, a new device now being marketed by the Upjohn Company, gives physicians a less complicated way to get samples of endometrial cells. A disposable syringe attached to a soft plastic tube, it is used to introduce a saline solution into the uterus, then to draw the liquid out. Cells from the uterine lining carried out in the solution can then be analyzed microscopically. Tested on 305 patients at the University of Chicago's Lying-In Hospital, the washer proved simple and painless enough to be used in a physician's office. In all but seven cases, the samples were adequate for testing.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



WOODCUT OF 16TH CENTURY TREPHINING
Freeing the demons.

Psychosurgery Returns

Psychosurgery, or modification of the brain to alter or control some aspect of personality, is an ancient operation. Trephining (opening the skull) was performed in Peru 12,000 years ago, probably to let out suspected demons; 14th century anatomy texts contain instructions for similar operations. Except for a brief period during the 1940s and 1950s, psychosurgery has never won wide acceptance in the U.S., and for good reason. Lobotomies, operations to lessen severe abnormal anxiety by severing nerve connections in the brain, resulted in improvement only half the time, and turned many patients into human vegetables.

Now, psychosurgery appears to be undergoing a renaissance. Though various old-style lobotomies have been abandoned, some doctors are turning once more to surgery to control the emotions. Using newly developed or refined techniques, they have been operating on areas of the brain believed to control specific emotions or responses. Furthermore, they seem to be meeting with some success.

What has made this revival possi-

ble is a better understanding of the brain itself. As neurologists recognized the drawbacks of lobotomy, they began to shift their attention to the limbic system (which has diffuse interconnections throughout the brain), theorizing that it was somehow connected with mood and behavior. Others found that psychomotor epilepsy—a condition that can result from injury and makes some of its victims violently and uncontrollably aggressive—is often accompanied by the presence of tiny epileptic foci, or small scars, in the temporal lobe. Some doctors concentrated on the amygdala, a small, almond-shaped body whose removal appears to curb aggressive behavior.

This knowledge led to a whole series of new operations. Dr. Glenn Meyer, a University of Texas neurosurgeon, reports good results with a process called cingulotomy. Boring holes in the skull, he uses an electric current to cauterize and destroy bundles of nerve cells that connect various parts of the limbic lobe, or feeling brain. Performed on 59 patients, some of them schizophrenics or chronic alcoholics, the operation has produced a vast improvement in half, slight improvement in a fourth and no detectable change in the others.

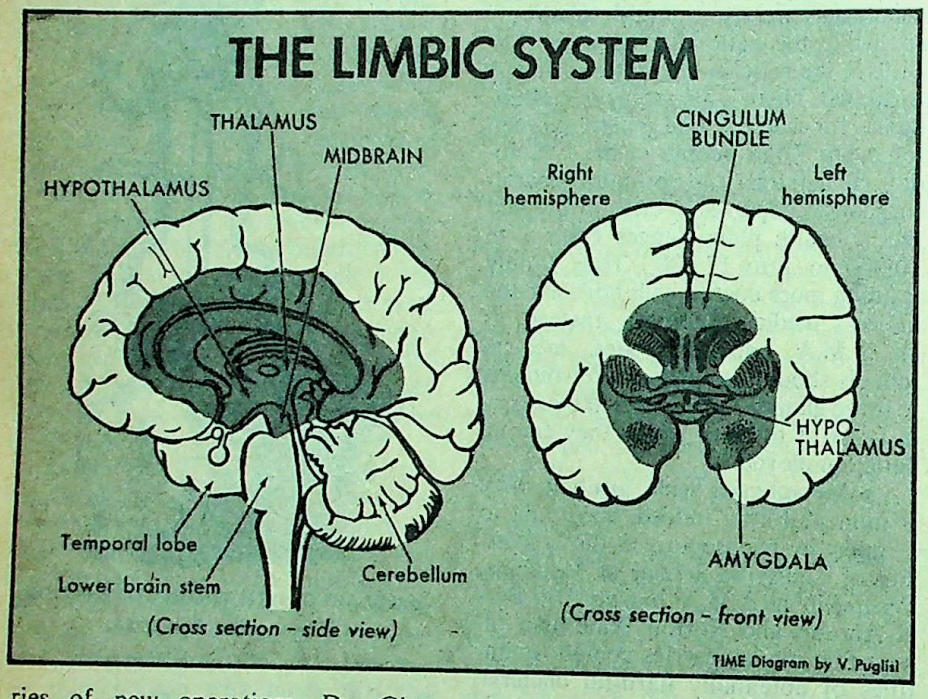
Dr. Vernon Mark and Dr. Frank Ervin, of Harvard Medical School, use a different operation. Part of the amygdala was removed in 13 patients, all of whom suffered from periodic seizures of violent, even homicidal rage. One of the patients has had no rage attacks or seizures in more than three years, four have had only mild attacks, and one has apparently not improved; it is too early to assess the results in the other seven cases. Dr. Keiji Sano, head of neurosurgery at Tokyo University School of Medicine, uses a similar procedure on the hypothalamus. All of his patients were children with serious brain damage and uncontrollably violent behavior; out of 56, all but a few became relatively calm.

Most of the doctors who perform psychosurgery are enthusiastic about it but believe it is a desperation measure. Many agree with Dr. H. Thomas Ballantine Jr. of Massachusetts General Hospital that "the brain is no longer a sacred organ, excluded from surgical therapy because it supposedly houses the human soul." But few believe that psychosurgery should be performed casually.

Dr. Theodore Kurze, chief of neurosurgery at Los Angeles County–University of Southern California Medical Center, feels that such operations should be attempted only after more conventional approaches like psychiatry, shock treatment and drugs have failed to help the patient, and then only on patients who are dangerous to others or themselves. He also thinks such operations are justifiable to help patients to bear the pain of incurable diseases like cancer. "It makes the patient suffer less," he says, "but it's very disturbing because some of these procedures change the personality."

There are those who believe that brain surgery has sinister implications. Dr. Peter Breggin, a Washington, D.C., psychiatrist, thinks that any operation that alters the personality partially kills the individual and should therefore be outlawed. He also suggests that doctors are operating on the emotions, indiscriminately calming down prisoners, mental patients and hyperkinetic children to make them easier to handle, and tranquilizing neurotic housewives.

But doctors are fully aware of the potential dangers and abuses of psychosurgery; some reputable neurosurgeons avoid it entirely. Mark and Ervin operate on fewer than 1% of the patients referred to them for that kind of operation. As a further safeguard, some hospitals have committees to screen applications for any psychosurgery.



Died. Marilyn Maxwell, 49, [illegible]-esque blonde film fixture of the '40s [illegible] early '50s; of a heart attack; in Be[illegible] Hills. After breaking into show bus[illegible] as a big-band singer, Maxwell found[illegible] forte as a straight-faced foil to m[illegible] comedians. Frequently cast as a [illegible] skirt and sweater type, she outb[illegible] many of her Hollywood compet[illegible] and managed the transition to televi[illegible] with relative ease. She made many g[illegible] appearances on comedy and va[illegible] shows, got a regular role in the [illegible] *Bus Stop* series, then successfully turned to cabaret singing.

■

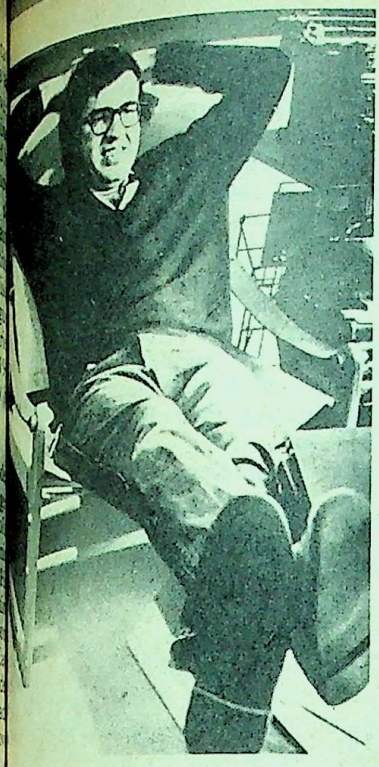
Death Revealed. Erich von [illegible] Bach-Zelewsky, 73, the Nazi SS [illegible] eral responsible for crushing the Po[illegible] resistance; of heart disease; in Me[illegible] on March 8. A close aide to Adolf H[illegible] ler, Bach-Zelewsky rose to the war[illegible] command of the German forces o[illegible] batting resistance movements in E[illegible] ern Europe. When the Warsaw und[illegible] ground rose in revolt in 1944, Ba[illegible] Zelewsky's forces slaughtered o[illegible] 100,000 Poles and leveled 90% [illegible] the city. He escaped punishment by [illegible] coming a prosecution witness at the N[illegible] remberg trials and testifying against [illegible] former SS comrades. In 1962, howe[illegible] he was convicted of the prewar po[illegible] ical murder of three Germans and s[illegible] tenced to life imprisonment.

■

Died. Cristobal Balenciaga, [illegible] grand master of French *haute cou[illegible]* of a heart attack; in Valencia, Sp[illegible] The son of a Basque fisherman, Bal[illegible] ciaga was 42 before he left Spain to [illegible] tablish his Paris salon. For the next [illegible] years he combined his sense of Span[illegible] simplicity and elegance into fashi[illegible] that adorned the rich and the n[illegible] round the world. Considered by m[illegible] to be the most influential designer [illegible] the postwar years, Balenciaga in[illegible] duced the sack dress, the semifitted s[illegible] and the seven-eighths coat. While sc[illegible] Paris designers in recent years conc[illegible] trated on ready-to-wear lines, Balen[illegible] ga remained a couturier to the pri[illegible] client until his retirement in 1968.

■

Died. Jeremiah Milbank, 85, fina[illegible] cier and philanthropist; in Greenw[illegible] Conn. A Wall Street banker and fo[illegible] to a railroad, banking and manufac[illegible] ing fortune, Milbank set up the In[illegible] tute for the Crippled and Disabled a[illegible] World War I to help train permanen[illegible] injured veterans and civilians. In 1[illegible] he established the original pilot stu[illegible] of poliomyelitis, which led to forma[illegible] of the National Foundation for In[illegible] tile Paralysis. A longtime friend of H[illegible] bert Hoover, Milbank was a large co[illegible] tributor to the Republican Party a[illegible] served as eastern treasurer for t[illegible] G.O.P. National Committee during [illegible] 1928 and 1932 elections.



TEXAN LARRY McMURTRY

Moving On

ALL MY FRIENDS ARE
GOING TO BE STRANGERS
by LARRY McMURTRY
355 pages. Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

Texan Larry McMurtry is much better known for the movies made from his fiction than for the books themselves. His first novel, *Horseman, Pass By*, became *Hud*; his third was *The Last Picture Show*.

That kind of dislocation usually happens in the careers of slicker authors who latch on to popular problems or write characters that turn out to be stereotypes." But McMurtry is not slick. He needs, in fact, to create indelible people and brilliant set-piece scenes. Nor can he said that success has deflected him from his sometimes invisible course. Unhappily, his books are constructed like tumbleweed. *Moving On*, the last one, was 794 arbitrary pages long, with no discernible direction. *All My Friends Are Going To Be Strangers* is less than half that length. It is acute, elegiac, funny and dangerously tender, and in tone it is not content—more like a memoir than a novel.

What story there is chronicles the third year in the life of Danny Deck, a sometime graduate student at Rice University in Houston and a writer. Danny has just discovering "the abruptness with which major changes can occur in life." Within a few months, he has seen his first novel bought by Random House and Hollywood, fallen in love with two women and completed a wary tour of domesticile in California.

Danny comes from West Texas cattle-handling stock. He has never been any place he could not drive to, and he loves the road and his car. He is also hooked on trashy highway food: butter rum Life Savers, Peanut Planks, cheap cheeseburgers. A brief, miserable marriage does not alter his open approach to life, nor does he fall for the blandishments of publishers and movie producers—although they give McMurtry a chance to kid literary parties and Hollywood editing methods.

The book is really a series of leave-takings—from Rice, student friends and Texas, later from his wife, and his mistress and California. Its best sequence concerns Danny's compulsive trip back to the remotest personal past he has. He visits the ruined demesne of Uncle L, who is a mean and misanthropic 92 yoked to an equally mean woman who wants to inherit his land. Having no regard for cattle, Uncle L has a herd of camels instead, along with spotted pigs, molting turkeys and a buffalo cow. Uncle L is a living figment—as well as a caricature—of the old, wild American dream. He still expects to encounter his hero, Emiliano Zapata, before he dies. Every night he searches the range for him and keeps a bag of gold handy for the meeting.

The gigantic past and the constricted present are alternating currents in the novel, and McMurtry is ambivalent about both. In an essay, he once called himself the victim of "a contradiction of attractions. I am critical of the past, yet attracted to it; and though I am even more critical of the present, I am also quite clearly attracted to it." That kind of ambivalence can nourish a novelist able to explore its consequences. If, in addition, his natural subject is Texas, it can be as tough and sustaining as the jerky drying on Uncle L's clothesline. ■ Martha Duffy

"Who Ya With?"

CITIZEN NADER
by CHARLES McCARRY
335 pages. Saturday Review Press. $7.95.

"I cannot decide," Charles McCarry lamented in mid-manuscript, "whether Ralph Nader is Jesus Christ or the Manchurian Candidate." The pity is that McCarry and others fail to sense that Nader is—and need be—neither.

In this literate, first full-length biography, McCarry dutifully confronts the standard assortment of Nader paradoxes. How explain a man who earns $200,000 a year, but lives on $5,000? Who assails even his former allies if they fall short of his exacting and peevish standards? Who refuses to drive a car, cheer the Redskins, make the cocktail parties, settle in suburbia, come to dinner, or allow visitors into his boardinghouse? But McCarry never comes close to defining his subject, in part because he never understands the consuming and monastic role—as Public Citizen—that Nader has assigned himself.

Nader was abruptly transformed into a national celebrity quite by mischance. After *Unsafe at Any Speed*, G.M. foolishly set detectives on the trail of its obscure critic. When a Senate subcommittee aired this Goliath *v.* David melodrama, Nader became a hero of just about everybody who feels oppressed by a formless, corporate "they."

Nader has busily progressed from attacking defective autos (millions of which have been recalled as a direct result of his activities) to denouncing the filth in meat-packing plants, which was still sickeningly pervasive 60 years after Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. Nader's list of targets expands steadily: harmful food additives, explosion-prone natural-gas pipelines, radiation emissions from color television sets, unwholesome poultry, polluted water and air, bureaucratic sloth, corporate oligopoly, labor-

STEVE NORTHUP—CAMERA 5



RALPH NADER BEFORE A SENATE COMMITTEE IN 1971
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union corruption, Union Carbide, [illegible] Du Ponts of Delaware, California [illegible] use, the Bureau of Reclamation. Ne[illegible] Nader plans to zero in on the lassit[illegible] of the Congress of the United States.

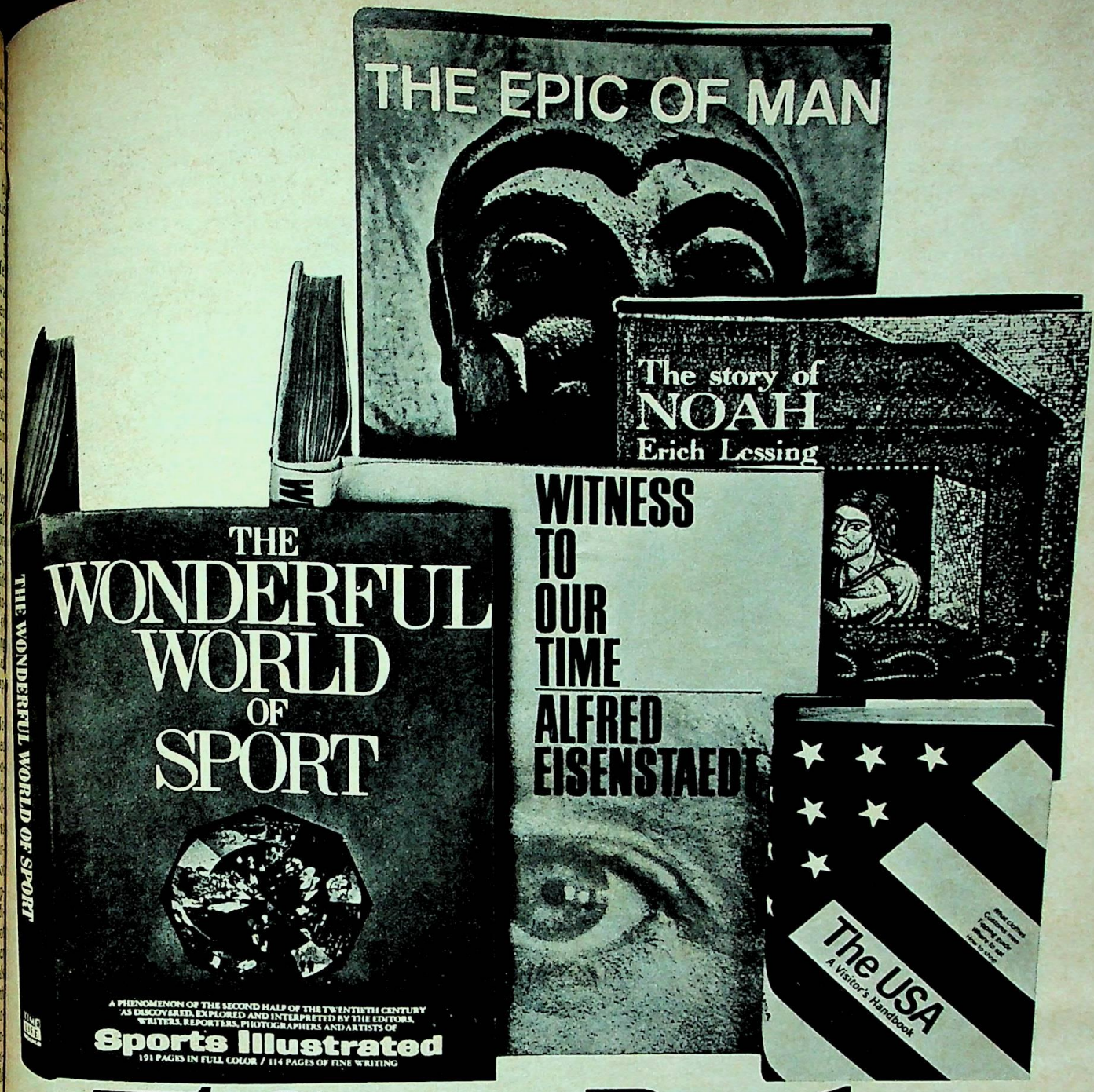
Nader is not beyond reproach [illegible] any means. A 1970 attack by his Ra[illegible] ers (task forces of college students) [illegible] the integrity of Senator Edmund [illegible] Muskie because an air-pollution bill f[illegible] short of their idealistic standards, w[illegible] puerile and misdirected. A subseque[illegible] study of New York's First National C[illegible] Bank exhibited remarkable naiv[illegible] about economic and financial comple[illegible] ities. Nader's often unbridled hyperbo[illegible] is cause for legitimate rebuke. He on[illegible] described the hot dog as the most da[illegible] gerous unguided missile in the U.S.

In criticizing Nader, though, Mc[illegible] Carry complains that Nader criticize[illegible] the National Traffic Safety Agency a[illegible] ter helping establish it—and therefo[illegible] being bound, McCarry presumes, ne[illegible] er to attack it. After his disillusion wi[illegible] Nader's overzealousness, McCarry in[illegible] congruously follows with a recitation [illegible] Nader's underzealousness in supportin[illegible] the late Joseph A. Yablonski's ill-fate[illegible] attempt to win control of the corru[illegible] United Mine Workers.

"Conspiracy." Nowhere does Mc[illegible] Carry really analyze the old-fashione[illegible] but to him somehow revolutionary co[illegible] cept of a Public Citizen as one exclu[illegible] sively devoted not to profit, fame or po[illegible] litical power, but to what he takes t[illegible] be the public good. McCarry, a jou[illegible] nalist who served as Henry Cabo[illegible] Lodge's speechwriter in 1960, is ap[illegible] palled that a corporation, like an indi[illegible] vidual, should be accused of "negligen[illegible] homicide." It shocks him that Nade[illegible] would describe Government officials[illegible] too complacent to deal effectively wit[illegible] highway safety as part of a "conspi[illegible] acy." He regards as practically un[illegible] American Nader's proposal that indus[illegible] trial polluters and price fixers shoul[illegible] receive criminal penalties.

McCarry is good at presenting th[illegible] early life of a rare child who flowered[illegible] into a rare man. At age four, Ralph Na[illegible] der spent his spare time listening, ec[illegible] chanted, to lawyers arguing cases in th[illegible] Winsted, Conn., courthouse. At 14, he[illegible] was addicted to daily reading of the *Congressional Record*, for most adu[illegible] readers an adequate substitute for chlo[illegible] roform. As an undergraduate at Princ[illegible] ton, Nader was locked into the librar[illegible] so often after hours and on weekend[illegible] that he was finally given a key of h[illegible] own. His father, a Lebanese immigrant[illegible] ran a restaurant that "was no place t[illegible] go and eat in peace." As a onetime cus[illegible] tomer, still rattled by the recollection[illegible] remarks, "Mr. Nader would always tr[illegible] to heat everybody up about wrongs an[illegible] iniquities . . . Mr. Nader would never[illegible] let anything alone."

But as the youth grows into inde[illegible] pendent manhood, McCarry, almost[illegible] like a baffled parent, begins urging[illegible] that Nader be more worldly and con[illegible] ventional. In near exasperation, M[illegible]



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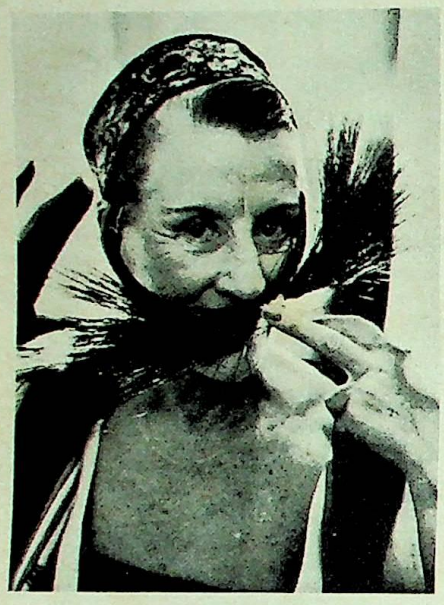
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writes: "Nothing can reconcile Nader to the time lag between the expression of his outrage and the obliteration of its cause. He is never satisfied . . ."

When other critics question Nader's authority to investigate corporation executives or public officeholders, he wearily responds: "A couple of thousand years ago in Athens, a man could get up in the morning, wander around the city and inquire into matters affecting his well-being and that of his fellow citizens. No one asked him: 'Who ya with?' " One suspects that Charles McCarry would have. ■Hays Gorey



BEATRICE LILLIE IN 1963

Blithe Spirit

EVERY OTHER INCH A LADY
by BEATRICE LILLIE, with JOHN PHILIP and JAMES BROUGH
360 pages. Doubleday. $7.95.

There might be Dayak matrons in the forests of Borneo, Noel Coward once wrote, who would reduce you to helpless laughter. There might also be unspeakably hilarious female Pygmies in the jungles of the Congo. But in our civilization, he concluded, Bea Lillie must be the funniest woman alive.

Few who have seen her, offstage as well as on, are likely to disagree. When an errant pigeon flew in her apartment window, what could she do but ask, "Any messages?" When a waiter at Buckingham Palace spilled hot soup down her neck, her retort was, of course, "Never darken my Dior again." Miss Lillie, in fact, has long since passed into a sort of performers' nirvana and become a model for zany aunts and dowagers. She was, the various authors have told her, the inspiration for Mary Poppins, Auntie Mame and Madame Arcati in *Blithe Spirit*.

The lady's own life has often been less than blithe. Her one marriage, to Sir Robert Peel—a reckless spendthrift descended from the Prime Minister who gave his nickname "Bobby" to the English policeman—ended unhappily. Her one child, the last Sir Robert, died when his ship was hit by Japanese bombs in 1942. She apparently never considered remarrying and spurned no less a figure than Clark Gable. " 'You lost your son, I lost my wife,' " she quotes Gable as saying. " 'Why don't we get married?' I didn't see the logic, to be perfectly frank . . . Such a lovely man, too."

Beatrice Lillie is now 73. What is she like, personally? Unfortunately, the reader does not really know after finishing her autobiography, which tells too little too long. Unfortunately, too, her humorous style—or is it her collaborators'?—is only fitfully amusing in print. Beatrice Lillie is undoubtedly the funniest woman alive. But those who have not seen her will have to take it on faith. ■Gerald Clarke

Fiddling in Old Rome

THE CONSPIRACY
by JOHN HERSEY
274 pages. Knopf. $6.95.

To Tim Foote, Books Editor, from Otto Friedrich, book reviewer:

That Hersey novel is really pretty bad. It's about an unsuccessful conspiracy to murder Nero, but for some unfathomable reason he has chosen to write it entirely as a series of documents, mostly memos between two police officials known only as Tigellinus and Paenus. Even at times of high crisis they stop to send each other long memoranda in a kind of pseudo Latin, using terms like "the fourth night hour." And they consistently refer to Nero as Himself. Do we really need a review?

To Friedrich from Foote:

Keep to essentials. Hersey's book is about power. He's been a housemaster or whatever at Yale, and they're very keen on power up there. He has also won a Pulitzer Prize, and it seems rather unprofessional to ignore his new book. I thought you were interested in history. Doesn't a novel about Nero inspire any interesting ideas?

To Foote from Friedrich:

I wonder why American journalists keep trying to write about Rome as though it provided some very significant analogy to America. Remember John Gunther producing that book about Julius Caesar? Teddy White wrote a play, too, about crossing the Rubicon. Even Hemingway, in the midst of covering the Spanish Civil War, wrote a grotesque playlet about the three Roman soldiers who had just crucified Christ. One of them keeps repeating, "I tell you, he was pretty good in there today."

Maybe I could get this review started by recalling that at 17 I tried an adaptation—in blank verse—of Racine's *Britannicus*.

To Friedrich from Foote:

Forget *Britannicus*. TIME rarely uses the first person singular, even in bylined reviews. Better stick to Hersey, Nero and power. The deadline is next Tuesday.

To Foote from Friedrich:

The trouble with writing about Hersey, Nero and power is that Hersey doesn't really seem to know much about power. Remember that White House party back in 1965 when Lyndon Johnson invited in a bunch of intellectuals and a lot of them tried to figure out how to protest the Viet Nam War? Hersey's solution was to read aloud some excerpts from his book on Hiroshima.

Two of the main conspirators in the book are Seneca and his nephew Lucan the poet. The two police officials keep passing along intercepted copies of letters between Seneca and Lucan, and the two writers keep hacking away at the question "What is a writer's responsibility?" Seneca says, "A writer cannot change the world; his duty is to describe it." Then there's the chief police official, Tigellinus, who says, "A writer has no responsibilities, for responsibilities are the burden of power. He is, at best, an entertainer, like the trained bear we saw nodding its head and catching apples in its mouth the other evening." Lucan is the angry militant, arguing that a writer "must answer to the future." But Lucan is the one who finally betrays the conspiracy largely out of vanity, which seems to be historically untrue—so what is Hersey trying to tell us about the writer's responsibility?

To Friedrich from Foote:

What is their motto in New Haven, *Lux et Vanitas*? Maybe Hersey is being ironic in his use of memos between police officials, though Yalemen are not noted for a sense of irony. The deadline is still next Tuesday. As Tigellinus often says, "This is a command."

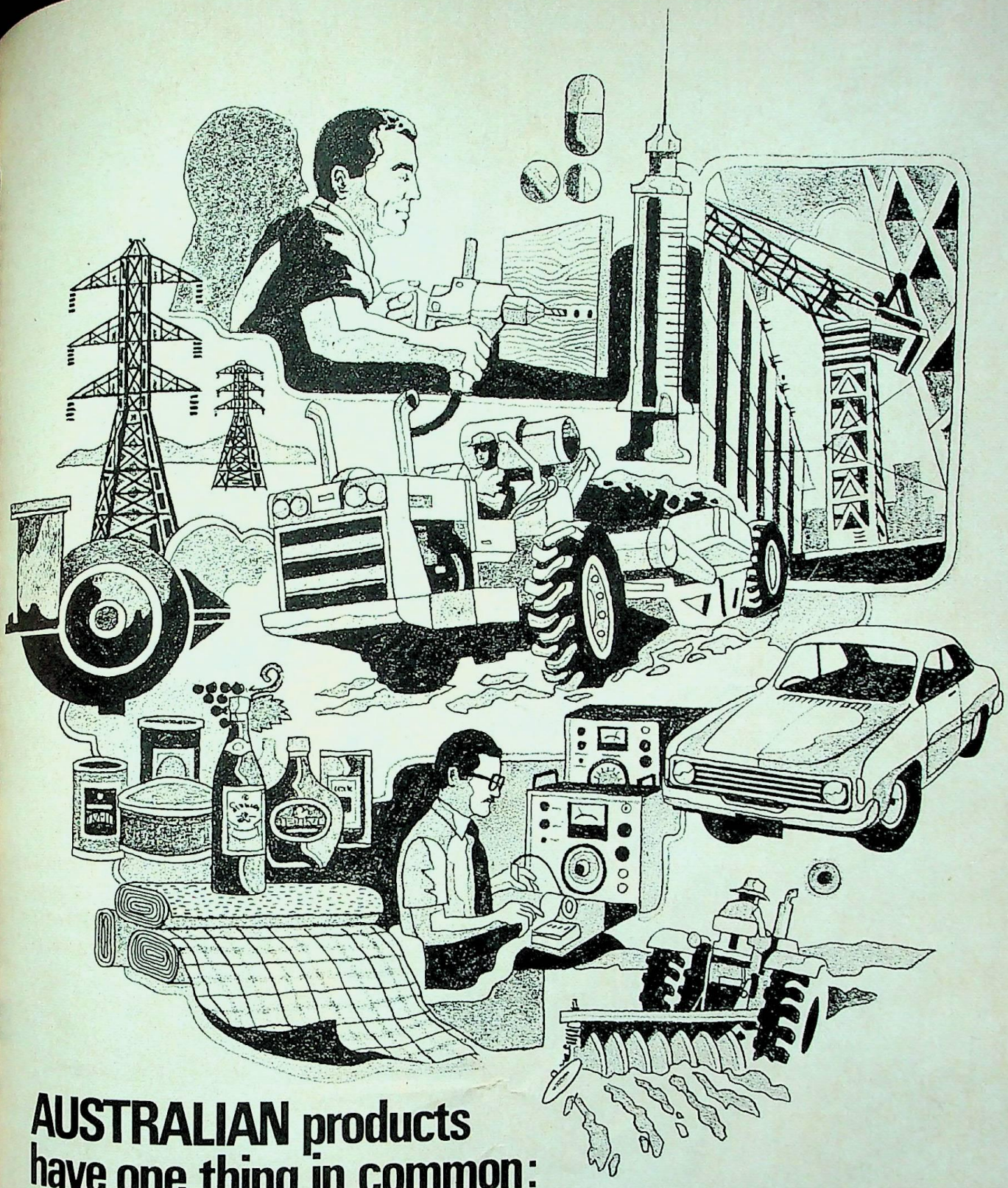
BEST SELLERS

FICTION

1—The Winds of War, *Wouk* (1 last week)
2—Wheels, *Hailey* (2)
3—The Day of the Jackal, *Forsyth* (3)
4—The Assassins, *Kazan* (5)
5—The Exorcist, *Blatty* (4)
6—The Betsy, *Robbins* (6)
7—Rabbit Redux, *Updike* (7)
8—The Blue Knight, *Wambaugh* (9)
9—Our Gang, *Roth* (8)
10—The Peaceable Kingdom, *de Hartog*

NONFICTION

1—The Game of the Foxes, *Farago* (1)
2—Eleanor and Franklin, *Lash* (3)
3—Tracy and Hepburn, *Kanin* (2)
4—The Moon's a Balloon, *Niven* (6)
5—The Defense Never Rests, *Bailey with Aronson* (4)
6—Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, *Brown* (5)
7—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, *Portola Institute* (7)
8—The Show Business Nobody Knows, *Wilson*
9—Report from Engine Co. 82, *Smith* (10)
10—Brian Piccolo: A Short Season, *Morris* (8)



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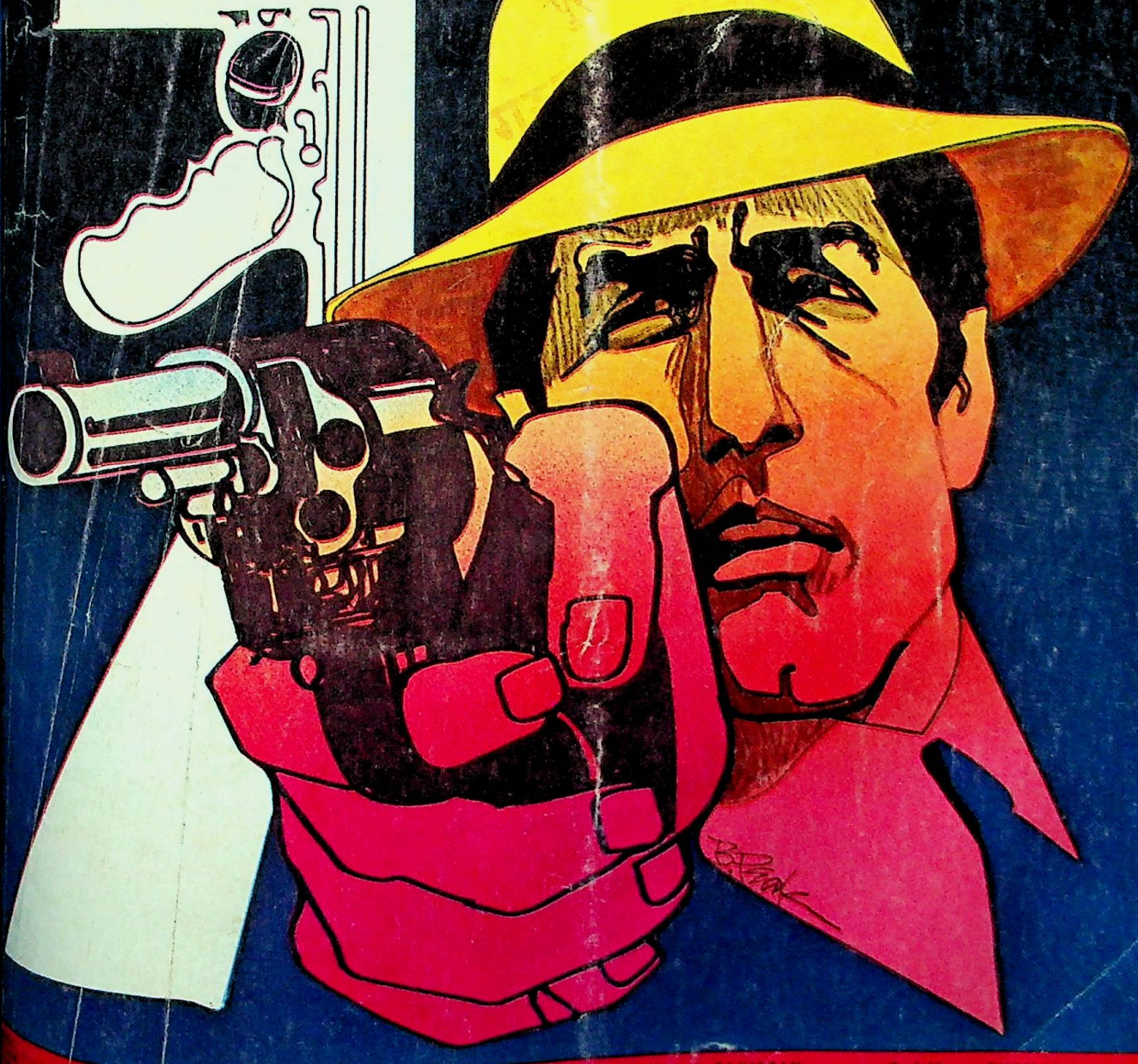
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GANG WAR
The How and Why of Murder



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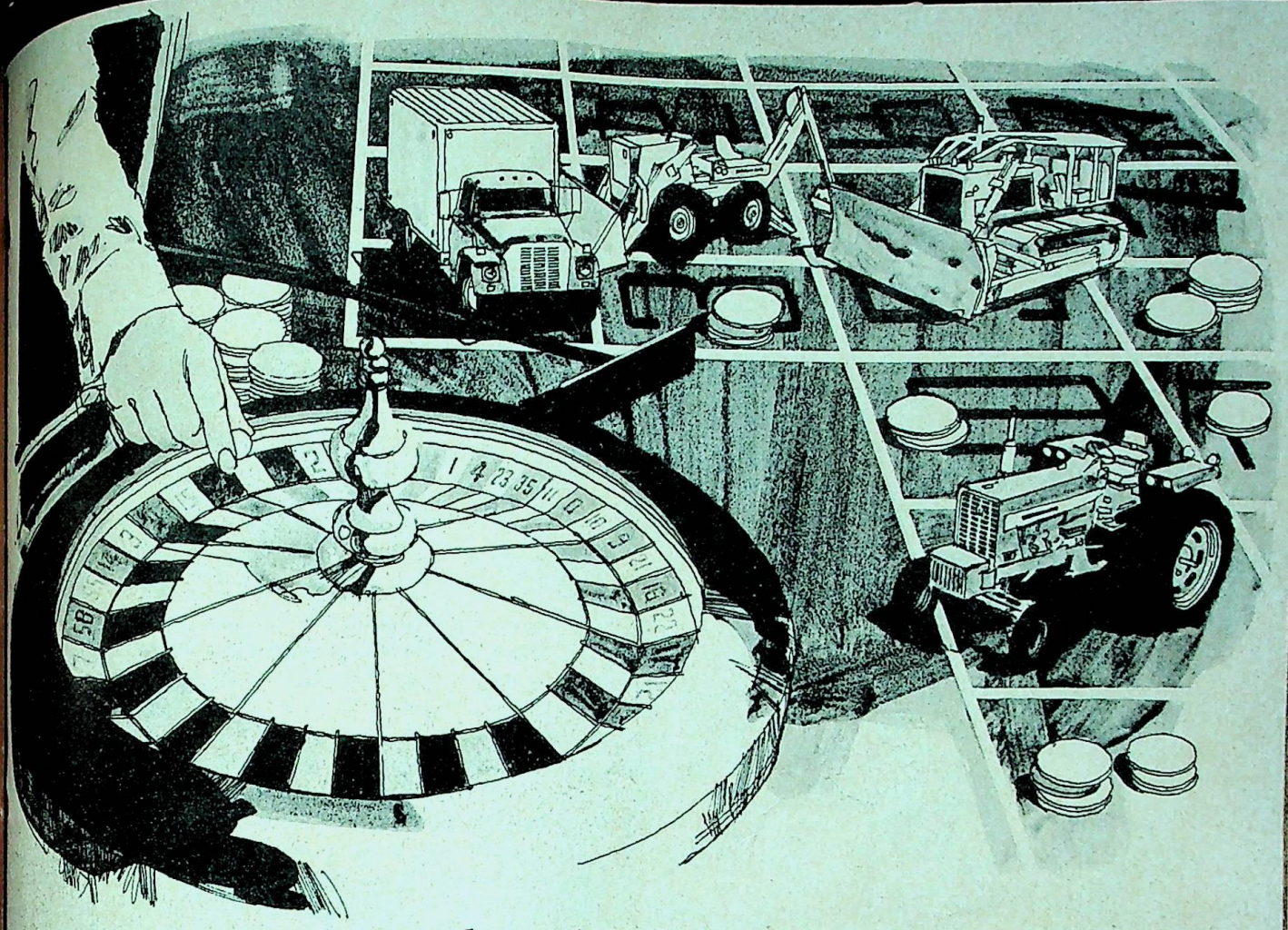
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Where There Is Muck . . .

Sir / The law-abiding, tax-paying American thanks Jack Anderson [April 3] every day for having the courage to expose the wheeling and dealing antics of our politicians in high places regardless of party. We have the right to know what is going on between these high-salaried public servants and big business. Exposure is the only control these rats will respect—they hate to operate in secret and behind closed doors. Remember, if there is no muck, there will be no muck to rake.

(MRS.) JANET GOULD
Gladstone, Ore.

Sir / Is the threat of exposure by Jack Anderson any more comforting than the threat of exposure by the late Senator McCarthy?

God save the United States from government by exposure.

DANIEL H. SHEINGOLD
Waban, Mass.

Sir / Jack Anderson seems to think he is a white knight. With his admitted methods of investigation he is more like a pot calling the kettle black.

HELEN NORWOOD
Greenfield, Mass.

Sir / To my mind Jack Anderson is a living doll. Everyone lies to you, and you can't believe anything coming from Washington.

Tell Jack to keep on. He lets us know it like it is.

DOROTHY BROSIUS
Dearborn Heights, Mich.

Sir / Not all the Mormon brethren "choke" on the words Brother Anderson. And I am proud to say that I am one who does not. I have known Jack Anderson as his student and his friend for 15 years.

He preached from the pulpit the doctrine and the teachings of his beloved faith with the same fiery zeal and uncompromising ardor that he now uses to denounce dishonesty and bigotry wherever he finds them.

No one will fail to see the showman in Jack and recognize his limitations. But, like all thinking, feeling men, he is not blind to the problems that beset mankind and the imperfections of those who manage its systems.

FERGUS R. WOOLLEY
Minneapolis

Sir / To those of us who were residing in Chile at the time of President Allende's election, Jack Anderson's exposé, if such it can be called, would be infuriating and almost comical were it not for its disastrous repercussions. Mr. Anderson has done a great disservice not only to Americans sincerely interested in Chile's well-being, but to all Chileans, employees and non-employees of ITT, who are calmly but diligently working to change the political winds—not through cloaks, daggers and phantoms of the CIA, but through a long, traditional and firm belief in the due process of Chilean constitutional law.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH ZILLI
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sir / I am certainly no particular fan of Richard Kleindienst, but Jack Anderson should be sued for being a national nuisance.

(MRS.) A.D. RICHARDSON
Tucson

Sir / It is my belief that America can ill-afford to be without such irascible critics of government as Jack Anderson. But when he makes an error, it's usually a beauty. Please add to the list of Anderson "off-target scoops," for which I, one of the victims, have yet to see a retraction or apology: his unquestioning and unwarranted support of Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, as revealed in the new bestseller *The Arnheiter Affair* by Neil Sheehan, who is also winner of (oh, sweet irony!) this year's first annual Drew Pearson Award for investigative reporting.

WILLIAM T. GENEROUS JR.
Wallingford, Conn.

No Call for the Victor

Sir / You report that Mrs. Martha Mitchell, wife of the former Attorney General, called Illinois State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan after the Illinois primary to congratulate him on his victory [April 3]. That report is erroneous. Mrs. Mitchell did not call Mr. Hanrahan on his victory or for any other purpose.

DEVAN L. SHUMWAY
Director of Public Relations
Committee for the Re-Election of the President
Washington, D.C.

■ TIME *is glad to learn about one nocturnal telephone call Mrs. Mitchell did not make. However, someone who said she was Martha Mitchell did place the call as reported, person to person from Washington, and Mr. Hanrahan spoke with her in all good faith and credulity.*

Wallace's Business

Sir / I found several of your remarks concerning George Wallace and his wife [March 27] rather crude and distasteful. While Mr. Wallace is not one of my favorite people, I do believe that he deserves respect, and that remarks concerning his wife should also be made with respect and good taste. I feel his phlegm is his business and not the whole nation's.

SALLY WALLACE
Auburn, Ala.

Sir / Regarding the recent victory of George Wallace in the Florida Democratic primary, I have found that the attitude of most Florida young people is not like that of their prejudiced parents. Because of forced busing, the students in my high school have lost virtually all racial prejudice, and most new friends are not even referred to as "black" or "white." Most of us would agree that busing has been more beneficial to our school than a continued state of segregation would have been.

BETH PARKER
Tampa, Fla.

Auto Worship

Sir / Los Angeles is not the only place in America where life revolves around the automobile [April 3]. Wherever automobiles can be found, there will be found a breed of unique and strangely happy people to customize, worship and race them.

Take away the automobile and a completely depersonalized society is one step closer to becoming a reality. There is no other product that stimulates the strength, individuality, pride, imagination, intelligence and skill of a person more than the automobile.

DANIEL R. POTTER
Johnson City, Tenn.

Equal Rights

Sir / I hope no one gets the mistaken impression that Senator Ervin represents the women of North Carolina on the Equal Rights Amend-



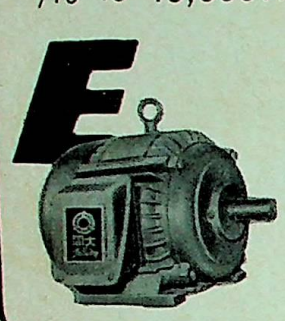
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(BLOCK LETTERS, please)

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ment [April 3]. He doesn't! Personally, I find the idea and fact of young men being maimed and killed by war just as disgusting and obscene as that of women being maimed and killed.

If it takes the threat of drafting girls to bring home to the war-happy the horror and obscenity of unjustified wars, then if this amendment never did another thing it would have well justified its existence.

I think I speak for my sisters as well as myself when I say we're mature enough to accept and expect equal responsibilities with equal privileges.

PAT SINGLETARY
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir / Somehow I feel that combat men of wars both past and present will not welcome Senator Ervin's estimate of their worth with great enthusiasm.

DARRYL L. NORTH
New York City

Frosty Welcome

Sir / To the people of the Aduntusan Society [March 27]: Don't send your witless, shiftless spawn up here. We Alaskans came here years ago because we were tired of being your maids and chauffeurs. So if you think we treat the poor wolf badly, such treatment will seem gentle to the way I, for one, will handle any of your brainless children if I catch them camping on my property.

(MRS.) AMIE BENSON
Fairbanks, Alaska

Coinfusion

Sir / Student of sign language Henry Dreyfuss [April 3], upon landing in Moscow, would also be able to recognize the value of Russian coins because, like the coins of most nations, they show their value in figures (5, 10, 15, etc.). U.S. coins lack this sensible feature.

HOWARD D. KELLEY
Kingston, Pa.

For Want of the Film

Sir / In your article "Littlest Black Box" [March 27], reviewing the new Kodak Pocket Instamatic cameras, you mention that among others, "Germany's Minox" has never met the challenge of coming up with a film that would produce color prints of sufficient sharpness.

Isn't that like saying that Mercedes-Benz has never come up with a gasoline that would make its cars run 100 miles per gallon?

While Minox came up with the idea and execution of a superb ultraminiature precision camera 34 years ago which is still unsurpassed today, it had to rely on the world's foremost film manufacturers to provide the best possible film for its tiny (8mm. by 11mm.) negatives.

Kodak's achievement, as Kodak's president pointed out, was in "coming up with the right film." As soon as this film is offered in Minox cartridges, the Minox lens (now even used for microfilming) will do the rest.

KURT W. LUHN
Vice President
Minox USA
Woodside, N.Y.

Unfair, Unfeeling?

Sir / I find Judge Turner's decision to keep the Gabriel children in the U.S. instead of allowing them to go to Czechoslovakia [March 27] most disquieting.

Apparently, circumstances in California were far from conducive to allowing the children's mother to establish any kind of free, conclusive relationship with her children. She had been separated from them for four years [illegible] foster parents and the community acted worked against her, which must have been communicated to the children.

It seems possible to me that Mother [illegible] ta has been arrogantly, unfairly—yea, *unfeelingly*—treated by those who now have power over her through her children.

KATHARINE J. SCHRADER
New Haven

A Baby Walking

Sir / Your correspondent William Stewart comment on the state of affairs in Bangladesh [April 3] is premature. Hardly four months have passed since that country gained real independence after a bloody war with the Pakistan army. Pakistan robbed Bangladesh of everything it had and left an impoverished land with a few million proud and determined people. Mujib will have to build the nation from scratch. In its struggle to be a free and democratic nation, Bangladesh needs all possible generosity, understanding and sympathy.

To expect it to solve all its multiple problems in four months' time is as utopian as to hope that a four-month-old baby will be able to walk on his own.

PRADEEP PATNAIK
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

No Wish to Remember

Sir / The letter by W.C. Cavin [March 27] was incredible. Having lived and worked in China during the Nationalist regime, I am sure the Chinese masses would never want to remember pre-Communist China. I arrived in China with a medical mission in 1945, when an old missionary physician was leaving. His parting remark: "Nothing has changed in China in the last 50 years; the masses are still born in rags and die in rags, and although the peasants are industrious, the roads are still crowded with beggars and hungry children abandoned because families cannot feed them."

Because of an outbreak of cholera, I was sent to Shantung province, where I was under Communist control for a year. Peasants were not wearing silk kimonos, but people had decent cotton clothing; there were no beggars or waifs on the road, children were well-nourished, and with pride the villagers showed you the school where the children were getting an education. I do not say China is utopia. But after years of exploitation by their own people and European and American big business, the Chinese could certainly have no wish to remember pre-Communist China.

CATHARINE D. LEALTAD, M.D.
Mexico City

Stiff Competition

Sir / Mrs. Barry Goldwater Jr. [April 3] will offer stiff competition to Mrs. Edward Kennedy as Washington's best undressed woman.

EDWARD G. NOBLE
San Francisco

Sir / TIME quotes Susan Gherman as being conservative. After I viewed her photograph with Barry Goldwater Jr., my observation was that she leans neither left nor right: a real middle-of-the-roader.

M.H. GORDON
Norfolk

Sir / Barry, what you see is what you get!

(MRS.) EDYTHE GRAVES
Wheatland, Wyo.

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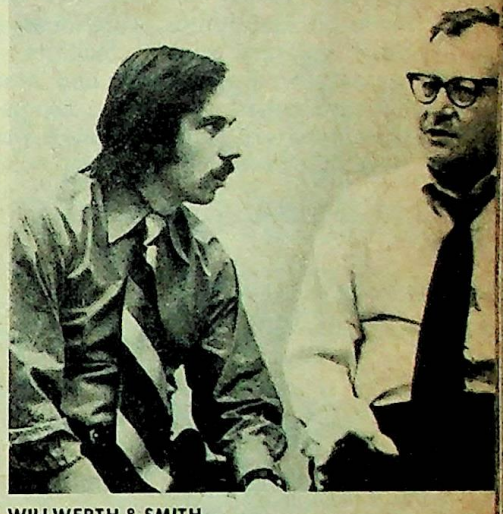
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

WHY is Homo sapiens such a murderous species? Mayhem among gangsters crests periodically, like seasonal floods, to settle grudges or to clarify title to racket real estate. Less organized killing is random and constant—and more difficult to pin down. Our cover story and Essay this week discuss both kinds, analyzing the skein of gang murders in New York and the deep-seated psychology of violence that has no home town.

Correspondents James Willwerth and Sandy Smith reported from the New York firing line, and from their own experience as thug watchers. Willwerth's first brush with the Mob dates back to 1969, when an anonymous phone call took him from Manhattan to Tucson, Ariz., and a three-hour interview with a confidant of Family Man Joe Bonanno. His article appeared with our cover story on the Mafia (TIME, Aug. 22, 1969). Last summer Willwerth reported on the shooting of Joe Colombo.

WALTER DARAN



WILLWERTH & SMITH

Last week Willwerth again found himself in unusual company. On his way to the funeral of Joseph Gallo, he maneuvered a small rented car into the cortege of black limousines. Then a carload of Gallo's associates came alongside and ordered Willwerth off the road. He made it to the cemetery anyway. Visiting the scene of the Gallo killing, Umbertos Clam House, he was warned in gruff terms by the hefty proprietor to avoid any use of his name. "Then," says Willwerth, "he took *my* name down for future reference."

Resident Mobologist Sandy Smith is a thoroughly practiced observer of gangsters' weddings, wakes and other rituals. He has spent 20 years following his specialty and building up contacts on both sides of the badge. Smith believes that reporting on the underworld is less hazardous than covering labor disputes and not very different from other kinds of reporting. "You're only as good as your sources of information," he says. "In this particular field, the sources are just more difficult to come by." Smith dug hard to find out what was going on among the contending hostiles and where it might lead. From his and Willwerth's reports, Lance Morrow wrote the cover story.

The Essay, written by Virginia Adams, deals with the broader aspects of violent behavior. To examine this peculiar—and seemingly growing—pathology, she drew on the views of psychiatrists, psychologists and other experts. "Our aim," says Senior Editor Leon Jaroff, "is to place the gang killings in their proper perspective, as a dramatic but small part of a much larger phenomenon."

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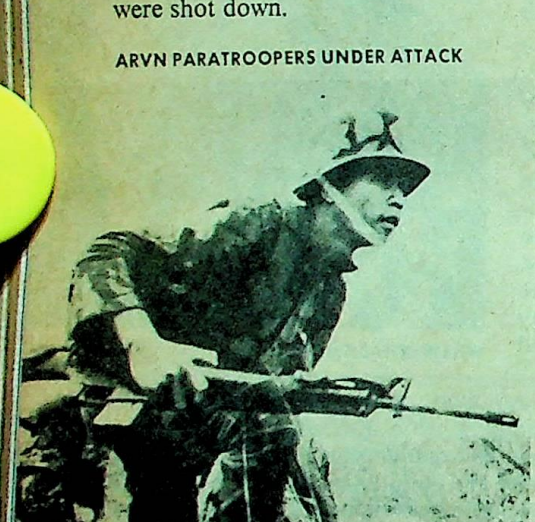
The Cover: *Artist Bob Peak's conception of a New York gangster, done in pen and ink and dyes.*

THE WAR

Escalation in the Air, Ordeal on the Ground

SUDDENLY, it seemed almost like 1968 all over again. Once more, waves of U.S. aircraft—B-52s and carrier-based fighter-bombers—swept into the heart of North Viet Nam on heavy bombing raids. Their main target this time: the port of Haiphong, which had been off limits for U.S. planes since President Lyndon Johnson cut back the bombing of North Viet Nam four years ago. The planes dropped their bomb loads on fuel dumps, warehouses and other military supply facilities. On Sunday, Air Force, Navy and Marine fighter-bombers struck POL depots on the outskirts of Hanoi. Two U.S. planes were shot down.

ARVN PARATROOPERS UNDER ATTACK



DIRCK HALSTEAD

It was a major new escalation of the war, and a high-risk gamble by President Nixon—one that he had been reluctant to take. Inescapably, it was a blow of retribution; the U.S. said that its new thrust northward was prompted by North Viet Nam's "mass invasion" of the South. The military justification was that Haiphong is the North's *entrepôt* for war supplies. But those supplies cannot affect the war between now and the start of the rainy season next month, when military activity slows down anyway. Thus the only strictly military advantage of the bombing was to slow the movement of supplies southward for any new North Vietnamese offensive seven months from now, when the rainy season ends.

The diplomatic impact was strong. The main target of U.S. diplomacy last week had been the Soviet Union, which has furnished Hanoi with its missiles, its artillery and its 500 tanks (about 200 of them in use in the South). In a speech delivered in Ottawa earlier in the week, Nixon had given Moscow an oblique warning that "great powers cannot avoid the responsibility for the use of arms by those to whom they give them." In fact, it is unlikely that the Soviets deliberately equipped Hanoi for an invasion of South Viet Nam; most of the arms were apparently intended for North Viet Nam's defense. There is little reason to believe that Moscow could force North Viet Nam to curb its offensive, even if it wanted to try. As the U.S. has learned after more than a decade of war, Hanoi has a mind of [illegible] own.

Now, by ordering the bombing, Nixon has acutely embarrassed the Russians, who have no choice but to react with indignation. Whether they would go so far as to revoke the President's invitation to visit Moscow in May [illegible] far more doubtful—and the essence of Nixon's gamble. In effect, the President was betting that both sides want the summit enough that the Kremlin will still welcome him on schedule.

Tank Duels. On the ground in South Viet Nam, the North Vietnamese offensive was in its third bloody week, and was also beginning to look like old times —very old times. In the craggy, sandy wastes of South Viet Nam's northern provinces, where the Communist drive began, whole platoons of tanks dueled for the first time in this war. Farther south, in Binh Long province, where the main fighting flared, columns of troops and vehicles crawled along a sun-baked highway on their way to aid a garrison under siege by the Communist regiments and artillery of General Vo Nguyen Giap. "This battle is a very conventional one," said an American adviser, Colonel J. Ross Franklin. "Giap's battle plan could have come from a German, a Frenchman or an Englishman. They're leading with their infantry, supported by artillery and tanks. They have everything but air."

While airpower alone could not make ARVN (the South Vietnamese army) a winner against the Communist

ARVN RANGERS RELAXING DURING LULL AT DONG HA



DAVE TERRY

DIRCK HALSTEAD

RELIEF COLUMN ON ROAD TO AN LOC



the ground, it could be crucial in ving off defeat. Last week that prop- sition was tested again as U.S. and Vietnamese aircraft fought to save an outgunned ARVN force from what ould be Giap's first important victory the campaign: the capture of An Loc apr. 40,000), the capital of Binh Long ovince, which is 60 miles north of Sai- on via the French-built Highway 13.

To the Saigon government, it was perative that ARVN prove itself able defend a city that in normal times d good weather is only a two-hour ive from the capital. The Communists ve so far been frustrated in their at- mpts to capture the old imperial cap- ital of Hué or the city of Quang Tri farther north, and it is believed that An Loc was to have been the seat of a provisional Viet Cong government. It should not have been a difficult target. In Binh Long province, the chief ARVN force was the 10,000-man 5th Division, a weak outfit that had been badly bloodied by the North Vietnamese a year ago in Cambodia. Opposing it were two battle-tested North Vietnamese divisions, and an artillery regiment (some 20,000 to 30,000 men) equipped with Soviet heavy weapons, including as many as 50 tanks.

Early on, the Communists had cut a wide swath through Binh Long, "liberating" several hamlets and overrunning the 5th Division logistics base at Loc Ninh. Backed by their Soviet-made artillery and tanks, several thousand regulars of the North Vietnamese 5th and 9th Divisions then surrounded An Loc and its 12,000 defenders, who included a ranger battalion and remnants of two battered 5th Division regiments.

As the Communist artillery began taking the city apart, President Nguyen Van Thieu took a hand in the effort to break the siege. He called up the 21st ARVN Division from the Mekong Delta, then sent it up Highway 13 behind his own palace guard, a crack 400-man paratroop battalion. The would-be "re-

On Highway 13: The Long Road to An Loc

TIME Correspondent David DeVoss with the 20,000-man relief column South Vietnamese troops on High- 13 last week as they tried to break ough an NVA blockade to reach the ovincial capital of An Loc, 60 miles rth of Saigon. His report:

HERE were *beaucoup* VC," said Sergeant Lam Son, a twelve-year eteran of the ARVN 9th Regiment, who ther had been fortunate enough to es- pe from Loc Ninh, the town that was errun by the North Vietnamese in eir drive on An Loc. "They [the North ietnamese] had about 30 tanks and ny of us were killed. We kill many C, but they too strong." When I met e sergeant, he was preparing to move rth again toward the besieged city of n Loc. His unit was in the village of ai Khe, 30 miles south of An Loc, hich was being used as the base for e buildup of the relief column.

For one entire day, a seemingly end- s convoy of trucks poured into the wn, carrying troops from the 21st Di- sion, normally stationed deep in the ekong Delta. Everyone seemed con- dent, except for the American helicop- r crews waiting to carry some high- vel U.S. military observers to the ntlefront. "They'll never win this war long as the Vietnamese let those guys choppers," said one Army captain, esturing toward the dozing crew of a mshackle Vietnamese Air Force uey." "These guys can't fight and n't fight. You'll never catch them in e air after 5 p.m. Just look at that," e laughed as a troop-laden chopper ached toward a vacant landing pad.

■

The next day, the column moved miles north to Chon Thanh, a lazy wn of tin houses with thatched roofs tween Lai Khe and An Loc. The wnspeople, exuding the blithe fatal- common to many Vietnamese, emed to be enjoying the show. "Some ople are scared," confessed Restau- ur Tu Ca, "but not enough to leave. Some of the rich have taken their children to Saigon, but all the regular people stay." Ca intended to stay and defend his reputation for serving the town's best *chao long* (a soup concocted of pork, noodles and vegetables).

An unreal sense of well-being extended even to a dark, sandbagged burrow on the town's south side where ARVN Major Tran Ai Quoc had set up a command post. As his battery of radios crackled in the background, Quoc reported that the situation around the town was quiet. It had better be. His retinue of lieutenants and enlisted men had been drinking Ba Muoi Ba brand beer and De Kuyper crème de menthe. An attack then would have been a disaster.

■

The following day the Saigon press corps arrived to witness what they had been told would be a triumphal march to the north. The optimism was bolstered by U.S. Major General James F. Hollingsworth, who dropped from the sky in his chopper (code name: Dynamite Six). "The North Vietnamese are trying to get back to Cambodia now," he said. "We are going to kill 'em all before they get there. These NVA are like mice in a haystack." Another U.S. adviser was less sanguine. "This is just like the First Battle of Bull Run," he muttered, alluding to the civilian spectators and festive atmosphere that attended that Civil War engagement.

That day the column moved about three miles. From atop an armored personnel carrier, the landscape looked like the Oklahoma Panhandle—thigh-high dry yellow banana grass, and clumps of scraggly trees on either side of the road. It was an ideal terrain for U.S. aerial domination—or so it seemed.

Suddenly the optimism and euphoria began to fade. VC sappers dynamited a culvert on Highway 13, five miles north of Lai Khe, shattering the comforting illusion that the road was safe. Two patrols of airborne troopers marching toward An Loc were badly mauled in ambushes. Then at 11 a.m.

AP



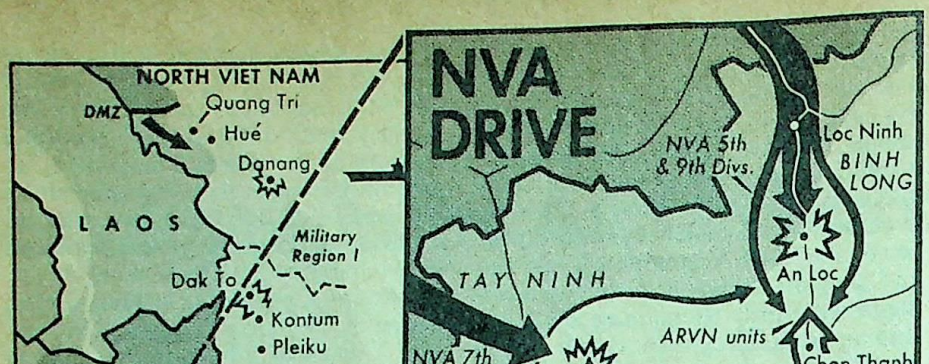
ARVN RELIEF TROOPS ABOARD TRUCK

the next day, enemy rockets and mortar shells pelted the column's artillery. ARVN tanks blazed back furiously, but with little success. An ARVN tank was hit by a B-40 rocket and exploded into a blazing wreck. Tac air was called in, and for 40 minutes, VNAF Skyraiders, U.S. Air Force Phantoms and C-119 gunships bombed and strafed. Nobody knew if they hit anyone, but at least the mortars were silenced.

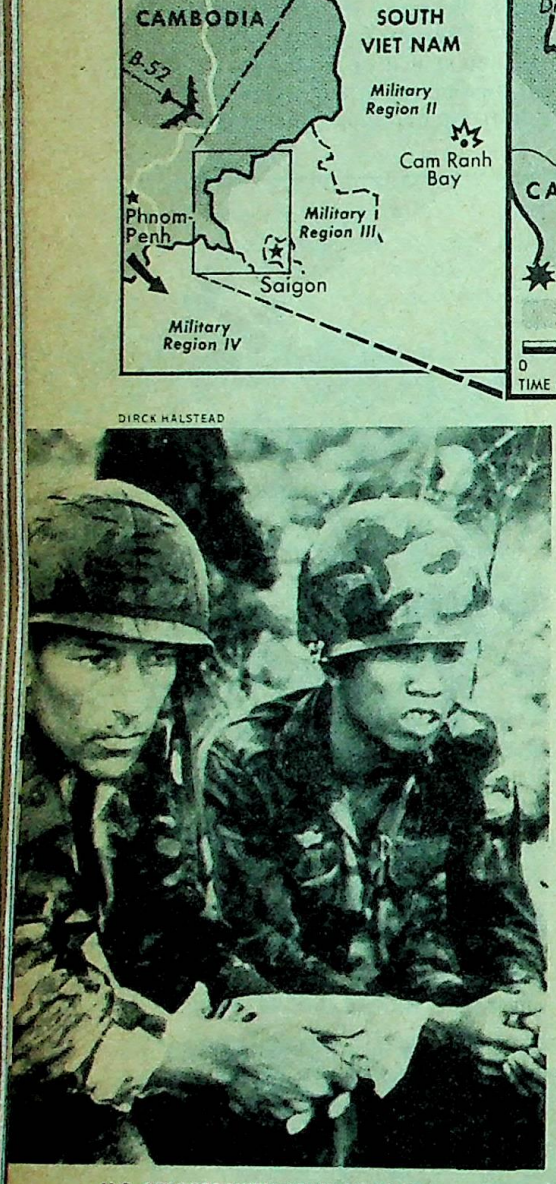
In the ensuing lull, ARVN troopers scavenged sandbags from a bunker that had been blown apart by an enemy mortar round. Some soldiers dug their fox holes deeper while others stared impassively at the immobile grass. Over campfires fueled by empty ammunition boxes hung pots of homemade noodle-and-vegetable soup.

"*Beaucoup* hot," said one trooper, looking at the heat waves rising from the asphalt highway, which was pitted and cracked from the mortar shelling.

"*Beaucoup* VC," we replied.



DIRCK HALSTEAD



U.S. ADVISER WITH ARVN SOLDIER

lief column" ground to a halt twelve miles from An Loc (*see box, preceding page*). Far more effective was the relief from the skies. U.S. Navy fighters, Air Force B-52 bombers and prop-driven Skyraiders skillfully piloted by South Vietnamese stopped several Communist tanks dead in their tracks. When the ground attack began, the Communists lost 25 more tanks in one 24-hour period, including 18 in fierce combat inside the city. At week's end both sides were claiming victory, but the issue was still in doubt.

An Loc was not ARVN's only problem last week. U.S. and South Vietnamese planes had to be diverted to the defense of the relief column, which was strung out helplessly over a 13-mile stretch of Highway 13. Farther north, in Military Region II (the vulnerable Central Highlands), a human wave of Communist troops swept an ARVN garrison from a fire base near Dak To, suggesting that an expected assault on the nearby city of Kontum was not far off. In Military Region I (the northernmost provinces), bloody fighting continued —as did the flow of Communist supplies through the DMZ. At Fire Base Bastogne near Hué, ARVN 1st Division troops ran so low on supplies after a long siege that they were fighting with arms and ammunition picked from enemy dead. Meanwhile, terrorist activity increased all over South Viet Nam. For the first time in two years, rockets were fired at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airbase.

At week's end the North Vietnamese had clearly demonstrated the weakness of South Viet Nam's border defenses. They retained the military initiative, and they continued to hold large swatches of South Vietnamese territory. But they had not been able to take permanent hold of any important cities. Nor had the NVA been able to bring about what the Hanoi daily *Nhan Dan* last week gloatingly described as "Nixon's biggest nightmare—a Saigon puppet army battered everywhere and crumbling irremediably."

Except around An Loc, ARVN commanders showed a reluctance to mount a sustained counteroffensive—a matter they left to the pilots. There were occasional scenes, too, of panicked soldiers rushing to grab the skids of helicopters as they pulled out of areas under fire. But to American military advisers present on the battlefields to provide logistical information and encouragement, most of the South Vietnamese troops seemed tough and professional.

In the north, Giap's 35,000 troops were stalemated by ARVN defenders around Hué and Quang Tri. North of the latter last week, a clever South Vi namese marine commander sur evacuated his base after learning of impending Communist night armor tack; when the North Vietnamese dr into the base, the marines opened f from the perimeter, knocking out least five tanks and killing scores of emy troops. Another Communist mored force roared east on Highwa in the darkness but missed the turn its objective, Dong Ha. When the rose, the parked, puzzled Commu found themselves under the muzzles heavier ARVN M-48 tanks. Result more North Vietnamese tanks knock out. Said a U.S. adviser: "Yes, stopped them cold. The battle is over, but I think that the crisis is pa

Or so Washington and Saigon ho though they are not convinced that t is the case. In fact, both American a South Vietnamese commanders on t scene tend to agree that some ma fighting still lies ahead. So far, the No Vietnamese have committed no mo than half of their 100,000 troops in t South to battle, and they have yet challenge ARVN where it is weakest, the Central Highlands. For their pa the South Vietnamese have virtually reserves to call on should the Comm nist drive spread to another front.

If the uncommitted North Vietna ese regiments enter the fighting, airpo er would become more vital than ev and last week the big U.S. buildup co tinued. Some 600 fighter-bombers we on hand at Danang and at bases in Th land, as well as aboard the four ca riers at Yankee Station. Two other ca riers, the *Midway* and the *Saratog* were en route. As low clouds and dri zle kept U.S. Phantoms on the grou South Viet Nam's own 700-plane air force took on an important role in fighting; its ancient but effective Sk raiders, flown with daring by Sou Vietnamese pilots at treetop level, ha accounted for a large portion of more than 100 Communist tan knocked out in the fighting so far.

Three Offensives. How long wo the North Vietnamese drive continu In *Tet* '68, the Communists pursued series of three offensives, each of wh faded after five or six weeks as supp were exhausted and losses from U counteroffensives mounted. Ranki U.S. officials in Saigon expect a sim pattern this time around. In their vi the current fighting will begin to fa in three to four weeks, as the No Vietnamese withdraw to their sanc aries to regroup and resupply. Desp the onset of the monsoon rains, wh are due to begin in most of the cou next month, the Communists may t try to renew the fighting in August order to influence the U.S. election ca paign. "Traditionally," says an Am ican official in Saigon, "their first ef has been the strongest and most v lent. According to our experience, second will be less intense and so the third, if there is a third."

CANADA

Nixon's Mission of Reassurance

SETTLING into the free-form suede couch in Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's newly decorated Ottawa office, Richard Nixon observed how relaxed the two leaders were in their talks. "With ongoing negotiations, it is easy for us to get together," he said. "We take up on our differences and we don't like the uncertainties of new positions."

Uncertainties, no. The differences between Canada and the U.S. are well understood by the two governments, and refuse to go away. Thus Nixon spent the better part of two days in Ottawa last week trying to patch up a tattered neighborly relationship.

The differences are mostly economic and stem from Washington's attempts since last August to shore up the U.S. balance of trade. Canada, which is the U.S.'s largest trading partner, was stunned by Nixon's sudden decision to impose a since-rescinded surcharge on imports. Washington, in turn, was angered last fall that the Canadians were reluctant to revalue their dollar.

Although those particular issues are now moot, the atmosphere has been further clouded by Treasury Secretary John Connally's insistent demand that Ottawa make certain new economic concessions, notably a revision of the 1965 Canada-U.S. auto pact giving Canada a bigger share of joint car production. So far, Ottawa has refused to budge, and talks have bogged down in bad feeling. American negotiators speak disparagingly of Ottawa's "bush-league mandarins." Trudeau has cracked that with friends like Secretary Connally, who needs enemies?"

The Treasury demands added political voltage to an atmosphere already charged with Canada's perennial worries about U.S. "cultural imperialism" and its impact on Canadians' cherished separate identity. In addition, there are more Canadian fears about U.S. control of its economy. American corporations own 76.4% of Canada's oil and coal resources, 99% of its oil refineries, 58% of its manufacturing—and 90% of all factories with more than 5,000 employees. Moreover, Washington has been pressing Ottawa to share "continental" energy supplies, particularly natural gas. Some Canadians have read this as an opening bid in a long-range determination by the U.S. to take over their energy resources.

Nixon's mission last week was thus one of reassurance—aimed primarily not at settling specific differences but at improving the soured diplomatic tone. Mindful that a demonstrator got through police guards last October and grabbed visiting Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, the Canadians took extraordinary precautions for Nixon's security. Plainclothes Mounties and U.S. Secret Servicemen even hosed down the mushy snowbanks near Parliament Hill, to eliminate the potential threat of snowballs being hurled.

In the context of Canadian concerns, Nixon's speech to Parliament was weighted with more meaning than the usual rhetoric of presidential visits, and it seemed to hit exactly the right note. "It is time for us to recognize," he declared, "that we have separate identities, that we have significant differences, and that nobody's interests are furthered when these realities are obscured. Each nation must define the nature of its own interests, decide the requirements of its own security, and determine the path of its own progress."

Nixon also took care to correct a public gaffe he had made last August, in inaccurately describing Japan as the U.S.'s largest trading partner. "Canada," said Nixon, to the applause and then the laughter of the assembled M.P.s, "is the largest trading partner of the U.S. It is very important that that be noted in Japan too."*

Despite the vast differences in their political and personal styles, Nixon and Trudeau have always been at ease with each other intellectually. In private talks, they agreed to press their negotiators to reopen talks—stalled since last December—on the economic issues. They also traded travelers' notes—Nixon on Peking, which has invited Trudeau for a visit, and Trudeau on Moscow, where he met Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev last spring.

No presidential visit is complete without a signing ceremony, and negotiators for both sides rushed to complete one important document in time: the five-year Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement that commits both governments to initiate programs by 1975 which would "restore and enhance" polluted waters from Lake Superior to the St. Lawrence River. Expanding on the theme, Nixon and Trudeau raised the possibility of a similar agreement covering all the waters along the border —which would be more than ample reason for another presidential visit, if and when both men are re-elected.



UPI

PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU WELCOMING PRESIDENT NIXON AT AIRPORT IN OTTAWA
...more intellectually, despite differences in styles.

BRITAIN

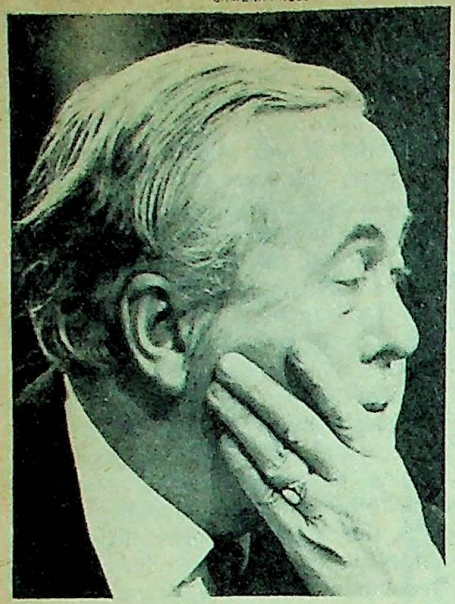
The War of Jenkins' Aye

When Parliament reconvened last week following an eleven-day holiday recess, the first act of Labor Party Deputy Leader Roy Jenkins was to seek out his leader, Harold Wilson. In a brief meeting at Wilson's Commons office, Jenkins, 51, bluntly announced that he was resigning, both as deputy leader and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Labor's shadow cabinet. He will return to the back benches in the House of Commons and there, freed from responsibility for maintaining party loyalty, he intends to continue his fight for British entry into the Common Market, an issue on which the Labor Party is badly splintered.

Jenkins' break with Wilson was quickly followed by the sympathetic resignations of seven other members of the Labor shadow cabinet, including

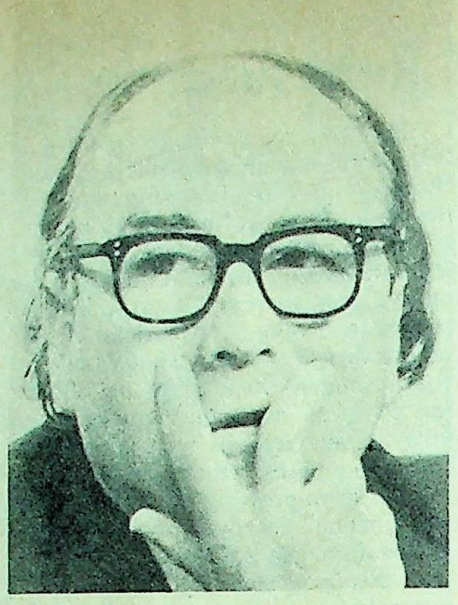
*As Nixon corrected that clinker, he dropped another, smaller one. After tackling a passage of his speech in atrociously bad French, he apologized for his pronunciation of "a language I studied 37 years ago." He had asked his translator, Major General Vernon Walters, whether he could speak French in Ottawa. Nixon explained, and the General had told him to go ahead "because you speak French with a Canadian accent."

CAMERA PRESS—PICTORIAL PARADE



PARTY LEADER HAROLD WILSON

CENTRAL PRESS



FORMER DEPUTY LEADER ROY JENKINS

In a circus of gymnasts, consistency is the ultimate sin.

Defense Experts George Thomson and Lord Chalfont. The stunning move shattered the façade of Labor unity and cast the party into its most vituperative intramural quarrel in two decades.

For Britain's delighted Tories, Jenkins' action has far-reaching consequences. It means that Prime Minister Edward Heath's Common Market legislation is now virtually certain to pass on schedule, helped along by a Jenkins-led labor bloc of pro-Europeans. It also means that Heath—no longer plagued by the danger of defeat over EEC legislation—may call an early general election. British political observers expect that he may do so in the fall or, at the latest, next spring. If Heath can cut unemployment and show some success with his new Ulster policy, he seems virtually certain to win.

Shifted Ground. The personal battle between Wilson and Jenkins has gradually heightened ever since the Labor chief, as leader of the opposition, backed down on the position he had taken as Prime Minister and decided to fight against the terms on which Heath proposed to bring Britain into the Common Market. At first, Jenkins and other pro-Market Labor M.P.s went along, hoping to help Wilson secure a better deal for British entry.

Eventually, they became convinced that Wilson, for political reasons, had actually shifted ground and opposed entry itself. During the winter, the bickering grew sharper over what TIME's parliamentary correspondent, Honor Balfour, calls "the twists and turns of outrageous Wilson." Five months ago, the Jenkins bloc defied Wilson and party discipline and sided with Heath (TIME, Nov. 8) on a crucial vote to keep his Common Market bill alive.

Ever since, some parliamentary observers have been predicting an open break between Wilson and Jenkins. What finally brought it about was the recent effort of anti-Market Labor M.P.s to force a referendum on the Common Market, which might show that a majority of Britons were against it. Initially, Wilson opposed a referendum on constitutional grounds. After French President Georges Pompidou called for a popular vote in France, which will take place next week, and after Heath suggested the possibility of a plebiscite on the Northern Ireland border issue, Wilson again reversed his stand. He backed a proposal by the chairman of the party's national executive committee, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, that Labor support a referendum amendment being moved by a small band of anti-Market Conservative M.P.s.

Wilson apparently bought Wedgwood Benn's argument that if the referendum amendment carried, Heath might be forced to call an election which Labor could win. The transparently political motive of Wilson's decision was too much for Jenkins, the Oxford-educated son of a Welsh coal miner, whose recent speeches have often touched on the need for Labor to address itself to the quality of British life. In a "Dear Harold" open letter following his resignation from the front bench, Jenkins opposed what he called "government born out of opportunism." Wrote he: "I want to see that future Labor governments have a clear sense of direction. This constant shifting of the ground I cannot accept. Save in the very short term, it will be far more damaging to the Labor Party than to the present government."

Jenkins' defection threw Labor into disarray. In addition to the ranking party leaders who decided to join him on the back benches last week, several other M.P.s advised Wilson that they would stay only if the waffling stopped. Unfazed, Wilson filled shadow cabinet vacancies with anti-Europeans, and other members from the left wing of the party moved up to give Labor's front bench a leftist majority for the first time. The former spokesman on foreign and Commonwealth affairs, Denis Healey, took Jenkins' shadow Exchequer post.

With Labor dominated by its l
the party will presumably lose some
its appeal to middle-of-the-road vo
in a general election. As pro-Ma
M.P. William Price puts it: "Any p
litical party can sustain a few gymn
but a whole circus of them would b
disaster."

The Labor feud is bound to af
personalities as well as the party. J
kins, described by one supporter l
week as having been "forced out
the ultimate political sin of being c
sistent," has lost, at least for the t
any chance of attaining party lead
ship. Labor will not easily forgive h
for breaking ranks; at the party's c
ference next October he may well be
cused of the heresy of "elitism." In t
long run, though, Wilson is not m
better off. He will likely remain pa
leader for the time being because
successor has emerged. But it is dou
ful that Wilson, having split the La
Party so badly, will ever be able to le
it back to power.

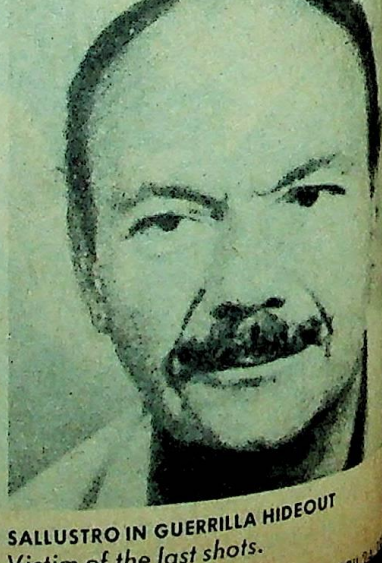
LATIN AMERICA

A State of Internal War

The guerrillas are back in actio
After several months of relative in
tivity, Latin America's left-wing terro
ists struck out in a series of incide
last week, proving that they are as a
and intransigent as ever.

In Argentina, leftist terrorists a
bushed and murdered Major Gene
Juan Carlos Sánchez. Recently, Sánch
had boasted that he had elimina
85% of the guerrillas from the reg
he controlled in the northeastern p
of the country. Only three hours la
another group of guerrillas shot Ob
dan Sallustro, the Italian manager
Argentina's Fiat auto plant, who h
been kidnaped 20 days earlier.

In nearby Uruguay, meanwhile,
members of the notorious Tupamar



SALLUSTRO IN GUERRILLA HIDEOUT

Victim of the last shots.

guerrilla organization escaped from Montevideo's Punta Carretas prison through a recently built tunnel. Two days later, Tupamaros staged six fatal ambushes around Montevideo, killing two policemen, a naval officer and a former Cabinet under secretary. Eight Tupamaros, including two of the prison escapees, also lost their lives. The outbreak of violence caused President Juan María Bordaberry to ask the Uruguayan Congress to suspend individual rights and to declare a "state of internal war." At week's end, Congress approved his requested measures, but only for 30 days.

No Solution. Unlike the revolts led by such classic guerrillas as Mexico's Emiliano Zapata and Nicaragua's Augusto Sandino in the earlier part of this century, most contemporary terrorist movements are strongly ideological. Their leaders emulate Cuba's late Che Guevara and such flamboyant Guevarists as Brazil's Carlos Marighella, who was killed by Brazilian police in 1969. No Latin American government has yet found a way to deal with its guerrillas effectively except by repression—a strategy that may control the terrorists for a time, but does nothing to solve the root cause of their revolt.

Thus the movements persist. In Chile, the M.I.R. (Movement of the Revolutionary Left), which is militant but has seldom employed murderous tactics, has made a strong appeal to landless peasants in the southern part of the country. With only token resistance from the police, they have seized more than 150 farms and illegally occupied 3,000 or so apartments in government housing projects this year. Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens has been reluctant to move decisively against the squatters for fear of further weakening his already shaky left-wing coalition of support. Last week a massive protest parade in Santiago by an estimated 400,000 people—the largest street rally in Chilean history—demonstrated that he also faces mounting pressure from the moderate right.

Even in relatively stable Mexico a dozen or so terrorist organizations sporadically stage bank holdups and political kidnapings. The government's campaign against the guerrillas was aided by the death of Guerrilla Leader Genaro Vásquez Rojas in an auto accident last February. But another leader, Lucio Cabañas, is still free somewhere in the remote Guerrero mountains. He is believed responsible for kidnaping the son of a wealthy coffee farmer last month.

In Brazil, police not only killed Guerrilla Leader Marighella, who three years ago organized the kidnaping of U.S. Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick, but also Marighella's successor, Carlos Lamarca. He had plotted the kidnaping of Swiss Ambassador Giovanni Bucher in 1970. Brazilian terrorists have been quiescent lately, partly because of the growing effectiveness of the country's police and army, partly because most of the guerrillas seem to be young middle-class intellectuals who have little kinship with the masses of uneducated poor they would like to lead. "They just don't know how to get their hands dirty," says one American expert. "If one of these strange-talking kids moved into a *favela*, the gossip would run through the place like fire. The cops would be on to him in no time."

Last week's guerrilla murders in Argentina were aimed at intimidating the government of President Alejandro Agustín Lanusse. Lanusse, who has called for elections to be held in March 1973, vowed that "nothing and no one will halt the country's return to constitutionality." Lanusse's firm stand in last week's crisis may have strengthened him, even though his refusal to negotiate with the kidnapers led to Sallustro's death. The guerrillas had demanded $1,000,000 and the release of 50 political prisoners in return for the Italian's life.

Socrates' Truth. Sallustro's "execution" by his captors took place in a small house in Buenos Aires. At the end of a 20-minute gun battle between police and guerrillas, a man inside shouted: "Stop firing! We have Sallustro alive." In the ensuing silence, two more shots could be heard. When police rushed in, they found Sallustro dead on the bedroom floor. Three men escaped through a rear exit.

Sallustro obviously knew that he had been condemned to death. In his pocket, police found a note addressed to a colleague in which he recalled that Socrates, before taking the hemlock, had deplored the sobbing of his wife and followers. "He said they were jealous because he would know the truth before others," wrote Sallustro, adding, "I am very calm because I shall finally know the truth of Giorgio [a son who was drowned 13 years ago] and of God."

FRANCE

The Great Getaway

For a time last week it looked as though they were filming a French-language version of *Bonnie and Clyde Meet the Keystone Kops* at the Palais de Justice in Paris. The action, though, was real enough.

The scene began when five gendarmes escorted two handcuffed hoods and their blonde gun moll into the chambers of Judge Robert Magnan for a preliminary hearing. As was the custom at the supposedly escape-proof Palais, the handcuffs were removed from the wrists of Christian Jubin and Georges ("Jo") Segard, both 30. Segard and his wife Evelyne, 27, stood charged with 31 armed robberies. Jubin, moreover, was accused of a double murder and rape. While Judge Magnan reviewed their dossiers, Evelyne opened



GAMMA

SEGARD (RIGHT) WIELDS GUN AS JUBIN DRIVES CAR FROM PARIS COURTHOUSE

her purse, ostensibly to get a handkerchief. Before anyone could say "Search *la femme*" she whipped out a pistol. "Don't try anything," Evelyne warned the stunned guards, as she handed two other guns to Jubin and her husband. "I've got one bullet for the judge and one for myself." Within moments, the gendarmes were wearing their own handcuffs and lying face down on the floor, their mouths taped.

As news of the escapade circulated through the courthouse, a squadron of police wearing bulletproof vests and armed with submachine guns belatedly barricaded the judge's chambers, where the trio now held nine hostages. Over the phone, Jubin's woman lawyer, Geneviève Aïche, urged her client to give himself up: "You'll never be able to escape." He refused. "If I fail," he snarled, "just put roses on my grave."

Through intermediaries, Jubin persuaded the police commissioner of the Palais to supply him and the Segards

with a getaway car. They took along three hostages: the judge, a clerk and a secretary. With Jubin at the wheel, a black Renault sped off into the night, followed by two police cars and several autos filled with reporters. Unable to shake his pursuers on a wild ride through Paris, Jubin finally brought the car to a screeching halt, jumped out and yelled: "If you don't stop following me, I'll shoot a hostage." The police and the newsmen turned back.

After abandoning the Renault and commandeering a passing motorist's white sedan, the trio released the hostages unharmed. They then zipped off to their hideout—which, it became clear later, was an apartment just around the corner from the office of Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas. While 10,000 of Paris' finest scoured the city, the Jubin gang felt confident enough to pull yet another job. They were abducting a young secretary, to use as a hostage, in her car when one of the few police units in Paris not assigned to the case apprehended them. Said one of the arresting officers: "We learned only later that we had caught the Jubin gang."

Back at the Palais, 50 of the 68 judges saw little humor in the daring escape. They met to demand better protection from *les gangsters*.

All Were Guilty

The most traumatic event in recent French history was unquestionably the Algerian war, which claimed the lives of 20,000 French soldiers and an estimated 1,000,000 Algerians between 1954 and 1962. French memories of the war are still bitter, but passions have recently cooled enough to permit a few uncensored examinations of a conflict that brought France perilously close to civil war. First to "bring the skeleton out of the closet," as one reviewer put it, was General Jacques Massu, whose book *La Vraie Bataille d'Alger* (The Real Battle of Algiers) describes in chilling detail the tortures carried out by French paratroopers while he was military commander of the city—atrocities that had been officially denied by the French government.

ALGERIAN CAPTIVE IN "LA GUERRE"



Even more telling is a graphic film documentary called *La Guerre d'Algérie*, which is playing to packed houses in Paris. Reliving the war has proved to be a shattering experience for many viewers, and reactions range from stunned silence to horror and disgust. Shouts of "*Salaud!*" (bastard) fill the theater when former Premier Guy Mollet is shown defending his policy of keeping draftees in the army for 30 months instead of the legal term of 18 months. "When the lights go on at the end of the film, you sit there crushed, speechless, heartsick," wrote Critic Jean Planchais in *Le Monde*. "It is a film that makes you sick," concluded Henri de Turenne of *L'Express*. "Sick at heart. Sick to the stomach."

Chain of Events. The two-hour, 40-minute documentary inevitably evokes comparison with *The Sorrow and the Pity* (TIME, March 27), an equally graphic chronicle of French life under Nazi occupation during World War II. *La Guerre* is the work of Yves Courrière, 36, a French journalist who quit his job with Radio Luxembourg to write a history of the Algerian war and later decided to make a film on the subject. "Very few people on either side really knew what was happening, even if they personally witnessed some of the events," says Courrière, who served with the French army in Algeria and was expelled from the country in 1969 for writing about the power struggle within the rebel movement. "I wished to show the ineluctable chain of events. I wanted to make the point that neither side was all good or all evil."

With Co-director Philippe Monnier and Jacques Perrin (the producer of *Z*), Courrière spent 14 months traveling to eight countries in search of newsreels and still photos. From more than 500,000 ft. of film, the team selected 15,300 ft.—most of which had never been shown in France—and put it together, in Perrin's words, "as you would prepare a trial."

A trial it is, not simply of France's conduct of the war but of French political life. The movie opens with an apparently mindless act of terrorism that occurred one day in 1954. A country bus is machine-gunned by Algerian rebels on a mountain road, and several Algerians, both French and Moslem, are killed. Though few realize it, the war has begun. The film goes on to trace the growth of Algerian nationalism, led for the most part by bemedaled Moslem veterans of World War II who fought with the Free French and came home to find that they themselves were not free.

Their demands for reforms meet with a repressive response from the French authorities. Gradually a pattern of terrorism and reprisals builds. Chilling sequences show French army recruits calmly shooting down unarmed Algerian civilians. Equally gruesome scenes depict Algerian nationalists' reprisals against French colonists. Instead of extinguishing what was at first a small rebel movement, the French policy of humiliation, imprisonment and virtually indiscriminate killing spurs a nationwide demand for independence.

Comic Relief. Throughout the recalation of horrors, French politicians provide a kind of comic relief. In the hindsight of history, their words seem fatuous and self-serving. There is Left ist François Mitterrand, now head of the French Socialist Party, declaring "Algeria is France!" And Defense Minister Michel Debré insisting that "the spurs of the Gallic rooster will cling fast to the oil of the Sahara." Even Charles de Gaulle has a bad moment or two, vowing in 1959 never to negotiate with the National Liberation Front. Soon after, De Gaulle sensibly reversed that policy and paved the way for the 1962 Evian accord giving Algeria its independence.

Despite some complaints about oversimplification, most critics have praised *La Guerre d'Algérie* as a dispassionate document of guilt. In the end, virtually everyone stands accused of complicity in the massacre of innocents. "Even at a distance of ten years," noted Critic Planchais, "the episode inspires shame and fear—shame that so little was done for so long to end a war that was officially never known as such, and fear in the face of a machine that made all Frenchmen, whether indifferent, ignorant or deeply involved, connive serenely at so many crimes and so much stupidity."

CUSTOMS

The Taxman Cometh

It was a sight calculated to make a revenue agent cry. The Roman nobleman, due to be tapped for several years' back taxes, welcomed the man from the *Fisco* to a scene of genteel poverty. Instead of valuable paintings on the apartment walls, there were only pale squares. The closet held a couple of threadbare suits. The prince offered the agent a Nazionale cigarette from a Marlboro package, explaining that he could no longer afford the real thing but had to keep up appearances.

Visibly moved by the evident decline of a famous family, the embarrassed agent left, and the subsequent tax settlement was sympathetically small. Meantime, the prince retrieved his priceless paintings and handmade clothes from the *portiere*, or janitor, who had helpfully hidden them when the inspector called.

As that classic incident illustrates,

...onfounding the taxman is one of the ...world's most popular unsung sports. It ...s usually played in the spring, and like ...ball, it is excelled at by the very rich. ...The rules vary widely. Indonesia, for in...stance, makes the game laughably easy ...by merely asking taxpayers to register ...and pay up, and ignoring those who do ...not.

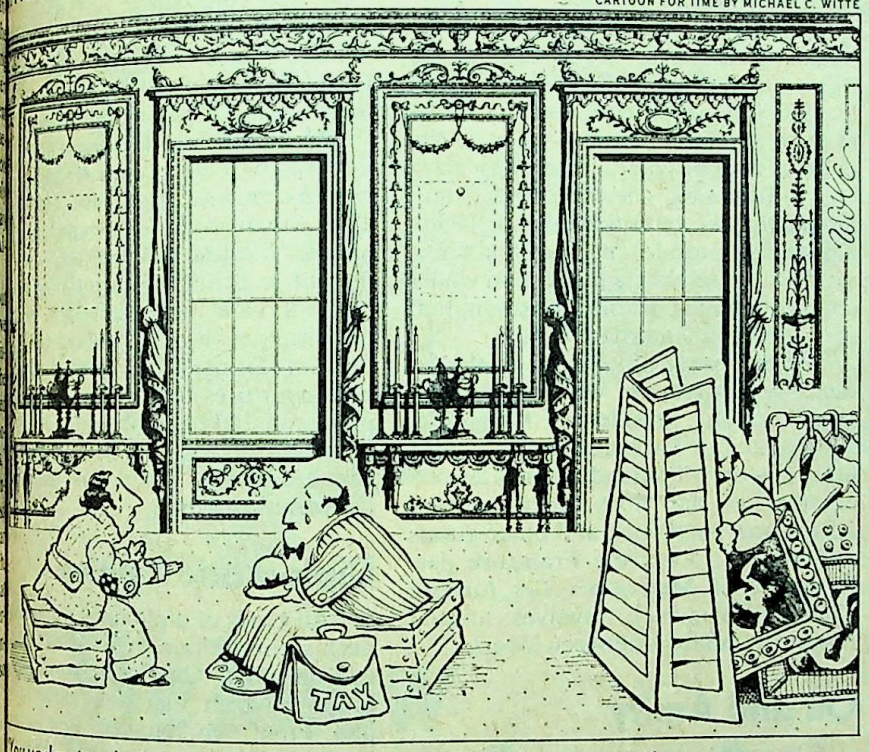
Other countries, such as Japan and France, do not consider evasion a serious crime, but merely fine wayward taxpayers. In France, moreover, long-time evaders benefit from a statute of limitations; the authorities overlook all but the past four years. One woman who was recently apprehended after 27 years of nonpayment was not assessed for the first 23 years.

Illegal tax evasion is not as popular in France as it might be, however, since nightclubbing and casino losses, counted as public relations expenses. No one has ever been convicted of tax evasion in the Philippines.

As a general rule, the more developed a country is, the more efficient are its methods of collecting taxes. Artful citizens of such nations frequently look for tax havens abroad. West German actors, for instance, often incorporate themselves in Switzerland, where the top tax rate is 35%, *v.* 53% at home (a loophole that the German government is trying to close by court action and a new tax treaty signed last year).

Other popular havens include Liechtenstein, Luxembourg and Monaco. In the Bahamas, there is no income tax at all, and on the English Channel island of Sark the rate is 6%. For creative artists who can qualify, probably the best haven is Ireland, where, in the name of a Celtic revival, total exemption from income taxes was granted three years ago to bona fide resident writers, artists and composers, both Irish and foreign. So far, more than 300 have been granted exemptions.

CARTOON FOR TIME BY MICHAEL C. WITTE



"You understand, signor, that we have to keep up appearances."

...t is possible to avoid many taxes in an ...ntirely legal way. A case in point is Pre...ier Jacques Chaban-Delmas, who by ...aking full advantage of his lawful de...uctions paid no taxes from 1966 to ...969 (TIME, Feb. 28). Deductions of ...0% to 30% are allowed journalists, pi...ots, car salesmen, life insurance inspec...ors, dancers, singers, musicians, chauf...eurs and hat designers, compared with ...% to 10% permitted printers or coal ...miners. The generous deductions that ...France allows for children are not tak...en from income but from tax payable. ...That is one reason rich industrialists ...in northern France often have eight or ...ten or twelve children," explains an of...ficial of the Ministry of Finance.

Other countries are even more generous. In the Philippines, a taxpayer can deduct not only his immediate family but unemployed brothers, sisters and even in-laws. Wealthy Filipinos frequently incorporate themselves—and claim business exemptions for rent, transportation, servants and even their nightclubbing and casino losses, counted as public relations expenses. No one has ever been convicted of tax evasion in the Philippines.

Balcony Tax. No country has a system quite as complex as Italy's. Former President Luigi Einaudi once estimated that if every tax law were fully applied, the state would collect 110% of the gross national product. Italians pay special taxes on pianos, dogs and even balconies. Every time there is an earthquake or flood, a new tax is decreed to aid the stricken area, and it sometimes remains in force for decades. In all, a salaried worker can pay as many as 26 taxes. A radical tax reform is due to take effect in 1974. In the meantime, many Italians follow the view of the Vatican weekly *L'Osservatore della Domenica*, which once advised that a truthful tax declaration might bring "irreparable damage to the man himself and to his business."

In some nations, the days of easy evasion are numbered. Brazil, for instance, has set up a computerized collection system, with the aid of U.S. advisers. Virtually every document, from land titles to promissory notes and even doctors' receipts, now requires a tax number. Says a wealthy Brazilian businessman: "We are all running scared."

Japanese tax collectors are feeding into their computers reports of businessmen buying new villas or handing out large tips, and even rumors about those who can afford mistresses—all to be stored until tax time comes round.

Nigeria has hit upon another drastic form of crackdown. Big-time defaulters are blacklisted from state receptions and cocktail parties. The penalty is harsher than it sounds, since no businessman is considered important unless he is seen regularly at official functions.

In Uganda, President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin has ordered roadblocks of troops and police to check on tax receipts and decreed that evaders—those lacking receipts—will be treated as *kondos*, or armed robbers, and shot on sight. Since the technique was introduced last year, officials proudly report a "marked improvement" in collections—though trigger-happy soldiers and police injured 150 tribesmen at one roadblock last February in the town of Soroti.

IRAN

Counting the Dead

"The earth vomited up the bones of the dead and a village with its inhabitants was suspended between heaven and earth during half a day; then it was swallowed up." So wrote the Arab historian Jellal As-Soyuti about an earthquake in medieval Persia. Last week his apocalyptic description again became reality for the people of the lush Qir valley 560 miles south of Teheran.

At 5:38 one morning, 58 villages were destroyed and more than 5,000 of their inhabitants were killed by a massive earthquake. In addition, 2,000 were seriously injured and 20,000 left homeless. The tremor, registering seven points (out of ten) on the Richter scale, was Iran's worst since 1968, when nearly 12,000 perished in the northeastern province of Khurasan.

Most of the victims died in their sleep. In the town of Qir, 37 early morning worshipers were killed when a mosque collapsed. "I was saying my prayers when a slight tremor shook me," recalled Safar Keshtkar, a 41-year-old farmer. "I had hardly finished when the whole roof collapsed with a shock like a bomb explosion." Keshtkar's wife and four children were buried beneath the ruins of their mud-brick home.

The Shah of Iran dispatched his brother, Prince Mahmoud, and Prime Minister Amir Abass Hoveida to super-

AZIZ RASHKI



WEEPING SURVIVORS OF EARTHQUAKE
A terrible memory is born.

vise rescue operations. Within four hours of the disaster, Iran's Red Cross, the Red Lion and Sun, was administering to the injured.

Iranian air force C-130s and helicopters were soon ferrying food, medicine, blankets and tents to the site. Even as soldiers and volunteers carried on the grim process of exhuming and then burying the dead, the disaster was becoming fixed as a terrible memory for the people of the valley. Roghieh Salari was one of several village women who gave birth shortly after the holocaust. The name of her newborn son: Zelzelleh (Earthquake).

SOUTH AFRICA

A Double Triumph

The bells of St. Mary's Cathedral in Johannesburg pealed joyfully last week. They were ringing to celebrate the successful appeal by the cathedral's dean, the Very Rev. Gonville ffrench-Beytagh, 60, against a five-year prison term for violating South Africa's Terrorism Act (TIME, Nov. 15, 1971). "Everything looks good to me now," beamed ffrench-Beytagh, as he left for Britain to take up a new ecclesiastical position.

A British subject, the stocky dean has long been an outspoken opponent of the government's racial policies. He had been convicted of supporting violent revolution and of distributing funds for an illegal anti-*apartheid* organization. Last week, in a 226-page judgment, three appellate judges at Bloemfontein ruled that the mere expression of antigovernment views, "even in somewhat intemperate terms," could not be equated with terrorism. The verdict, as one clergyman put it, was a triumph "not only for the church but for the judiciary."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Comédie Française

Next week is "French Week" in Jerusalem. Its goal is to improve Franco-Israeli relations, which disintegrated after Charles de Gaulle branded Israel an aggressor five years ago and refused to deliver 50 Mirage jets that Israel had already paid for.

The path to cordiality is proving thorny. Israel took umbrage when France, in the midst of the planning for French Week, joined Arab and Communist countries in voting for a U.N. Commission on Human Rights resolution that referred to Israeli "war crimes." The Israelis also demurred when Paris decided to send a political old-timer—Assembly Member Louis Joxe, an ex-Justice Minister—instead of a current Cabinet Minister to next week's dedication of a *maison de France* at the Hebrew University.

The final insult was France's refusal to send official representation to the opening of a display of Paris city planning at Jerusalem's new $2,500,000 municipal theater. Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek will preside, and the Quai d'Orsay felt that sending a delegation would compromise the French position that Jerusalem is an international city.

After heated protests from the Israelis, a compromise was worked out. Jean Cherioux, president of the municipal council of Paris and thus its unofficial mayor, will attend the theater ceremonies as the city's representative. Afterward, he, Kollek and other guests will attend a Comédie Française performance of Marivaux's *Les Fausses Confidences*, which revolves around misunderstandings between lovers.

Oil and Amity

Ostensibly, the principal reason for Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin's five-day visit to Iraq last week was to join Iraqi Strongman Saddam Hussein Takriti at ceremonies marking the start of production at the rich North Rumeila oilfield 240 miles south of Baghdad. Developed with $192 million of Soviet assistance, the field, which was expropriated from Western oil companies in 1961, is expected to produce 40 million tons of oil a year by the end of the decade. Some of the petroleum will be sent to the Soviet Union to supplement its diminishing domestic supplies.

Before Kosygin returned to Moscow, he signed a 15-year "treaty of friendship and cooperation" with Iraq. Until recently, the Kremlin signed such pacts only with other Communist nations; within the past year, however, the Russians have reached similar agreements with Egypt and India. The concordat with Iraq, which may be followed shortly by another with Syria, is a departure from the former Soviet practice of dealing with the Arab states primarily through Cairo. It also gives the Russians a desired window on the Persian Gulf. Kosygin had scarcely been en off for home when a Soviet naval ... tilla dropped anchor in the Iraqi ... of Umm Qasr on a good-will visit.

Tirana's Tirades

Albania's best friend since its ... split with Nikita Khrushchev's libe... ized Communism has been Red Chi... half a world away. Peking provided ... rana with everything from light bu... to a giant hydroelectric dam that ge... erates power for them. Albanian Pe... Boss Enver Hoxha in return offered ... Chinese relentless praise for their bra... of unswerving Marxism.

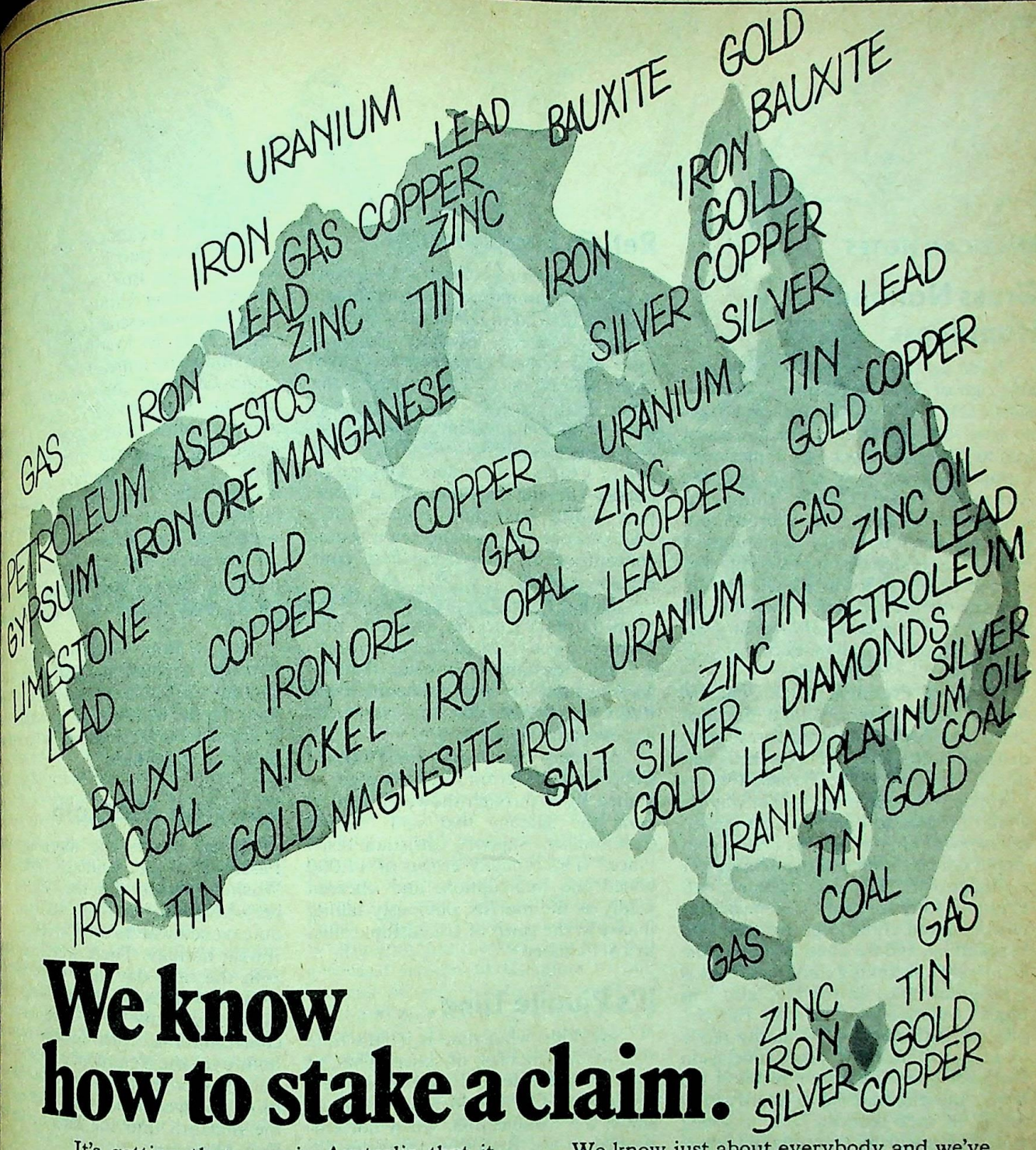
Lately, to Hoxha's displeasure, Pe... king has swerved. The Albanians we... upset over the Nixon visit to China. ... a pointed comparison of U.S. and So... viet policies, the Tirana ideologic... journal *Rruga e Partisë* (The Party ... Road) warned that "it is wrong to re... on one imperialism to oppose another."

Malta's Prime Minister Dom Mi... toff was welcomed on a recent Peki... visit as an anti-imperialist champion. The Albanian press meanwhile lam... basted "Maltese ruling circles" for se... ing out to Britain by negotiating a ne... military base agreement. The two s... lies disagree on the European Comm... Market (Tirana is opposed) and on Ch... nese overtures toward the Communi... parties of Italy and Spain (in Albania's eyes both are revisionist). So far, th... Chinese lion has ignored the roars fro... its Adriatic mouse.

Diplomatic Ripples

All kinds of diplomatic ripples ha... been set in motion by Richard Nixon's Peking visit. One such wavelet ha... brought North Viet Nam closer to Ja... pan. First, two Japanese foreign mi... istry officials were invited to Hanoi f... "exploratory talks" on improving rel... tions; currently, a 14-member Nort... Vietnamese trade delegation is maki... a month-long inspection of Japanese in... dustry. The climax of the tour is ex... pected to be an agreement to increas... trade between the two nations, now ... paltry $14 million a year.

The North Vietnamese are obvious... ly eager to display their independence from Peking by courting the Japanese, who are regarded by the Chinese as cap... italist imperialists. Hanoi had propose... that a political delegation be sent, hea... ed by a deputy premier. Tokyo de... murred, partly because it still recognizes Saigon as the legitimate government of Viet Nam, and also because it is reluc... tant to provoke Washington's wrath. Thus came the trade delegation, which will meet with Japanese political lead... ers, as well as with industrial tycoons. It is officially headed by the chief of the North Viet Nam Chamber of Com... merce, Dang Thi. As it happens, though, he is also the principal aide to Nguy... Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong.



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AMERICAN NOTES

Gross National Happiness

Even as the U.S. nears the venerable age of 200, there lingers the colonist's sense of style lost, of some fragile wine of culture that did not travel well to Plymouth Rock and Jamestown. Europeans know how to live, goes the American cliché. Many Europeans might quarrel with that assertion, but there are nonetheless the beginnings of an instructive debate on preserving and enhancing life-styles in the Old World. It turns on the concept of what some call the *bonheur national brut*, or gross national happiness, an index of the quality of life.

The new President of the Common Market Commission, Dutch Socialist Sicco Mansholt, prefers the phrase gross national utility to G.N.H., but he is getting at the same thing. Mansholt wants Europeans "to examine in what way we would be able to contribute to the establishment of an economic system that would not be founded on maximum per capita growth." His aims include greater opportunity for every European's intellectual and cultural growth, the end to polluting, and the conservation of the Continent's shrinking resources. That is a program many in the U.S. also embrace. Americans—and most Europeans, for that matter—are hardly ready to accept Mansholt's harsh conclusion that such goals are only possible if the West's present material standard of living is in fact reduced. But it surely would be a worthy transatlantic enterprise to search for a valid definition of gross national happiness.

Return Engagement

With matching coats and plaid bags, the world champion Chinese table tennis team arrived in Detroit last week to start a two-week, nine-city good-will tour—the return engagement of last year's visit of the U.S. team to Peking. Their chartered Pan Am 707 carried two Mandarin-speaking stewardesses and bore the legend *Friendship Clipper* in Chinese characters. Delegation Leader Chuang Tse-tung, 30, a three-time world champion (1961, 1963, 1965), promised that the team would concentrate on "friendship first, competition second."

Under heavy security escort, the team toured a Chrysler assembly line. "Who are you?" asked one auto worker. "Oh," he said when told, "I've always wanted to meet someone from Red China." With that, that particular proletarian dialogue died.

At their first match in Detroit's Cobo Hall, a Detroit right-wing group named Breakthrough showered leaflets from the balcony that said "Smash Communism, support Christian resistance." The capacity crowd of 11,000 booed the interruption, and cheered wildly as the tourists, obviously taking it easy in the spirit of friendship, rolled to a 5-1 victory.

It's Riunite Time . . .

Say, kids, what time is it? It's time . . . for a little blast of sauce! That, at least, is the essence of Buffalo Bob's new radio pitch. On the old *Howdy Doody* show, the lovable Bob, when not embroiled in the Byzantine struggles for pre-eminence in Doodyville, waged by Howdy and the nefarious Mr. Bluster, used to sell Welch's grape juice to [illegible] kiddies. Now that his former audience is well of age, Bob's spiel has fermented; he is selling Riunite wine.

The commercial is really just a [illegible] culiar twist to Madison Avenue's [illegible] creasingly tiresome obsession with [illegible] talgia. Ole Bob, now 54, actually op[illegible] with his patented "Say, kids" rout[illegible] which is followed by a memory-jang[illegible] jingle, "It's Riunite time, it's Riu[illegible] wine . . ." Then Buffalo zeroes in [illegible] his old fans. "Yes, sir, this is your [illegible] buddy, Buffalo Bob. You know, [illegible] were little kids when you watched [illegible] on television, and all you were allow[illegible] to drink back then was milk. But n[illegible] you're old enough to enjoy a little wi[illegible] right?"

Right, Bob, but where will all th[illegible] frivolous trading on borrowed im[illegible] capital end? Next Clarabell will [illegible] honking the wonders of Schweppes to[illegible] ic or Princess Summerfall Winterspr[illegible] plugging water beds.

Toasted Matzoth

It all began one morning befo[illegible] Passover. Soviet embassy officials [illegible] Washington found in their mail a nu[illegible] ber of boxes of matzoth, the traditiona[illegible] unleavened wafers used to celebrate t[illegible] Jewish holiday. There were more ma[illegible] zoth the next day, and more the ne[illegible] —literally tons of them. Soviet dipl[illegible] mats, by now well-accustomed [illegible] confrontations with Jewish organiz[illegible] tions over the treatment of Soviet Je[illegible] quickly devised a counterploy: they r[illegible] fused to accept delivery and dump[illegible] the matzoth into the laps of the U.[illegible] Postal Service.

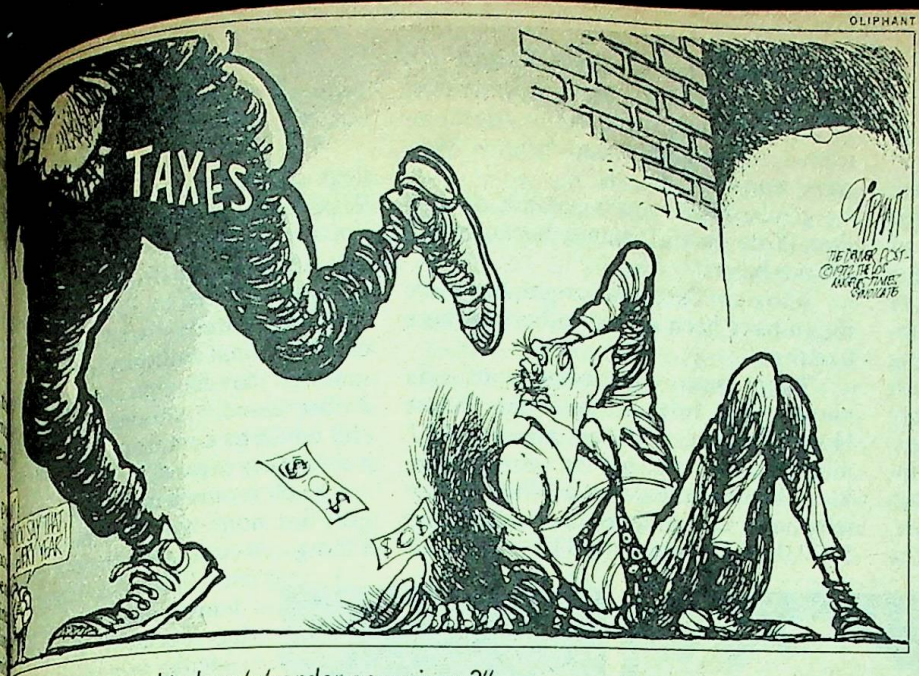
Postal authorities were baffled; ra[illegible] ly had they encountered a logistics pr[illegible] lem of this scope. Finally, with ten to[illegible] of matzoth spilling over five postal s[illegible] stations, officials called the Sanitary E[illegible] gineering department and request[illegible] that it cart the matzoth off and bu[illegible] them.

The Anti-Defamation Leagues [illegible] Philadelphia and Newark, which h[illegible] sponsored the mail-in, were incens[illegible] Said New Jersey League Official Ro[illegible] ert Kohler: "It is the sin of waste in [illegible] face of hunger. It was wanton, cyn[illegible] destruction of good food." Kohler [illegible] others claimed that many of the pa[illegible] ages were marked with return addre[illegible] es, but postal authorities insisted [illegible] only a handful were thus labeled. [illegible] that anyway they feared a contam[illegible] tion hazard. Undeterred, the A.D.[illegible] protesters intend to keep up their m[illegible] a-matzo pressure on the Soviets.

CHINESE TABLE TENNIS TEAM ARRIVES AT DETROIT METROPOLITAN AIRPORT



UPI



"Whatever happened to law-'n'-order as an issue?"



"You've got to be kidding!"

TAXES

Just No Longer Adds Up

It was Taxpayers Eve, gloomiest night of the year. As last-minute taxpayers trudged morosely to post offices to send off their returns, they were surprised to bump into federal bureaucrats who had come out to greet them with smiles, coffee and doughnuts. The friendly feds cheered each taxpayer profusely for helping to keep them in business. Bowled over by this display of bureaucratic concern, the taxpayer went home with a feeling of gratitude toward a government that so obviously cares.

The dreamer of this unlikely dream is James H. Boren, president of the tongue-in-cheek National Association of Professional Bureaucrats. This week the Government might well take his advice. For never have Americans seemed more reluctant to pay their taxes—or to pay enough. After scrutinizing returns last week, Treasury Secretary John Connally exploded in outrage over the ways in which taxpayers were cheating the Government out of money rightfully owed. He promised "maybe millions" of audits, and ordered some 7,000 IRS employees to help people figure out the tax forms, which are so complicated that one study estimates that only a college graduate can completely understand them.

Breaks. Confusion was part of the picture, but there is little doubt that U.S. taxpayers, who are among the most compliant in the world, are in near revolt against a system that practically no one still defends. More loophole than ever, it allows many big taxpayers to escape scot-free while it grinds ever more out of the small taxpayers. Some tax breaks, it is true, serve as useful economic incentives, but in the past few years federal income taxes on corporations have been slashed more than can be justified. Federal income taxes for individuals have been reduced, too, but in the meantime the Middle American has been burdened with soaring property, Social Security and sales taxes—all of them regressive.

Tax reform is fast becoming the 1972 campaign's top political issue. George McGovern won the Wisconsin primary in part by never letting up in his attacks on the tax structure, and George Wallace pulled an impressive number of votes with much the same tactic. There is even speculation in Washington that the President may call a special session of Congress in late summer or early fall to offer some reform and take the issue away from the Democrats. After getting around the country a bit in the primaries, John Lindsay advised: "What someone ought to do is organize a nationwide grassroots campaign for a total tax restructuring in this country by 1976, the bicentennial. Whoever does will have a great political future."

But the voters are not waiting for the politicians on the issue; they are out ahead and dragging the candidates along with them. No. 1 target of their wrath is the property tax. In Chicago, a group called Citizens' Action Program is pressuring the state general assembly to impose a tax freeze in Illinois; it is hoped that the move will become a rallying point for the taxpayers. "The crisis has come," says Robert Creamer, CAP coordinator. "The solution now is to quit tinkering with the system. We've got to use a meat cleaver instead."

Out on the farms in Wisconsin, pitchforks are swinging. Embattled farmers have led a revolt that has withheld some $1.5 billion in property taxes. "We have what we call around here a windshield assessment," complains William H. Wanek, a farmer who owns 527 acres that are taxed more each year while his income stays the same. "Some guy drives along the road and looks at our farms through his car windshield and your taxes go up." Wanek feels that the Federal Government is mostly to blame, but it is out of reach. The state government is near by. "A fellow figures he can slow it down a little."

Defiant Yankee. Spunky rebels are even willing to take on the Government singlehanded. A case in point is John Wright, 85, a retired Congregational minister who is determined to hold on to his 80 acres of farm and forest in Merrimack, N.H. His fixed income does not even amount to half his property taxes, so he refuses to pay them. "There are many men here who earn five or ten times as much as I do," says the defiant Yankee, "but they don't pay a cent in taxes. Every man should pay according to his income, not his property."

Many politicians are scrambling to save their jobs. Responding to constituents' pressure, Washington Governor Dan Evans just completed a county-by-county tour of the state to listen to gripes about taxes. "People are adamant about constitutional limits on taxation," he says, "because they don't trust the legislature—and I know they are also thinking, 'That goes for the Governor, too.' " Oregon's Republican Governor Tom McCall announced last week that tax reform is so urgent that he will even help Democrats get re-elected to the legislature if they will support his program.

Out on the primary trail, the presidential candidates are playing up a tax-reform bill authored by Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson and cosponsored by Candidates Humphrey, Muskie and McGovern. Depending on which candidate is speaking, it is either the "Nelson-Humphrey" bill, the "Nelson-Muskie" bill, or the "Nelson-McGovern" bill. Considering the mood of the voters, it may soon become the Nelson-everybody bill.

ITT (Contd.)

The Senate Judiciary Committee originally convened seven weeks ago for what seemed the short-order task of confirming Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General. Now, to the delight of Democrats and the dismay of Republicans, the investigation is still dragging on with no conclusive end in sight. Last week's fresh round of witnesses only added to the tangle of contradictions, leading California Senator John Tunney to observe that some inquiries into perjury might be in order. Furthermore, a confrontation cropped up between the committee's Democratic members and the White House over the practice of executive privilege that threatened to pull the rug out from under Kleindienst's confirmation altogether.

The committee is still trying to determine whether Administration-approved settlements of three antitrust cases against International Telephone & Telegraph were linked with the ITT offer to pledge at least $200,000 toward underwriting the Republican National Convention in San Diego in August. The now famous Dita Beard memo quoted by Columnist Jack Anderson clearly implied a link. Mrs. Beard denied authorship, but admitted she had written another similar memo on convention financing and had delivered it personally to William R. Merriam, head of ITT's Washington office. Last week, however, Merriam told the committee that he knew of no such memo, had never commissioned it and never received it.

Error. Merriam's testimony hardly squared with the recollections of Republican Congressman Bob Wilson of San Diego, who said in a taped interview last month that Merriam told him he had received the Beard memo. Wilson added in the interview that "Jack Anderson has the original memo."

But last week Wilson told the committee it was all a semantic misunderstanding, that by using the word "original" he was simply referring to the top copy of a memo, not necessarily the memo Mrs. Beard says she wrote. Merriam admitted telling Wilson he had received the memo from Mrs. Beard, lamely adding that he discovered later he had not received any memo and simply had not bothered calling Wilson back to correct himself.

Neither witness was very convincing to the committee. When Democratic Senator Sam Ervin asked who had given the orders for the destruction of ITT's Washington files after the committee investigation had begun, Merriam replied: "I did, sir."

Ervin: Well, you could not destroy that [Dita Beard] memo because you did not have it.

Merriam: No, that is right, but there might have been a lot of others in there like that.

There was still more confusion about what role—if any—the White House played, and the amount ITT might contribute to the convention. Mrs. Beard testified that a White House telephone call to Merriam mentioned $600,000. Wilson said ITT President Harold S. Geneen spoke of a "guarantee" for $400,000. Geneen earlier in the hearings had testified that there was never any commitment for more than $200,000.

Faced with a parade of waffling witnesses, the Senators sought clarification from the White House and invited Peter Flanigan, President Nixon's top liaison aide with big business, to testify. But Attorney John W. Dean III, counsel to the President, declined on Flanigan's behalf, citing in a letter to Committee Chairman James O. Eastland "the principle that members of the President's immediate staff not appear and testify before congressional committees with respect to the performance of their duties." It is on such grounds that Presidential Assistant Henry Kissinger avoided repeated invitations to testify before Congress.

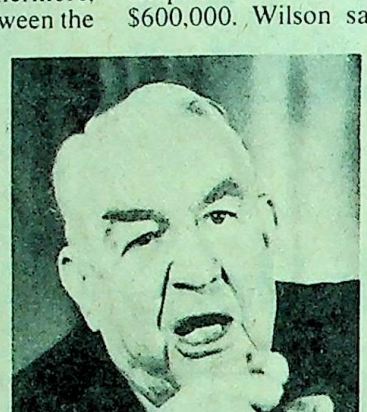
The precedents for executive privilege are many, going back to George Washington's refusal to give the House documents on negotiations of the Jay Treaty with Britain. The principle is often invoked by Presidents on a variety of grounds: that Congress has no constitutional authority to certain information, that foreign powers might be embarrassed by disclosures, that security could be compromised or confidential sources exposed.

Such grounds might cover a Kissinger, but none would seem to apply to Flanigan's contacts with third parties in the ITT case. Flanigan has denied any active role, but has repeatedly declined to be specific.

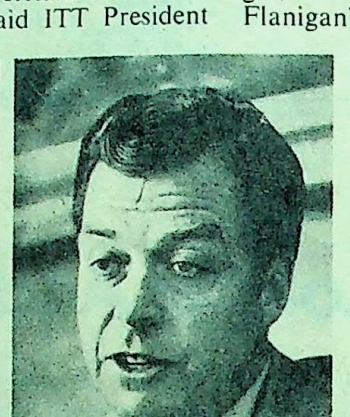
Subpoena. The idea of executive privilege for Flanigan particularly angers North Carolina's Ervin, the Senate's reigning constitutionalist, who called the White House claim "absurd." Noncommittal until then on the Kleindienst confirmation, Ervin made it plain that he would not vote to confirm until Flanigan appears before the committee. "If the President wants to make his nominee for Attorney General the sacrificial lamb on the altar of executive privilege," he rumbled ominously, "that will be his responsibility and not mine."

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield suggested Flanigan might satisfy the committee by submitting a statement, but liberal Democrats say that is not enough. They want to question Flanigan face to face about dealings with ITT. Republican Committee Member Charles Mathias of Maryland spoke of a face-saving compromise that would have Flanigan appear by invitation behind closed doors at an informal session, but so far the White House stands firm on executive privilege.

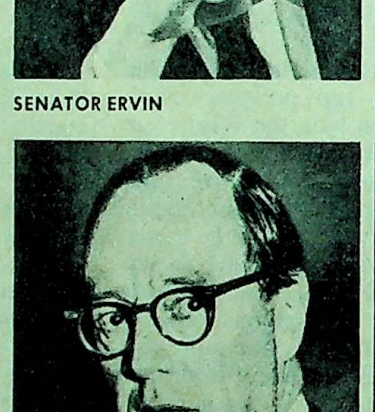
Ervin, who is sponsoring a bill that would set limits on executive privilege, wants to subpoena Flanigan to appear before the committee. The maneuver failed narrowly the first time on a vote along party lines, but Ervin intends to try again. Democratic Senators John McClellan and Birch Bayh were absent when the vote was taken. Bayh is said to support Ervin, and McClellan may also go along. Then it will be up to Nixon to decide whether to instruct Flanigan to ignore the subpoena, thus risking the further impression that the White House has something to hide in the ITT case—and possibly losing its nominee for Attorney General as well.



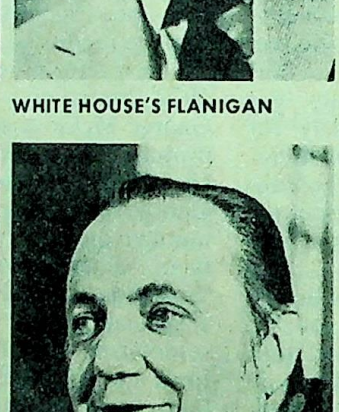
SENATOR ERVIN



WHITE HOUSE'S FLANIGAN



ITT'S MERRIAM



REPRESENTATIVE WILSON

Conflicts over memos, money and executive privilege.

POLITICS

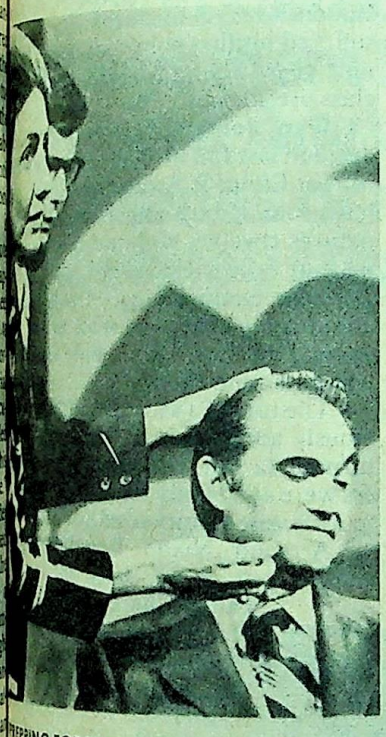
Out, Damned Spot!

Sooner or later, a major office is going to be filled by some computer-groomed and wealthy nonentity put over by television commercials as a national disaster.

—Robert MacNeil of Public TV

Later rather than sooner if the recent primary elections are any indication. Last week, in the wake of the Wisconsin upset, the forces of Marshall McLuhan were in disarray. Edmund Muskie's media consultant, Robert Squier, resigned because he was no longer wanted; the candidate pronounced political TV spots an "abomination" and promised not to use them again in the campaign. After his badly mauled client John Lindsay quit the presidential race, Media Wizard David Garth confessed that TV is "highly overrated in importance. A multitude of commercials—good, bad or indifferent—will dilute all television influence." Overloaded, the big eye had blurred. The light had failed—at least for some.

AP



HOWELL STEVE NORTHUP





PREPPING FOR TV: MRS. WALLACE SHOWS GEORGE'S "BAD SIDE," McGOVERN & MUSKIE GET MADE UP
Saturation seems to have an educational effect, making voters more sophisticated.

Fireside Chat. For Squier, it was a rude awakening. If anyone deserved the credit for launching Muskie as the presidential front runner, he did. A TV producer who worked for the Humphrey campaign in 1968, he staged the 1970 election-eve TV appearance in which Muskie clobbered Nixon in the image stakes. After viewers got a glimpse of the strident, gesticulating President, they were soothed by the sight of Muskie calmly sitting in a home in Maine. While the fire crackled in the background, he made a plea for reasonableness in fatherly tones. All that was lacking on the scene was a St. Bernard licking the candidate's hand—but then Squier has his standards.

From that spectacular moment, Squier was never very far from Muskie, constantly filming the candidate as he made his political rounds, boring or not. After Joe McGinnis had exposed the fakery of Nixon's TV campaign in *The Selling of the President, 1968*, media experts made a point of keeping productions as "natural" as possible. Squier was sure he had a natural in Muskie. "He handles himself well in a variety of situations, so you're safe to cover him at everything," Squier said in January. "What we really want are people who will put it to him so that we can show him performing under pressure." Unfortunately, New Hampshire Publisher William Loeb applied a little too much pressure, and Muskie was damagingly filmed in tears.

Relying on his avuncular image as conveyed by Squier, Muskie avoided the issues. The candidate's nonelectronic aides began to mutter their discontent. They were especially disturbed by a TV spot in Florida that had Muskie appearing bland and ill at ease on the edge of a supermarket check-out counter while he asked passing housewives what they thought about prices. In Wisconsin, Squier found that his services were not in much demand. A local public relations man was hired to film Muskie's election-eve appearance. "I thought it was terrible," says Squier. "Muskie wasn't looking at the camera, the lighting was atrocious, and the script seemed more appropriate for a speech than for a TV appearance." Seeing the image on the wall, Squier resigned. "I felt my leaving was for his good, for our good and for the good of the campaign. But I still think Muskie is superb." In place of the TV spots engineered by Squier, Muskie plans to buy five- or ten-minute segments in which he will merely state his views on issues, with no staging.

Manure. David Garth had less to lose than Squier. Lindsay was, after all, a long shot for the presidency. Media saturation picked up six delegates for Lindsay in the Arizona state convention. In the later primaries, it was another story. Lindsay spent more on television in Florida than any other candidate, yet he finished fifth. Television did not save him in Wisconsin, either. Lindsay aides grumbled that voters would just not buy his urban image, but then it was an odd Lindsay that occasionally came drifting across the tube. The mayor was shown spreading manure with a pitchfork and later spending the night on the sofa of a blue-collar family. In the end, image was not enough. "I've always rejected a charisma argument," said Lindsay's press secretary Tom Morgan: "The only thing charisma did for the mayor was bring people out to see him. But when they heard him, they said goodbye."

Television obviously cannot save a campaign that is going nowhere or disguise a candidate's true nature—not for long, anyway. Saturation seems to have an educational effect; it makes voters more sophisticated about what they see. "If I didn't have George McGovern, I'd be in trouble," says Media Consultant Charles Guggenheim, whose reputation is still intact. "The candidate is certainly more important than the means of presenting him." George Wallace would seem to be living proof of that. No pointy-headed media consultant tells him what to do. A camera crew hired by the hour occasionally films him at rallies or follows him into a studio where little is staged in advance. Wal-

lace's spots are taken from these film strips. That is all there is to it—Wallace in the rough, take it or leave it.

Noting that a candidate can use TV sparingly and still do well, all the big TV spenders are cutting back their paid spots. Humphrey does not plan any big spending on TV until he reaches California, which he considers a "media" state. But the candidates are not giving up television entirely. They plan to appear on as many interviews and talk shows as possible. These have the double advantage of being spontaneous and not costing anything—and television more than any other factor has driven the cost of campaigning skyward.

Crowded primary fields produce numbing wall-to-wall commercials that cancel each other out. Once the conventions are over and the big race is underway, one-on-one TV spots are likely to enjoy a revival. Meanwhile, candidates are desperately looking for alternative ways to reach the voter. They have begun to shift some funds to that ancient medium, radio. Says John Morrison, a Humphrey aide: "We haven't done a survey. It's just a kind of feeling. With radio you can get them when they're driving."

The candidates have even rediscovered print. They are reviving the direct-mail campaign, since computers can help them sort out groups in the population for special messages. The return to print has another advantage: you do not have to look your best. No worries about makeup, lighting, image, ratings or sudden tears.

Replotting Muskie

It could have been a wake. But Ed Muskie, fresh from a morning round of golf, managed to be relaxed and good-humored as he faced nine of his top advisers at his Bethesda, Md., home last week to try to rescue his foundering candidacy. Said he: "I'm here to listen, so say what you want to say."

They certainly did. Iowa Senator Harold Hughes complained about the lack of campaign leadership. Former Senator Albert Gore urged concentration on the nonprimary states, with curtailed campaigning for the April 25 primaries in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. Berl Bernhard, Muskie's campaign chief, also advocated bypassing the rest of the primaries except for California with its winner-take-all 271 delegates.

Senator Tom Eagleton of Missouri and longtime Presidential Adviser Jim Rowe, who had opposed Muskie's ill-fated effort in Wisconsin, were sunk in gloom over his fourth-place finish there. Clark Clifford had also been against competing in that primary, but his was a voice of optimism still. U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock, Businessman-Diplomat Sol Linowitz and Muskie's Maine confidant, George Mitchell, added their warnings, suggestions and views to the three-hour discussion that ended with a compromise agreement on new Muskie strategy.

The revised plan is uncomplicated, but represents a sharp departure from Muskie's original scenario. Instead of aiming for as many primary victories as possible, Muskie will from here on out go for the four biggest prizes —Pennsylvania, Ohio, California and New York. While Muskie is on the stump, his staff will go delegate hunting in nonprimary states, bent on picking up a goodly share of the 1,009 convention delegates in those states.

Still, the advisers all agreed that the success of the drive hinges largely on Muskie's performance in Pennsylvania and Ohio. "If he gets his brains knocked out in Pennsylvania, he'll be crippled almost to obliteration," admitted one adviser. The new strategy also calls for a more forceful focus on the issues. There will be considerably less hand pumping at plant gates and in beer halls; instead Muskie will appear on TV interview and telephone talk shows, and limit his speeches to a few selected audiences.

Outwardly at least, his own mood and wit seem to improve with his shrinking prospects. Asked by a TV interviewer last week in Pittsburgh what he would do if George Wallace won the nomination, Muskie replied: "I'd cry."

I Was a Teen-Age Mayor

As soon as Jody Smith assumed the mayoralty of Ayrshire, Iowa (pop. 300), three months ago, things began to, well, hop. The first thing he did was take $800 from the budget to spruce up the rundown town hall—including patching a wall at which, in a burst of boyish spirit, several of his Boy Scout troop had once thrown a fellow member. Toughly impartial, he recently fined his 17-year-old brother Len $24 for legal possession of beer. He has spearheaded several long-needed reforms such as jacking up the town speed limit from 10 m.p.h. to 25 m.p.h. and scrapping the ordinance regulating bowling alleys (there is not now, nor has there ever been, a bowling alley in Ayrshire). He has even offered to perform a marriage—although he himself could not be married without his father's consent. Mayor Smith is 19 years old.

The youngest mayor in the U.S. first caught campaign fever in 1964 during the Republican National Convention. "I liked the hubbub," he says. "It seemed like fun." Jody displayed a flair for leadership at Ayrshire High School, where he was an honor student, manager of the baseball and basketball teams, student council president (during which term he waged a successful campaign to convert one of the classrooms into a student lounge) and school janitor. He suffered his first political setback his senior year, when he lost his bid for class presidency.

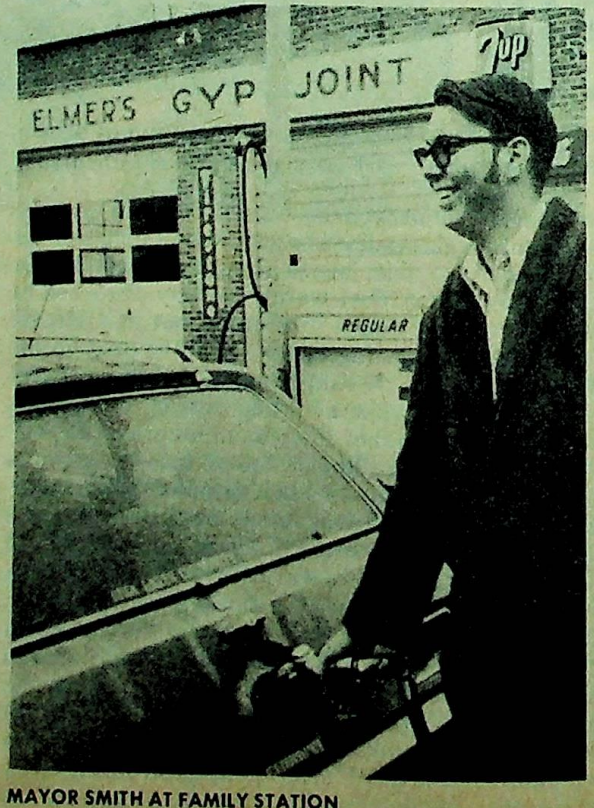
Gyp Joint. Undiscouraged, Jody decided last fall to challenge incumbent Mayor Elmer B. Swanson, 72. He could have rounded up sufficient petition signatures (twelve) within the Smith family, but opted instead for some house-to-house campaigning. "I talked a lot about the problem of frost boils in the streets," he says. "My theme was that it was time for a change."

The town's 144 registered voters obviously admired Jody's style. In a 98% turnout (a fair portion of the abstainers were at a family funeral), Jody swept to a 48-vote victory over Swanson.

A solid Nixon Republican who stands 6 ft. 3 in., Jody has already caught the eye of Midwestern politicians. Although Governor Robert Ray was in Spain when Jody was inaugurated, he sent a congratulatory wire. Of course Elmer body is prouder of Jody achievement than his fa loving father Elmer ("Th call me toothless Elmer whose gas station bears such puckish legends as ELMER GYP JOINT and GOD BLES THIS MORTGAGED STATION

Jody's schedule as $240-a-year mayor is ev more demanding than o might suppose. A freshm at nearby Emmetsburg Com munity College, May Smith drives a 24-mile schoo bus route twice daily, bef and after commuting school. On days when he busy studying or meeti with the five-man town co cil, he turns the bus cho over to Brother Len—w presumably picks up enou extra change thereby to p his beer fines.

BILL ROGERS



MAYOR SMITH AT FAMILY STATION
Brother Len got fined.

Another innovation:
The RR 800 stereo radio recorder.
At last stereo moves out of the living room.

**Stereo systems are fine
but tend to stay put.
So here's one to take with you
wherever you go.
The Philips RR 800 portable
stereo radio recorder receives AM,
FM, SW and Marine Band,
records in stereo on cassettes
and plays them back too.
Anywhere. Any time.
On batteries or mains.
It's liberated stereo.**



PHILIPS

the innovators



Fly the difference

The difference is people. Our people, who believe that our airline should be whatever you need, whenever you need it. Because they know that helping you travel means more than just flying you there.
It means helping you relax - and enjoy.
That's the difference.
But don't take our word for it - just because of our reputation for reliability.
Test us. Try us.
Fly the difference.

KLM



RAY CARY

...ATING IN LINE IN SANTA FE TO FILE FOR RACES FOR U.S. SENATE & HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

...OLITICAL BRIEFS

...eddy Would Have Won

The biggest upset of the 1972 presidential campaign so far is George McGovern's 30% plurality win in the Wisconsin primary. But imagine the general astonishment if the morning-after tally had read: Kennedy, 32%; McGovern, ...%; Wallace, 16%; Humphrey, 12%; ...uskie, 7%; and Jackson, 6%.

That would have been the outcome had Edward Kennedy been on the ballot, according to the TIME/Yankelovich survey of 382 voters who were interviewed as they were leaving the polling booths. No fewer than 122 of them would have preferred Kennedy to the choice they made. Giving their votes to Teddy and taking them away from the candidates they actually voted for produces the lineup in which Kennedy wins overwhelmingly.

The survey shows that a Kennedy candidacy would have caused the largest desertions among Humphrey (42%) and McGovern (36%) voters, although ...% each of Muskie and Wallace supporters would also have switched to the Massachusetts Senator. Kennedy's name would have had the most effect in changing the votes of blue-collar workers (43%) and Democratic voters (...%). Only 7% of the cross-over Republican voters in Wisconsin would have selected Kennedy. Interestingly, if he had been on the ballot it would have made a greater difference to the middle-age and older voters (34%) than to the new and young voters (28%), suggesting that the young would have stayed loyal to McGovern. Remarkably, considering Chappaquiddick, considerably more women (39%) than men (27%) in the sample would have gone over to Kennedy.

Chaos in New Mexico

There was a time when New Mexico's $2,550 filing fee kept candidates for the U.S. Senate to a perhaps unfair but undeniably merciful minimum. Recently, however, the fee was declared unconstitutional, loosing a flood of 40 filings before the closing date last week. The throng of candidates wanting to be Senator from New Mexico includes a wrestling promoter, a university professor, an artist-philosopher, an airline mechanic and an assortment of housewives.

Other candidacies also were opened up by the ruling, and 15 citizens have entered the race for the state's two congressional seats. The most arresting is a former New York Playboy Bunny who several years ago changed her name to Sparkle Plenty "to create a new image." Formerly Cheryl Boone of Coaldale, Pa., Candidate Plenty, 28, faces some problems in convincing her neighbors in Santa Fe of the seriousness of her campaign, despite her memorable slogans: "Put a little Sparkle in Congress" and "We all need Plenty."

Two for the Money

New Jersey Democrat Cornelius Gallagher was indicted last week by a federal grand jury on charges of conspiracy, perjury and evasion of more than $100,000 in income taxes. The seven-term House member from Bayonne, whom LIFE has accused (Aug. 9, 1968) of Mafia connections, denied any wrongdoing and contended that the indictment was the work of "our secret police society," in retaliation for his support of legislation to curb Government intrusion into people's privacy.

Another House member, John Dowdy of Texas, is in trouble anew. Last December Dowdy was convicted of accepting a $25,000 bribe. In a Wallace-like ploy, his wife is running for the east Texas seat from which he is retiring after serving ten terms. Her opponents charge that Dowdy is abusing his franking privilege by sending out campaign literature for his wife. Even while on the campaign trail, she is continuing to collect the $22,500 salary she receives as a clerk in Dowdy's congressional office.

The slow moving House Ethics Committee has promised to take a closer look at the charges. They started by meeting for 90 minutes and then adjourned without taking further action.

Word-Game Plan

Despite the Instant Analysis and the Effete Snobs, the Silent Majority supports Vietnamization and the steady Winding Down has allowed our allies to Hack It. On the domestic side, though, the Game Plan could use a little Benign Neglect.

Could anyone reading those lines before President Nixon's inauguration have had the vaguest notion of what they were about? Not likely, which is the point William Safire makes in the introduction to his second edition of *The New Language of Politics* (Collier Books; $4.95), a lexicographic gallimaufry of political catch phrases. Safire, 42, a top Nixon speechwriter, published the first edition in 1968; the controlling theme was that political terms are among the most colorful and inventive in the English language, and that each new President creates neologisms. So do his opponents. Johnson gave us the Great Society and the War on Poverty, his enemies Credibility Gap and Big-Daddyism.

Safire published a second edition so quickly because of the bounteous contributions of President Nixon and that empyreal employer of epigram, Spiro Agnew. Since the language of politics is essentially the lexicon of propaganda, the tone of the Nixonisms reflects what are perceived to be the shifting moods and needs of the nation. Thus, Safire observes, the Great Unwashed is undesirable, while the Silent Majority is praiseworthy. Nixon's critics, says Safire, have manufactured their own verbal ammunition, such as Nixonomics and Southern Strategy.

Safire also notes that events of the past four years have produced or popularized a battery of phrases that came from neither the Administration nor its attackers. Notable among these are Women's Lib, *Machismo* and Middle America. But the Nixon team clearly walks away with the flight-of-fancy award for which Safire must take part credit. As a Nixon and Agnew speechwriter, Safire is himself responsible for Nattering Nabobs of Negativism.

CRIME

The Real McCoy

The best-known high-altitude highwayman was a calm character calling himself D.B. Cooper, who hijacked a Northwest Airlines 727 to Seattle last November, collected a $200,000 ransom and four parachutes, coolly bailed out as the plane flew on toward Reno, and was never caught. Immortalized in song and on sweatshirts, Cooper has inspired nearly half a dozen imitators, all of whom have failed. But a new spate of plane snatchings last week seemed to stem from the more recent exploits of Richard Floyd McCoy Jr., 29, who came the closest to succeeding since the Cooper caper.

Listed on the passenger roster as T. Johnson and armed with a hand grenade, pistol and prewritten instructions for the pilot, McCoy had no trouble hijacking the United Airlines Denver–Los Angeles 727 to San Francisco. United met his demands: $500,000 in small bills, six hours worth of fuel and four parachutes. With an expert's efficiency, McCoy then directed the pilot on a wandering eastward course and parachuted over Provo, Utah.

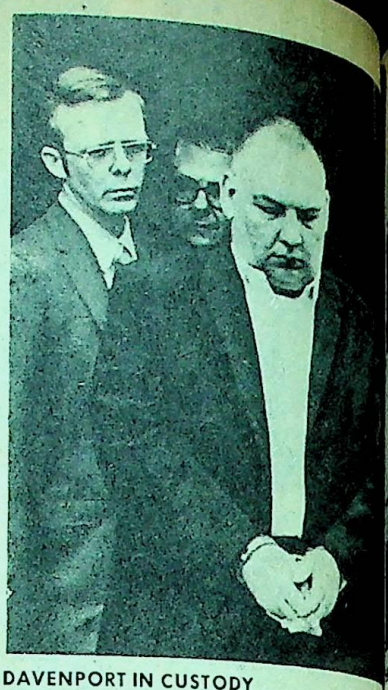
McCoy might have got away with it had he not in effect used the hijack to hitchhike home. Robert Van Ieperen, a Utah highway patrolman and close friend, recalled that McCoy, an enthusiastic skydiver, had talked about hijacking a plane in Cooper style. He may have put FBI agents on the skyjacker's tail; the FBI is not telling how it cracked the case. McCoy's picture was identified by a United passenger, and his military record yielded handwriting that the FBI said matched the ransom instructions. Less than 48 hours after he hijacked the plane, McCoy was taken into custody without a struggle. A search of his house and yard quickly turned up all but $30 of the ransom. Charged with air piracy, he could receive a death sentence.

Family, friends and neighbors were incredulous, for McCoy hardly seemed the hijacker type. A quiet family man, father of two and devout Mormon, McCoy had taught Sunday school until last March. "All he ever talked about was sin," recalled one of his students. "He's a fine man," insisted his landlord. A classmate at Brigham Young University, where McCoy was a senior majoring in law enforcement, called him "an organized-crime freak" who "wanted to make his dent on the world by busting crime syndicates." His mother was mystified. "He's been very devoted to his church." Sobbed his wife: "How could he?" McCoy offered no explanation.

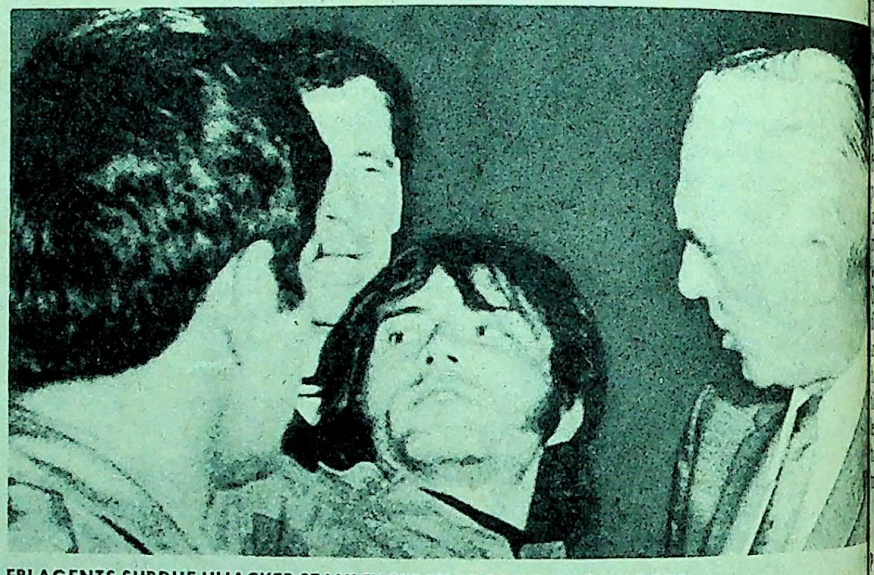
AP



McCOY JR. UNDER ARREST



DAVENPORT IN CUSTODY



FBI AGENTS SUBDUE HIJACKER STANLEY SPECK AT SAN DIEGO AIRPORT
"What these guys need is a shot in the face."

He had served two hitches in Viet Nam as a demolition expert and pilot and won both the Army Commendation Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross. A warrant officer in the Utah National Guard, McCoy showed up for a scheduled training stint only hours after parachuting from the United plane in a risky night maneuver. Fellow Guardsman Van Ieperen said McCoy had given no indication at the Guard session that anything was amiss. "Richard's my best friend," he added in disbelief. "He's one of the finest people I know." McCoy's well-publicized hijacking quickly triggered others:

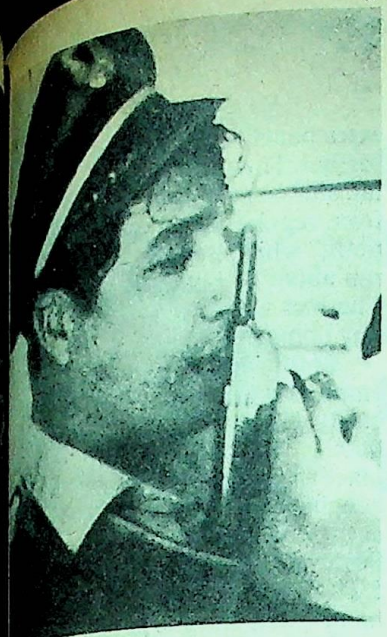
▶ High over California, an unemployed Stanford graduate named Stanley Harlan Speck, 31, demanded $500,000 and four parachutes in a plan to commandeer a Pacific Southwest Airlines 727 to Miami. But he imprudently left the plane at San Diego to pick up navigation charts for the crew, and was overpowered by police and PSA's hard-nosed president, J. Floyd Andrews, who said: "What these guys really need is a get shot right in the face."

▶ In Portland, Ore., an accountant for the Washington state highway department, Major Burton Davenport, threatened to blow up a Continental Airlines 707 bound for Hawaii unless paid $500,000 from the U.S. Treasury. After an hour, he was talked out of it.

▶ When Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz, a 37-year-old Mexican with a history of psychiatric problems, hijacked a Frontier Airlines 737 from Albuquerque to Los Angeles, his motive was to gain not money but a public forum for alleged injustice to U.S. minorities. He got it in the form of radio and TV interviews aboard the plane with local Spanish-language stations and then meekly surrendered with apologies to the pilot.

To allay public jitters, the Federal Aviation Administration announced

AP



HIJACKER CHAVEZ-ORTIZ ABOARD PLANE
Protest at pistol point.

that it was investigating the airlines involved for failure to screen passengers before departure. An offense against that rule, which was adopted by the FAA last February, could bring fines of $1,000 each. The FAA charged that neither United nor PSA had prescreened passengers on the flights that were hijacked, and Frontier admitted that its metal-detection devices at Albuquerque were not working on the day Chavez-Ortiz pulled his protest hijack. In addition to using metal detectors, airlines are supposed to scrutinize passenger behavior at ticket counters to spot potential hijackers. But in United's case at least, it is doubtful that any profile could have pinpointed Richard McCoy, the man it seemed nobody really knew.

PRISONS

Jimmy the Reformer

While Jimmy Hoffa did his stretch at Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary, the place probably had the bluest-ribbon prisoners' committee ever seen behind U.S. bars. Hoffa organized it informally to hear and act on complaints. It included, according to him, L.B.J.'s former aide, Bobby Baker, serving one to three years for theft, income tax evasion and conspiracy to defraud the Government, and Tammany Leader Carmine DeSapio, who went to Lewisburg last year for two years on three counts of bribery, as well as a former Army colonel, several businessmen and a Ph.D. He recalls Hoffa: "We were very active. We'd write memos to the warden, memos to the captain, lodge protests, take up grievances, get briefs filed. One kid came up and told me the guard was going to take away his lawbooks. Can you imagine that? I asked the guard what was going on. He said, 'They've got to go.' I told him, 'Look, friend, you touch those books and we'll have a court case so fast it'll make your head swim.'" The lawbooks stayed.

That was the new Hoffa in action. Even while still inside (for fraud and jury tampering), the teamster boss began fighting for the rights of inmates. Ever since President Nixon commuted his sentence last December, after nearly 58 months of a possible 13 years, Hoffa, with not much else to do, has been crusading for prison reform. Under the terms of his commutation, he must stay out of union business until 1980. This week Hoffa returns for sympathetic hearings to Capitol Hill, where in other times he has occasionally been roughly treated. He will appear before a House Judiciary subcommittee on prison reform. Last week, in his $65,000 condominium near Miami Beach, Hoffa talked with TIME Correspondent Dave Beckwith about his new-found passion.

Spray Mace. Lewisburg is one of the best federal prisons, and Hoffa, assigned to a job of recycling old mattresses into new ones, had one of the easier situations. Nevertheless, he hated prison for its deliberately debilitating effect on mind and body. "Everything that goes on is designed to strip you of your manhood. You only get medical attention if you're ready for an operation. The food is horrible. There aren't sufficient exercise facilities, and a lot of people are afraid to expose themselves to possible violence or trouble, so they stay in their cells and vegetate." The violent or troublesome are taken away to solitary confinement in "the hole," where among other refinements, according to Hoffa, "a guard would walk down the corridor and spray Mace at random.

"There was plenty of dope and tranquilizers available; three times a day they'd bring out the pill tray and 200 guys would line up." On the black market, "there was heroin, hashish, marijuana, plenty of it, anything you want as long as you got money, or you can sell your body. They think you will accept the prison because you're allowed to have things like that. But what about the guy who's stabbed by a guy who's on drugs?

"How does the dope get in? There are two entrances. One's for trucks and that's guarded, and one's for visitors and guards. The visitors ain't bringing in the dope so you figure it out. If the prison authorities wanted to cut out the dope smuggling, they could just tell the quarters officers, 'I don't want any more dope coming into this prison.' But they don't."

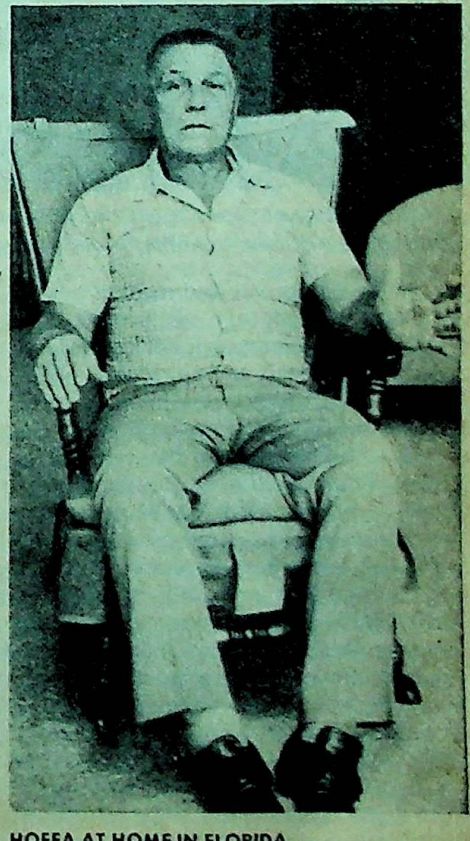
Hoffa found the guards, who were union men, generally compassionate, but there were disturbing exceptions. "About 85% were O.K., but 10% were overly ambitious, trying to report somebody and get ahead, get a promotion, and they were always causing trouble. Five percent were sadistic, ornery bastards. They had rules, but they'd never hand them out, because if the rules are known to the inmates, then when a guard does something wrong everybody would know it and could stand up for their rights. I pestered one lieutenant to hand out the rules, so one day he handed a few copies around. When the captain came in and found out, he ordered them all picked up."

Manhood. Hoffa agrees with the common view that such treatment does little to rehabilitate a criminal. He also considers prisons responsible for current waves of strikes and violence; two such strikes took place at Lewisburg while he was there, but he did not participate in either. "It's not worth it, but I'll say this. They may beat a strike, but they'll never win it. It gets to the point where the prisoners don't care whether they win or lose. They simply got to show their manhood."

Hoffa urges prison reform on two levels. One is to put an end to the practice of jailhouse homogeneity as a way of destroying individuality. "They put rapists in with embezzlers, muggers in with draft dodgers, and they wonder why they're in trouble." The second reform concerns money. "You've got to set up training facilities to prepare men for work after release. You've got to train the guards and pay them more. You're going to spend the money somehow, either in police forces, courts, loss of property and lives, or in reform of the prisons."

The union boss, who was turned down three times for parole before his presidential commutation, would also replace parole boards with new ones composed of warden, caseworker, guards—and other prisoners. "Who knows more about a guy than somebody who's lived with him 24 hours a day?"

JIM ANNAN



HOFFA AT HOME IN FLORIDA
A new-found passion.

SOCIAL SECURITY

Good Chances for a Raise

IN the near future, quite possibly before Election Day 1972, Congress may well perform a major retooling job on the 36-year-old Social Security program. There are likely to be substantial raises in benefits paid to the elderly and disabled—and walloping increases in Social Security taxes paid by many working people and by their employers. Congressmen get more mail on Social Security than any other issue; the letters insistently call for higher benefits. Particularly in a political campaign year, politicians of both parties are eager to boost the income of the 27 million Social Security recipients, most of whom are 65 or over and most of whom will vote. No one can yet predict how big the new benefits will be, but at least a dozen proposals to expand Social Security payments are now being mulled over by the Senate Finance Committee.

SATTERWHITE—CAMERA 5



ELDERLY AMERICANS PASSING THE TIME IN ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
The prospect of new benefits, wider coverage—and higher taxes.

Benefits may go up by as much as 20%. That is the recommendation made by Wilbur Mills, the House Ways and Means chairman, who had as much say as anyone in setting recent increases —15% in 1970 and 10% in 1971. If Mills' highly political plan is passed, the compounded increase in Social Security checks next year will be more than 50% over 1969. Senate Finance Committee Chairman Russell Long, not ruling out Mills' proposal, says emphatically that a general increase of at least 10% is "a very safe assumption." In addition, Long's 16-member committee is considering a multiplicity of extra benefits that would give even higher increases to elderly Americans who are poor, sick or particularly industrious. Among proposals being debated:

▶ Much higher payments to people who have worked and have paid Social Security taxes for many years. A retired employee with 30 years or more on the job, no matter what his salary level, would get at least $200 per month, *v.* as little as $70 now. Married couples would get at least $300.

▶ More opportunity to work for extra money. At present, recipients under 72 lose $1 of benefits for every $2 they earn in excess of $1,680 a year. This cutoff point might be raised quite justifiably to $2,000 or $2,400. After all, retired people who have been able to accumulate stocks and bonds are not penalized for collecting dividends and interest in addition to Social Security payments.

▶ New medical benefits. Social Security recipients may be reimbursed for prescription drugs, especially those required for treatment of chronic illness, such as heart trouble.

▶ Wider coverage. Extra Social Security payments probably will be made available to recipients taking care of dependent and disabled brothers and sisters, and to those raising orphaned grandchildren.

The cost for this will be high. In the unlikely event that Mills gets his full 20% increase, the added cost would be $6.3 billion to $8 billion a year. Any extra benefits would swell the price [illegible] further. How will the Government pa[illegible] the bill? In part the new funds will co[illegible] from regular Social Security "contri[illegible]tions," which in the past two years ha[illegible] run about $3 billion ahead of expen[illegible] The rest will have to be raised by h[illegible] ting taxpayers.

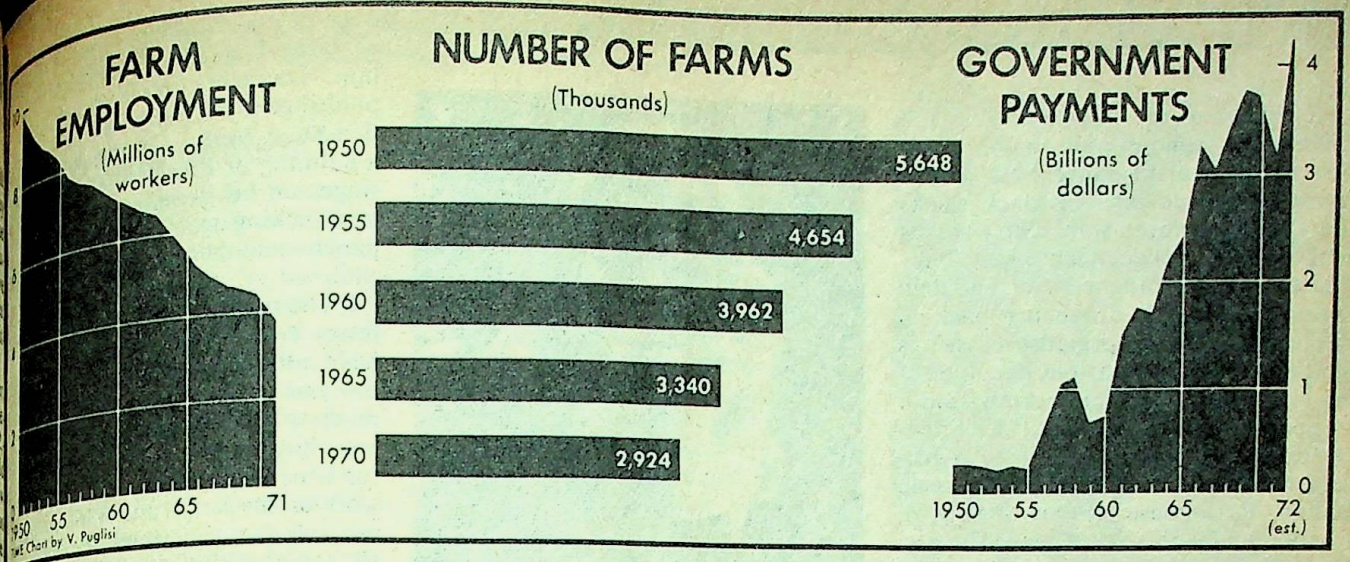
$600 Bite. Beginning next ye[illegible] employees will probably pay Social S[illegible] curity taxes on all income up to $12[illegible] 000, *v.* $9,000 at present. This wou[illegible] place the burden of bankrolling ne[illegible] benefits almost entirely on workers wh[illegible] earn middle-level incomes or above[illegible] Since the Social Security tax rate [illegible] 5.2%, people earning $12,000 a year o[illegible] more would have to pay $624 annuall[illegible] up from $468 at present; employer[illegible] who are required to match payroll de[illegible] ductions, would pay the same amoun[illegible] Middle-income earners, already pro[illegible] testing loudly against the increasing[illegible] painful bite of many kinds of taxes, wi[illegible] hardly welcome the raises. They have a[illegible] point. Social Security taxes take a dis[illegible] proportionate share of the earnings o[illegible] middle-income and low-income Amer[illegible] icans compared with those of the rich[illegible] and thus are regressive levies. Yet for al[illegible] that, the benefits from Social Securit[illegible] contributions at least ease the conside[illegible] able burden placed on many in the pas[illegible] by elderly relatives.

President Nixon will strongly pres[illegible] sure Congress to finance most new ben[illegible] efits from new taxes. Reason: the ex[illegible] cess Social Security contribution[illegible] currently piling up in the Treasury ar[illegible] counted as normal Government in[illegible] come; thus, if they are spent, the fed[illegible] eral deficit will go beyond the large $2[illegible] billion already budgeted for the next fis[illegible] cal year. Nixon's budget for that pe[illegible] riod, which begins in July, sets aside[illegible] enough funds for a Social Security in[illegible] crease of only 5%, and he could we[illegible] argue that any benefits beyond that ma[illegible] raised by new taxes will be inflationary[illegible] But if Congress should disregard the[illegible] warning and boost the benefits further[illegible] Nixon might have to discard one more[illegible] chapter in his tattered book of fiscal re[illegible] sponsibility. To veto bigger payments[illegible] to the nation's elderly during the elec[illegible] tion campaign could be politically dan[illegible] gerous, and perhaps suicidal.

PRICES

The Sprouting Farm Issue

Trying to fix the blame for the hig[illegible] price of food has become a national pre[illegible] occupation—a noisy adult version o[illegible] pin the tail on the donkey, played by[illegible] politicians, supermarketeers, farmers[illegible] and consumers. Yet one thing is clear[illegible] despite a recent leveling, supermarket[illegible] prices will climb further during 197[illegible] That message came out of the Price[illegible]



mmission's hearings on food costs st week. As Assistant Agriculture Sec- ary Richard Lyng said: "Increases in ail food prices will, overall, be mod- . There will, however, be sizable price ings in individual commodities."

Shortages account for the immedi- e jump in farm goods. Agriculture cretary Earl Butz and other farm kesmen argue that America's in- asing appetite for meat and other m products has kicked up prices. On e other hand, many economists con- d that the Government's elaborate ce-support policies have contributed stantially to high food costs. Thus e controversy over food prices, which ll be a prime campaign issue, is also ely to bring into question the whole ogram of subsidies to agriculture.

Peanuts and Corn. Basically, the vernment tries to restrict production paying farmers to reduce the amount land that they cultivate. It also seeks prop up the market for crops like eat, corn, rice and peanuts by guar- eeing a minimum price. Farmers can llect money for taking land out of oduction, then increase the yield on e acreage they do use, and collect at ast the support price on all that they se. A study last year by former Bud- t Director Charles Schultze estimated at consumers pay an extra $4.5 bil- n a year for food because of price pports. Indeed, consumers are clob- ered twice, because they have to pay t additional billions in taxes to finance pports—a massive transfer of nation- income from consumers' pockets to rmers' pockets. The farm bloc right- contends that U.S. agricultural prod- cts are a bargain when compared with ose of some European countries. But is does not justify the inequities and efficiences that have grown up around e subsidy program.

In this political year the Adminis- ation will spend a record $4.3 billion more for farm subsidies, up from 3.1 billion last year. Just to get corn production down, the Government will end out a record $1.9 billion for feed ains this year. Moreover, price sup- orts for corn raise the costs of feed or ranchers, who in turn produce less livestock and thus cause the price of meat to rise. In 1970, Congress limited each farm to a subsidy of $55,000 per crop. Some big farmers divided their large holdings into smaller units, each eligible for a separate subsidy.

The subsidies, together with the higher prices that farmers are getting for their goods, especially meat, will lift farm income this year by 10% to 15%. Farmers argue that these increases are justified by their rising expenses for labor, machinery, fertilizer and taxes. Yet, as Price Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson observes, inflation also burdens other segments of society; if inflation is to be checked, farmers, too, must sacrifice.

Farm lobbyists in Washington tirelessly raise the old issue of parity, a concept born in the Depression and based on the price relationship between what farmers pay for their goods and services and what they get for their crops. The optimum ratio of 100 was tied to conditions in 1909-14, a golden age for agriculture. Parity is now running at about 75. Yet despite lower parity, the farmer's real income has risen over the years. Reason: technology has increased productivity and crop yields, so that he can produce much more on his land with less effort. Sixty years ago, it took one man 106 hours to produce a bushel of wheat; now he can raise the same amount with eleven hours of work.

Enter the Giants. Subsidies have nourished a new giantism on the farm, which has created some unwholesome social effects. Large farmers collect an ever greater share of the subsidies. There are 2,900,000 farms in the nation; roughly 20% of them are big ones that collect about 60% of the subsidies. Many small farmers do not get any subsidy at all. They often cannot get credit to expand and compete because their income is so low; in 1970 about two-thirds of all farmers had annual sales of less than $10,000. As the big farmers grow richer, they buy up more and more small operators. Since 1950, the number of U.S. farms has been cut in half, and the farm work force has declined by 60%. Millions of displaced farm workers have drifted to the city, often winding up in ghettos, where they subsist on welfare—and push up taxes.

Lately this trend has been speeded up with the growth in farming of huge corporations, including Tenneco, Purex, Getty Oil and Monsanto. In California, the nation's leading farm producing state, 45 corporations own or lease almost 3,700,000 acres. These firms can overpower small farms by writing off losses in their agricultural ventures against taxes due from other more profitable enterprises. They have sufficient capital reserves to put off selling livestock long enough to qualify for the lower capital-gains taxes; the small farmer usually cannot do this because he needs a fairly steady income in order to survive. Tenneco and some other large firms control every aspect of food producing, from planting to retail sales. Huge "agribusiness" firms absolutely dominate the poultry business. With their great size and resources, the large companies can often dictate terms to individual farmers on leasing land or contracting for crops.

For all the disruption that it has caused, the rapid growth in farm size has not brought appreciably lower prices. Indeed, it has contributed to a decline in quality of some items. Since corporate farming is most profitable if crops can be machine-harvested, plant geneticists have developed tomatoes, berries and other fruits that have thicker skins and, in the opinion of many consumers, less taste.

To eliminate the waste and inequities in U.S. farm policies would require a complete restructuring of the system. That would include a root-and-branch revamping of the subsidy program, a revision of the capital-gains tax as it applies to agriculture, and a law requiring big companies to bargain collectively with farmers instead of grinding them down one by one in some parts of the country. Powerful lobbies will battle bitterly against such moves, and it seems politically impossible to substantially lower subsidies in the near future. But with food prices a hot issue in the presidential race, the time is at hand for a thorough national debate that could lead to future reforms.

The heir to the throne of England drove to his Sunday polo match in his blue Aston Martin convertible with a smashing blonde bird in black slacks and a cream-colored shirt with the tails hanging out. Between chukkers, they chatted it up and laughed a lot, and then **Prince Charles,** 23, drove her back to Windsor Castle. Georgiana Russell is the name—the 24-year-old daughter of Sir John Russell, Britain's Ambassador to Spain, and Lady Russell, a former Greek beauty queen. Georgiana, a gifted linguist (French, German, Greek, Italian, Portuguese, Russian), lives in London and works for *Vogue*. The gossip columnists are overjoyed.

■

San Antonio, Texas, is 1,500 miles from Charlottesville, Va., where former President **Lyndon Baines Johnson** had suffered his second severe heart attack only five days before. But so strong is the L.B.J. homing instinct that he persuaded his doctors to let him make the flight with a heart monitor taped to his chest. Next day his doctors at the Army's Brooke General Hospital in San Antonio said he was in "great spirits" and responding well to treatment, which will probably last several weeks.

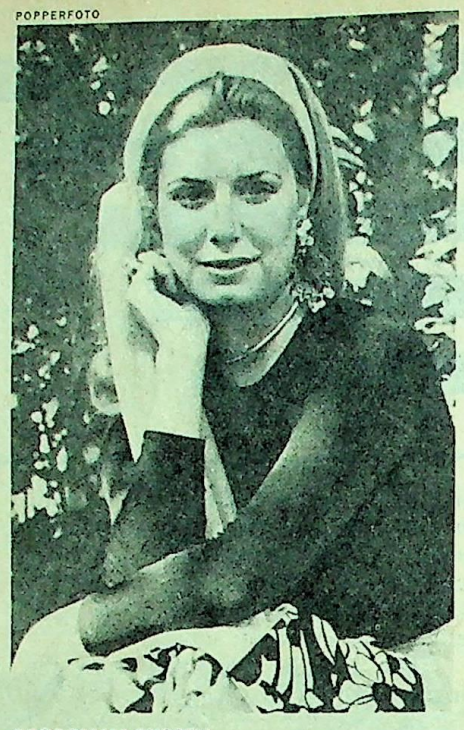
■

At one of his rare solo concerts, in Manhattan's Whitney Museum, Jazz Pianist-Composer **Duke Ellington** received an even rarer compliment. Togo's Ambassador to the U.S. presented him with a block of his country's stamps honoring four great composers. "Ah," said the delighted Ellington, "Debussy, Bach, Beethoven—and Duke."

■

"I'm so nervous," said Movie Star **Jane Wyman,** wringing her program in San Diego's Off Broadway Theater. The former wife of California Governor **Ronald Reagan** was waiting for the curtain to go up on the musical *Guys and Dolls*, starring Daughter Maureen Reagan in the most exciting part she has had in her four-year acting career: Adelaide, the nightclub entertainer and perennial fiancée of Gambler Nathan Detroit. In four pairs of eyelashes and a fluffy blonde wig, Maureen drew guffaws and catcalls in her bumping and grinding *A Bushel and a Peck* number, but the theater critic of the San Diego *Union* was more restrained. "Maureen Reagan," he wrote, "compensates for a small voice with large eyes and a dignified dedication."

POPPERFOTO



GEORGIANA RUSSELL
In seven languages.

■

Among the casualties of President Nixon's rapprochement with China is a svelte and soignée French author and television producer named Danielle Hunebelle, who was so upset by **Henry Kissinger's** failure to look her up in Paris on his way back from the secret negotiations last summer that she crashed her car. During her recuperation, she wrote him a long, long letter—about their meeting when she was doing a magazine piece on him, about their ripening friendship when she was doing a TV documentary on him, about Kissinger's skittishness at a deep involvement because of his job. "Giving up [illegible] hope of understanding him," writes [illegible] year-old Danielle, "I decided to [illegible] him." Danielle's love letter has just been published in Paris as a 242-page book [illegible] tled *Dear Henry*. On the dust jacket [illegible] a painting of Presidential Adviser [illegible] singer on his doorstep in striped pa[illegible] mas, picking up a bottle of milk, a new[illegible] paper—and the morning mail.

■

The relations between Classics Professor **Erich Segal** and Yale Univers[illegible] have not been exactly a love story. T[illegible] professor seemed to be professing [illegible] much that wasn't classical—movies, f[illegible] one thing, such as *Yellow Submarine*, for which he commuted to England [illegible] work on the script, and *Without Appa[illegible] ent Motive*, in which he played [illegible] French-speaking murder victim. The[illegible] came his super-bestseller, *Love Sto[illegible]* which brought on such burdens as [illegible] latchkeys he said were thrust on him [illegible] airline hostesses. At Yale since 1964, [illegible] associate professor since 1968, Seg[illegible] 34, was up for tenure—which mea[illegible] that its possessor cannot be fired, excep[illegible] for flagrant wrongdoing. But the classi[illegible] faculty turned thumbs down. Instead [illegible] they appointed him senior lecturer, [illegible] post that carries fewer classroom re[illegible] sponsibilities than a professorship. "It[illegible] sort of a middle ground," explained De[illegible] partment Chairman J.J. Pollitt.

■

At London's Aldwych Theater, [illegible] Natal Theater Workshop Company [illegible] one of the hits of the season with a Zu[illegible] version of *Macbeth* titled *Umabatha*. **Princess Margaret** paid her royal respects to the cast, and any scandal sniffers tempted to read significance into the sometime absence of her husband, Lord **Snowdon,** might well be discouraged by the catalogue of false rumors about her sister, **Queen Elizabeth II,** culled from the French press by Jean Marcilly, ex-editor in chief of *France Dimanche*. In Marcilly's survey, French papers have had the Queen pregnant 92 times, with nine miscarriages. She has been about to break up with Prince Philip 73 times, on the verge of abdicating 63 times, and near a nervous breakdown 32 times. And she has expelled Lord Snowdon from court no fewer than 151 times.

DANIELLE HUNEBELLE WITH FRIENDS



PRINCESS MARGARET & "UMABATHA'S" ACTORS

KEYSTONE



Who's Afraid of Joan?

Even to operagoers who cheer her vocal brilliance, Soprano Joan Sutherland has often seemed to have the personality of an Amazonian Barbie doll: imposing, but stiff and cool. Recently she dispelled much of that reputation with her hearty clowning in the Metropolitan Opera's production of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment* (TIME, Feb. 28). Last week, with her appearance in the first of two 30-minute TV shows called *Who's Afraid of Opera?* (PBS), her humanization seemed complete. Singing, lecturing, bantering with a trio of puppets, she was revealed as a thoroughly warm and winning woman.

Taped in London, *Who's Afraid of Opera?* is aimed at that sizable majority of the world's population—especially young people—who have managed to avoid being bitten by the opera bug and to whom the prospect of an evening at the Met is highly resistible. The shows cut down two Italian comic operas to half-hour nibbles, a drastic reducing plan that is still adequate for the many *buffo* plots. Sutherland trots out for a bow and a chat with the puppets and explains the story to them ("I have a lot of money, and he wants to marry me himself," she says, introducing Rossini's *Barber of Seville*). Then off she goes to act out key scenes, sing arias and take part in telescoped ensembles, returning to confide in the puppets when the plot gets strenuous. "Don't worry," one of them reassures her when she loses her boy friend Tonio in *The Daughter of the Regiment* (scheduled to be shown this week). "I've read the libretto. He comes back."



SUTHERLAND SINGING ON TELEVISION
Act out and humanize.

The perennial problem of televised opera—whether singers ought to look realistic or pretty—remains unsolved, for the producer has them mouthing their words to a prerecorded sound track. The result is often like watching one movie while hearing another. A further problem with such popularizations is also sidestepped: whether they should be done at all, or whether opera should be left to appeal at its own level to those who are already inclined toward it. Still, the proceedings are colorfully photographed and skillfully staged, and even Sir William, the puppet who reads scores and carps about all the cuts, seems to approve. Sir William is both a critic and an aging billy goat. Only a soprano could think of that kind of casting. ■ Robert T. Jones

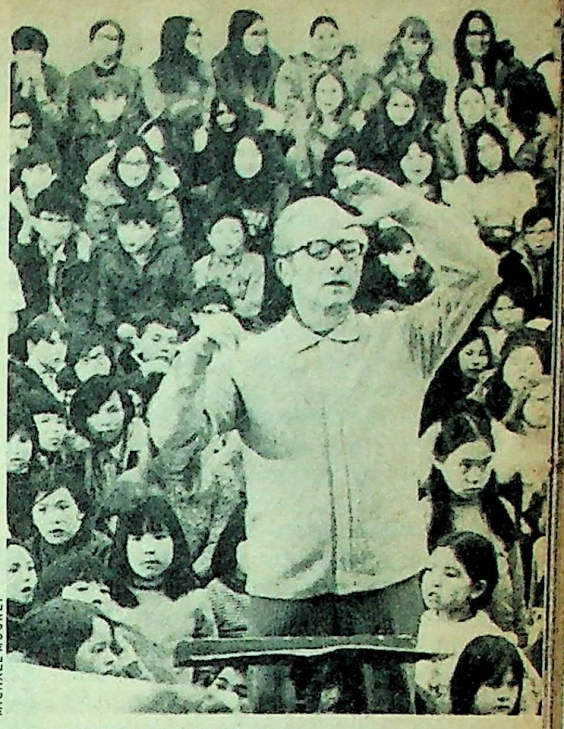
Brahms in the Bush

As the battered old F-27 touched down on the runway, the huddle of welcomers in fur parkas and boots shuffled about enthusiastically at the edge of the airport. They would have cheered, but when the wind howls in southwest Alaska, why bother? Inside the plane, the musicians stretched, checked their thermal underwear, down booties, sweaters, ear muffs and fur coats and hats. Then they stepped out the door into the frozen flats of Bethel, Alaska (pop. 2,500, predominantly Eskimo). "We can't believe you're here," said Nancy Hohman, principal of the Bethel elementary school. Shivering against the 5°-below-zero weather, looking at the log cabin that passed for an airport terminal, neither could the musicians.

So it went as Conductor Milton Katims and the Seattle Symphony brought culture to the arctic climes of the 49th state, where music normally comes only from records, radio, TV or walrus-skin drums. Never before had any major orchestra visited the Alaskan bush or the treeless tundra. Never before, in all probability, had any orchestra's itinerary been such a travel agent's nightmare —covering 11,000 miles by plane, boat, bus and snowmobile to give 36 concerts in six days. The Seattleites were able to do so by splitting up, for much of the tour, into seven chamber groups.

By the time Katims got to Bethel, the orchestra had already given full symphonic concerts in Anchorage, Fairbanks and Juneau. Now, in the high school gymnasium, Katims led a 16-member string ensemble before an enthusiastic crowd of adults and children that overflowed from bleachers and folding chairs onto the floor. There was an overflow of the overflow when a chorus of 94 children came out to join Katims in Mozart's *Ave Verum Corpus*.

The Katims contingent dined on roast moose, reindeer, and a mixture of seal oil, caribou fat, berries and sugar known as *agutuk*, or Eskimo ice cream. Then, at the airport, they were delayed for three hours while their plane's engines were warmed back to life. Concertmaster Henry Siegl took out his violin. While Katims conducted with a swizzle stick, Siegl played an impromptu recital of pop songs, Irish jigs and gypsy music.



MICHAEL MOONEY

KATIMS REHEARSING IN BETHEL
Go forth and divide.

Getting Couth. Meanwhile, at the Arctic port of Barrow, a woodwind quintet entertained 300 schoolchildren with a variety of pieces ranging from Beethoven to *Pop Goes the Weasel*. In the southeast part of the state, Associate Conductor Joseph Levine took another string ensemble on a 130-mile ferry ride through the Inside Passage to reach Ketchikan for a concert in the local high school. One rapt member of their audience was the first mate on their ferry boat, Gene Chaffin, who at 35 was attending his first concert. "I thought it would be very formal and boring but it was wonderful," Chaffin said. "I got me some couth tonight."

The backers of the $90,000 tour (notably the National Endowment for the Arts, two fish-packing firms, a barge company and an airline) were just as pleased in their way as Chaffin. The big, relatively sophisticated cities like Anchorage may not have had much to learn from hearing the Brahms *First Symphony*, but will provincial Bethel ever be the same after hearing Bartók's *Divertimento for Strings*? The real test, of course, will be how quickly the Seattle musicians, or any others for that matter, are back beating the bush with more Brahms and Beethoven. Conductor Katims, who found the trip a thoroughly warming experience (thanks partly to the men's pantyhose he wore throughout), would like to make it an annual affair. "There were wonderful vibes from the people," he said as the orchestra headed home. "I could feel them in the small of my back."

Britannia Rules the Wash

Watercolor: today, the word seems prim and dilute. It suggests Aunt Mabel, poking at her holiday sketchbook in some Tuscan piazza. Oils for real artists, watercolor for amateurs—so the common prejudice runs. Yet in the 18th and 19th centuries, some of the best painting in Europe was done in watercolor. The brilliant achievements of English art in particular, from Rowlandson to Turner, were largely based on the freedom, speed and unique sparkle of the transparent wash. One forgets what the medium could do. Last week the Pierpont Morgan Library produced a salutary reminder, in the form of a show called "English Drawings and Watercolors, 1550-1850." The 150 items are drawn from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, and they are nearly all of staggering quality.

The art of watercolor has two roots. One is in pen-and-wash drawing, the other in the more static and ceremonious art of miniature painting. The first item in the Morgan catalogue is a painting of an imaginary noble savage, *A Young Daughter of the Picts*, by Jacques Le Moyne de Morgues. Le Moyne, a French artist who worked in England in the 16th century, voyaged to Florida in the early 1560s. There he saw Indians—and concluded that there had to be a likeness between them and the lost tribes of primitive Britain. Hence the delicate Amazon, who might have stepped out of a court masque. Her tribal body painting is transmuted into an exquisite damask of skin tattoos; every detail of Le Moyne's image, from the green, parklike landscape and the rippling blonde hair to the jaunty flutter of tassel and petal, adds to the sense of a new-minted Arcadia. It is, of course, completely artificial.

Nature Worship. Watercolor came fully into its own as a medium two centuries later—through nature rather than culture. The two great themes of English art in the 18th and 19th centuries were antiquity and landscape. Both necessitated some form of travel—either taking the road to Rome or making the shorter trip into the English countryside, with painting kit. Oil paint in tubes made Impressionism possible, but that sort of packaging did not exist in the 18th century. Lugging oils through the vales of Kent or the gorges of Switzerland was messy, and watercolor—carried dry, in little pans—was the solution. The sheer convenience of watercolor—and its appeal to amateur and professional alike—was neatly expressed by Paul Sandby's tranquil view of *Rosslyn Castle, North Berwick*, with an aristocratic-looking lady on the riverbank painting with the aid of a camera lucida.

The medium was so handy and quick-drying that it could serve almost as photography, recording a fascinating panorama of costume, manners and habits. The master of social observation was Thomas Rowlandson, with his scenes of 18th century London—like the splendid *Old Vauxhall Gardens* (circa 1784), in which portraits of such notables as Dr. Johnson, Boswell and the Prince of Wales are mingled with the faces of anonymous revelers. Other artists went farther afield. George Chinnery fled his family in 1802 and settled in India, where he turned out a stream of elegant, precise topographical studies like *Figure Seated by an Indian Temple*.

In watercolor, the burgeoning nature worship of English romanticism found its medium. "If wood, water, groves, valleys, glades, can inspire poet or painter, this is the country, or this is the age to produce them," wrote Horace Walpole. But if it suited the outward urge, it was also the supreme vehicle for the inward eye. The visionary side of English art was expressed through it, most famously by William Blake and Samuel Palmer. Palmer's belief that he inhabited, in England, a paradisiacal "valley of vision" imbued even the humblest of his studies, like *A Cow Lodge with a Mossy Roof*, with a sublime imaginative pressure. Every fleck on that encrusted roof, every touch of light and shadow on the tawny, mottled foliage behind, is painted with an obsessed and grateful reverence.

Palmer had learned a basic fact about the medium: that it is a stain, a blot. Make a mark and let the image develop out of that. He declared himself to be "by nature a lover of smudginess," and inquired: "May not half the Art be learned from the gradations in coffee grounds?" It could, and the proof was given by J.M.W. Turner, whose life's work can be seen—under one aspect—as a prolonged and magnificently worked-out dialogue between observation and indeterminacy. That Turner, who died in 1851, was a far more "modern" artist than any of the French Impressionists, is hardly a matter of dispute. (The only French landscape artist of the late 19th century who can survive any comparison with him is Monet.) Turner's *Vesuvius in Eruption, 1817*—"a reddened, yellowed and delicious horror," one of his contemporaries called it—is extravagantly spontaneous, the washes cut and scratched back to white with a knife or a brush handle, but it sums up the strange modernity of his techniques.



THOMAS ROWLANDSON'S LONDON REVELERS IN "OLD VAUXHALL GARDENS"
It was the country and the age to inspire a painter.

Nobody else exploited the transparency of watercolor as thoroughly as Turner. He reversed the traditional method of painting on a dark ground and working up to the high tones. The basic ground of Turner's watercolors is white, reflected light. In watercolors like *Vesuvius*, and more so in his opalescent canalscapes of Venice, Turner stated the identity of light and color as no previous artist had done. "They are pictures of the elements," wrote William Hazlitt in 1816. "The artist delights to go back to the first chaos of the world." From that chaos, a great deal of what we now call modernism was due to be born.

■ Robert Hughes

"A Young Daughter of the Picts" is by a 16th century French artist, Jacques Le Moyne de Morgues, who traveled to Florida and later settled in England to escape France's persecution of Huguenots.





J.M.W. Turner (1775-1851): "Vesuvius in Eruption, 1817"



Paul Sandby (1730-1809): "Rosslyn Castle, North Berwick"

Questioning the Power

The networks . . . represent a concentration of power over American public opinion unknown in history . . . We'd never trust such power in the hands of an elected government. It's time we questioned it in the hands of a small and unelected elite.

—Spiro Agnew, 1969

The Vice President's famous speech in Des Moines, Iowa, was the opening blast in a sustained campaign by the Nixon Administration. Its aim: to chip away at the control exerted by the three major television networks over the programming they carry. That campaign received an uncalculated boost last year when the Federal Communications Commission limited the networks to three hours of evening prime-time programming (leaving 550 local stations across the country to fill the other half-hour with programming of their own). The FCC also barred the networks from acquiring financial interests in outside programs being produced for their use. Last week, in a move that spread consternation and confusion, the Justice Department in effect put the industry on notice that it had not seen anything yet.

Double Action. In federal court in Los Angeles, the department filed three far-reaching antitrust suits against the networks, claiming that they use their control of air time to block "free and open competition in the broadcasting of entertainment programs." Specifically, the department said the networks monopolize prime time with shows and films they own or partly own, thus denying air time to competing producers, distributors and advertisers—or compelling them to give the networks a stake in their shows—and controlling the prices paid for TV rights to feature films.

The intention of the suits, said a spokesman, was twofold: "We want the networks to quit producing their own programs; their own programs obviously have a better chance of getting on the air than somebody else's programs, and that's not fair. And we want them to quit syndicating or buying syndication rights, or whatever, for outside productions. Obviously those productions have a better chance of getting on the networks too."

Strictly speaking, none of the networks produce more than 10% of their 38 hours per week of prime-time programming. That is, each network buys about 90% of its prime-time shows from independent producers. But the FCC ban on financial interests in these outside productions has never really been effective, and even if it had, the networks could still retain interests in productions that were created before the agency ruled. The suits sought to prohibit all "ownership interests," claiming that they applied in substantially more than half the prime-time shows broadcast by the networks. Oddly, the suits cited out-of-date ownership figures from the decade 1957-67 to support that claim.

Whether prime-time shows are network-produced or bought from outside, the networks' function remains the same: they schedule time for the shows, sell advertising for them, then beam them out to local affiliates (who have the option of not carrying them, but do not exercise it frequently). The most ominously unclear aspect of the suits concerned the networks' leeway on program selection and scheduling. Was the Justice Department directly attacking the networks' "control of access" to air time, and therefore their ability to function as networks? The department spokesman insisted that the networks "can decide what goes on and when, as long as their own shows aren't in the competition." But CBS President Robert D. Wood, in a message to affiliates, charged that the department "seeks to transfer control of network schedules, including what programs are put on the air and when, to advertising agencies and motion picture producers," reducing networks to "mere conduits."

NBC and ABC joined CBS in denouncing the suits and vowing to oppose them vigorously in court. All the networks also maintained that the suits, by duplicating FCC rulings in some cases and going far beyond them in others, tended to undermine the authority of the very agency that is responsible for regulation of the industry.

Privately, network executives speculated that political motives may have determined the thrust and timing of the action, which the department conceded had been pending for years. "Is it the ITT case?" asked one, and answered himself: "Possibly it's an attempt to blur that image with this and a slew of other [antitrust] actions." Another saw the filing of the cases at this particular moment as a symbolic gesture designed to serve as "highly visible proof that the Justice Department is not in bed with big business."

The department went out of its way to emphasize that news, public affairs, and documentary programming were not affected by its complaint. Yet if the suits succeed, the networks will lose substantial revenues from the shows they produce or hold rights to. That in turn could curtail the budgets of news and public affairs shows, and make an already nervous industry even more wary of the Administration.

Hackman Connection

It was the year of the Tramp in the Academy Awards. With the little fellow's creator, Charlie Chaplin, on hand for his honorary Oscar, the rest of the usual inanity was almost bearable. In its professional judgments, the Academy showed an unforgivable lapse: neither John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday* nor Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* collected a single Oscar. The acting awards, on the other hand, were highly plausible. Most striking was Jane Fonda's citation as Best Actress for her portrayal of a call girl in *Klute*, showing that Hollywood is no longer totally hysterical about off-screen ventures in radical politics. Most popular—short of the cheering, weeping ovation for Chaplin—was Gene Hackman's Best Actor award for his performance as a narcotics cop in *The French Connection*, proving what all actors yearn to believe: a nice, hard-working guy can still get ahead in the movies on his merits. TIME Correspondent Roland Flamini interviewed Hackman in Los Angeles and sent this report:

When Gene Hackman was a young man just out of the Marines, he "slipped and slid around" New York City for two years in one job after another. One night, while he was working as a door-

FONDA & HACKMAN WITH OSCARS



BORSARI—CAMERA 5

HACKMAN IN "CONNECTION"



man at a Howard Johnson's restaurant in Times Square, his old Marine captain walked by. Their eyes met in awkward recognition. The captain looked him up and down and sneered: "Hackman, you're a sorry son of a bitch."

That encounter 18 years ago was the end of Hackman's slipping and sliding. Although he had never thought of acting before, he joined the Premise, an off-Broadway theater—not so much in quest of stardom as simply to get some meaning into his life. By last week, when he stood onstage in the Chandler Pavilion clutching his statuette, he had found both. He has become one of the best-liked of Hollywood professionals, a shambling, shirtsleeves type who actually uses words like "golly" and "gee" and is still married to his first wife after 14 years. He has also become one of the most gifted of character actors, a sublime technician for whom no inward emotion is too big to be fixed firmly in the smallest outward detail.

Borrowed Tricks. Hackman is a sort of blue-collar actor, slightly embarrassed about art but avid about craft. For his Oscar-winning role as the obsessive, foul-mouthed Popeye Doyle, he served an apprenticeship in Harlem with Eddie Egan, the real-life detective on whose exploits *The French Connection* was based. "It was scary as hell," Hackman says. "We'd burst into a crowded bar, and Egan would put on a drill instructor's voice, flat and unemotional, and yet authoritative. If anyone talked back, his voice would go a pitch higher. He always won." In the film, Hackman borrowed such Egan tricks as shoving a suspect into a telephone booth to subdue him.

To reach the subtly modulated power of his Popeye characterization, Hackman had a long climb. His work at the Premise led to a string of plays on Broadway, culminating in a leading role opposite Sandy Dennis in *Any Wednesday* in 1964. Meanwhile, he had edged into movies with a small part in *Lilith*. Recalls Warren Beatty, the picture's star: "It was only a two-minute scene, but the best thing about *Lilith* was Gene Hackman." When Beatty was casting *Bonnie and Clyde* three years later, he thought of Hackman for the role of Clyde's brother Buck. Hackman's performance won him an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actor, and the offers began coming in.

By his own admission, Hackman grabbed unselectively at too many of them and bogged down in a mire of forgettable films (*The Split, Marooned*). "You have to recognize," he says, "that there's a monster out there called unemployment." Finally one of the offers turned out to be for the part of the long-suffering son in *I Never Sang for My Father*. Hackman's engaging, sensitive portrayal won him a second Oscar nomination last year for Best Supporting Actor. Largely on the strength of [illegible] he made his connection with Popeye (others who were considered for the role: Jimmy Breslin, Steve McQueen, Jackie Gleason).

Stunt Driving. Which is the real Gene Hackman? The decent, gentle [illegible] low in *Father* or the raw, aggressive [illegible] in *Connection*? Answer: A little of both. Hackman retains much of the flavor of his small-town upbringing in Danville, Ill. Away from the set he spends most of his time lazing with his family in a Tudor-style home in the San Fernando Valley. At the same time, he has "an affinity for certain dangers." These [illegible] to include motorcycle and auto racing (he did about half of his own stunt driving in *Connection*), but now are limited mostly to flying rented planes.

Now that Hackman's star status could command a wide range of roles, he plans to keep right on doing character parts. He will play an aging Mexican western dirt racer in *Good Luck, Bobby Neal*, which will start shooting in June. Next he has his eye on a script about a fireman. In another ten years, he maintains, he may quit acting altogether. "I want to relax, paint, read and maybe even write," he says. "I don't see myself as a distinguished old actor." Perhaps not, but if that Marine captain were to turn up again in 20 years, chances are that's exactly what he would see.



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Take the Kids Along

Touring Europe with youngsters can be very much like running a herd of piglets through a china shop: catastrophe may lurk on every side, and there always seems to be an enormous bill waiting at the end. But it need not be that way, according to Leila Hadley, whose *Fielding's Guide to Traveling with Children in Europe** has just begun to appear in bookstores. "Traveling with children," says Author Hadley, "can be as easy and inexpensive—and far more rewarding—than traveling without them." And, she adds, "It is certainly infinitely preferable to not traveling at all."

To help make the trip even more rewarding, Mrs. Hadley has updated and implemented the original version of her guide, published in 1963. Among the new findings, for example, are department stores in Switzerland that offer nurseries where a mother can leave the children while she shops. A typical Hadley tidbit: "Your 5-10s might prefer the whoop-de-doo Jelmoli's [in Zurich], which offers a snack, a run in a model train, a marionette show, a carousel ride. She has also discovered that there are several new French hotels where children can be left on their own. These hotels are "dedicated to reliable young care for a day, night, week or longer." One is the Botel near Paris, which looks like a dollhouse château" and has playground equipment, a pony stable, a nurse and young governesses.

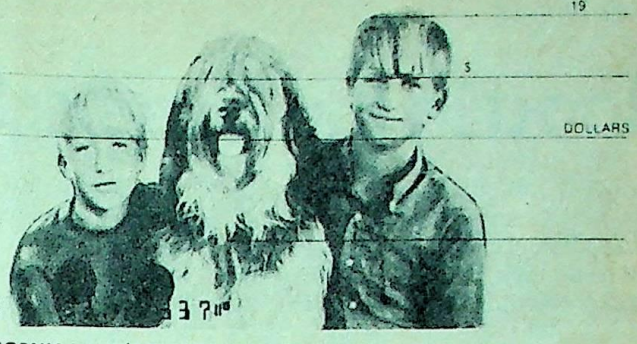
Still more valuable to parents, however, is the staple information on how to find baby food, baby sitters, juvenile

*Fielding Publications, in association with William Morrow & Co. Inc.; $7.95.

U.S. MOTHER & CHILDREN IN LONDON



DAVID GAHR



CHILDREN & DOG ON CALIFORNIA BANK'S INDIVIDUALIZED CHECK
A gorilla gazing Hamlet-like at a skull.

friends and pen pals, or how to turn out pediatricians at unlikely hours of the night: "If your three-year-old munches Daddy's deodorant stick, the Anti-Poison Center of Brussels will find the antidote and give you advice before the doctor comes." There are practical warnings against Spain's paper diapers (they disintegrate) and Scotland's tasteless attempts at American food. There is even advice on the inevitable problem of finding a bathroom for a child caught short. "With the exception of the British Isles and The Netherlands," reports Author Hadley, "it's the field, the bush, the woods. No one seems to get very uptight."

The author's material is drawn largely from her own travel observations, which began in 1949 when she and her first child (a son, then aged four) set off for Europe. Since then, she and her son, plus three children born later, have visited 37 countries, 18 of them in Europe. Along the way she did encounter a few perils, however, which she reveals in the new guide. One was in Amsterdam, where "ladies of the night are illuminated in red neon in ground-floor showcases in many narrow streets. I don't quite know how you explain this to children." She suggests, hopefully, that the children may not notice, then adds, "If they do, I hope this will serve as a cautionary note to preserve your cool."

Overdrawn Accounts

To cater to the individual tastes of their customers, banks have long printed checks in a wide spectrum of colors. More recently some have begun to offer checks with floral or scenic backgrounds. Now the modest-sized Bank of Marin in Marin County, Calif., has gone one step further. Its customers can simply bring in their own photograph or drawing and have them printed onto a standard check form.

Undeterred by the higher cost ($4.95 for 200 as opposed to $2.95 for the conventional kind), more than 500 customers have already signed up for the illustrated checks. Most of them have selected pictures of their families or pets to adorn their checks, but some have seized the opportunity for more imaginative self-expression. A Chinese customer, for instance, ordered checks illustrated with a portrait of Chairman Mao. An advertising executive displays a photograph of himself seated on a soapbox, while another patron adorns his checks with a bottle of his favorite whisky. The manager of a San Rafael branch of the bank uses enigmatic checks that show a gorilla gazing Hamlet-like at a skull. "I'm not sure what it means," he admits.

Perhaps the most imaginative—and vindictive—customer so far is the one who ordered special checks to be used solely for making his alimony payments. They show him beatifically kissing his new wife.

Buryin' Walt

Mr. Joyboy, Evelyn Waugh's macabre cosmetician in *The Loved One*, would be proud of Captain Walter Brubaker. A new California state law permits cremated remains to be buried in the ocean or scattered at sea level, supplanting the old law that required a loved one's ashes to be scattered from an altitude of at least 5,000 ft. A retired Navy captain with a keen eye for commerce, Brubaker converted his 50-ft. luxury fishing boat into a seaworthy hearse. He listed himself in the San Diego Yellow Pages as the "City and County Burial at Sea Service" and waited for the customers.

To make his services even more attractive, Captain Brubaker engaged in a bit of huckstering. As a sort of twist on Marryin' Sam's gimmicks in *Li'l Abner*, he advertised that he would tailor his services to suit the family's taste. They may have rock, Rachmaninoff or *Anchors Aweigh* if they so choose.

Brubaker's routine is to pick up the ashes of the loved one himself and escort the bereaved aboard his yacht. (The fish-bait tank seemed an insurmountable embarrassment until Brubaker shrewdly camouflaged it as a catafalque.) After the service is rendered beyond the three-mile limit, the deceased is solemnly committed to the deep —from the stern. "If the ashes were dropped from either side," Brubaker explains, "they might blow back into the boat."

COVER STORY

Blood in the Streets: Subculture of Violence

RARELY has there been such a bizarrely precise intersection of fantasy and brutal reality. In half a dozen Manhattan theaters one morning last week, projectors were unreeling the mustily violent world of *The Godfather*, the Mafia wars of 1945-55. While Paramount's actors did their impersonations of *caporegimes* and button men in supposedly archaic rites of murder, the bright black Cadillacs were nosing up to the curb outside Guido's funeral home in Brooklyn.

The scene there had an authenticity that was almost theatrical. From the brownstones along Clinton Avenue, old women stared in black shawls. Men in working clothes muttered to one another in Old World accents. Inside, under a lithograph of Christ, rested a $5,000 burnished bronze casket festooned with flowers and surrounded by heavy, silently angry men and weeping women. Within it lay Joey Gallo, assassinated three days before as he celebrated his 43rd birthday in a Lower East Side clam house called Umbertos (TIME, April 17). His mother keened: "My Joey! What did they do to my Joey!"

It was not strictly a Mob funeral in the old style—nothing to compare with the opulent rites for, say, New Jersey Racketeer Willie Moretti after he was executed in 1951. No ambassadors came from the other New York Mafia families, but they had their reasons for staying away—too many police and reporters, and war in the air. The cortege, led part of the way by a police car with a flashing dome light, slowly toured Gallo's old President Street neighborhood, then drove to Brooklyn's Greenwood Cemetery. Police and federal agents were among the spectators. An unusually large number of gravediggers and an out-of-place olive-drab telephone van were on hand. The mourners filed by, dropping single roses onto the casket and crying: "Take him, Big Boy! You've got him now, Big Boy!" Big Boy meant God.

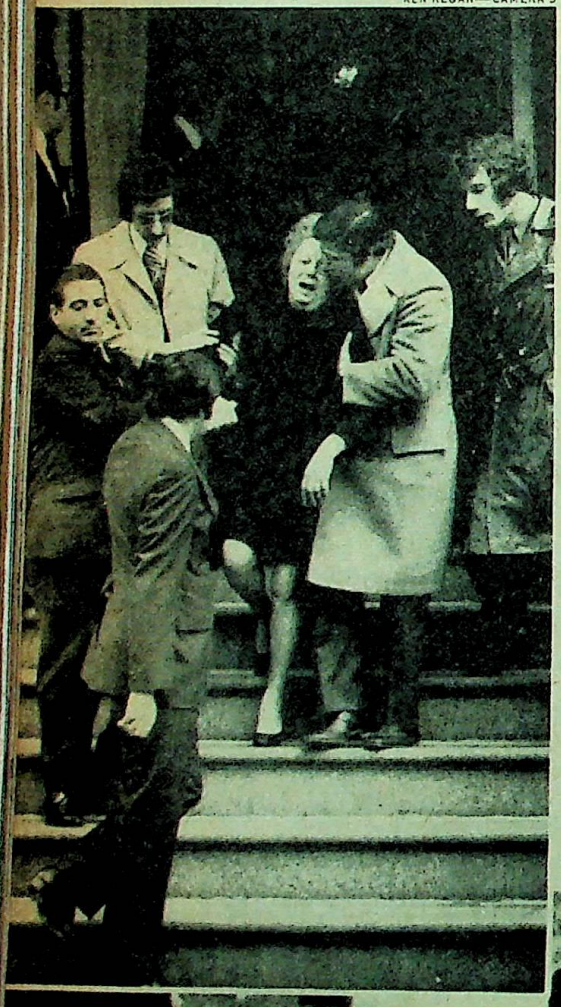
In its baroque atmospherics, the Gallo assassination was more than merely an episode of gangster nostalgia. As Gallo lay in his open casket, his face a mask of mortuary prettification, his sister Carmella promised: "The streets are going to run red with blood, Joe. Within the space of six days, a total of five other bodies turned up, and the word was around that three more executions had been approved by the family of New York Mafia Overlord Carlo Gambino.

Blood Feud. More ominously, the Gallo and Colombo gangs last week officially declared war. The two clans "went to the mattresses"—the Mafia term for consolidating forces in fortified hideouts, hauling in mattresses for a long siege and sleeping on them for the duration. It was the most bitter gang conflict in a decade, and could become the bloodiest campaign since the sporadic Castellammarese war* in 1930-31, when scores of Mafiosi killed off one another in the streets across the country.

While homicide is as old as Cain, Mafia killings have a style all their own. They are the blood-feud eruptions of one of the nation's strangest and most powerful subcultures, and are carried out with an almost ritual quality. They are unlike fatal quarrels of husband and wife, random slaughter in delicatessen holdups and bar brawls, and the other killings that constitute the vast majority of murders in the U.S. Instead, the Mafia practices a drama of implacable tribal will: just as Clausewitz defined war as foreign policy by other means, La Cosa Nostra regards murder as an instrument of business—often conducted with a vengeance. The peculiar vogue that the Mafia is now enjoying in films and books may spring from a kind of stylish atavism that Americans recognize in a brute feudal system that follows swift retribution with no red tape. In part, it simply appeals to the anti-bureaucratic impulse, the secret instinct

*Named for a Mafia contingent that originated in the Sicilian town of Castellammarese del Golfo.

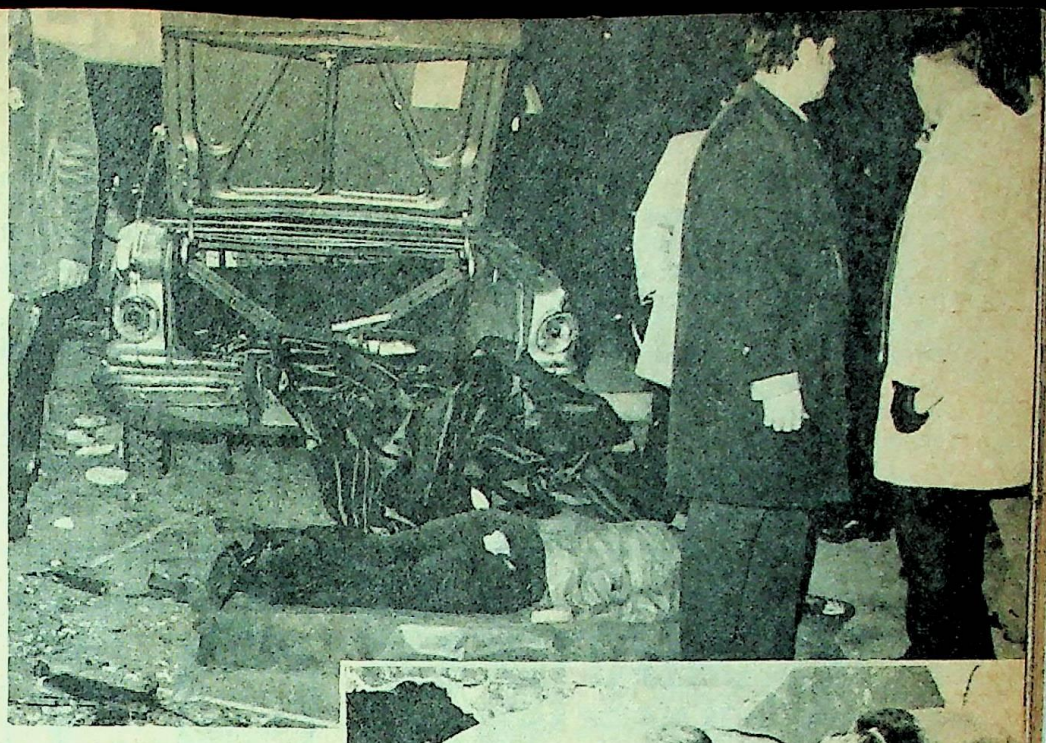
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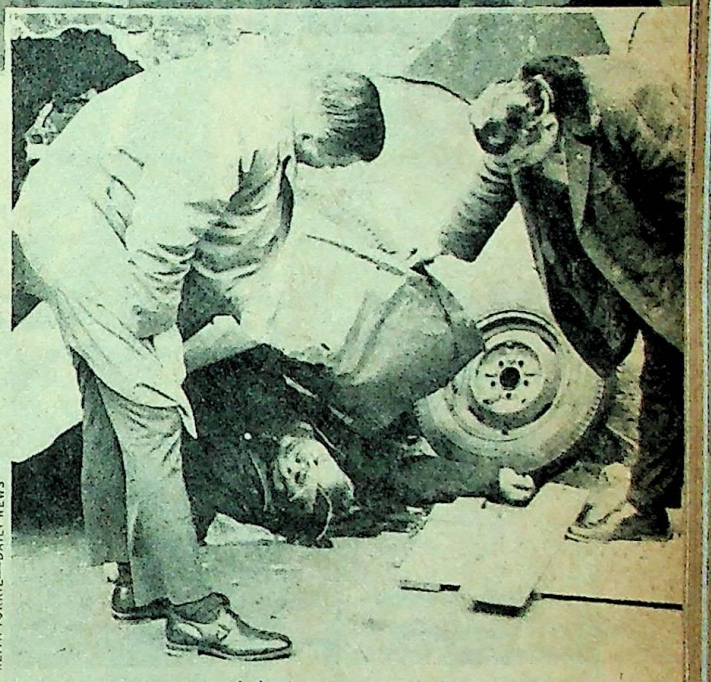


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Joey Gallo's mother leaving funeral home. Below: mourners at burial, including Brother Al Gallo (center).





KEITH TORRIE—DAILY NEWS

Two victims executed during gang violence that followed Joey Gallo's assassination in Manhattan clam house.

...hat things can be "fixed," even in satingly violent ways. For the moment, many still find the Mob romantically ...nster and enterprising, but the pop- ...lar infatuation may fade now that the ...bodies are real.

In some ways it was ironic that the ...oodletting should erupt now. Until ...st summer, many Americans were ...lf-persuaded that the Mafia was chi- ...erical. In New York, Mobster Joseph ...olombo organized the Italian-Amer- ...an Civil Rights League, using many ...w-abiding Italian-Americans as a ...ield for the Syndicate. The Mafia and ...La Cosa Nostra, the league argued, were ...ti-Italian figments of the FBI's imag- ...ation. Colombo even succeeded in ...barrassing the producer of *The God- ...ther* into deleting the two names from ...e script. Then, at a "Unity Day" cel- ...ration in Manhattan's Columbus Cir- ...e last June, a black gunman named ...ome Johnson pumped three 7.65- ...m. slugs into Colombo. Johnson him- ...f was immediately killed by a Co- ...mbo bodyguard. Colombo survived, ...though he is paralyzed and said to be ...tually "a vegetable." To its acute dis- ...mfort, the Mafia, which flourishes ...st in secrecy, found itself awash in ...e same kind of publicity that followed ...e 1957 summit meeting in Apalachin, ...Y., where 60 chieftains from across ...e nation were arrested.

Kid Blast. On the surface, the pres- ...nt warfare is a feud between Joe Co- ...mbo and Joe Gallo forces. After Co- ...mbo was hit last summer, the word ...ssed through the underworld that the ...allos were behind it. The fact that the ...nman was black seemed to confirm ...e theory; when "Crazy Joe" was in ...ew York's Attica prison for extortion, ...e allied himself with black prisoners ...d once organized a protest against ...hite prison barbers who refused to cut ...acks' hair. After he got out early last ...ear, Gallo said he wanted to bring ...acks into the Syndicate, an idea that ...furiated older Mafiosi. La Cosa Nos- ...a, after all, is the most exclusive men's ...ub in the world.

Bad blood between the Colombos ...d Gallos went back to 1960, when ...ey, along with his brothers Larry and ...bert ("Kid Blast"), began a rebellion ...the Brooklyn fief of the late Joseph ...rofaci. After a two-year war and at ...ast nine murders, Joseph Colombo ...ok over the Profaci organization. ...gain last year, the Gallos tried to move ...e on Colombo's gambling operations. ...ey also opposed Colombo's Italian- ...merican Civil Rights League. Before ...st summer's rally, Gallo's men moved ...ough the Italian neighborhoods in ...ooklyn ordering shopkeepers to re- ...ain open on Unity Day and stay away ...om Columbus Circle.

Then, two weeks ago, came Joey ...allo's murder. The immediate as- ...mption was that Colombo forces had ...ken their revenge. The war was on. ...rly on the day of Gallo's funeral, a ...olombo lieutenant named Gennaro Ciprio left his restaurant in Brooklyn and walked toward his car. He stopped three bullets, apparently fired by a rooftop sniper, and died in a pool of blood on the sidewalk. Investigators say that Ciprio was probably killed because he was spying on the Colombos for the Gallos.

Four other men attached to the Mob were hit. Bruno Carnevale, a "soldier" in the Carlo Gambino family,* was felled by a shotgun blast near his house in Queens Village, and died with $1,400 still in his pocket. A day later Tommy Ernst, a Staten Island mobster, was fatally wounded. A New Jersey janitor named Frank Ferriano was found in a lower Manhattan parking lot with half his head blown off by a shotgun blast. Hours later Richard Grossman, said to be a credit-card swindler working for the Colombo family, was found in the trunk of a car in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn. He, too, had been shot in the head with a shotgun.

Carlo's War. The Colombo-Gallo war was directly involved only in the Ciprio killing. Yet all of the assassinations had been specifically approved by leaders in the Gambino family. Although neither the Colombos nor the Gallos seemed to be aware of it, the Gambinos were deliberately promoting the war, approving executions in order to fan the flames and encourage the Colombos and Gallos to kill one another off. Eventually, 73-year-old Carlo Gambino hopes, the war will leave him in undisputed control of four of the five New York Families. The holdout would be the Bonanno family, run by Natale Evola, which controls trucking and narcotics rackets in Manhattan. The other clans are the Lucchese gang, run by Carmine Tramunti; the Genovese family, bossed by Jerry Catena; and the Gallos and Colombos (*see chart, page 38*).

Already the Gambinos are so strong that none of the other 19 Mafia clans across the nation dare to challenge them. If the Gambino family literally buried its opposition in New York, then Carlo Gambino could, if he wished, control the entire national rackets combine of La Cosa Nostra. He might become what the Mafia calls *capo di tutti capi* —boss of all bosses. The job has been vacant since Salvatore Maranzano was assassinated in 1931.

It would be a long-awaited accession for Gambino, a soft-spoken, courtly man who came to the U.S. in 1921 as a stowaway from Palermo, Sicily. In a brotherhood where "respect" is

*A family, in New York Mafia usage, is a gang of from 75 to 1,000 men, all of Italian descent, who are bound by a loyalty oath of blood and who are organized into *regimes*, or squads, under the command of *capos*, who in turn take their orders from the underboss and the boss. Family members are often but not necessarily related by blood.

achieved by assassination, there is a strong caste system. For years the Gambinos were disdained by the other Mafia families. Gangsters called them "the degenerates" because Carlo married his first cousin and his brother Paul married another cousin. There were a number of stories that neither Carlo nor Paul had ever killed anyone—which is ample reason for them to be held in contempt—and both were suspected of sitting out the Castellammarese war, tending their bootleg stills instead of shooting their enemies.

But the Gambinos emerged almost unscathed from the post-Apalachin investigations and gang wars that drained the strength of the other clans. More important, a new strongman arose in the Gambino family to function as Carlo's underboss: Aniello Dellacroce (literally, "little lamb of the cross"). A throwback to the Syndicate's more flamboyant days, Dellacroce, 58, keeps a hunting lodge in Canada, a beach house in Miami, and several mistresses. He also possesses a fund of brutal expertise learned when he was one of Albert Anastasia's principal hired assassins.

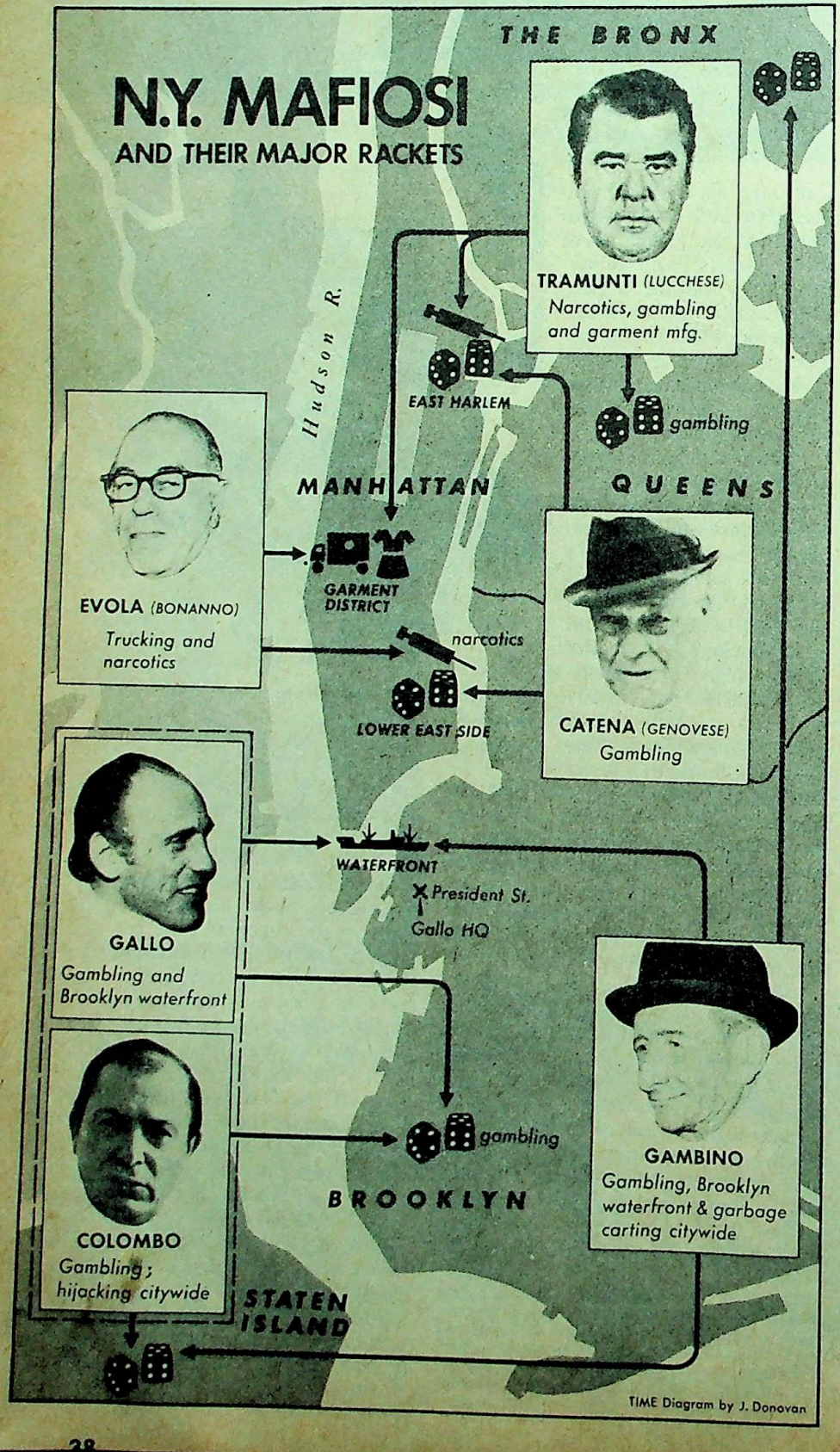
One report has it that it was the Gambinos, not the Gallos, who ordered Colombo hit last summer. (Gambino was said to have been angered by embarrassing publicity Colombo arousing with his civil rights league the same time, the Gambinos "contract" out on Gallo—although not clear yet who finally killed him contract, which may or may not in a fee, is a boss's official sanction for execution.) Now, to complete a Machiavellian circle, the Gambinos are plying both the Colombos and the Gallos with new guns and ammunition escalate their war.

"Going to the mattresses" is a dition of Mafia warfare, a tactic like ing the drawbridge in a medieval ian castle town. Last week about members of the Gallo mob were near Joey's old headquarters, a front on Brooklyn's President St just across the street from the they occupied during the 1961-62 lo-Profaci war. If they have their practice from those days, have nailed chicken wire over the dows, to prevent hand grenades being lobbed in. In such campaigns, curity is tight. Sentries are posted nearby streets to watch for strangers the neighborhood. The food brought to feed the garrison is checked poison.

The commander now is the sole viving Gallo brother, Albert. Says an quaintance of the family: "They are scared to death." Even though their sition is now mainly defensive, the Gallos have put out contracts for the of three enemies: 1) Alphonse ("Al Boy") Persico, the Colombo war chief tain; 2) Nick Bianco, a New Eng gangster whom the Gallos want because he arranged the treaty that ed the Gallo-Profaci war ten years while Joey was in jail; and 3) Joe covelli, a Colombo *capo*. The Gallos lieve that Yacovelli had a hand in Joey murder.

Leniency. The New York police share that suspicion and are hoping find Yacovelli before the Gallos do. there are other suspects, including mine DeBiase, a member of the family headed by the late Vito Genovese. By decree of the Gambinos, Gallo contract was "wide open" —meaning that any executioner from any family could kill him and have backing of the Gambinos. The Gallos think, however, that two Colombo killed Joey: one of them, Rocco Mirglia, seems to fit the description of assassin. Besides, Gallo's men recall a few months ago during an argument on President Street, Joey threw Mirglia out of a second-story window.

It seems that the Gambinos, at least are certain who the killer was. Being perfectionists in the techniques of homicide, they are said to have convened their own court of inquiry into Gallo's death. They charged that the execution was a near-botch, an untidy, saloon-style shootout in which the gunman managed to kill Gallo only by sheer luck. The "defense" argued that because



Gallo and his bodyguard were unexpectedly not facing the door, the assassin had to open fire before he was sure which of the two was Gallo. The Gambinos, in a rare display of leniency, let the killer off with a reprimand.

The Colombo forces are said to have taken up battle stations in an apartment house on Brooklyn's Fifth Avenue. They have contracts out on two Gallo commanders: Albert Gallo and Frank ("Punchy") Illiano, who is now in charge of provisions for the Gallo fortress.

Patrols. No one knows how long the war will last. Traditionally, going to the mattresses has meant undertaking not only defense but also street patrols and forays to pick off enemy soldiers. The ranks of the badly outnumbered Gallos would be disastrously thinned if they lost as few as a half dozen men. Only they have wartime experience that the Colombos lack. Before a Mob *Götterdämmerung* ensues, however, both the Gallos and Colombos may realize that their feud is merely part of Carlo Gambino's larger design.

Americans tend to regard Mafia wars with detachment and even titillation. There are even those who think that the killing has a salutary effect. The New York *Daily News*, for one, editorialized rather glibly last week: "We cannot help feeling that these killings are ridding society of some characters who won't be missed sorely, if at all, and are saving police, prosecutors and courts a lot of work and taxpayers a lot of money." It is rare, after all, that the innocent get caught in the crossfire.

But Ralph Salerno, a former New York City policeman and an expert on the Mafia, believes that the Mob killings could take a more ominous turn. "The gangsters do have rules about murders," he says. "There are rules against killing law-enforcement officials. Other rules forbid killing reporters. But if society does nothing about gang slayings, the gangsters may decide to change the rules and hit anybody who gets in their way. Remember, the rules are theirs—not ours."

There are other rules that, strictly observed, keep the Syndicate a tightly knit network closed to outsiders and so efficient that its activities—legal and illegal—are estimated to bring in more than $30 billion a year. The strength of the Mafia is based less on the corporate structure of a criminal organization than on the social organization of Sicily and southern Italy, whence most of the Mafiosi spring. There, notes Sociologist Francis Ianni, the rule of law is replaced by a social structure that is regulated by a code: each man must protect the family's honor and avenge any sullying of that honor. The code, says Ianni, is "an integrative behavioral system which binds families to each other throughout each village and town in a ritualistic web difficult for the southern Italian to escape but just as difficult for the non-Italian to understand."

Thus, to the Mafia, even murder is not abhorrent if it advances the fortunes of the family or wipes out a blot on its honor. "It's just business," killers in *The Godfather* explain to rivals whose friends and relatives they have machine-gunned or garroted to death. Not only that, but it is business with honor, and takes precedence over the law. Inside his family, says Ianni, the Mafioso is "highly moral and self-sacrificing." But outside, he recognizes no ethical force. Family members, as in Sicily, are bound together by "the web of kinship; of the participants at the famous Apalachin meeting, almost half were related by blood or marriage." Within that web, which is really "a pattern of social obligation that has more permanence than religion," favors become obligations and wrongs become "debts which demand redress."

So enduring is the web of kinship that only two things can alter it. One is the American value system, which is causing the Old World family structure to crumble and is weakening some of the once-powerful crime dynasties. According to Historian Humbert Nelli, the Mafiosi's respect for authority—a trait that used to cement loyalties—is decaying. For this reason, more and more Mafiosi are deciding to go straight. In one Mafia family that Ianni studied, only four out of 27 fourth-generation Italian-Americans are connected with organized crime. Of the remaining 23, one is a university professor, and all the rest are doctors, lawyers or legitimate businessmen.

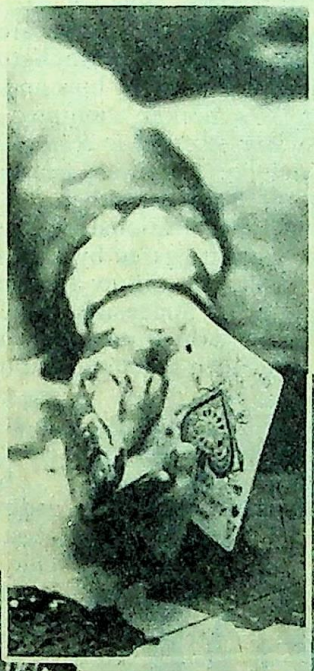
The other force for change in the Mafia is less subtle. It is what Ianni calls "drastic action"—the kind being carried out on the streets of New York.

For a discussion of the psychology of murder, see Essay, following page.

N.Y. DAILY NEWS

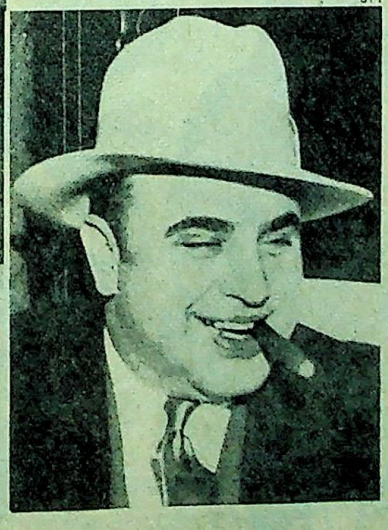


Joe Colombo after being shot.

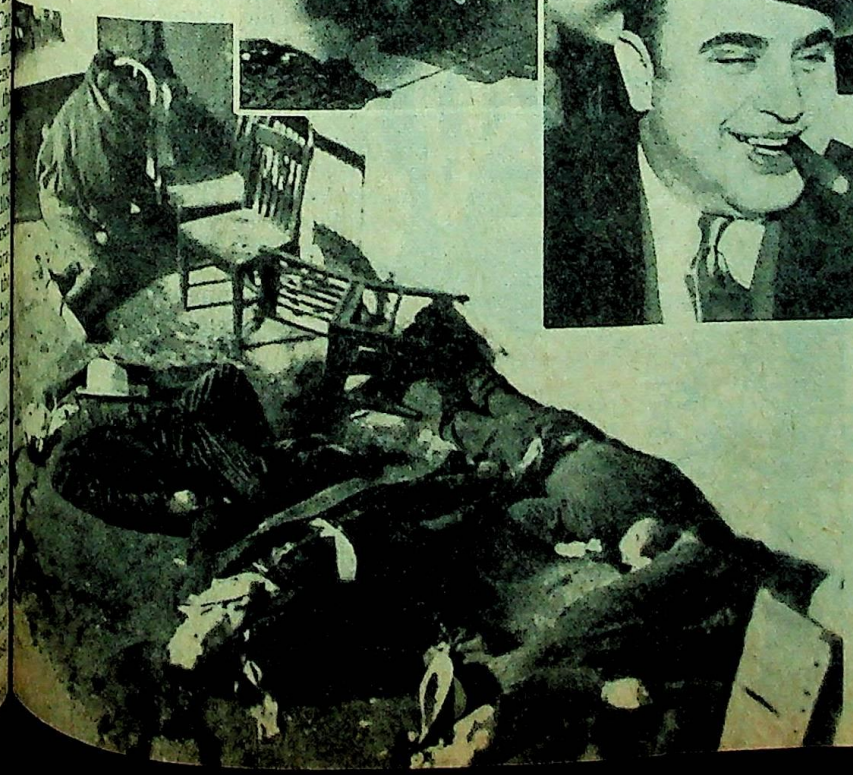


...der Inc. calling card.

UPI



...Capone. Scene of St. ...entine's Day massacre.



Psychology of Murder

FOR all its sinister drama, the Mafia's bloodletting accounts for only an insignificant fraction of the killings that occur every year in the U.S. The rising toll sometimes seems to validate H. Rap Brown's mordant dictum: "Violence is as American as cherry pie." In 1970 there were 16,000 criminal homicides in the nation—one every 33 minutes. With the carnage mounting—up 8% from the previous year and 76% over the decade—the U.S. is maintaining its long-held, unhappy distinction of leading advanced Western nations in the rate at which its citizens destroy one another. Philadelphia, for example, with a population of 2,000,000, has the same number of homicides annually as all of England, Scotland and Wales (pop. 54 million).

This murderous pre-eminence, fostered by the nation's longstanding habit of violence, occurs against a background of street crime, political assassination and an almost obsessive violence in movies and television. It has led many behavioral scientists to begin talking about a national "crisis of violence." In the U.S., warns Psychiatrist Thomas Bittker, "violence is practiced as if it were productive." It may have been so for the Stone Age hunter of mammoths, but in the era of H-bombs it is not only non-productive but distinctly suicidal. Man has become so dangerous to himself that his continued existence has been called into doubt.

Saul Bellow's Mr. Sammler reflected gloomily that killing is "one of the luxuries. No wonder that princes had so long reserved the right to murder with impunity." Yet there has always been a democracy of homicide. Ever since Cain slew Abel, murder has been a classless crime. The East Harlem father who hurls his children from the roof is paralleled across the Hudson in the affluent New Jersey suburbs: a Westfield insurance salesman named John List was indicted last winter on a charge of shooting his wife, mother and three children and ranging four of the bodies side by side in his mansion's empty ballroom.

Although murder is part of the fabric of history, it has assumed an alarming ity in America today. It is a new truism that violence has come what sex used to be, the object of morbid fascinat A sort of blind Mansonism hangs in the air—an incom hensible glorification of death and destruction.

However common it has become, murder is still the cr committed by others: men and women dissociate themsel from murderers by assuming that all killers are psycho But most are not. Psychiatrists do not know precisely h those who have killed are different from those who have n In contrast to the Mafia's business killing, for example, m der among laymen is generally a very personal matter. three out of four cases, the murderer and victim know e other; in one out of four, they are related by blood or m riage. An estimated five out of six killers are men, and 6 of murderers are blacks—as are 55% of victims. In 19 43% of the suspects arrested for homicide were under 10% were younger than 18. Nearly half (45%) of all k ings occurred in the South, which has about 30% of the tion's population. But the murder rate was highest in cities: 17.5 murders for every 100,000 inhabitants, compa with 6.4 in rural areas and only 3.8 in the suburbs.

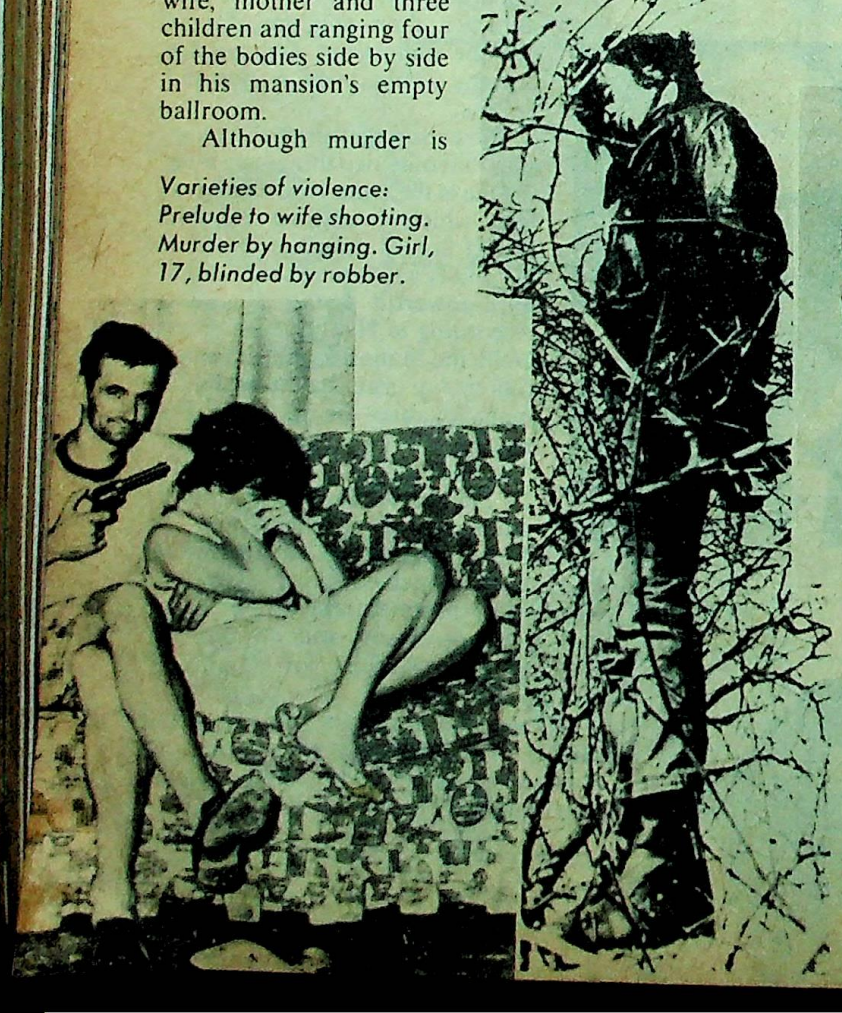
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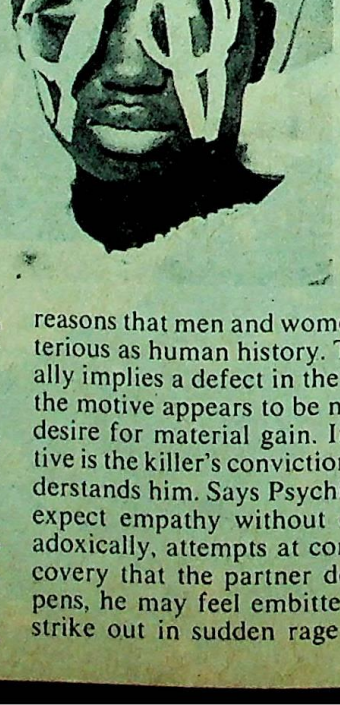
The sheer availability of firearms is undoubtedly a st ulus to murder. There are perhaps 115 million private owned guns in the U.S., almost one for every male betwe 14 and 65. Indeed, guns are used in 65% of all U.S. killing Twenty percent of the victims are dispatched by knife, w poison is rarely used. In Manhattan, there have been two cent cases of murder by bow and arrow, and some years a another New Yorker attempted murder by rattlesnake. Princess Sita observed in *Ramayana*, the ancient Indian e of nonviolence: "The very bearing of weapons changeth mind of those that carry them."

Most nonprofessional killings are impulsive—done in flash of anger triggered by a minor insult or a quarrel o money, love or sex. Many are committed by people who, S ciologist Stuart Palmer says, "tend to be overconforming m of the time"—which may help to explain their extreme olence when their rebellious impulses finally break out. Of the killer does not intend to k in at least 20% of the cases, is acting in self-defense.

Sometimes murder can indirect, an act that Psycho alyst Joost Meerloo calls p chic homicide: consciously unconsciously, the murder pushes someone into suici Meerloo cites an engineer had struggled "all his life a harsh, domineering and holic father." On a final visit took along a bottle of barb rates, suggesting that they co "cure" his father's addiction combination with alcohol, prescription was fatal.

The impulse to murd seems to be universal, but reasons that men and women yield to it are as varied and terious as human history. To most psychiatrists, murder ally implies a defect in the killer's ego. Sometimes, of cou the motive appears to be nothing more complicated than desire for material gain. In family murders, a frequent tive is the killer's conviction that no one, not even his wife, derstands him. Says Psychiatrist Frederick Melges: "He expect empathy without communicating his feelings. adoxically, attempts at communication may lead to the covery that the partner does not understand." If that pens, he may feel embittered, deserted and alone, and strike out in sudden rage at the thwarting of his expec





Varieties of violence: Prelude to wife shooting. Murder by hanging. Girl, 17, blinded by robber.

...s. A number of criminals, Psychiatrist George Solomon ...believes, "feel that the only attention they can evoke is pun...ishment," and for them "murder may be a way to be killed." ...long before being convicted of murdering his landlady, ...hom he liked, a New York sculptor named Robert Irwin ...old a psychiatrist: "I was going to kill somebody so that I ...ould be hung."

Even this crime is less terrifying than what Poet Robert ...ean Warren calls "blank, anonymous murder," the motive-...ss, gratuitous atrocity. In Warren's words: "An old man on ...park bench reading his papers, smoking his morning cigar, ...dead suddenly because some kid decided to kill him." These ...es, says Theodore Solotaroff, editor of *New American Re...w*, "a kind of anarchic murder is in the air."

Anarchic murder is not new. It occurred during the Eu...rean plague epidemics of the 16th century, when hoo...ans plundered at will, sometimes cutting the throats of the ...k. It was common during the Thirty Years War in the ...th century, when troops ravaged the countryside indis...minately. New or old, wanton ...ughter recalls the question posed ...Nietzsche's red judge: "Why did ...s criminal murder?" Nietzsche's ...ply: "His soul wanted blood; he ...sted after the bliss of the knife."

■

Not many contemporary think... would accept this view of man ...essentially savage. True, Freud ...e believed that human beings ...e born with an aggressive instinct ...d that "the aim of all life is ...ath," but he later abandoned the ...ea. Currently, Ethologist Konrad ...enz insists that aggression and ...lence are inevitable because ...y were bred into man by nat... selection during prehistoric ...es. But there is widespread dis...ement with this theory. Psychi...st Fredric Wertham, for exam... considers the Lorenz view ...sense," calling it "not expla...on but rationalization."

Frustration frequently touches ...aggressive behavior. It can take ...ny forms, and often arises from ...eling of physical, social or in...ectual inferiority. It can also re... from physical and psycholog... brutality inflicted during ...dhood. Describing one parental attack, a mother told So...logist Palmer, "I thought the boy was done for. His fa... knocked him from one end of the house to another like ...an gone insane." Observes Palmer: "Perhaps it was co...dence, perhaps it was not. But when he was 24, that same ...y beat to death a man 30 years older than himself."

Sometimes the frustration that fires aggression is highly ...personal. Yale Psychoanalyst Robert Jay Lifton links at ...st some violence to general frustration, anger and anxiety ...er countless "little deaths"—the failure of national mo...ty, the breakdown of family life and feelings of alien...on in a mobile population. Boredom, too, drives people to ...k for meaning in nihilistic violence, to accept the philos...y "I kill, therefore I am."

Most behavioral scientists believe that aggressive behav...r is learned, often by observation, and some are convinced ...at violence on TV fosters violent behavior in both chil...en and adults. Along with eleven other researchers who car...ed out studies for the U.S. Surgeon General, Psychologist ...bert Liebert asserts that, for healthy as well as disturbed ...ildren, "a clear and important link has been shown be...een TV violence and aggressive behavior." As for the the...y that watching TV violence drains off the viewer's own ...ge impulses, Political Scientist Ithiel de Sola Pool main...ins that "if there is any kind of cathartic effect, it is swamped by the incitement effect." A few experts consider the TV-violence controversy something of a red herring. "Even if we did away with all the violence on TV we would have solved nothing," says Psychoanalyst Ner Littner. "There is no such thing as a single simple cause or a single simple solution. Searching for scapegoats allows us to avoid facing the problem of why we are violent, and also postpones the solution."

■

In the opinion of many behavioral scientists, historians and philosophers, the Viet Nam War, more than any previous conflict, has helped to foster violence at home. One evidence of the war's impact is indicated by a recent national survey of attitudes toward the Calley case. According to Harvard Psychologist Herbert Kelman, many Americans regard Lieut. Calley's behavior at My Lai as normal. That suggests, Kelman concludes, that an alarmingly large segment of the population might be willing to employ extreme violence if ordered to do so.

ARTHUR SCHATZ—LIFE



Youngsters enjoying mock combat.

Even more ominous is the trend toward the philosophical and artistic glorification of violence and death. Following Sartre, many young people believe that "violence is man re-creating himself," and that savagery is a kind of purifying force bearing, as Historian Richard Hofstadter puts it, "the promise of redemption." Murder has always been a central theme in the arts. There were killings (offstage) in the Greek theater. The Shakespearean stage was often littered with bodies by the fifth act. As early as the 19th century, American writers like Melville and Poe were beginning to show what Historian David Davis had called "undisguised sympathy for sublime murders and amoral supermen moved by demonic urges." That sympathy seems to have deepened recently, especially among movie directors. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. speaks of "a pornography of violence," and Critic Pauline Kael complains that "at the movies, they are desensitizing us." She objects to a film like *Straw Dogs* because it equates violence and masculinity. Few psychiatrists would argue with her. Nor would they disagree with critics who object that filmed violence has become the ultimate trip, the stimulus for mind-blowing sensations wilder than any induced by LSD.

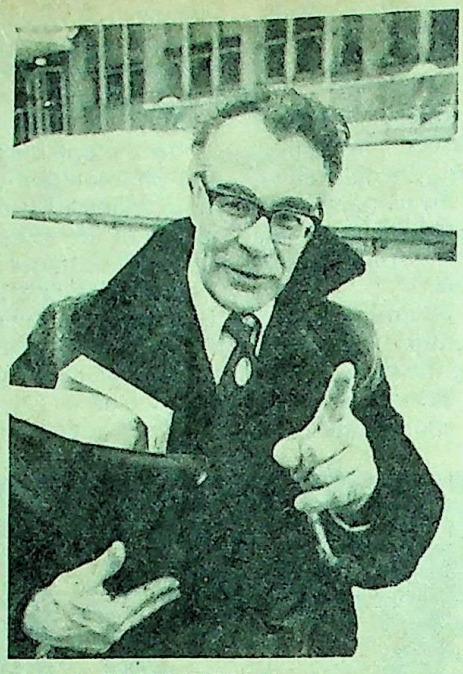
Some behavioral scientists, philosophers and aestheticists believe that violence in the arts is not bad *per se* and that it may, in fact, be the best means of inspiring a horror of violence. Brutality in films, asserts Robert Lifton, "can illuminate and teach us about our relationship to violence." *The Godfather*, he believes, provides that kind of illumination by brilliantly contrasting the Corleone family's sunny private life and its brutally dark professional life. Critic Robert Hatch rejects that view, calling the movie a "chronicle of corruption, savage death and malignant sentimentality" that wreaks harm by forcing the viewer "to take sides in a situation that is totally without moral substance." It was chilling, he says, "to hear an audience roar its approval when a young gangster on 'our' side blew the brains out of two gangsters on 'their' side."

That easy empathy with cinema slayings, together with a growing tolerance of real-life brutality, suggests a dismaying conclusion: beneath the surface, Americans may be less alarmed by murder—and more attracted to it—than they care to admit. Just as an individual must become aware of his problems before they can be solved, the nation, too, will have to acknowledge its unhealthy fascination with murder as the first step toward coming to terms with it. ■ Virginia Adams

Dead End

To the coroner's jury that had heard eight days of testimony, it was a "gross technical error." To Dr. Jean-Paul Drouin, 50, of Ottawa's Montfort Hospital, it was a "complication." To three of Drouin's surgical patients, it meant slow, painful death.

The operation in question, a modification of one devised in 1912 for controlling incurable metabolic disorders, is chancy at best. It is based on the fact that shortening the digestive tract cuts down on caloric absorption, enabling excessively overweight people to shed pounds regardless of how much they eat. To perform it, the surgeon severs the small intestine near the end of the jejunum, or second section, and connects it to the ileum just above the beginning of the colon. This in turn reduces the length of the active small intestine from 23 feet to a mere 30 inches, drastically lessening the time it takes for food to pass through the system. This reduces the amount of digested material that can be absorbed through the intestinal walls.



OTTAWA SURGEON DROUIN
Up to his elbows.

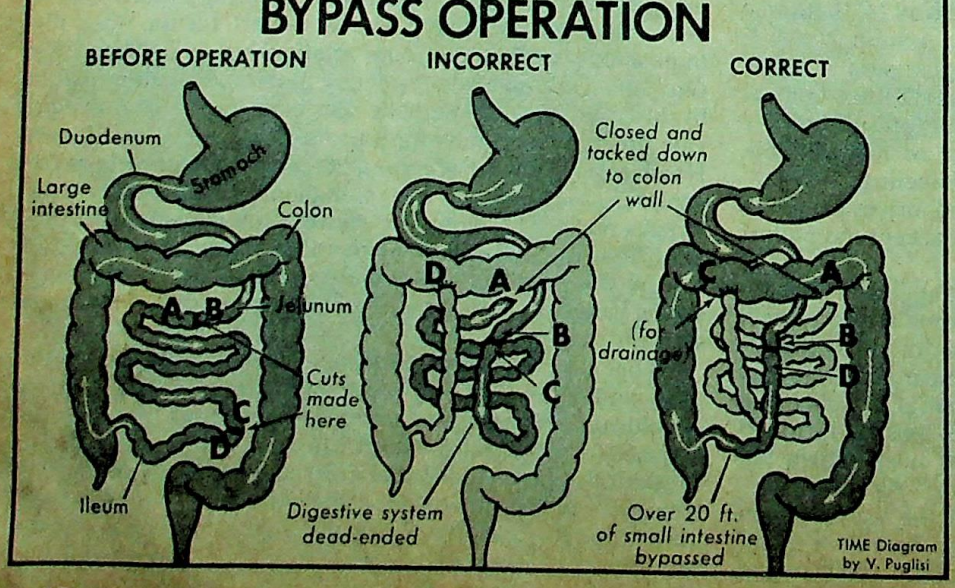
Liaison Lack. Drouin had already performed 59 such operations when he scheduled three more patients in one 24-hour period last May. During the 90-minute operations, Drouin apparently became confused. Working "up to his elbows," as he put it later, he mixed up the different clamps he used to mark the ends of the bypassed small intestine. As a result, he hooked the ileum to the colon, connected the end of the small intestine to the jejunum (*see diagram*).

Drouin had dead-ended the digestive system, creating a closed tract that could only be emptied by vomiting. One patient, a 32-year-old truck driver who weighed 385 lbs., choked on his own vomit and died nine days after the operation. When an autopsy revealed the reason, Drouin brought the other patients, two sisters who weighed nearly 300 lbs. each, back into the hospital for corrective surgery. It was too late; both women had already developed abdominal infections and other complications; both died.

The deaths, and the ensuing inquest, jolted the Canadian medical community. Drouin now faces an investigation by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, which has the power to revoke medical licenses. After hearing hospital personnel tell about missing reports and erroneous or unkept records, the coroner's jury cited the Montfort Hospital for a "considerable lack of liaison between the various departments" and urged it to adopt better administrative practices. It also heard testimony about other patients' postoperative problems (one woman told of an overwhelming though inexplicable desire to eat mud) which raised new doubts about weight-loss surgery.

Most doctors agree that the operation should be attempted only in cases complicated by such problems as high blood pressure or diabetes. J. Howard Payne of Los Angeles County-University of Southern California Medical Center regards it only as a last resort for the "morbidly obese"; he has performed 180 of the bowel bypasses and lost five patients since 1... He has declined to operate on thousands of others.

Dr. Peter Salmon of the University of Alberta, who has lost five of his patients, announced that he would do no more bypasses until all data on its value have been thoroughly reviewed. Officials at Ottawa Civic Hospital, meanwhile, stopped all obesity operations nine months ago.



The Ultimate Recall

Ever since Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader first forced them to recognize their responsibilities for their products, manufacturers have regularly recalled such items as automobiles and television sets found to be dangerous or defective. Now General Electric has issued what may well be the ultimate recall: 487 heart pacemakers, almost all of them in the chests of patients.

The device is a relatively recent innovation. Most pacemakers, implanted in the chest muscles under the collar bone, send out electric impulses that actually set the heartbeat rate. But G.E.'s $850 stand-by, or demand, unit is designed to assist hearts that need only intermittent stimulation. It works only when the patient's heart rate slows to below normal. After G.E. received word of a malfunction in one unit, it conducted tests which showed that some of the devices were pacing too rapidly. And the wanted increase in the heart rate reduces the time during which blood remains in the cardiac chambers and prevents the chambers from filling completely. The effect is a kind of circulation insufficiency that burdens an already weak heart and could, if uncorrected, bring on a heart attack.

The defect is not in G.E.'s basic design, but in one of the pacemaker's parts. A subcontractor for one of the unit's circuits changed the cement used in its manufacture, unwittingly choosing one that can transmit electric current. This supplies more power from the built-in battery than is needed and affects the governor on the mechanism.

G.E. keeps a list of surgeons who have ordered the unit, and three weeks ago the company began notifying them quietly of the problem. As far as is known, the error has not yet proved damaging to any patient. But it is proving expensive to the manufacturer and inconvenient to some patients. G.E., which has replaced almost all of the devices, is paying for the substitutions. Replacement involves a 15-minute operation and several days of observation in a hospital at a total price of about $1,500 per patient.

Batter Up!

There were saddened hearts in baseball for a week or even more;
There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan was clearly sore.
"Just think," said one, "how much we missed with no one up to bat,
And ballparks closed throughout the land by an owner-player spat."

But the lane is long, someone has said, that never turns again,
And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men.
The players who'd been made to feel the pain of heroes shunned
At last convinced the owners to enhance their pension fund.

Oh! somewhere in this favored world dark clouds may hide the sun,
And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun;
And somewhere over blighted loves there hangs a heavy pall;
But baseball hearts are happy now —they've heard the cry, "Play ball!"

—Variations on a theme by James Wilson

The settlement last week of the major league baseball players' strike was not exactly as sweet as James Wilson's "Casey's Revenge," the 1906 sequel to "Casey at the Bat." The 13-day strike cost the owners at least $5,000,000, mostly in lost ticket sales and broadcasting fees; the players dropped about $1,000,000 in salaries. Neither sum is recoverable because none of the 86 canceled games will be made up. But that still left 3,802 regular season games before the World Series starts.

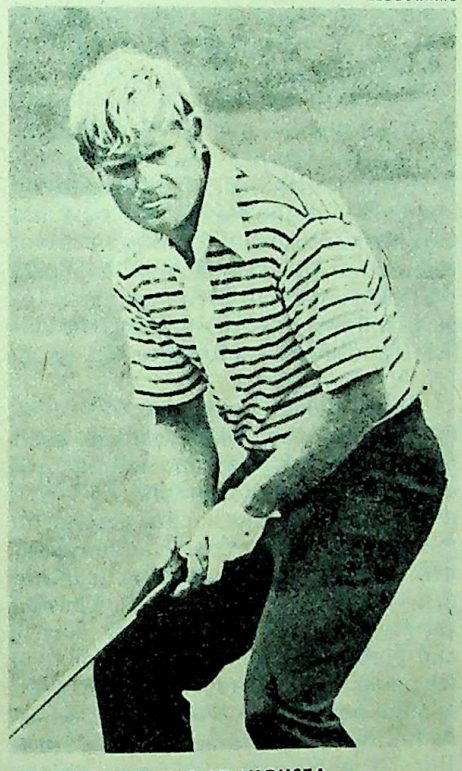
A Taste of Honey

One of the spectators jokingly advised that they cancel the fourth round and declare the Golden Bear winner by T.K.O. An Atlanta newsman suggested that the Augusta National Golf Club could save money by not awarding the traditional green blazer to the victor, but instead adding hash marks to the bear's sleeves. Lee Trevino, still yappy despite a mediocre performance of his own, could hardly contain his admiration: "He's gone. He's a freak. That's what I told him. He might even beat two people. Beat their best ball. Nobody'll beat him. He could beat the Man Up there on a wide-open course."

Such was the talk inspired by Jack Nicklaus as he won the Masters golf tournament for the fourth time, a feat previously accomplished only by Arnold Palmer. Nicklaus' success in the Masters (which boosted his earnings to $134,473 so far this year, and to $1,517,637.19 for his ten-year pro career) was notable not merely for where it left him—firmly established as the world's top golfer—but for where it might lead him. For this year the 32-year-old Golden Bear is unabashedly in quest of golf's sweetest pot of honey: a Grand Slam of victories in the four major championships.

Grand Slam. No golfer has ever won the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open and the P.G.A. in the same year, although some, including Nicklaus, have taken all four of the tournaments at one time or another. Nicklaus has won the other three big titles twice each; before turning pro, he also took the U.S. Amateur championship twice. That leaves him just one short of the late

LEE DOWNING



NICKLAUS PUTTING AT AUGUSTA
One down, three to go.

Bobby Jones in total major titles (13). Although any golfer's chances of achieving the Grand Slam are slim at best, this could be the year that Nicklaus does it.

For one thing, the other big tournaments this year are on three of his favorite courses—California's Pebble Beach for the U.S. Open in June; Scotland's Muirfield for the British Open in July; and Michigan's Oakland Hills for the P.G.A. in August. Furthermore, as Nicklaus demonstrated once again at the Masters, even when he is not at his best he still stands a few feet taller than the competition.

Playing amid cold, blustery breezes that shook the dogwood and azaleas, Nicklaus shot closing rounds of 73 and 74 over Augusta's long, hilly par-72 course. But he still managed to win by three strokes with a total score of 286. "Nobody made a run at me," said Nicklaus, seemingly disappointed.

Palmer came in at 300. So did Trevino, who was ending a two-year boycott of the Masters. Apart from Nicklaus' brazen attempts to reach the green in two on the 520-yd., water-guarded 15th hole, most of the excitement was in Augusta's parking lot, where Trevino used his red Dodge Charger as a locker room and interview post. Apparently miffed over the near eviction of his driver-valet for not wearing the proper badge during a practice round, Trevino gave the clubhouse wider berth than a curl-lipped bunker. Nicklaus, of course, could not. He had to collect the winner's check of $25,000 and another green jacket.

Track Record

But look at Epitaph, he wins
it by a half
According to this here, in the Telegraph . . .

So sang Rusty Charlie to Benny Southstreet and Nicely-Nicely Johnson in *Guys and Dolls*. The three veteran horseplayers were searching for that eternally elusive winner in the bible of Belmont and Broadway, *The Morning Telegraph*. No other publication in the world was so well-informed on such a will-o'-the-wisp subject—the ponies. The *Telegraph* was the *Wall Street Journal* of the racing world, and its 30-odd pages crinkled on every railing from Santa Anita to Hialeah.

The Morning Telegraph was so valuable a guide, in fact, that every day 50,000 readers plunked down a dollar for its thoroughbred information. No more. Last week after a nasty labor dispute and a one-week strike, the *Telegraph* appeared on the nation's newsstands for the last time.

Like so many New York City journalistic shutdowns, the *Telegraph's* demise involved Bertram Powers and his powerful Local 6 of the Typographical Union. Powers had called the strike, he said, because the parent organization, Triangle Publications, had refused to submit to arbitration the layoff last winter of 20 of the paper's 120 printers. Stewart Hooker, publisher of the *Telegraph* and its sister sheet, the *Daily Racing Form*, argued that the printers still had a year to go on their contract, and anyway the 20 who had been laid off were back on the job before the strike was called. Powers struck anyway.

Setting the Pace. For Hooker, the strike furnished a good excuse to close the old-fashioned *Telegraph* and shift much of his editorial force to the more efficient *Racing Form*, a computerized operation. The *Form* will retain much of the *Telegraph's* flavor. "Chart Callers," for example, will still encapsulate the drama of a race with the same terse

economy they exercised in each issue of the *Telegraph:* "SOLAR NAIL saved ground from the start, got through rallying in the stretch and outgamed ODDS HAVE IT to the wire." Or "BOBS ,B BEES quickest to begin, moved to the inner rail when clear, increased the margin along the backstretch, began to shorten stride in the final sixteenth and was all out to last over STOOL PIGEON."

Founded in 1833, the *Telegraph's* roster of writers over the years included H.L. Mencken, Ring Lardner, Louella Parsons, Ben Hecht, George Jean Nathan and Heywood Broun, who was fired. When it carried Walter Winchell's "Beau Broadway" column in the 1920s, the *Telegraph* was studied as closely as *Variety* at Broadway restaurants such as Sardi's and Lindy's. Even

GRAPHIC HOUSE



HANDICAPPING IN "GUYS AND DOLLS"
Bible of Belmont and Broadway.

in recent years the paper kept five staffers on the show-biz beat. One of the most popular writers in the 1950s was Columnist Tom O'Reilly, who used to write a Monday piece. As Saul Rosen, 66, the paper's saw-voiced editor since 1965, wistfully recalls, "I used to watch O'Reilly through my window as he would settle at his desk, type out a line with two fingers, then go into convulsions of laughter. I've never seen a guy break up over his own humor like O'Reilly."

Rosen himself is a paradigm of a curious *Telegraph* phenomenon: like bartenders who do not drink, most of its callers and handicappers seldom, if ever, played the ponies. They wrote for the track record because they really loved the feel of races: the jockeying for position at the rail, the thrill of a photo finish and the sweet, sweet smell of big money. Tom O'Reilly once wrote it nicely: "It is fun to doll up and play the sport of kings for a day—as much fun as going to a wedding when the bride's old man is rich."

MILESTONES

Divorced. Natalie Wood, 33, doe-eyed child actress who grew into fully adult roles (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, Splendor in the Grass*); and Richard J. Gregson, 41, talent agent and sometime film producer (*Downhill Racer*); after three years of marriage, one child; in Santa Monica, Calif.

■

Died. C.W. Ceram, 57, German journalist and author whose 1949 history of archaeology, *Gods, Graves and Scholars*, became an international best-seller; of heart disease; in Hamburg. A book and drama critic during the early '30s, he switched to the less political field of art history when the Nazis came to power. He joined the Wehrmacht in World War II, was captured by the Americans, and developed his interest in archaeology while a prisoner of war. For *Gods'* publication, he reversed and Anglicized his real name, Kurt W. Marek. The book sold more than 4,000,000 copies, and "Ceram" became the byline on his later works as well.

■

Died. Piero Calamai, 75, captain of the *Andrea Doria* when, on July 25, 1956, the Italian liner collided with the *Stockholm* off the Nantucket coast and sank; in Genoa, Italy. Though a naval veteran of 39 years and both World Wars, Calamai retired to the hills of Liguria following the inquiry into the collision and never ventured to sea again.

■

Died. James F. Byrnes, 92, versatile public man who wielded great power in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations; in Columbia, S.C. Already a House and Senate veteran in the 1930s, Byrnes, though a conservative, used his influence and tactical skill to get much New Deal legislation passed for his old friend F.D.R. As a reward, and perhaps as compensation for having passed Byrnes over for the vice presidential nomination, Roosevelt appointed him to the Supreme Court in 1941. Just 16 months later, the new Associate Justice was happy to leave the tranquillity of the bench to take over the Office of Economic Stabilization and then the War Mobilization Board. The latter post gave him so much control over the home front that Roosevelt called him the assistant President. As peace approached, Byrnes became increasingly involved with foreign affairs and went to Potsdam as Harry Truman's Secretary of State. After the war his attitude toward the Russians hardened and this involved him in a bitter dispute with the more moderate members of Truman's Cabinet. Eventually Byrnes' deep conservatism reasserted itself and he fell out with both the President and the National Democratic Party. In 1950, at the age of 71, he was elected Governor of South Carolina on a segregationist platform.

MARKET WE

On a volume of 99,533,836 sh
the New York Stock Exchange C
posite closed at 61.28, up .20 fo
week ending April 14. The Dow J
30 stock industrial average
967.72, up 5.12; Standard & Po
500 stock index was 109.84, up
Among significant N.Y.S.E stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Ch
Allied Chem	36	30¾	36	
Alum Co Am	54⅞	49½	53¾	
Amer Airlines	49⅞	48⅝	49⅛	
Am Brands	44½	43½	44¾	
Am Can	33¼	31⅞	32¼	
Am Motors	7⅛	6⅞	7	
AT&T	43⅜	42¾	43	
Anac Cop	19½	18½	19	
Avon Prod	126½	120	122	
Beth Steel	34½	33⅛	33½	
Boeing	25⅜	23⅞	24½	
Burlington Ind	40	38½	39½	
Burroughs	177½	173⅞	174¾	
Cater Trac	55⅛	53½	54¾	
Chrysler	36⅜	34¾	35	
Clark Equip	55⅝	52¾	55½	
Control Data	67⅞	62½	66¾	
Corn Gl Wks	247½	238½	242	
Dow Chem	91½	89⅝	89¾	
DuPont	176½	170½	172¾	
Eastern Air	29⅞	28½	29	
East Kodak	122½	118½	120	
El Paso N G	18⅜	17¾	17⅞	
Ford Motor	77	74⅝	75	
Gen Dynam	32¾	29¼	31⅞	
Gen Elec	69⅞	68¼	69¾	
Gen Foods	28½	27½	27⅞	
Gen Motors	84¼	81⅛	81½	
Gen Tel & El	29⅝	28⅜	28⅞	
Ga. Pac	48¾	46¼	47⅛	
Goodyear	33⅛	32¼	32⅞	
Great A & P	20⅛	19⅞	19⅞	
Greyhound	20⅜	19¼	19⅜	
Gulf Oil	25⅞	25⅜	25⅜	
IBM	399¾	389½	395	
Int Harv	30⅝	29⅝	30¼	
Int Nickel	34⅜	32⅝	32⅝	
Int Paper	38⅞	37½	38¾	
Int Tel & Tel	57¾	55	55⅛	
Johns Man	38¾	36½	38½	
Kraftco	46⅜	44½	45¼	
Kresge SS	119¼	114¾	117¾	
LTV	12⅝	11⅜	11⅞	
Litton Ind	18¾	16⅞	17⅛	
Lockheed	13⅛	12⅝	12⅞	
McD Doug	46⅝	45¼	45⅞	
Merck Co	148	144	147⅛	
3M	148½	145	147⅞	
Mobil Oil	51¼	49⅞	50¼	
Nat Cash Reg	33⅝	30⅞	31¼	
N Amer Rock	34⅞	33¼	34¾	
Occid Pet	11⅞	11¼	11⅜	
Owens Ill	52	48⅝	51⅜	
Pac Gas & El	29¼	28½	28½	
Pan Am	16½	15⅞	16⅛	
Penn Cen	5	4¾	4⅞	
Penney J. C	80⅞	78¼	78¾	
Philip Morris	92⅜	87¼	92	
Polaroid	134	127⅜	131½	
Proc Gam	92⅞	90⅛	91½	
RCA	40¾	38	39¾	
Reyn Ind	77⅜	74⅛	76¼	
Sears Roe	116	114	115⅛	
Shell Oil	46⅞	45⅛	45¾	
Sou Cal Ed	25⅞	24½	24¾	
Std Oil Cal	56⅝	55	55⅞	
Std Oil N J	71⅞	70¼	71⅛	
Swift Co	35½	33	33¼	
Tenneco	25⅜	24¼	25⅛	
Texaco Inc	31⅞	30½	31¼	
Textron	34⅞	33⅞	34⅝	
Time Inc	59⅞	58¼	58½	
TWA	56⅛	53¾	55	
UAL Inc	54¼	52⅝	52⅞	
Union Car	48¼	46¼	47½	
Utd Aircraft	40⅛	33	39⅜	
US Ply Cham	27¼	25¾	26⅛	
US Steel	34⅛	32⅞	33	
Westing	53⅜	49½	53¼	
Xerox	145⅝	141⅝	147⅛	

EAST-WEST TRADE

Moscow Wants a Deal

As U.S. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz left Moscow last week after an unprecedented 90-minute talk with Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev, he characterized the conversation as "warm, frank and friendly." For once those diplomatic clichés seemed apt. With President Nixon's visit scarcely a month away, Brezhnev, who never before has talked so long with an American official, was making a major gesture of cordiality toward the U.S. He also was emphasizing Moscow's desire for a big increase in trade with the U.S.—a desire that Washington shares.

Butz later predicted that the Soviets might buy as much as $200 million worth of American wheat and feed grains every year for the next decade. That puffy prediction was bound to please American farmers—but how could the Russians raise the money? Butz suggested to Brezhnev that the Soviet Union might consider paying for the grains by exporting its surplus of Siberian natural gas to the U.S. It was, of course, too early to agree on a deal that would cost at least $5 billion for plants, pipelines and ships, with most of the cost borne by the Russians. Nonetheless, Butz left behind a team of experts who are negotiating the terms of the big grain deal, which may be signed along with an agreement limiting antiballistic missiles, during Nixon's visit beginning May 22.

Buying Spree. The U.S. needs to catch up with other non-Communist nations, which find the Soviet Union an expanding and often profitable market. Hoping to modernize outmoded industries, the Russians have bought scores of modern plants and equipment abroad: synthetic-fiber factories from Britain, chemical factories from Japan, and $250 million in equipment from Italy's Fiat for an auto plant, which is now turning out nearly 1,000 cars a day. West Germany last year sold $460 million worth of goods to the Soviets, followed by Japan ($375 million) and Italy and France (each nearly $300 million). But U.S. exports to Russia were only $90 million.

This could be greatly increased because Russian experts profess a preference for U.S. technology, and they are fascinated by the prospect of dealing with powerful American corporations. Moscow is especially keen to buy U.S. oil-drilling and -refining processes, chemical plants, automated machine tools, food-packing equipment, and road-building machinery. The Kremlin would like—and will probably get—help from American firms in setting up the long-delayed Kama heavy truck factory. Pittsburgh's Swindell-Dressler Co. has won a $10 million contract for designing the arc furnaces for the plant.

There is progress on some other fronts. Collins Radio has landed a contract to install navigation and communication equipment on every Russian Yak-40 jetliner that is sold in non-Communist countries; the deal is worth $150,000 a plane. Joy Manufacturing Co. has sold several million dollars worth of the latest automated mining equipment. ITT will send a team to Moscow this month to discuss what it might do for the Soviets' underdeveloped communication systems. The Brunswick Corp. is even equipping a 24-lane bowling alley in Moscow.

One big obstacle to trade is that the Russians have had little to market in the U.S.—only $56 million worth last year. Unfortunately their manufactured goods are generally shoddy and not in much demand, even in the East bloc. But Moscow would like to sell jetliners (including the supersonic Tu-144), wristwatches, cameras, pharmaceutical supplies, medical instruments—and the natural gas that Butz bubbled about. Soviet experts have conferred with men from Tenneco and Texas Eastern Transmission about shipping Siberian gas to the U.S. It could be pipelined to Murmansk, liquefied and shipped to the U.S. East Coast in special tankers.

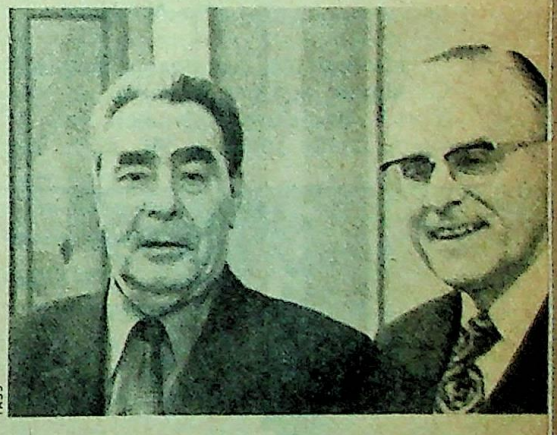
First, however, fundamental issues between the two nations must be resolved. Many of them are hangovers from cold war days when the U.S. believed that trade could aid Communist war-making potential. But the Communists developed a tremendous potential anyhow, and most diplomats now argue that greater trade may help ease political tensions. Among the issues:

LEND-LEASE DEBTS. The Soviets have yet to pay back the first kopeck on the U.S.'s $10.8 billion lend-lease aid provided during World War II. The real issue centers around payment for "civilian" goods, which accounted for one-quarter of the total. The Russians must at least partly clear up this default before Nixon can offer them Government-backed U.S. Export-Import Bank loans. The lend-lease talks were broken off in 1960 but, at Soviet request, talks have just been resumed in Washington. The U.S. has offered to settle for $800 million, but it wants hard Western currency. The Russians are willing to make a payment of $300 million and want it to be in rubles or raw materials. Prospects for a compromise soon seem good.

CREDIT TERMS. On the grain deals, the Soviets seek ten-year credits at an interest rate of 2 or 3% *v.* the prevailing average U.S. rate of 6%. The Russians are unlikely to get specially low interest rates, but Butz hinted that if they offer to make really big purchases in the U.S., Washington might devise a combination Government-private credit for five to seven years.

M.F.N. STATUS. The Soviets are eager to get back the "most favored nation" trading status with the U.S., which they

BREZHNEV & BUTZ AT PARTY HEADQUARTERS



TASS

MOSCOW'S MAYOR EXAMINING BRUNSWICK CORP. BOWLING GEAR



lost in the cold war. M.F.N. status would cut the tariffs by 50% or more on some Soviet exports. So far the U.S. has granted M.F.N. standing to only two Communist countries, Poland and Yugoslavia. Washington would be wise to extend M.F.N. treatment to all of Eastern Europe, including the Soviet Union, to tear down trade barriers.

Above all, the U.S. must get rid of its old concept that trade is a cold war weapon. It makes no sense to continue to forbid U.S. companies to sell computers and other sophisticated equipment to the Communist countries when the Communists can buy the same sort of equipment through other Western sources. Similarly, it is self-defeating for U.S. businessmen to be forced to fill out reams of questionnaires and licensing applications for trade with Russia when such delays result in lost sales. Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing was a recent victim of U.S. bureaucracy. Though it developed magnetic tape, it lost a substantial sale to the Russians because its export license remained mired for so long in Washington offices that the Soviets took their business to 3M's imitators in Western Europe.

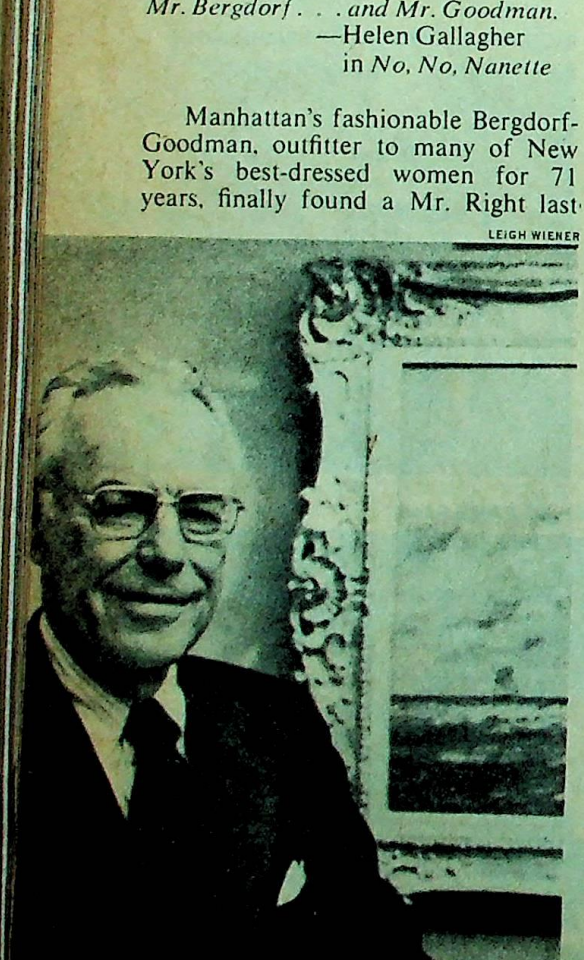
RETAILING

Broadway on Fifth Ave.

A girl waits and waits, and if she's lucky along comes Mr. Right . . . and Mr. Bergdorf . . . and Mr. Goodman.
—Helen Gallagher
in *No, No, Nanette*

Manhattan's fashionable Bergdorf-Goodman, outfitter to many of New York's best-dressed women for 71 years, finally found a Mr. Right last week. As the Federal Trade Commission gave its long-awaited approval, the store was sold for $12.6 million in stock to Edward Carter's Broadway-Hale group of Los Angeles. The deal swallowed one of the nation's few remaining well-known independent merchants, though the prestigious Bergdorf store will keep a separate identity and its own label. The FTC evidently decided that any attempt to block the sale, on the grounds that it reduced competition, might cause a further decline along New York's still chic but troubled Fifth Avenue.

LEIGH WIENER



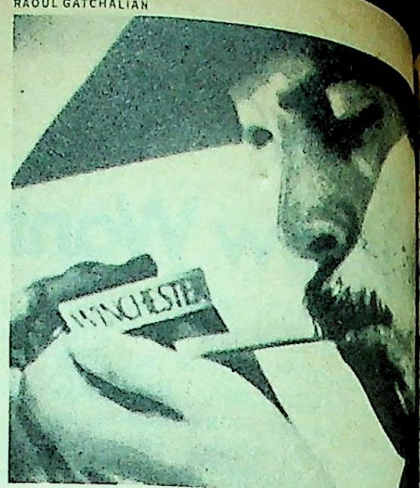
EDWARD CARTER AT HOME IN CALIFORNIA
A taste for quality.

Bergdorf lately has faced more than its share of setbacks. None of the four children of Chairman Andrew Goodman, 65, showed any interest in minding the family store. Edwin, 32, his only son, is the manager of an adventurous, listener-supported FM radio station in New York, and recently spent two nights in jail for failing to honor a subpoena for tapes that had been recorded during a jail uprising. Further, Bergdorf-Goodman steadfastly refused to open branches beyond its single Fifth Avenue store, losing customers to the suburban shopping-center outlets of Saks, Lord & Taylor and other competitors.

The store's business still permitted Goodman and his Spanish-born wife Nena to lavishly entertain special customers, including the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Barbra Streisand, in their 14-room penthouse atop the store. But recently profits have sagged; in 1970 Bergdorf earned well under 4% on sales of $32 million. Convinced that only a bigger company could borrow enough capital to expand the business beyond New York's midtown area, Goodman began searching for somebody to buy him out. Unless a buyer could be found, he said sadly, the store would probably close, and its valuable Fifth Avenue real estate (which was not part of last week's transaction) be sold for high-rise development.

Eastward Ho. The ultimate deal rang up yet another remarkable achievement for Ed Carter, Broadway-Hale's soft-spoken chairman, whose personal tastes for quality run to driving a black Jaguar and collecting 17th century Flemish paintings. Since he signed on with Los Angeles' three-store Broadway chain in 1946, Harvard-trained Carter has built it into a group of 60 stores with annual sales of $755 million. Bucking the discount trend in the '60s, he concentrated on quality merchandise; three years ago, he persuaded the FTC to approve Broadway-Hale's purchase of Dallas-based Neiman-Marcus, which is now expanding into Washington, D.C., Atlanta and Florida. Now that Carter has reached Fifth Avenue, he plans to open at least three more Bergdorf-Goodman stores in the New York area during the next decade.

RAOUL GATCHALIAN



LIGHTING UP A WINCHESTER IN TV SPOT

MARKETING

A Whole 'Nother Smoke

Even before the U.S. Government doused cigarette commercials on television last year, sales of little cigars were lighting up. Put off by evidence that cigarettes cause cancer, heart disease and other ailments, some smokers began to switch several years ago to small, mild stogies.

To boost demand, the makers of little cigars, which are still allowed to be advertised on the home screen, expanded their promotions in print and television. Cigars like Lorillard's Omega, U.S. Tobacco's Tall N' Slim and American Brands' Antonio y Cleopatra became increasingly popular. Sales of little cigars reached 878 million in the fiscal year, and in recent months have been running about 46% ahead of the level. One reason is that last September R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., the nation's largest cigarette maker, brought out a new brand called Winchester. Ever since, sales have soared, and controversy has gathered around the product.

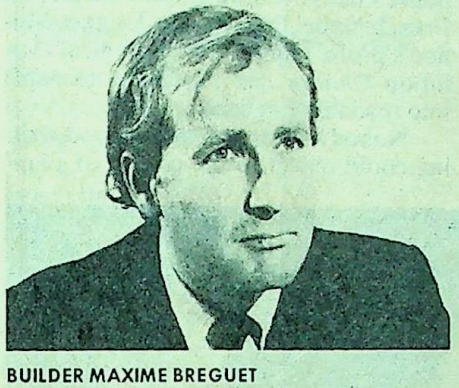
Cowboy Redux. Winchesters are shaped, packaged and sold 20 to a pack exactly like cigarettes. They contain shredded tobacco and have tan paper-like wrappers made from tobacco. Tipped with cellulose-acetate filters like cigarettes, their light smoke can be comfortably inhaled, and they are sold in some cigarette-vending machines and displayed among the cigarettes at some retail stores. The Internal Revenue Service, which classifies all tobacco products for tax purposes, initially decided that Winchesters were not little cigars. The IRS reversed itself later when Reynolds made some changes in the product's tobacco.

Winchesters gain big advantages by being classified as little cigars. Most important, for a pack of 20, federal tax on cigars is about 1.5 cents *v.* 8 cents on a pack of cigarettes. This helps Reynolds hold Winchesters' price below 30 cents in most places; in New York City Winchesters sell for 28 to 30 cents a pack compared with about 40 cents for other little cigars and 65 cents for



LOOMIS DEAN

"PLAISIR," A 250-UNIT BREGUET HOUSING DEVELOPMENT NEAR PARIS



BUILDER MAXIME BREGUET
The wine cave is included.

is, looking much like suburban U.S. housing developments. Many have been built by two U.S. companies, Levitt & Sons and Kaufman & Broad. Now an heir of a famous French family is imitating the Levittown builders with great success. He is Maxime Breguet, 29, son of the founder of Breguet Aviation, which built, among many other planes, the Breguet 14 flown by the Lafayette escadrille in World War I.

In less than two years, Breguet has put together a company, retaining more than half of the stock himself, that has revenues of $16 million and profits of $2.5 million. His chief product is a five-bedroom brick and tile-roof house, containing wall-to-wall carpets, a fully equipped kitchen and a wine *cave*. Price, including a quarter-acre lot: $50,000. Late last year Breguet completed a 350-house development. At present he has three subdivisions under construction and another three on the planning boards, totaling 2,050 homes.

Breguet built up a business fast by taking advantage of his many assets: family name, top schooling in both the U.S. and France, wealthy friends, French tax laws and a building boom. He earned an M.B.A. from the Harvard business school in 1968 and then returned to France in hopes of starting his own enterprise. Says Breguet: "A few years ago, a young European entrepreneur would go to the U.S., see what was to be done and stay there to do it. But now you go to the U.S., see what there is to do and come back here to do it better."

Wisely, Breguet spent six months working in Paris as a production manager for Kaufman & Broad to learn about the nuts, bolts and nails of building. After leaving, he borrowed $15 million from friends, got another $10 million from French banks and obtained building permits from local officials: "They would rather see a Frenchman get the contracts than some American giant," he says. Breguet also got a lift from French tax laws: to stimulate construction, the government has cut the corporate tax rate for new builders from 50% to 15% for their first seven years, provided they plow back their profits. Breguet formed his own construction outfit and builds only three to five models per project, keeping costs low by standardizing room layouts and construction materials.

Breguet benefits because France badly needs modern housing; for example, more than a third of Paris housing has no indoor toilets. Now Frenchmen can afford to buy new homes. The country has the fastest growing economy in the Common Market (TIME, Dec. 6), a fact that has become obvious to Breguet. Recently he has had to attach two-car garages to many of his homes.

UNIONS

Archie Is a Fink

He shuffles onto the home screen, blowzy, blinking, belly bulging, beer in one hand, cigar in the other. He trails mumbled epithets about practically every race, creed or color. He is Archie Bunker of the *All in the Family* show, the tube's quintessential boob, who each week shrivels bigotry with laughter. Yet to the editors of *Focus*, the Teamsters' official newsletter, Archie, like the anti-hero of the movie *Joe*, is just another example of how TV and the press distort the image of the working man. In a recent issue, an editorial thunders: "For some reason, the writers of those shows decided the average worker is a dingbat —fat, more than a little dumb, a committed racist and most of all, very comical." One consequence is that "most of the folks who design the policies and programs in high governmental circles, no matter what party is in power, have no idea of what a working person is like and what he needs." Archie himself could not have put it any better.

Pangs and Prizes

When the winners of this year's National Book Awards lined up on the rosy stage of Manhattan's Alice Tully Hall last week, the group was somewhat more suggestive of prize day at school —with something for everyone—than an austere few chosen for literary excellence. The awards were originally conceived to promote "the wider and wiser use of books," and no doubt with that laudable, if ambiguous view in mind, the N.B.A. this year increased the number of prize categories from seven to ten—a notable jump from the early days, nearly a generation ago, when the N.B.A. used to pick only the year's best work of fiction, nonfiction and poetry.

The crowd would have been even larger, cynics observed, if three of the 1971 prizewinners were not dead. Flannery O'Connor, who won in the most coveted fiction category for the complete collection of her matchless stories (TIME, Nov. 29), died in 1964. The fiction judges had to bypass an N.B.A. rule that bars books by authors more than two years departed to give her the award. The history award, a separate category for the first time this year, went to Allan Nevins who died in 1971, after finishing the last two volumes in his massively readable eight-volume history of the Civil War, *Ordeal of the Union* (Scribners). The N.B.A. poetry panel split between the quick and the dead, dividing honors between the late Frank O'Hara's *Collected Poems* (Knopf) and Howard Moss's *Selected Poems*, but thoughtfully awarded the customary $1,000 purse to the latter.

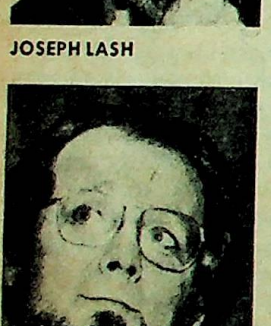
The other living winners included: in biography (a category formerly combined with history), Joseph Lash's splendidly affectionate *Eleanor and Franklin* (Norton); in arts and letters, Pianist Charles Rosen's demanding study of *The Classical Style* in the music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven (Viking); in science, George L. Small's ecological lament for the disappearance of *The Blue Whale* (Columbia University); in philosophy and religion, Martin E. Marty's *Righteous Empire: The Protestant Experience in America* (Dial); and for translation, Austryn Wainhouse's heroic failure to quite transform French Nobel Prizewinner Jacques Monod's prolix inquiry into biological evolution *Chance and Necessity* (Knopf) into readable English.

Nobody who cares about good writing could object to the choice of Flannery O'Connor. But one could—and many did—with justice point out that Walker Percy, John Updike and E.L. Doctorow, to name only the three most notable examples, had each produced a skilled, serious and powerful novel in 1971. This year, though, most of the customary groans and hisses were reserved for the slenderest and the newest categories. One judge, Lore Segal, a writer of juveniles, filed a solid minority objection when the children's book prize went to Fantasist Donald Barthelme for his arch and static *The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine or The Hithering, Thithering Djinn.*

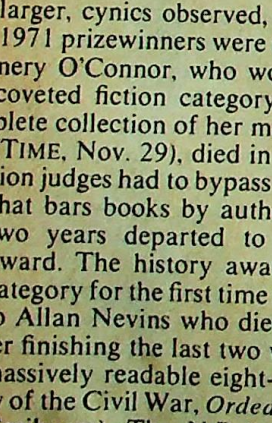
When fellow judges in the new contemporary-affairs category chose *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, the celebrated counterculture collection that includes a short novel as well as lists of tools, materials, lore and advice about how to live on the land, Garry Wills walked out on the proceedings. The winner, he complained, was a non-book and the product not of a writer but a large group of collaborators.

Prize giving is always a dicey business. Yet there were signs that after a generation the National Book Awards have arrived at a respectable and quite useful compromise that manages to encourage both literary commerce and literary excellence. The much-cursed Pulitzer Prize, though it does its work without the furious round of press parties, interviews and parading of authors, has been a bad joke, in fact at least, ever since 1941 when the review committee, headed by Nicholas Murray Butler, refused Hemingway the prize for *For Whom the Bell Tolls* on grounds that the book was "lascivious." The N.B.A., for all its lapses and rules and rule changes, has consistently left its judges free to do their best.

There is plenty of room for improvement, perhaps in formalizing the choice of judges, or reducing the number of categories. Most American institutions, though, are by definition continuing experiments, a fact noted by Stewart Brand, the soft-spoken young ecological entrepreneur who created *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*, after he had accepted his prize. Readily admitting that the *Catalog* was the work of scores of young people who were in commenting on the books and articles eventually recommended in it, Brand pointed out that the nonprofit Portola Institute, which published the book, is now a rich nonprofit foundation. What is he going to do with it all? "Learn how to be a foundation without becoming *a foundation*," Brand replied. So far the N.B.A. has become an institution without becoming *an institution*. And probably that's as it should be.

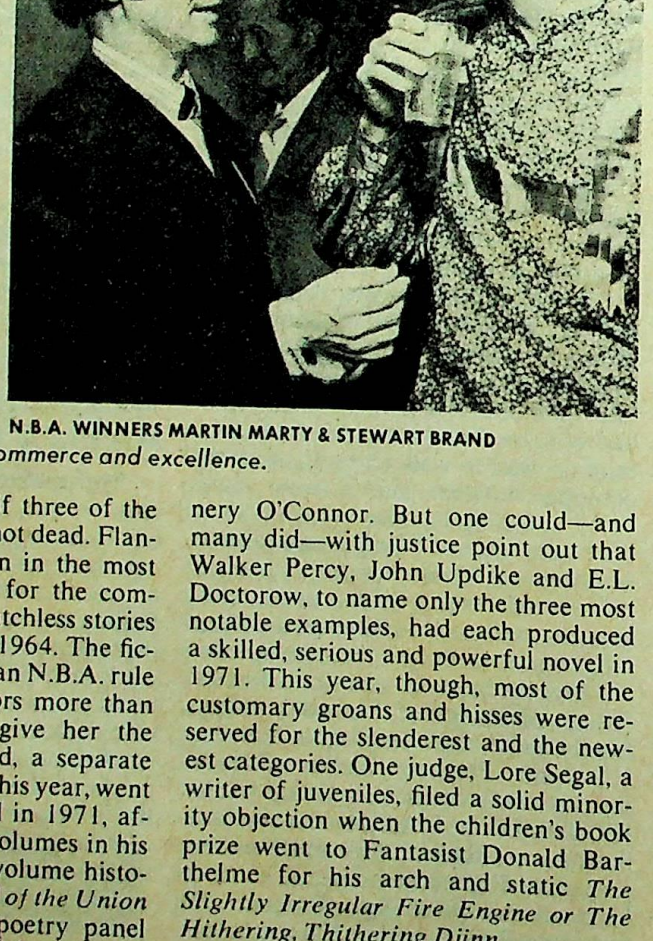


JOSEPH LASH



DONALD BARTHELME

MARTHA HOLMES



N.B.A. WINNERS MARTIN MARTY & STEWART BRAND

A compromise between commerce and excellence.

Odyssey of Divisiveness

WHITE KNIGHT: THE RISE OF SPIRO AGNEW
by JULES WITCOVER
465 pages. Random House. $10.

The hands of the Spiro Agnew watches move on, a dated joke. The [illegible] —no joke—moves on too. In 3½ [illegible] he has advanced from "Spiro *who*?" to the most famous Vice President in U.S. history—but he is still an enigma.

Exactly who is Spiro Theodore Agnew and why is he saying all those terrible things about radic-libs? Jules Witcover, Washington correspondent for the Los Angeles *Times*, addresses himself to these questions like a good newspaperman: patiently, in detail. His underlying assumption is that if a biography provides a reader with a politician's record, he is finally giving him the man.

Witcover's interesting failure—the reader gets just about everything but the man—suggests this basic rule for future biographers: Agnew must be understood less as a politician than as a probable culture hero.

His early days read like a

Theodore Dreiser novel in their unequal ...ting of ambition to mediocrity. In ...gh school he rated run of the mill as ...student. The caption under his year-...k picture read: "An ounce of wit is ...orth a pound of sorrow." Witcover re-...orts: "Classmates still scratch their ...eads over what that might mean."

A dropout from Johns Hopkins, Ag-...w studied law while working at Mary-...d Casualty Co. in the sprinkler-leak-...e department. After Army service in ...e war, he hung out his lawyer's shingle ...and starved. Driven to the help want-...d ads, he became assistant personnel ...nager at Schreibers', a Baltimore su-...rmarket chain. Then the Army re-...led Agnew and nearly sent him to ...rea, although he was a married man ...his 30s with three children.

Agnew kept faith with the Amer-...n dream. A civilian again, he began ...find himself as an underdog repre-...ting other underdogs. Negotiating ...ntracts for AFL-CIO butchers as well ...for black fishermen in Chesapeake ...y, he became a labor lawyer to warm ...e bleeding heart of any liberal.

Instant Rapport. He gained his first ...ective office, at the age of 44, when ...became executive officer of Balti-...re County, and suddenly his career ...k off. It was George Wallace, as ...ch as anybody, who made Agnew ...vernor in 1966, Witcover judges. ...ghting for power in Maryland, Wal-...e helped Agnew appear attractively ...eral as a crusader for urban renewal ...d against discriminatory housing.

Thereafter, writes Witcover, it was ...son Rockefeller who helped turn ...gnew, the "White Knight" of civil ...hts, into Agnew the conservative. In ...68 Agnew backed Rockefeller early ...d aggressively for the Republican ...residential nomination. When Rocke-...ller publicly withdrew without pri-...ely notifying Agnew, he humiliated ...proud man, Witcover reasons, and ...ove him into the arms of Richard Nix-...n. Agnew's only previous contact had ...en a long unanswered letter. "That ...an Nixon!" he exploded to a friend. ...e won't even answer your letters." ...t when the two sometime losers final-...met, there was instant rapport.

Thus occurred, Witcover says, "the ...eat Agnew transformation." He goes ...to give a play by play of the Vice ...esident's Pier 6 career, first as a clown ...d then as an increasingly feared gut ...ghter who made "an odyssey of divi-...eness and personal vilification."

The detail is brilliantly marshaled, ...t the Dreiser hero implausibly mak-...s good—the stand-in for Middle ...merica—is hardly present. Where is ...e incredible personification of passion ...d blandness, the slicked-down, good-...ature public figure who is as careful ...h a trouser crease as he is careless ...h an innuendo? Where is the collec-...n of Lawrence Welk records, the doter ...n Allen Drury novels?

Witcover thinks it would be nice if ...gnew, and all Vice Presidents, did more and talked less. But talking is precisely what Agnew does. Rather than a party politician, he is a populist—a spokesman personally tuned to the frustrations, resentments and credibility gaps of Middle Americans. In their name, he flogs effete intellectuals, media stars, long-haired demonstrators. In their name, he recites the nostalgic litanies of patriotism and honest labor.

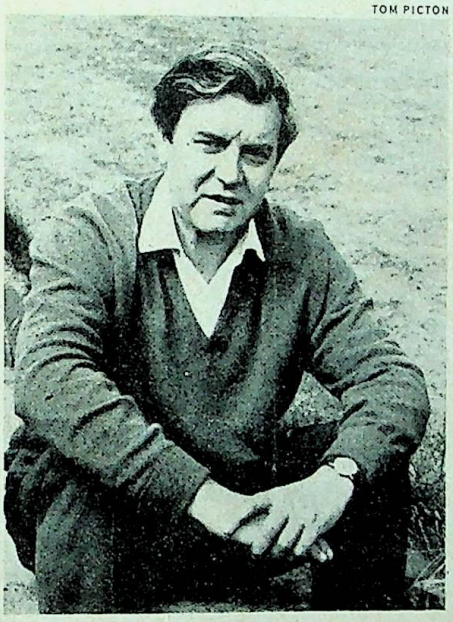
Beyond ideology he speaks for a life-style. In believing the myth of Middle America, Agnew has become a myth himself, and what he really needs is not a journalist but a novelist—a 1972 Dreiser—to do him justice. ■ Melvin Maddocks

"Detestabil Enormities"

THE STEEL BONNETS
by GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER
395 pages. Knopf. $8.95.

The land itself, in the words of an old chronicler, was "lean, hungry and waste." Instead of houses and barns, sinister cut-stone towers studded bleak slopes, along with no less sinister place names—Foul Play Know, Dour Hill, Blackhaggs, Foulmire Heights. Here on the border between England and Scotland, year after terrible year, the great "riding families"—Armstrongs, Scotts, Maxwells, Grahams, Johnstones, Elliots, Fenwicks and others—spent most of their time committing "innumerabil slauchteris, fyre raisingis, herschipps and detestabil enormities."

TOM PICTON



GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER
Among the reivers.

In fact, thanks to the enterprise of the reivers, as such hereditary brigands were known, between the battle of Flodden in 1513 and the English crackdown on Scotland after the Union of the Crowns in 1603, the border was probably the most troubled region on the face of the much troubled earth.

Fraser, an Englishman schooled in Scotland, makes a bold attempt to bring some order into the historical melee. He has no difficulty showing that patriotism had little to do with it all. Scots preyed upon English and were preyed upon, but at the same time they feuded among themselves. The border served mainly to complicate the job of law officers and make escape easier.

In the worst districts, armed robbery eventually took the place of all peacetime occupations. The classic reiver anecdote has Auld Wat Scott of Harden being served a pair of spurs in a covered dish by his wife—a hint that the larder was bare and that he had better go rustle a few cows. (Auld Wat is also credited with a memorable remark to a haystack, which he noticed while returning from a raid: "Aye, if ye had four legs ye wouldna stand there lang.")

Fraser is so far best known as the spoofing inventor of Henry Paget Flashman (*Flashman*, 1969, and *Royal Flash*, 1970), the compleat bounder. He thus comes to the reivers with an acute understanding of unsporting behavior. It stands him in excellent stead. After Henry VIII defeated the Scots at Solway Moss in 1542, for example, the fleeing survivors were held for ransom by their own border countrymen.

There are frequent gleams of rough heroism in the murk of violence. Though Fraser's outlaws are notably grubbier, they are still recognizably the same men immortalized in border ballads like *Johnnie Armstrang*, *Kinmont Willie* and *The Douglas Tragedy*. If the clangor of their combat has been long silenced, it nevertheless has some unexpected contemporary resonances. Living at the heart of Liddesdale, the most intractable part of the whole border, and numbered among the toughest of all the reivers was a family named Nixon. ■ Charles Elliott

The Darker Side

ASSASSINATION IN VIENNA
by WALTER B. MAASS
180 pages. Scribners. $7.95.

ANSCHLUSS
by DIETER WAGNER
and GERHARD TOMKOWITZ
255 pages. St. Martin's Press. $7.95.

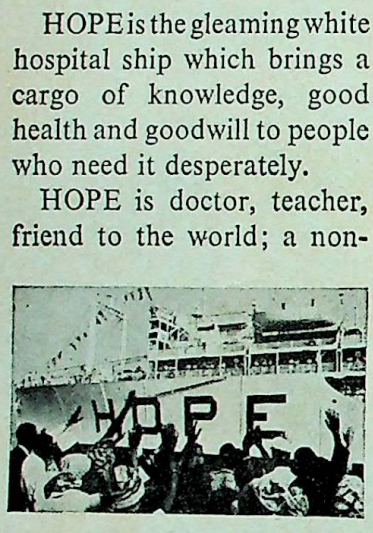
For most Americans, the name Austria conjures up pleasant visions of ski weeks at Innsbruck, Vienna *Sachertorte*, Salzburg's music. Few people now recall two important events in that country that led up to World War II and betrayed a darker side of the Austrian character. One was the assassination of Austrian Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss by local Nazis in 1934, part of a coup that failed. The other, which so dramatically succeeded, was the *Anschluss* of 1938, when the German army annexed Austria unopposed.

Vienna-born Historian Walter Maass is especially intriguing on the Dollfuss assassination, partly because he lived through it all as a young adult. Maass finds it hard to capture the personality of his diminutive (4 ft. 11 in.)

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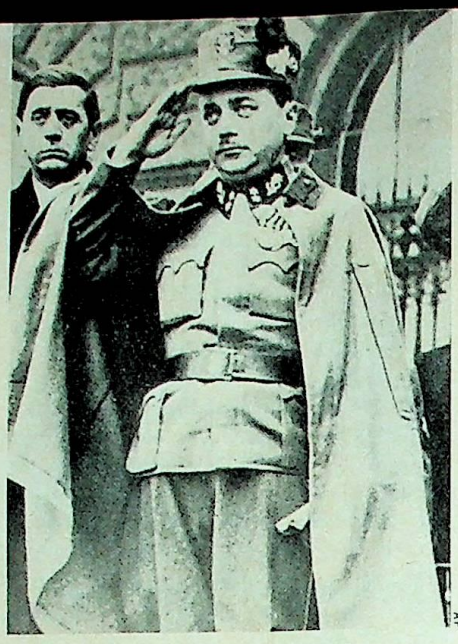
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CHANCELLOR ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS
A nation of informers.

"Milli-Metternich." But he shows effectively how Dollfuss forced his "Christian corporate state" too suddenly into a totalitarian mold, basing his power on a single official party while socialists plotted on the left and Austrian Nazis on the right. Maass also demonstrates the appalling lack of official reaction when the government learned of the plot to overthrow it in July 1934. Austria had become such a "nation of informers," he says, that true warnings could hardly be distinguished from false.

The Nazi rebels were no geniuses. One coup leader, separated from his troops, wandered around in the July heat of Vienna "disguised" in an overcoat. But the government bumbling allowed the rebels access to the Ballhausplatz (the residence of Austria's Chancellor), where one of them, Otto Planetta, shot Dollfuss. Maass concedes Planetta may only have been "trigger-happy," but the conspirators completed the crime by refusing Dollfuss both a doctor and a priest. Because the Chancellor had sent his Cabinet away, the coup did not destroy the government. The plotters were executed. Germany was still too weak to intervene.

By 1938 conditions were decidedly different, as German Journalists Wagner and Tomkowitz show in their crisp, well-researched narrative of the seven-day *Anschluss*. The Germans had a growing war machine and Austrian Nazis in key places of power in the country. Increasingly menaced by Hitler, Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg, who had succeeded Dollfuss, announced on March 9 that a plebiscite, four days later, would decide whether Austria would keep its independence. A day before the vote could take place German troops were all over Austria. On the 14th, Hitler arrived in Vienna, the city's church bells pealing for him. The next day Hitler was already able to fly back to Germany, looking down on Austrian hills from his plane window. "All that," he said with satisfaction, "is Germany now." But the *Anschluss* lived only as long as the Reich. The war generation, Maass notes, pos... the "self-confidence to go it a... —and despite Austria's perilous p... tion between East and West, has d... just that.

■ Mayo...

Exotic Voyager

RUN-THROUGH
by JOHN HOUSEMAN
507 pages. Simon & Schuster. $9.95

By the age of four, John Ho... man (then Jacques Haussmann) ... spent two birthdays on the Simp... Orient Express. It is an image ... which to connect the 70 years t... have gone into this urbane, fascina... and graceful memoir. Houseman ... and is a restless, slightly exotic ... ager through life and drama.

Born of a Jewish Alsatian fa... and a British mother of Welsh-Irish ... scent, he spoke four languages at ... At 25 he was a transplanted Am... ican versed in the babel of the C... cago commodity exchange, a merch... prince in wheat. Black Thursday ... duced him to a bankrupt husk.

In the early '30s he drifted i... the theater, a diffident moth seek... the flame of dramatic imagination. ... found it in the 19-year-old O... Welles, a pillar of fire to make the p... icists in the sands of Alamogo... blanch. Together they founded the M... cury Theatre, which in 1938 sta... four brilliant hits in a single sea... The Welles-Houseman partnership e... ed badly, with Welles hurling blaz... Sterno heaters at Producer House... and howling anathemas at him in t... voice of Zeus.

Welles is the star, but the walk... players—from Saroyan to Stravin... Hepburn to Hemingway, Cocteau ... Kazan—are not bad. Houseman inv... the reader to an opening-night p... of the cultivated mind, and he is the p... fect host.

■ T.E. Ka...

BEST SELLERS

FICTION

1—The Winds of War, *Wouk* (1 last w...
2—The Blue Knight, *Wambaugh* (6)
3—The Assassins, *Kazan* (3)
4—The Word, *Wallace* (10)
5—Wheels, *Hailey* (2)
6—The Exorcist, *Blatty* (4)
7—The Day of the Jackal, *Forsyth* (5)
8—The Betsy, *Robbins* (7)
9—Message from Malaga, *MacInnes*
10—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, *Higg...*

NONFICTION

1—The Game of the Foxes, *Farago* (1...
2—Tracy and Hepburn, *Kanin* (2)
3—The Moon's a Balloon, *Niven* (5)
4—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, *Portola Institute* (8)
5—The Defense Never Rests, *Bailey with Aronson* (6)
6—The Boys of Summer, *Kahn*
7—Souls on Fire, *Wiesel* (7)
8—Intimate Behaviour, *Morris*
9—Report from Engine Co. 82, *Smith*
10—Eleanor and Franklin, *Lash* (3)

Private Eye Pastiche

GUMSHOE
Directed by STEPHEN FREARS
Screenplay by NEVILLE SMITH

On the morning of his 31st birthday, Eddie Ginley visits his psychiatrist. "What do you want to do?" the doctor inquires. Eddie's answer is immediate: "I want to write *The Maltese Falcon*. I want to record *Blue Suede Shoes*. And I want to play Las Vegas."

Eddie (Albert Finney) hums a lot of 50s rock 'n' roll, and the closest he has got to Vegas is a workingman's club in Liverpool, where he works as a bingo caller and occasional stand-up comic, telling what might be called soggy canary stories to the appreciative customers. As for *The Maltese Falcon*, Eddie isn't so much interested in writing it as living it.

He wears a splendidly shabby trench coat, dangles Lucky Strikes on the corner of a lip that he tries to keep permanently curled. He plays at talking tough ("A gun, a grand and a girl that's the kind of world I move in") and cracking wise. Neville Smith adept-



ALBERT FINNEY IN "GUMSHOE"
"A gun, a grand and a girl."

furnishes Eddie with a line of second-rate patter that tries to be breezy and fails by being hollow and rather sad, much like Eddie's own nostalgic dreams of glory.

After placing a classified ad in which he makes himself out to be a second-generation Sam Spade, Eddie—somewhat to his astonishment—gets a call for a job. He shows up at a local hotel, where he picks up a package from a fat man who resembles *Falcon's* Kasper Gutman (the Sidney Greenstreet character). Inside the package are a sizable bundle of money and a pistol. Eddie is plunged into a plot as intricate and confounding as *The Big Sleep*.

As homage and as pastiche, *Gumshoe* works excellently. Frears and Smith are obviously careful and affectionate connoisseurs of the genre. Indeed Frears, making his first film, seems much the most interesting directorial talent from Britain since John Boorman. Yet Eddie Ginley finally gets away from both men because they are as enamored of his dream as he is. His illusions ought to have been shattered at the end of the film. Instead, as Eddie rounds up his grubby lot of crooks, they are nurtured and reinforced.

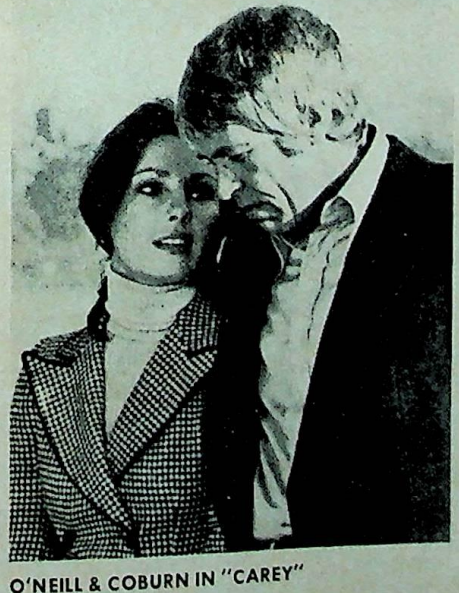
The actors manage to play successfully both for parody and poignancy. Especially dexterous are Janice Rule as the requisite dragon lady and Frank Finlay and Billie Whitelaw as Eddie's brother and sister-in-law. Albert Finney shows again that he is an actor of infinite resource, charm and cunning. But the part does not really test him, does not force him to extend himself and take chances. For most actors it is quite enough to be good. From Finney one has a right to expect more. ■ Jay Cocks

Minor Surgery

THE CAREY TREATMENT
Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS
Screenplay by JAMES P. BONNER

Peter Carey M.D. pulls down $45,000 per year and the hospital dietitian. The money pays for a seemingly inexhaustible wardrobe of sports clothes. The dietitian relieves the tedium of the countless hours Carey spends searching Boston and environs for a murderous abortionist. A friend of Carey's has been falsely accused of performing the abortion, an injustice as certain to raise the good doctor's wrath as burning a hole in one of his mohair pullovers.

James Coburn, who usually projects all the charm and style of a mothball, plays Carey with just the right kind of good-humored aplomb. He even manages to keep his cool when the delicious dietitian (Jennifer O'Neill) confesses that her estranged husband used to think "the things I like to do in bed are immoral." Coburn sifts this information for just a second, then replies enthusiastically, "They are, they are."



O'NEILL & COBURN IN "CAREY"
Hole in the mohair.

Director Blake Edwards is uneasy, sometimes even clumsy with outright comedy (*A Shot in the Dark, The Party*). But he has a sure hand and dapper style for this sort of frivolous melodrama, essentially a Saturday night diversion. The violence here is subdued, the suspense unhurried and unruffled.

As memories of his old TV show *Peter Gunn* will affirm, Edwards also has a knack for vivid casting in secondary roles. *The Carey Treatment* has nice character bits by Pat Hingle as a Boston police captain and Skye Aubrey as a spaced-out nurse. Miss Aubrey is throaty, sexy and the boss's daughter (her father is MGM President Jim Aubrey). Moreover, Jennifer Edwards, who adroitly plays a school chum of the abortion victim, is the director's daughter. Seldom has traditional Hollywood nepotism paid off so handsomely for the audience. ■ J.C.

Mississippi Madonna

TOMORROW
Directed by JOSEPH ANTHONY
Screenplay by HORTON FOOTE

Something small and serious was the aim here. Size is no measure of quality, though, and glumness no substitute for depth. *Tomorrow* is an antique—a remnant, like last year's *Going Home*, of television's "golden years," a time that memory has much improved. Horton Foote's screenplay is based not only on a William Faulkner short story called *Tomorrow*, but also on Foote's 1960 *Playhouse 90* adaptation of it. This may explain why the film looks a little like a kinescope.

Tomorrow is photographed in black and white, a technique that still has enormous range and possibilities, as Robert Surtees' work in *The Last Picture Show* demonstrated. Here, however, Allan Green's camera lacks all tone but a flat, relentless gray. Robert Duvall, a character actor of exceptional virtuosity (TIME, April 3), plays a Mississippi farmer who falls in love with a pregnant woman whom he has found in the woods. Duvall gives an initial impression of such granite stoicism that it slightly unbalances an otherwise carefully modulated and intensely sympathetic performance. The script allows him to open up only toward the end of the film, when it is almost too late. Olga Bellin portrays the back-country madonna in a shrill regional accent that is undiluted Broadway Southern.

Faulkner's story was not one of his best, but it was far from as mawkish as

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DUVALL & MASK IN "TOMORROW"
Granite stoicism.

what Foote (who was also responsible for the screenplay of *To Kill a Mockingbird*) has homespun out of it. The farmer undergoes every conceivable trial and hardship. When the woman dies soon after giving birth, the farmer devotedly raises the child (Johnny Mask) as his own, only to see the law return him eventually to his natural father. But like Dilsey in *The Sound and the Fury*, the farmer endures. Foote's script and Anthony's leaden direction transform this small saga of indomitability into a mere valentine to pluckiness.

Heartburn

ONE IS A LONELY NUMBER
Directed by MEL STUART
Screenplay by DAVID SELTZER

One day Amy threw her husband's copy of Milton out the window and then walked out on her. That was the way the marriage ended. The movie should have too.

But alas, the scene is the opening of *One Is a Lonely Number*. Amy (Trish Van Devere) spends the rest of the movie spinning time slogging around San Francisco in search of a little self-respect and what one adviser calls "the basics": get a job, get a lawyer, get laid. She eventually succeeds on all counts after no small amount of heartache along the way. Her only comfort is a kindly old grocer (Melvyn Douglas) who regales her with rather spooky memories of his own departed wife. "married 39 years and never separated

Director Mel Stuart has made a handful of other movies (*If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium; Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*) whose most salient characteristics are long titles and low quality. Miss Van Devere, pert and funny in *Where's Poppa?*, seems to cringe with embarrassment at the start of each new scene, a technique calculated to gain our sympathy if not our interest.



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"I was tired...
This is my first trip to Europe
and my first Air France flight as well.
I was very tired when I got on the plane,
and nonetheless I found the trip agreeable.
The flight was pleasant,
the service attentive,
and the cooking very good. I tasted several
French wines. They were excellent!"
Paul Francisco Sanchez Elia, student
Avenida Alvear, Buenos Aires,
Interviewed at Orly December 13, 1970
Air France flight 082, Buenos Aires – Paris
AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

The Bond That Unites

Sir / The bond that unites Jews is not all that ...stical and metaphysical [April 10]. It stems ...om two basic lessons learned over the past ...00 years: 1) persecution of the Jews has been ...stant, and while it has been dormant at ...mes, it breaks out in the most unlikely places ...d at the most unlikely times, and 2) the world ...s become inured to it and reacts at best with ...fference and at worst with approval.

I am a survivor of Dachau. I am a good ...erican. I love this country. But I intend to ...eak out for my Jewish brothers throughout ...e world, because if I don't no one else will, ...d because I may need this kind of help my-...f one day.

SI FRUMKIN
Vice Chairman
Union of Councils for Soviet Jews
Los Angeles

Sir / Your article gave some very comforting ...tistics showing how Jews have made it finan-...ally in this country. How about some other ...tistics? Would you believe that Jews form ...e third largest poverty group in New York ..., right after blacks and Puerto Ricans? ...uld you believe that there are some 300,000 ...s in New York City and approximately ...,000 nationwide who subsist at incomes be-...w or near the federal poverty index? In fact I ...mit that the poor Jew's lot is worse than any-...e else's, for "No one is poorer than the poor ...o is deemed to be rich."

S. ELLY ROSEN
Executive Director
Association of Jewish
Anti-Poverty Workers
New York City

Sir / Jewish identity may be great sport for you ...y to pin down, but for those of us who ...e it seriously, living it is the only way to de-...t—and that takes a lifetime.

MRS. HAROLD HERZ
Binghamton, N.Y.

Sir / Tell a Jew a joke and he says: "Let me ...ll it my way, it's better."

Your way of profiling the Jews was fine.

Another way would have been to indicate ...at all sensitive Jews, regardless of their di...ersity, have in common: the belief that life ...uld be more ethical and the imperative to re...se the moral teachings of their faith for the ...rification of society as a whole.

RABBI SAMUEL M. SILVER
Stamford, Conn.

Sir / Rabbi Alvin Reines' concept of "poly...ty" sounds very modern—you might call it ...aking your own thing." But he fails to look at ...at our greatest teacher, history, has shown ...s. For thousands of years, there have been ...ssy movements and forces which did not con...orm to Torah standards. Yet only one factor ...as united Jews through the dark centuries of ...e exile in every corner of the world—a belief ...Torah. Anyone who left the Torah fold was ...evitably swallowed up by a Jew's eternal en...my, assimilation. Rabbi Reines may want to ...ke his own thing and still consider it Judaism, ...t will his grandchildren?

SHERWIN ISENBERG
Los Angeles

Sir / I'm a Spanish Jew (Sephardic). My peo...le left Spain in order not to change their God ...d went to France, The Netherlands, Germa...y and finally to this city, where there are only ...out five Sephardim, not enough to make a ...inyan. I'm a Jew because I believe in God; I ...ake all my prayers and keep all my prayer ...ooks at home. We have no synagogue, no gath...ring place. Being a Jew is a feeling within the heart. It's the knowledge that God chose us to suffer and yet keep our chins up.

Judaism is a philosophy of life. It's keeping the Covenant with God. Praying alone but feeling proud of one's heritage. I continue to be a common plain man, useful to the country where I was born. I'm happy to be a Jew, because I am always near the God of my forefathers. I could never change.

DR. ROBERTO LEVI CASTILLO
Guayaquil, Ecuador

Beefing

Sir / Please! Tell the whole story about beef prices [April 10]. American-raised beef is one of the housewives' biggest bargains. If we turned all prices, including labor, machinery and food, back 20 years, do you know what we ranchers would then receive for our beef on the hoof? Exactly what we do now. Do you really believe that we can pay our taxes, hire labor, buy machinery, fencing supplies, repairs or anything else for the same prices we paid 20 years ago? How do we stay in business? We borrow a little more, we have our eleven-year-old son work full time in the hayfield, we work from daylight till dark—and now, during calving, part of the night, too. Those who can't continue operating in the red year after year sell to the large corporations who need failing businesses as a tax write-off.

Boycott meat or import it—either way, when American beef producers are bankrupt, the inferior imported beef will have the housewife crying louder than she is now.

(MRS.) FLORENCE GARNER
Brownlee, Neb.

Sir / Let's put the blame for high food prices where it rightfully belongs—on the modern American housewife.

She expects the best cuts of meat defatted, deboned, rolled and tied up. She buys her potatoes dried, flaked, precooked, double-baked in foil shells, French fried, hash browned or au gratin. Vegetables must be fresh, in or out of season, or frozen in boilable plastic pouches with butter, cream or hollandaise sauce.

If the modern American housewife expects groceries to cost what her grandmother paid, she should be willing to shop, cook and eat like her grandmother. If not, she should stop complaining, pay the price, and stop blaming the farmer and the so-called middleman for the cost of the convenience and service she demands.

ANDREW J. SCHUESSLER
Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

Sir / Esther Peterson "appeals" to the consumer to pass up high-priced meats in favor of fish, fowl and eggs.

I have been boycotting high-priced items for months now, not by choice, but out of necessity—and to no avail. The choice of foods I can afford is becoming increasingly limited. Maybe by the time I start comparing dog-food labels for nutritional content, the Government will have started really doing something about this deplorable situation.

SUSAN MORITZ MACFADDEN
Boulder, Colo.

Sir / What do you mean "Let Them Eat Fish!" I wish I could afford fresh fish—at $1.79 a pound. I think cake would be cheaper.

ALICE CASARJIAN
Everett, Mass.

Spring Cleaning

Sir / Could you not spare Jack Anderson [April 3] for a while and send him over to Switzerland? I am sure he would love it here! With spring's arrival, a little spring cleaning may do wonders. Come on, Jack!

IGNAZ STAUB
Zug, Switzerland

Conglomerate of Troglodytes?

Sir / The picture of the Rev. Philip Berrigan in shackles [April 10] as if he were a seasoned, dangerous criminal is most shocking to the Roman Catholic world.

Yours may be the richest and most advanced country in the world, but it seems you are also the cruelest and most unethical to judge by these things. Looking at a picture like this, one can't help believing that we are still a conglomerate of troglodytes that have not yet emerged from the cave man's age.

VICENTE URIBE RESTREPO
Cali, Colombia

A Little Farther

Sir / According to your story "The Brothers and Angela" [April 10], "[George] Jackson . . . spent ten years in prison for a $70 robbery." True enough, as far as it goes. But you failed to point out that Jackson was convicted of armed robbery (a serious offense regardless of the amount stolen), he was a three-time loser, he was not given a ten-year sentence but an indeterminate sentence that made him eligible for parole after a year, and he was denied parole because of his behavior while in prison.

ROBERT H. KANTOR
Palo Alto, Calif.

Chaplin's Return

Sir / All else remaining unchanged, if Charlie Chaplin [April 10] had flirted with fascism over the years, not a single goddam American liberal would be singing his praises today as a great artist and genius.

WILLIAM G. ROSER
Rocky River, Ohio

Sir / If God, whom I don't believe in, granted me one wish before I died, it would be that Chaplin be allowed to live forever.

Jealousy has directed the sayings and deeds of all who were against him. The envy and greed that governed his defamers showed their imbecility and paranoia.

JACK VOTION
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Cold Turkey

Sir / The information that "the problem [of television] is that of addiction" [April 10] is not new. I used to shoot up on horse opera and keep a stash of TV dinners, but since my connection began dealing bad reds and yellows, I have learned to prefer cold turkey to Swanson's frozen. Legalize reading!

JOGN FORTIER
Northampton, Mass.

Sir / We are a family who has been without the "tube" for almost four years. Because we never measured our activities pre-TV (wife beating, orgasms, masturbating, etc.), we had no standards to measure our post-TV activities by. However, we do get to bed earlier. In our case, the assets of life without the tube have outweighed the liabilities. We all participate in life really rather than vicariously.

MRS. WILLIAM P. KOPISH
Marinette, Wis.

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For years society ha to the motor car. Now Fiat is adaptin

Over the last 70 years, the motor car has drastically changed the way we live, both for better and for worse.

How we're better off.

The car has given us mobility. And in doing that, it has given us greater personal freedom.

It has given us flexibility in choosing where we can live. We are no longer forced to live in close proximity to industrial and commercial centres. In fact, the suburbs are a direct result of the car.

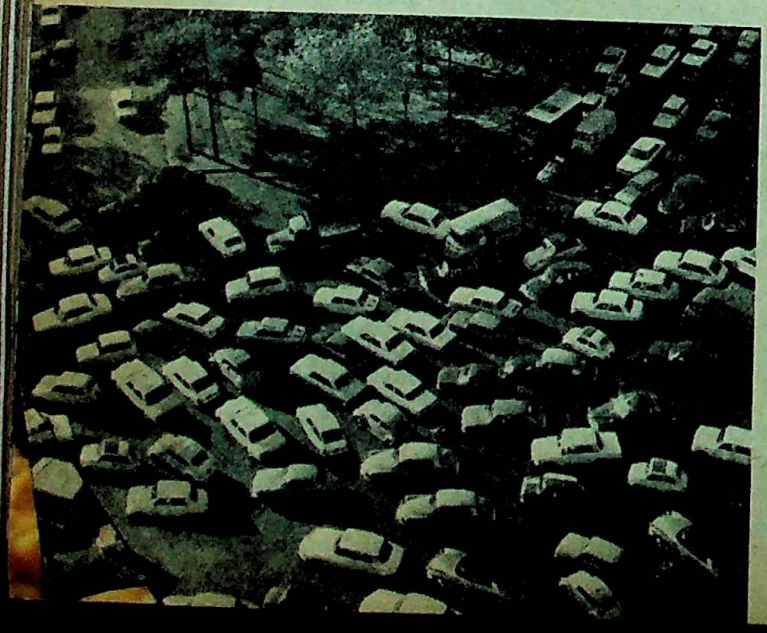
It allows industry itself to move away from urban centres and draw upon labour from previously untapped communities. And to that extent, it is changing the life of many of our poor agricultural areas.

The car has also allowed us to make better use of our leisure time. Just look at where you've gone on your holidays over the last 5 years. And just think where you wouldn't have gone without the car.

For everything the car has given us, however, it has also brought us more than its share of problems.

How we're worse off.

Our streets are congested. In some cities, traffic is at a constant crawl and parking is almost impossible. It has become so bad that governments have begun to consider banning motor traffic in certain areas.



The accident rate and death toll keep going up every year. And pollution in many cities is beginning to make the air on some days unsatisfactory to breathe.

These problems are due in part to the sheer number of cars on our roads. But they're also due to what today's car is turning into: an over-sized, over-powered, poorly manoeuvrable vehicle in a situation that demands quite the opposite.

Since the number of cars on our roads is about to decrease, the car itself must change. It must begin to adapt itself to the new demands that society has placed upon it. It must begin to solve some of the problems it has caused.

This is what Fiat is attempting to do.

Cars must not get bigger.

The larger and heavier a car is, the more petrol it has to burn to get from one place to another. And the more fuel it burns, the more pollution it creates.

In addition, there's a limit to the room our streets and motorways have to accommodate cars. The more cars there are on the road, the less room there is for each one of them.

If we are to try to reduce congestion and accidents and pollution, car manufacturers have to take these matters into account.

And here is the first stumbling block: people don't really want small cars. They want as much room and comfort in a car as they can get. And traditionally, the way that motor manufacturers have made cars roomier inside has been to make them bigger outside.

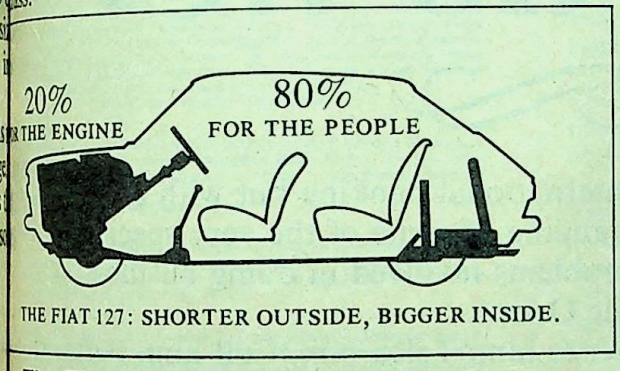
Well, at Fiat we've been working on a different principle. It's our idea to make cars bigger on the inside while keeping them small on the outside. This seems like a contradiction, but it can be done. And as a matter of fact, we've done it.

The new Fiat 128 is shorter on the outside than almost every car in its class. But inside, the 128 is larger than absolutely every other car in its class. It's even roomier than some medium-size

...een adapting itself ...he motor car to society.

...rican cars.

The new Fiat 127 is built on the same ...ciple, and we've achieved the same result. It's ...m shorter outside than the 128, but remark- ...from the front of the dashboard to the front of ...ear seat, it's even longer than the 128! Obvi- ..., it too is roomier inside than any other car in ...ss.



THE FIAT 127: SHORTER OUTSIDE, BIGGER INSIDE.

The Fiat 124 and 125 are both larger cars ...the Fiat 127 and 128, but they are not by any ...s huge. Yet they give you the interior space of ...that are huge. The 124 has more room inside ...many European "luxury cars." The 125 has as ...h room as many full-sized American cars.

...rs must become more manoeuvrable.

A small car, on the basis of size alone, is ...r to handle than a large one. But if we are to ...ourselves of congestion and accidents, small ...alone won't help. The cars will also have to do ...tter job of getting out of each other's way. At ..., we've made some innovations in this area, too.

The Fiat 127 and 128, which are two of our ...t expensive cars, have handling features that ...'t even in many of Europe's most expensive cars.

No listing of handling features, however, ...d really do justice to these cars. You simply ...e to drive them. (When the European experts ...ve the 128, they gave it 7 Car of the Year awards.)

...ars must not become over-powered.

A big engine is expensive when you buy a car ...expensive when you drive it. It's especially ex- ...sive when you consider that you rarely, if ever, use a big engine to anywhere near its capacity.

More important than the expense, however, is the fact that the more powerful a car is, the more likely you are to have an accident with it. Not because of the engine itself, but because of the way you tend to drive it.

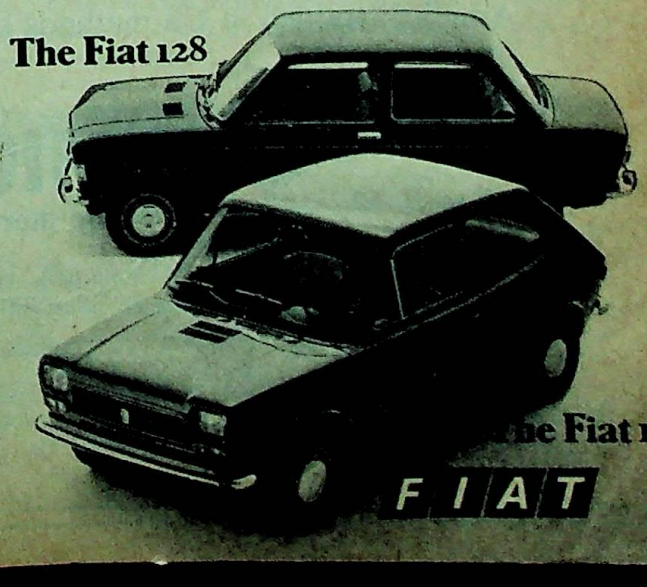
It's our impression that what people really want is not the big engine itself, but the ability to accelerate quickly and cruise easily at motorway speeds.

And that's exactly what Fiat provides. In a sensible engine.

The Fiat 128, for example, runs away from almost every other car in its class. It will even outaccelerate cars that are several hundred cm^3 larger. It has a top speed of 140 kmh and it will cruise all day at 120 or 125 kmh without strain. Yet despite all these impressive statistics, the engine in the 128 only displaces 1116 cm^3.

Adapting to society.

By this time, we hope we've made our point. We believe it's imperative that the motor car begins to adapt to the needs of society. But by no means do we think that people will buy cars to save society at the expense of their own desires. We believe that the Fiats we're making today satisfy both. Something for each one of us. Something for all of us.



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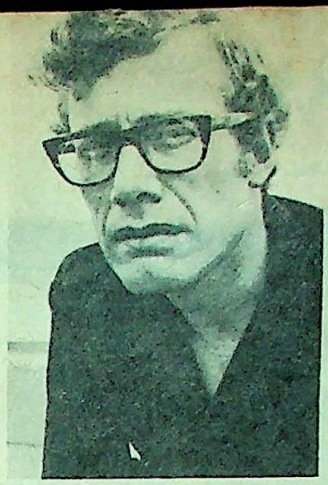
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DAVID DeVOSS



STANLEY CLOUD



RUDOLPH RAUCH

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

SAIGON Correspondent Rudolph Rauch had finished a letter home complaining about the lack of news. Bureau Chief Stanley Cloud, on vacation, had just arrived in Singapore en route to Bali. That was three weeks ago. Suddenly North Vietnamese troops poured south, U.S. bombers began flying north, and there was an indefinite moratorium on letter writing and vacations. Cloud, Rauch and Correspondent David DeVoss were spending long, hazardous days filing for two cover stories within three weeks. The report in this issue's U.S. section includes articles on the Nixon Administration's policy making and the domestic and diplomatic implications of it, as well as the ground, sea and air combat.

While Cloud in Saigon followed the military situation throughout Viet Nam, Rauch headed upcountry to I Corps, where the fighting had begun. "It has been a jumble of airfields and highways," Rauch reports, "on which you wait while a gentle rain of JP-4 or diesel fuel sifts endlessly down, and you are told there are no flights anywhere or the road is closed." Once he had to hitch a ride on a Vietnamese air force plane evacuating wounded marines from Phu Bai. Despite these difficulties, Rauch managed three trips into Hué and a visit to Danang to interview U.S. pilots returning from their combat missions.

DeVoss, a Saigon correspondent for just three months, received a baptism by 122-mm. rocket fire when he was caught in a barrage outside ARVN headquarters in Chon Thanh. He covered the air war the hard way—as a passenger aboard an A-37 on a 90-minute dive-bombing mission over An Xuyen province. "It was Cinerama and Coney Island wrapped into one as we hurtled toward the earth at 300 m.p.h., then, glued to the seat, soared skyward," says DeVoss. The Air Force had thoughtfully lent him a pistol, knife, rope, radio, parachute and other survival items. "The high point of the day was being able to give the two air-sick bags back to the supply sergeant, unused."

Tokyo Bureau Chief Herman Nickel, meanwhile, went to Guam to interview B-52 crews who have been raiding North Viet Nam. Vietnamization may have relieved American infantrymen of the heaviest fighting, but the war is now as grueling and dangerous as ever for flyers, sailors—and newsmen.

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The Cover: *A collage with photograph by Stan Wayman of* LIFE.

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 1, 1972 Vol. 99, No. 18

AMERICAN NOTES

Proportions of War

The killing on both sides—on all sides—has gone on for years. Last week, by U.S. estimate, the total count of the military dead in Viet Nam since 1961 passed 1,000,000—45,703 Americans, 159,839 South Vietnamese, 4,875 other allied troops and 810,757 Communists. Yet still the war does not end, does not even show signs of ending.

Last week, as U.S. bombers pounded the North again and the North Vietnamese pressed their invasion, there was an anguished moment of recognition: No matter what the President had promised three years before, no matter how many U.S. troops had been withdrawn, the war was as bloody as ever.

In the awful numerology of body counts, the lives the U.S. was now saving were being given up by South Vietnamese, whose army now bears the suffering of the fighting on the ground.

In the Senate, Minnesota's Walter Mondale said softly: "Coming into this chamber this morning to talk about the war in Indochina, I felt a deeply depressing sense of reliving all over again tragedies of the past which should be far behind us. We have been through so many springtimes of slaughter and folly and deception . . . Now in the spring of 1972, it is happening again."

War is of course always murderous. The Administration has its rationale for sending the bombers north again in reply to Hanoi's invasion. "The North Vietnamese," said Secretary of State William Rogers, "are the culprits in this." Yes, but in a larger sense of proportion, any fit and rational relationship between the death and suffering inflicted and the gains to be made, seems irretrievably lost. Viet Nam has long since reached the point that no future —win, lose or stalemate—can redeem the present. As W.B. Yeats once asked: "What was left for massacre to save?"

Black of the Month

Previous winners of the "Black Man of the Month Award" have been Chicago Bears Running Back Gale Sayers and Comedian Dick Gregory. The award, presented by Holy Angels' parish in a black area of Chicago's South Side, honors outstanding contributions to the race. The current Black Man of the Month: George O'Hare, a Sears, Roebuck executive who was awarded the plaque for his work with the late Martin Luther King Jr. in Chicago and his efforts to improve education and other conditions in the city's ghettos. The fact that O'Hare is white did not trouble the parish. Said Pastor George Clements: "Blackness is a way of life, not merely skin color."

Unclean! Unclean!

For thousands of years, shepherds have attached bells to the lead sheep to keep the flock from straying. In medieval times, lepers were required to wear bells and cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" as they roamed the streets. Now a Utah sociologist has suggested that the same primitive notion be applied to prison parolees.

In an excess of reform inspiration, Professor Gerald Smith of the University of Utah suggested that parolees have an electronic beeper surgically implanted in them so that their movements can be monitored 24 hours a day. Smith was quick to add that the installation of the device would be voluntary, and implied that the prisoner who volunteers might be granted a reduction in sentence. His rationale was that the tagging would somehow reduce the rate of recidivism and make parolees more likely to go straight.

Surveillance of a parolee is a fundamental penal concept, but it is questionable whether the implantation of a 1984 device would help keep a 1972 ex-prisoner under control.

Dirty Harry

South Carolinian Harry Dent is an old-fashioned back room political operative, a presidential counselor and one of the Nixon Administration's liaison men with the South. At a meeting with a group of regional newsmen whom he took to be good old Southern boys, Dent observed that the President's plan to review all court-ordered busing might lead to the elimination of most Southern busing plans to achieve racial balance in schools. When asked how the blacks on Nixon's staff would react to that kind of a civil rights retreat, Dent joked, "Oh, we got a boat for them that's leaving for Nigeria."

Ling[2] and Hsing[2]

The People's Republic of China clearly won a battle of images in its first exchange of permanent representatives with the U.S. Installed in the Peking zoo were Milton and Matilda, two woebegone musk oxen that arrived with scraggly coats and postnasal drip brought on by the climate change and general culture shock. Last week, the Chinese part of the exchange, the giant pandas Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing (pronounced Shing-Shing), took up residence at the National Zoological Park in Washington, where they were welcomed by Pat Nixon. Still too young to mate, they will live in separate air-conditioned suites each with a 1,000-sq. ft. living room furnished with bamboo trees and plate glass picture windows and each with a private den to escape from tourists.

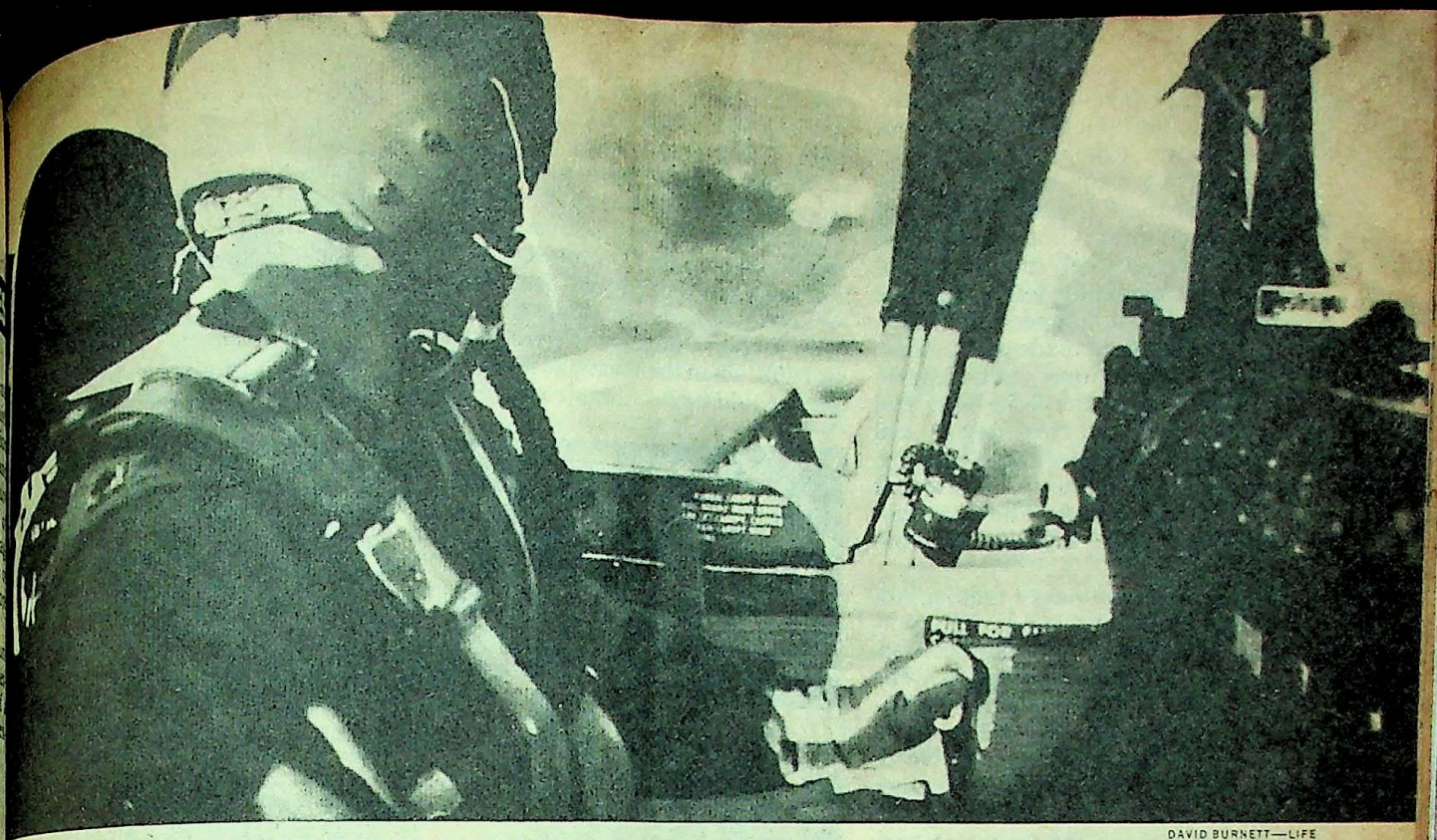
PAT NIXON AND CHINESE OFFICIAL VIEW LING-LING IN HER NEW HOME



UPI

Blood Act

Some kind of good-works-and-ghastly-titles award should be presented to Senator Edward Kennedy for his bill recently passed by the Senate. He calls it the "National Heart, Blood Vessel, Lung, and Blood Act of 1972."



DAVID BURNETT—LIFE

EW FROM THE COCKPIT OF U.S. A-37 FIGHTER-BOMBER ON ROCKET AND BOMBING MISSION OVER AN LOC

E WAR/COVER STORY

he President Battles on Three Fronts

LL along, President Nixon and his advisers knew that a crucial time testing for the Administration's Viet m policy had to come. With geomet- inevitability, the descending curve at describes the withdrawal of U.S. ound combat forces would have to in- ject the curve that plots rising South etnamese responsibility for the war. t that juncture, Hanoi would surely st the American resolve, Nixon's own mmitment to his policy, and the stay- power of the South Vietnamese. ur weeks ago, that testing point ar- ed with brutal bluntness when a care- ly orchestrated force of North Viet- mese soldiers, well backed by tanks, illery, antiaircraft guns and supplies, rst across the DMZ and the Cambo- an border into South Viet Nam. There d been nothing like it in the war, not en the *Tet* offensive of 1968.

Dramatic Answer. In response the esident played his last card—but it as a powerful one. Early last week, n the first time in four years, Amer- an bombs fell in the area of the North etnamese capital and the key port of aiphong. The Administration assem- ed the strongest air and sea armada Indochina since the war last peaked 1968. More than 150 fresh planes ere rushed to the theater from bases as far away as North Carolina; the -52 fleet has been nearly doubled since e North Vietnamese offensive began. hen *Midway* and *Saratoga* join the ner aircraft carriers now on station off orth Viet Nam, the U.S. and the South ietnamese will have 150 ships and over 1,000 aircraft, equipped with some of the most sophisticated weaponry in the history of warfare to use against a North Vietnamese force of 110,000 to 130,000 men.

It was a dramatic answer to the enemy, a riposte full of hazards for the President on three fronts. In Viet Nam, militarily, it was the first real test of the Nixon Doctrine that the U.S. will support its Asian allies if they provide most of the manpower for their own defense. Second, Nixon was vulnerable to a Soviet response that might end his cherished plan for a Moscow summit in May; the U.S.S.R. has provided the matériel for Hanoi's offensive, and there were Russian ships in Haiphong harbor during the American attack. And third, on the home front, Nixon risked alienating all over again the large numbers of Americans who were baffled, vexed or outraged by his last dramatic initiative in behalf of Vietnamization —the incursion into Cambodia two years ago. Another Cambodia, another Kent State, and his re-election could be in doubt.

The first seven days that followed Nixon's unleashing of the huge B-52s and the smaller, faster fighter-bombers provided no decisive answers for the President. Neither the Nixon Doctrine nor the South Vietnamese army has failed—yet. U.S. airpower has not turned back the North Vietnamese —yet. If it had prevented an almost certain rout of ARVN, the issue on the battlefields was still in doubt (*see story on page 16*). A 20,000-man ARVN force led by President Nguyen Van Thieu's personal elite guard, dispatched to relieve An Loc, abandoned the effort 15 miles short of its goal on Highway 13. Late last week, in an astonishing go-for-broke gamble, the last uncommitted North Vietnamese division began moving south toward the DMZ to join two others battling for control of South Viet Nam's two northernmost provinces.

Piercing Eyes. Within hours after the magnitude of the first North Vietnamese invasion thrusts became clear, Nixon began to search for the best response. Less than a week after the invasion began, he ordered the Washington Special Action Group—representatives of the CIA and the State and Defense departments, chaired by National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger —to study the feasibility of bombing Hanoi and Haiphong and of a naval blockade of North Vietnamese ports. The purely military answer was clear enough: both could be done, and both would be useful.

For the next week, Nixon mulled over the WSAG analysis. He kept his counsel, but he was visibly angry. "The President was showing the cold fury which only makes him more determined," said a top-level man at State. "You could see the jaw harden, the eyes narrow and become more piercing." Another senior official put it less elegantly. Said he: "You could tell the old man had made up his mind he won't be screwed."

There were repeated meetings with Kissinger, Secretaries William Rogers

of State and Melvin Laird of Defense, CIA Chief Richard Helms and Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs. Ex-Congressman Laird was concerned about the bombing for fear of political reaction at home; Rogers and Kissinger were scarcely more enthusiastic, though evidently less concerned about what might happen politically. Finally the President made up his mind. Top-secret instructions were sent in code via satellite to the B-52 bases and to the Seventh Fleet. Next day he sent the order to raid Hanoi and Haiphong. Within a few hours, the B-52s lifted off the long runways and the Phantoms catapulted from carrier decks in the Tonkin Gulf.

Partly Political. Says a ranking Administration official: "It was not a portentous, cataclysmic one-shot decision. We consider it a tactical decision." The bombing, he adds, was "partly political, partly military": "We are trying to compress the amount of time the North Vietnamese have to decide on whether the offensive is worth continuing and whether they have the means to continue it." The White House military argument is that bombing supply depots and petroleum stores in northern North Viet Nam now will hurt the enemy in the front lines six to eight weeks hence. However, experts in South Viet Nam think that the North Vietnamese have enough supplies already in place to last out the year at least.

One senior official estimates that the Hanoi-Haiphong raids destroyed 30% of North Viet Nam's fuel supplies, more vital to them than ever before in the war because of the mechanized nature of their new onslaughts. Beyond that purely military achievement, the President had two other goals in mind:

▶ He wants to reach a settlement with the Vietnamese before Election Day. The raids were designed to show Hanoi that Nixon is not powerless, though his options may be limited. For the moment, however, the Administration refuses to treat with Hanoi's negotiators in Paris until the offensive is called off. The North Vietnamese mission at first demanded that the Americans end the bombing and return to the conference table. The Americans refused. Under the supposed "understanding" of 1968, U.S. bombing would stop if—among other things—North Viet Nam agreed not to violate the DMZ and not to infiltrate its forces into South Viet Nam. Hanoi's chief negotiator, Xuan Thuy, released the North Vietnamese version of the talks that led up to the bombing halt. In effect, he said that there were no "understandings" and that the U.S. agreement to stop bombing was unconditional. But at the same time Hanoi made a concession: it was willing to resume the talks even while the bombing continued. The U.S. is not, until the offensive stops.

▶ Nixon wants to go to Moscow in a position of strength. Nixon gambled that the Soviet Union would not call off his summit visit, even if Russian ships were damaged in the Haiphong raid. The Russians want to counter the new U.S. rapprochement with China and to talk about so many things beyond Viet Nam, he reasoned, that they would react to the bombings cautiously. He was right. The present Soviet leaders —Leonid Brezhnev, Aleksei Kosygin and Nikolai Podgorny—were in power in 1968, when the Russians insisted that there could be no summit meeting with Lyndon Johnson until the U.S. stopped bombing the North. But so far the Soviet response has been mild. As the B-52s were bombing North Viet Nam, Brezhnev received, within hours of each other, U.S. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz and Hanoi's ambassador to Moscow. As Moscow factory workers were being marshaled for "Viet Nam, We Are With You" rallies, other workers were sent out on the Potemkin-village mission of cleaning up or tearing down eyesore buildings on Nixon's Moscow route. As the foreign ministry ground out a protest against the damage it claimed had been done to Soviet shipping in Haiphong, a 24-man American party under Brigadier General Brent Scowcroft arrived to arrange logistics, security and press and communications facilities for the presidential visit. The U.S. replied to the Soviet note with a tough, unequivocal note.

For reasons of its own, Peking also reacted with restraint to the news that Hanoi and Haiphong had been bombed. The North Vietnamese practically wrung a measured, *pro forma* statement out of Premier Chou En-lai, who noted simply that "escalation failed in the past and will continue to fail" because it makes "the entire Vietnamese people unite ever more closely in their fight." The Chinese want nothing to interfere with the opening of relations with the U.S. A few days later, Chou was all graciousness as he received the Senate's leaders, Democrat Mike Mansfield and Republican Hugh Scott, who are [illegible] three-week tour of the People's [illegible] public. The Chinese are unhappy [illegible] Hanoi for switching prematurely [illegible] large-unit campaign against their [illegible] vice, instead of building up the [illegible] munist political infrastructure in So[illegible] Viet Nam. The Sino-Soviet rivalry [illegible] also a factor in Peking's tepid back[illegible] of Hanoi. North Viet Nam's tanks, [illegible] tillery and antiaircraft weapons co[illegible] from the Russians; if Hanoi wins its [illegible]

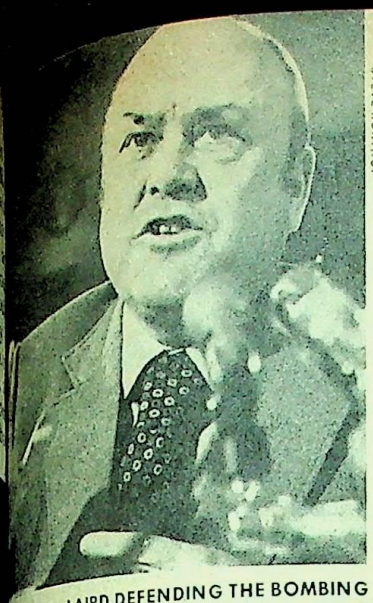


SECRETARY ROGERS TESTIFYING (FOREGROUND: SENATOR FULBRIGHT)

tles using them, it will be a blow [illegible] the Maoist doctrine of "people's war" [illegible] and a boost for Soviet power in South[illegible] east Asia. Moscow could then point [illegible] Viet Nam as well as India's victory [illegible] the Indo-Pakistani war to show that [illegible] its friendship counts—and Peking [illegible] does not.

Thinner Reed. Even on Nixon's [illegible] third front, at home, the bombing [illegible] Hanoi and Haiphong failed to ignite [illegible] tiwar passions to the degree it would [illegible] have in the past. To be sure, critics [illegible] ed that bombing North Viet Nam [illegible] never persuaded Hanoi to bargain [illegible] fore. Quite the contrary, Lyndon John[illegible] son got the North Vietnamese to [illegible] in 1968 only by stopping the bombing [illegible] north of the 20th parallel—and he got [illegible] them to start talking only by stopping [illegible] the bombing sorties entirely. Before the [illegible] Senate Foreign Relations Committee [illegible] Rogers and Laird insisted that the Com[illegible] mander in Chief's constitutional duty [illegible] to protect American troops justified the [illegible] bombing raids. Conceivably, that rationale could cover tactical air-support [illegible] missions in support of ARVN troops in [illegible] South Viet Nam, where American forces [illegible] es remain, but it is a thinner reed to [illegible] lean on to defend bombing the North [illegible] Vietnamese capital and the country's [illegible] biggest port.

Rogers put on an uncharacteristically tough performance before the [illegible] Senate Foreign Relations Committee, [illegible] easily matching wits with Democratic [illegible] Chairman J. William Fulbright. The

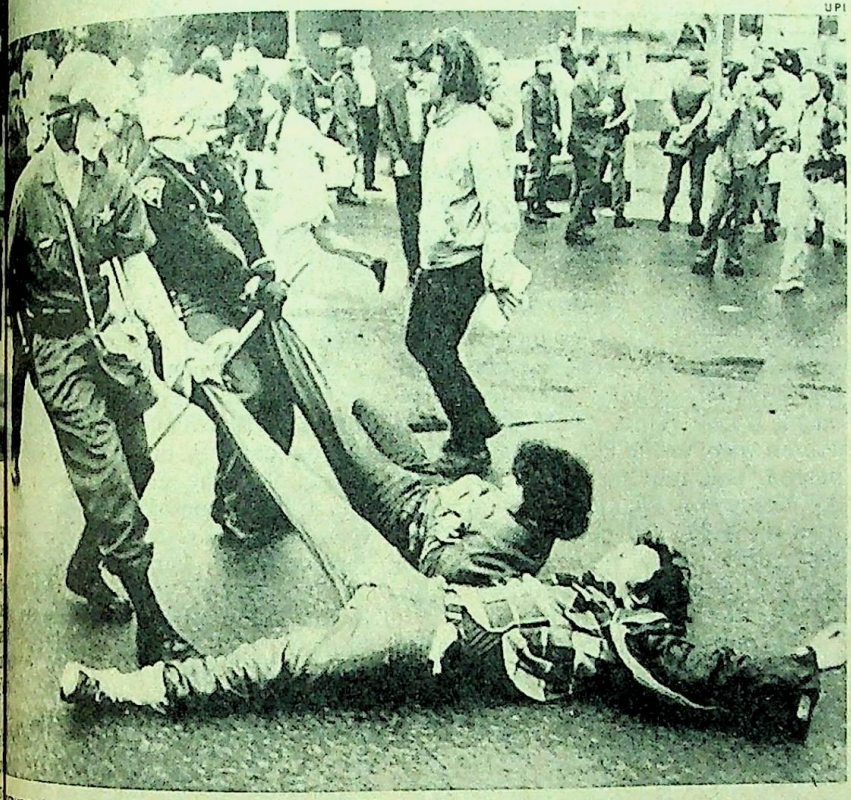


STEVE NORTHUP

LAIRD DEFENDING THE BOMBING

the release of U.S. P.O.W.s, "within 60 days of my inauguration." Hubert Humphrey, his chief centrist rival, knows that he is tarred with having been Lyndon Johnson's Vice President, and having turned from hawk to dove. He told a hissing University of Pennsylvania audience last week: "I hope some of you will have the courage to change your mind when you find that what you've been doing isn't the right thing."

But even Humphrey is a dove of long standing compared with several Democrats who announced their conversion last week after the Hanoi-Haiphong raids. "I'm for gettin' out," George Wallace said last week, to the general astonishment. If the Communists should wind up taking over in Saigon, "it will be tough," Wallace added. "But I want us out." On Capitol Hill, Speaker Carl Albert of Oklahoma, abandoning his usual caution, voted with the House Democrats who endorsed, 144 to 58, by far the most stringent antiwar resolution ever to get anywhere on that side of the Capitol. (The House has always been more hawkish than the Senate.) Even Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, long a tacit Administration backer on Viet Nam, proclaimed: "It's high time we got out of there."



UPI

POLICE DISPERSE DEMONSTRATORS NEAR WRIGHT-PATTERSON AIR FORCE BASE

Around the U.S., particularly in the Northeast, students demonstrated against the bombing with varying degrees of fervor. At Harvard, 150 demonstrators once more ransacked the Center for International Affairs, after a march from downtown Boston. After a bitter meeting of the university senate, Columbia joined 100 other colleges in a one-day closedown last week. At the University of Maryland, Governor Marvin Mandel called out the National Guard to enforce a curfew after students repeatedly blocked U.S. 1. Last weekend in New York, 50,000 marchers—some from as far away as Nebraska—demonstrated in the rain against the bombing. Much of the protest was genial, even languid, but there were incidents of violence. In Palo Alto, Calif., hard by Stanford University, police made 210 arrests after some rock throwing along El Camino Real, a major highway. In Detroit, 15 out of some 250 sit-in demonstrators were arrested at the Federal Building. The drawdown of U.S. forces has made the war a less personal issue to many collegians, and many 18- to 21-year-olds may be saving their spleen for the November presidential election, the first in which they may vote; if the war continues to be in the news, their supposed apathy may prove to have been overestimated.

Terrible Toll. The President seems willing to accept the political risks of bombing. A high Administration official quoted him as saying: "By doing what I must do, even if it means the election of someone else, I will at least give him a chance to have a viable, credible foreign policy." In fact, despite the anguished complaints that he is prolonging the war and adding to its terrible toll in lives over the years, his tough line may well be profitable at the polls. A talented opinion sampler who has the White House as a client, Albert Sindlinger of Swarthmore, Pa., reports a big upswing in support of Nixon's Viet Nam policies since the North Vietnamese invasion, continuing into last week after the Hanoi-Haiphong bombings. He put Nixon's current popularity at 48.5% of the voters by his measuring, the highest any President has reached since Eisenhower's record after two months in office.

Nixon believes that everything rides on his Viet Nam gamble—his global policies, his re-election, perhaps his place in history, and he means to press ahead. U.S. troop levels will be down to 69,000 at the beginning of May, and he huddled with Kissinger at Camp David last weekend to work out the next withdrawal announcement. Intelligence experts in Washington think that the vital element in the North Vietnamese offensive is the psychological impact on the South Vietnamese—and on the U.S. electorate, as at the time of *Tet* in 1968. The experts predict much more heavy fighting and scattered Communist advances, successful at least for long enough to hold a village or a town for a day or so. But they believe that the North Vietnamese momentum has been blunted by the heavy bombing, and by ARVN. Still, ARVN is spread thinly, vulnerable to a dramatic breakthrough by the enemy. Both sides have more to gain, and to lose, than at any time since American combat troops were rushed in to save Saigon from collapse in 1965. This time, for the U.S., the counterpressure must be applied from the sea and, above all, the air.

The Harrowing War in the Air

IT was slightly before 2 a.m. of what was to be the first warm and sunny Sunday of the year in North Viet Nam. Suddenly, inside the big Soviet-built area surveillance radar stations near Haiphong and Hanoi, the radarscopes exploded into life with the blips of approaching aircraft—more than the technicians had seen at any one time in years. After a moment, the images smeared and the blips disappeared, as if overtaken by some evil magic. The radarscopes filled with impenetrable "snow"—or simply went dark.

As U.S. intelligence experts later reconstructed what had probably happened, the Communists worked furiously to switch their jammed equipment to alternate frequencies and different antenna systems, but with no success. Even so, they knew what the electronic symptoms meant: for the first time in the war, the U.S. was sending its eight-jet B-52s to bomb targets in North Viet Nam's Red River heartland.

The tip-off was the havoc created by the electronic "pilot fish" that, as the North Vietnamese know by now, often precede the B-52s: EB-66 Destroyers and EA-6B Intruders, whose bulges, pods and blisters house those gadgets designed to confuse ground radar, as well as needle-nosed F-105 "wild weasels," whose special radiation-seeking missiles lock onto and streak toward active enemy radar installations. Then, after the pilot fish, came the sharks: 17 B-52s. The B-52s dropped their 30-ton bomb loads into the darkness over Haiphong from 30,000 feet. The explosions destroyed a petroleum tank farm near the Haiphong harbor quay, provoking a fireball so large that it was seen from the bridge of the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk* 110 miles out at sea in the Gulf of Tonkin.

Vapor Trails. In the North Vietnamese capital, 60 miles inland, loudspeakers urgently awakened the sleeping city: "Comrades, attention! The enemy is near Hanoi." At 9:30 a.m., the second wave of the U.S. air assault appeared. This time the raiders were 32 Air Force F-4 Phantoms, far nimbler than the high- and blind-flying B-52s; for nearly half an hour they bombed and strafed warehouses and petroleum storage areas on the outskirts.

By mid-morning, panic was widespread. In Haiphong, all but soldiers and militia were ordered to evacuate; French Journalist Joel Henri saw "streams of children, old people and women walking along, carrying their belongings on bicycles." At 2:30 Sunday afternoon, the sirens wailed again in Haiphong. For more than an hour, 40 Navy jets from carriers wheeled around the city, pummeling warehouses, a huge truck park and nearby Kien An Airfield, where three MIG-17 fighters were destroyed on the ground. By the time the third attack had ended, the sky over Haiphong was streaked by vapor trails of SAM missiles.

In all, the North Vietnamese gunners fired an astonishing 242 missiles at the American warplanes. Although the enemy claimed that 15 planes, including one B-52, had been shot down, the U.S. command said that, thanks largely to the new sophistication of electronic wizardry, the Communists had managed to score only two hits. One Navy flyer was rescued after he ditched his crippled A-7 Corsair II at sea; the crewmen of an Air Force F-105 "wild weasel" downed by a SAM were missing. Only four of the 88 MIG-21s known to be based in the Hanoi-Haiphong area rose to meet the invading U.S. planes; three were shot down.

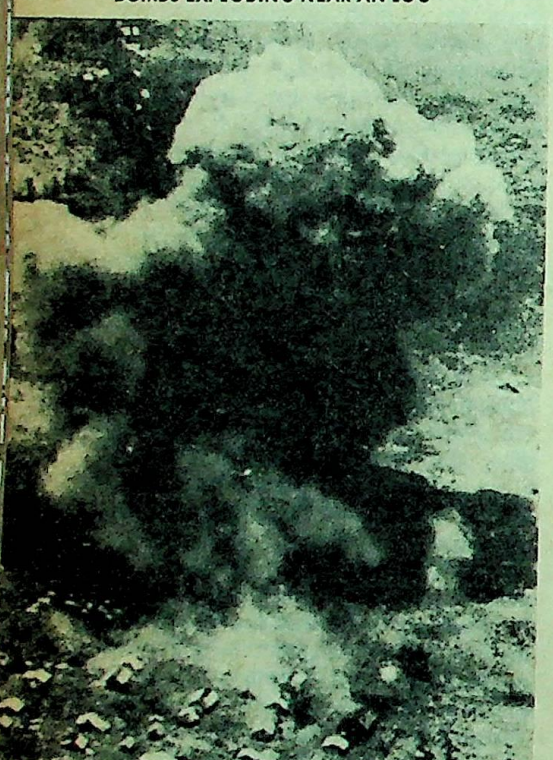
The planes and flyers that struck Haiphong and Hanoi early last week were merely a part—albeit an awesomely effective part—of the most powerful air force assembled in Indochina, largely because of its ingenious use of electronic and computer technology. The constant refinement and development of techniques is a military necessity for the U.S. if it intends to maintain its control of the skies over Viet Nam. For Nixon's air armada must deal with an opponent whose borders bristle with advanced Soviet missiles and antiaircraft artillery that have increased dramatically in quantity and sophistication. Still, the renewed air war promises to take a considerable toll. No B-52s have been lost since the Communist offensive began four weeks ago, but many smaller attack planes have been shot down, along with 21 helicopters. The human toll: 21 flyers killed, eight wounded, 35 missing.

Dramatic Step-up. The rapid air buildup continues. Within the past three weeks, more than 150 warplanes—F-4 Phantoms, all-weather F-105s, stubby EB-66s, B-52s—have been flown to the theater from Japan, the Philippines and even the U.S. The most dramatic step-up has been in the number of B-52s, increased from 83 to 139 airplanes, based in Thailand and on Guam. Within 18 hours after they received their orders at California's Beale AFB, two B-52 squadrons were settled in at Guam's Andersen, ready to operate over North Viet Nam (*see box, page 11*).

When the *Midwaу* and the *Saratoga* join the four aircraft carriers (*Coral Sea, Hancock, Kitty Hawk, Constellation*) currently on station in the Gulf of Tonkin, the number of U.S. combat planes in the Indochina area will climb past 850, up from only 400 last month. Counting the tough little South Vietnamese air force, with its A-1 Skyraiders and A-37 and F-5 jets, Washington and Saigon have more than 1,000 combat aircraft available.

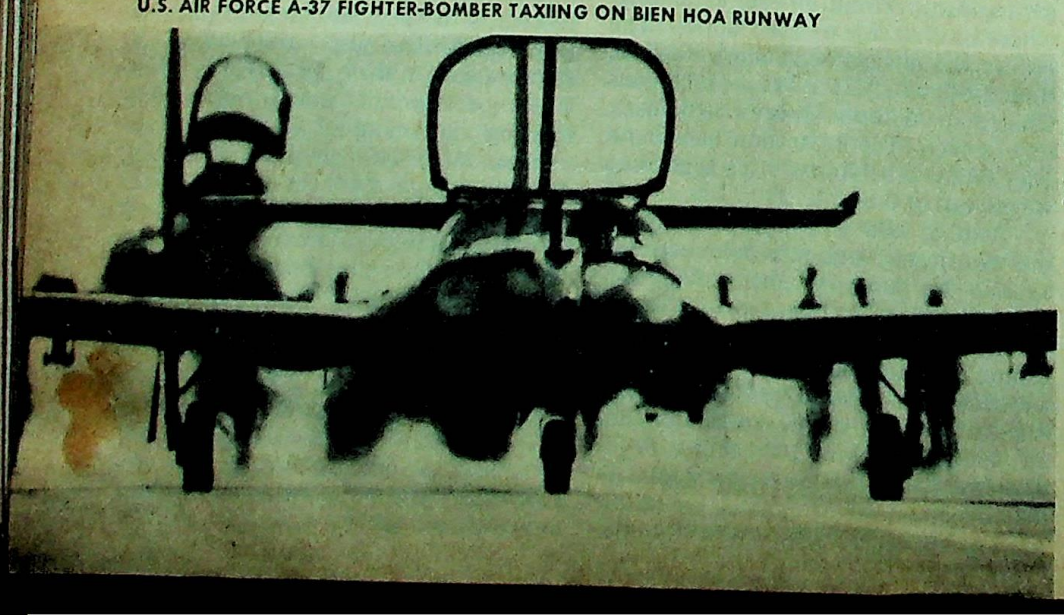
The air war has not only been stepped up; it has been re-Americanized. During the long relative lull in the fighting, Saigon's own air force had taken over 90% of the combat flying with

BOMBS EXPLODING NEAR AN LOC



UPI

U.S. AIR FORCE A-37 FIGHTER-BOMBER TAXIING ON BIEN HOA RUNWAY



DAVID BURNETT—LIFE

South Viet Nam, while U.S. airpow-
focused on massive bombing of the
filtration routes in Laos and Cambo-
. The Communist offensive changed
. Within South Viet Nam, U.S.
that. Within South Viet Nam, U.S.
pilots have been flying a punishing 500
orties a day, up from only 20 a day be-
re the offensive (a sortie is one flight
one aircraft). For the pilots, attack-
North Vietnamese tanks or defend-
beleaguered South Vietnamese
oops has been a welcome change.
'd all rather bomb targets we can
see," says Captain Rick Elder, 27, an
-37 pilot based at Bien Hoa, north of Saigon. "It's a little bit more rewarding when you know the ordnance isn't just burning down rubber trees."

There are several ironies in the war. One is that the skillful, reckless Canyonesque veterans of the South Vietnamese air force are probably closer to the conventional American image of what fighter pilots are like than their American counterparts. Many VNAF pilots have flown more than 3,000 combat missions. Currently, the Thieu regime is mounting a morale-stiffening campaign around Captain Tran The Vinh, a Vietnamese ace who was credited with knocking out 21 North Vietnamese tanks before he died two weeks ago, at the age of 25, in the crash of his shell-torn Skyraider. Posters of Vinh, making a jaunty thumbs-up sign, appeared all over Saigon last week.

Vinh's American counterparts are cool, detached professionals, by and large emotionally uninvolved with the war. Last week Major Douglas Stockton, an A-37 pilot from Arlington, Texas, explained to TIME Correspondent David DeVoss that he did not really have anything against the North Vietnamese. "I just like to fly in combat

To a Darkling Target Aboard a B-52

From Guam, TIME's *Tokyo Bureau Chief Herman Nickel reports on one B-52's mission over North Viet Nam:*

UNLIKE the bombers of more glamorous wars, this one wore no buxom ething beauty on her fuselage. Nor was girl's name painted on her nose. In accord with Strategic Air Command prac-ce, only a number—6623—stenciled yellow on her four-story-high black il distinguished her from the 85 other B-52s of SAC's 43rd Strategic Air Wing at lined the tarmac at Andersen Air Force Base on Guam.

In the 16 hours or so since she had turned from her last mission, 6623 had been refueled and her bomb bay re-armed with 42 stubby 750-lb. bombs. In addition, 24 thin, cigar-shaped 500-b bombs had been attached in clusters o her long, swept-back wings (total pan: 185 ft.). At 10:30 p.m., as low-hanging clouds raced past a sickle moon, a beat-up bus unloaded 6623's six-man crew for the night. The aircraft commander, Captain Ed Petersen, a 27-year-old graduate of the Air Force Academy, walked around the big plane, flashlight in hand, with the sergeant who was in charge of the ground crew. Petersen spotted a suspicious puddle of liquid beneath the plane.

"I drank it. It's water," reported the crew chief.

■

Reassured, Petersen climbed the narrow steps up to the flight deck, where his co-pilot, First Lieut. Joseph Czarkovski, had already started the preflight checkout of the plane's complex systems. Unlike air crews in World War II or Korea, who got to know all the foibles of their particular aircraft, Petersen and his men are not assigned to one plane. It was their first flight in 6623, and they might never fly her again. The crew had been together only since mid-January, and Petersen was substituted at the last moment for the regular aircraft commander, who had developed back trouble. But no sweat, as the SAC men say. Each member of a B-52 crew is a professional, and that counts far more than sentimental attachments.

Precisely on schedule at 11:23, Petersen started the B-52's eight engines, and 6623 taxied to her place as the third plane in a three-bomber flight. It took 45 agonizingly long seconds to lift her 500,000 lbs. into the air. "I'm scared every time we get one of these machines off the ground," said Czarkovski, with cheerful candor. The three B-52Ds climbed slowly to approximately 30,000 feet and set a course for North Viet Nam, 2,600 miles west. They flew strung out in a loose formation about two miles apart, to later confuse North Viet Nam's Soviet-supplied radar.

■

Not far from the Asian mainland, 6623 made a rendezvous with a KC-135 tanker, which topped up her tanks for the run over Viet Nam and back. A short time later, Captain Larry Underwood, 27, the electronics warfare officer, detected the first traces of enemy radar bouncing off 6623. Seated at a console behind the flight deck, Underwood began employing a number of top-secret jamming devices to conceal 6623 within its own protective bubble of electronic countermeasures. As the B-52 came within range of surface-to-air missiles, Underwood employed other devices that blocked the missile radar from locking on to the big plane. Meanwhile Captain Petersen started to put the plane through turns to make 6623 a more elusive target.

As they wove toward "the heavily defended area"—an Air Force euphemism that usually means North Viet Nam—the crew, who at night never see the land below them, knew almost nothing about their target. It had been picked by others and would remain almost completely anonymous. The target was given only as a set of coordinates on a map. As the bisecting point of those coordinates drew near, Major Harold Clayton, 39, the radar navigation officer (the new term for bombardier), directed the final approach.

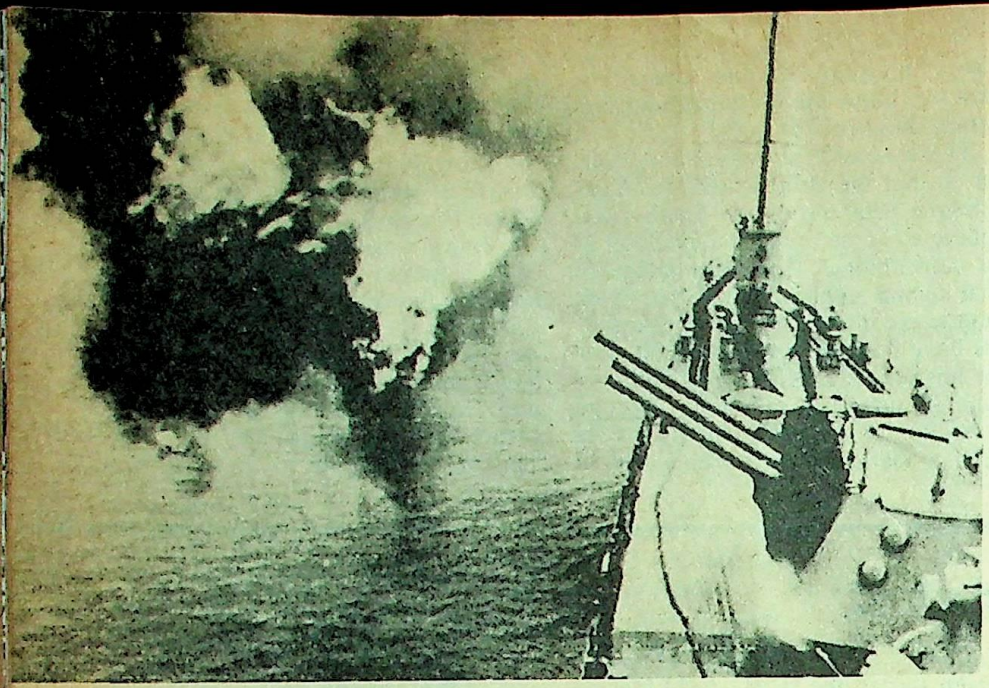
The release of the bombs, all 43,500 lbs. of them, was oddly anticlimactic. There was no sudden lurch upward, hardly even a gentle shudder. Captain Petersen turned the plane eastward toward Guam. The run over North Viet Nam had taken only ten minutes. So far as the electronics warfare officer could tell, no one had fired at 6623. "It's odd," he said, "but they don't take every target that comes their way."



CHARLES MOORE—LIFE

On the return homeward leg, Petersen warmed up a TV-style steak dinner. Other crew members, by choice, munched on sandwiches. Then, while Petersen and Captain Kenneth Temple, 29, the navigator, flew into the morning sun, the others slept intermittently. Staff Sergeant Gerald Clemens, 26, who is isolated from the rest of the crew in the tail-gunner compartment, about 150 feet away from the flight deck, also got permission to doze.

Guam emerged like a green emerald in the blue Pacific, and Petersen brought 6623 in for a perfect landing; a yellow chute billowing from the tail aided the plane's brakes. Slowly 6623 rolled to the assigned parking spot, and the first of six stiff-legged, unshaven and slightly grubby men stepped to the ground. To the minute, the mission had lasted twelve hours.



UPI

GUIDED-MISSILE CRUISER U.S.S. "OKLAHOMA CITY" FIRING INTO NORTH VIET NAM
The U.S. had the power to widen the war but not to win it.

situations," he said. "Last week I had just completed a pass at An Loc when an NVA soldier comes on my radio as clear as could be. 'Go away from Viet Nam, American G.I.,' the voice said. 'The people do not want you.' I wish he would have talked a little bit longer so I could have got a fix on him. It would have given me a great deal of pleasure to drop a 500-pounder on his head."

Automated War. Three years ago General William C. Westmoreland, then commander of U.S. forces in Viet Nam, forecast a future of automated wars "featuring almost instantaneous application of lethal firepower." Much of the air war is now automated and instantaneous. B-52s move in an electronic "bubble" generated by Rivet Ace, a highly classified system designed to snarl the latest model enemy missile radars. Fighters flying as low as 200 feet can be programmed to jerk into a sudden, evasive barrel roll the moment they are picked up by SAM radar. Over enemy infiltration routes, AC-130 Spectre gunships lay down a barrage of fire when the presence of troops is revealed by tiny air-dropped sensors no larger than a twig, including magnetic metal detectors and "people sniffers" that respond electronically to the smell of ammonia in urine.

The new devices are not 100% foolproof. Enemy troops often foil the people sniffers by hanging buckets of urine in the trees. Even the "wild weasels," which were designed to counteract Soviet-built SAMs, occasionally run amuck. During the Haiphong raid, an anti-radar missile that was intended to strike a Communist antenna accidentally homed in on the guided missile frigate *Worden*. The ship was so heavily damaged that it had to be towed to the Philippines for repairs.

Can airpower save Saigon's army from disaster on the ground? U.S. military advisers in Saigon insist that it has already done so. Without lavish air support, they say, the embattled cities of An Loc and Quang Tri might have fallen to the Communists long ago. In fact, the Americans believe that the North Vietnamese blundered by underestimating the amount of airpower that the U.S. could and would bring to bear on the offensive.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that both the Americans and South Vietnamese are inclined to rely a bit too much on airpower. "This attitude prevails in every corner of the battlefield," reports TIME's Stanley Cloud. " 'Don't worry,' commanders and G.I.s alike keep saying, 'if things get too bad, we'll just bomb the hell out of them.' " But over the years it has not always worked, and it still may not. The inability of the South Vietnamese army to make headway against the Communist invaders on the ground seems to illustrate another saying heard often in Saigon: "Airpower can keep you from losing ground, but it can't get any back for you."

Indefinite Presence. When can the South Vietnamese take over their own air war? After the training and equipping of the Vietnamese air force is complete late in 1974, Saigon will have the world's seventh largest air force, with 1,300 planes. But even then it will not be self-sufficient. Partly because Washington does not want Saigon to have an air force advanced enough to tempt it into unwise adventures, VNAF will not be given the long-range planes that would enable it to keep pressure up on the Ho Chi Minh Trail or hold Hanoi's supersonic MIGs at bay.

Unless a negotiated peace is arranged, the prospect is for an indefinite U.S. air presence in Indochina, involving as many as 30,000 men and costing up to $1 billion a year (current annual cost of the war: $6 billion). The irony is that the U.S., having extricated itself from a protracted ground war in Asia, may find itself committed to a less costly but no less enduring war in the air.

The Fierce War o

BEYOND the obvious political goals the massive North Vietnamese ground offensive was designed to test the will of the Army of the Republic of Viet Nam—to bloody and punish it, to destroy it if possible. Last week both armies had certainly been bloodied, in a war of attrition that raised casualties to the highest levels in months. By conservative estimate, 10,000 South Vietnamese were killed or missing during three weeks of fighting; American losses were 28 killed and 108 wounded. Despite the fearsome losses inflicted by U.S. and Vietnamese air strikes, the estimated 110,000 to 130,000 NVA troops in the South kept the initiative, even though they had yet to capture one major city. But they had also taken control of chunks of territory, and the 492,000-man South Vietnamese army was overextended as it sought to protect the widely scattered fronts.

Many ARVN units fought well—notably the Rangers and Marines, and sometimes even units of the often-maligned Regional and Popular forces. But the South Vietnamese had yet to mount an effective counteroffensive anywhere. The primary reason was the excessive caution of ARVN generals, who apparently preferred to let airpower do the job rather than risk their troops, even when risks were mandatory.

Nowhere was the South Vietnamese failure more evident—or more costly in military and civilian lives—than in the siege of An Loc, a provincial capital of approximately 17,000 people 60 miles north of Saigon. Its population had been swollen by 6,000 men of the battered South Vietnamese 5th Division and some 2,000 refugees who had fled south after the fall of the district town of Loc Ninh three weeks ago. North Vietnamese troops threw a cordon around

ARVN TROOPS NEAR AN LOC



TAYLOR—UPI

e Ground

An Loc. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu ordered the city held "at all costs" and sent a crack armored column of 20,000 men northward to relieve it. Fearful that the column might be trapped and cut off from the rear, the area commander, General Nguyen Van Minh, halted the majority of his troops 15 miles from An Loc.

By decreeing that An Loc be held, President Thieu had inadvertently given it a symbolic importance far beyond its actual strategic value. It bestrides the highway to Saigon, but the city itself is of little military worth. After a two-week siege, An Loc was a shattered city of rotting corpses and walking wounded. From tree-covered cliffs and rubber plantations overlooking the town, North Vietnamese gunners poured in round after round of artillery, mortar, rocket and tank fire. Several shells landed on the overcrowded hospital, located near the South Vietnamese army headquarters. "The wounded were everywhere," said South Vietnamese Captain Le Van Tam, one of the fortunate ones to be evacuated. "Children, pregnant women bleeding, the old. They were dying and no one was able to help them. There were just too many."

Another 1,000 refugees crowded into the town's Catholic church, where they had little food and water and were under constant bombardment. The city's defenders buried in a mass grave 350 soldiers who had been killed during the siege. "During the first week we just stacked up the bodies, 60 or 70 to a pile," said a U.S. adviser who had helicoptered in and out of town. "But eventually the smell just got too bad."

Holed Up. The North Vietnamese, meanwhile, had penetrated the north side of An Loc, where most of the civilian population lived, and holed up there against daily aerial bombardment that marked the town's location with a continuous pillar of smoke. The defenders, lacking supplies, could do little to drive them out. At one point a besieged ARVN fire base was down to twelve 105-mm. howitzer rounds. Vietnamese air force helicopter pilots, fearing antiaircraft fire, declined to go in with more. Finally, U.S. Chinooks dropped the needed ammunition and food.

Meanwhile, the column sent to relieve An Loc remained stuck on Highway 13. The reason: the terrain was open and flat, ideal for bombing enemy troops and for taking up a defensive position should the North Vietnamese choose to attack. The NVA declined the bait, and only harassed the column while the troops' morale and supplies dwindled. Minh, who has built up a reputation as the most successful of Saigon's generals at avoiding a set battle, kept insisting that he was on the verge of "a great victory." His apparent reasoning: since An Loc had not yet fallen, "our reinforcements saved the city."

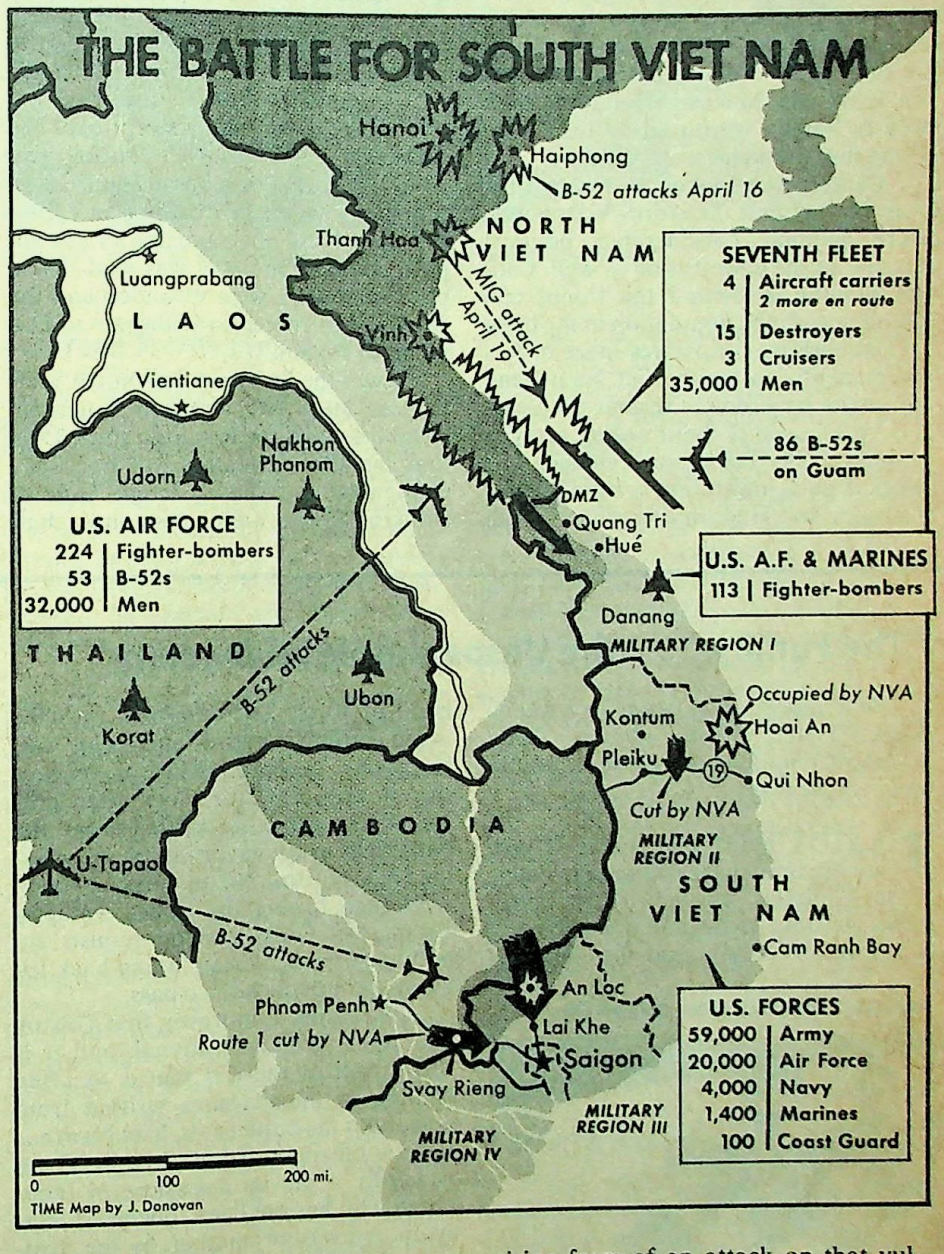
"If the U.S. had been running this operation, the whole province would have been secure a week ago," fumed one American adviser. "Minh is the most insecure man I've ever seen." Time and again, U.S. and South Vietnamese fighter-bombers cleared an area in preparation for a South Vietnamese advance that never came. That left the choice to the North Vietnamese. As long as Minh refused to move, they could leave a small force behind to keep the An Loc relief column pinned down and slip southwest for an attack on the provincial capital of Tay Ninh—to which elements of the ARVN 25th Division reportedly repaired last week in a "tactical retreat" from their position four miles away, even though they had not been attacked. U.S. intelligence estimated that five North Vietnamese regiments in the area had not yet surfaced—and could attack at any time in any of the three provinces north and west of Saigon, or even hit the capital itself.

At week's end Communist forces were only about 40 miles from the capital, although on a different front. About 75 miles southwest of An Loc, North Vietnamese surrounded the Cambodian town of Svay Rieng, astride Highway 1, which links Phnom Penh to the South Vietnamese capital. The move could be a diversion, or an effort to open a new infiltration route into South Viet Nam —or a bid to mousetrap the South Vietnamese into another An Loc.

While most of the action last week centered on Military Region III around the capital, the North Vietnamese made smaller and more cautious attacks elsewhere for smaller gains. Items:

▸ In Military Region I (the north), NVA troops and artillery were once more moving toward Quang Tri city, raising fears of an attack on that vulnerable provincial capital. Several villages in the Southern provinces of the region were reported burned. South Vietnamese troops opened a road from Hué to besieged fire base Bastogne, which last week withstood a North Vietnamese tear-gas attack.

▸ In M.R. II (the center), South Vietnamese troops gave up the district town of Hoai An and the An Lao valley. In the Central Highlands, the equivalent of three North Vietnamese divisions harassed South Vietnamese forces and laid siege to seven fire bases west



of the provincial capital of Kontum. Other North Vietnamese cut the main supply route, Highway 19, between Pleiku and the coastal town of Qui Nhon, and inflicted heavy losses on a South Korean division that tried to reopen the road. But the North Vietnamese were also suffering heavily in this section from American bombings; B-52 raids inflicted enormous casualties on the NVA 28th regiment.

▶ In M.R. IV (the Mekong Delta), Viet Cong guerrillas rocketed the provincial capitals of My Tho and Can Tho, and attacked a number of government outposts near the southern tip of the country. But activity was too limited to be considered a new front. Bus drivers traveling the Mekong Delta on their way to Saigon were told by local Viet Cong that the roads were still safe.

Largely overlooked in the fighting was the fact that the North Vietnamese were gaining considerable political ground in the countryside as well. Cadres moving in behind the troops can blend in with the population in the hope of establishing themselves more or less permanently in South Viet Nam—and cause the government serious problems for years, even if the invading army is pushed back. There was evidence last week of such infiltration around Saigon, Kontum and Hué. In one village south of An Loc, Communists distributed leaflets, then bought a fat pig and treated the entire village to a "Liberation Day" feast. Next morning, after the Communists left, someone reported their presence in the village, which shortly afterward was bombed, as the Communists probably expected. They thus converted one village to their side.

While the ground war was a strictly Vietnamese affair, U.S. and North Vietnamese forces traded shot and shell on another front—the sea. Since the invasion began, a flotilla of more than a score of U.S. destroyers and guided-missile frigates and cruisers had been shelling North Vietnamese positions north and south of the DMZ. Then, last week, the North Vietnamese responded. At least three enemy MIGs swept over the destroyer U.S.S. *Higbee*. During two passes, they landed a bomb square atop the ship's magazine, causing an explosion that blew out a portion of the superstructure. One MIG was shot down, but four sailors were wounded and the *Higbee* was forced to withdraw to Danang for repairs.

It was the first time that North Vietnamese MIGs had attacked American warships—and the first time since 1964 that the U.S. Seventh Fleet had been challenged in any way in the Gulf of Tonkin. North Vietnamese shore batteries managed to hit the guided-missile destroyer U.S.S. *Buchanan*, k... one crew member and wounding ... en. In the heaviest sea action of ... week, U.S. ships on two occasions ... ted on radar a number of North V... namese patrol boats moving to... them at high speed. The Navy ope... fire, sinking three and possibly fou... the vessels, and damaging two more.

No Strength. Convinced that ceaseless air strikes had cut into ... NVA's ability to attack at will, ... American officials in Saigon last we... remained cautiously optimistic that ... South would turn the tide and prev... the North Vietnamese from taking ... major cities. The Communists "just ... not have the strength," said one U... diplomat. Perhaps not, but U.S. obser... ers in the vicinity of An Loc were som... what less sanguine. "If An Loc goes," ... says Colonel J. Ross Franklin, senior ... viser to the ARVN 21st Division, "we lo... a provincial capital, a division and a b... tle that has received a lot of publicity." Could An Loc become another Di... Bien Phu? "Anything is possible," an... swered the colonel. The difference w... that An Loc was an entirely Vietnames... battle. The U.S. had the power to wi... the war, but by withdrawal and Vie... namization it no longer had the pow... to win it for the South Vietnamese.

"The Futility . . . the Unspeakable Inhumanity"

In a reflective moment in a hectic week, TIME's *Saigon Bureau Chief Stanley Cloud filed this personal assessment of the war:*

TOLSTOY noted that war is a profoundly unmanageable human enterprise. Generals, journalists and politicians continue to assume it is a science, a matter of vectors and the measurement of force. The irrational must be made rational before men can feel themselves in control of events. Perhaps that is also why war is so often portrayed as a game or sporting event, the battlefield as an extension of the playing fields of Eton. Nixon the poker player is seen raising the stakes; General Vo Nguyen Giap, the Communists' superquarterback, is seen fading back for a last-second touchdown pass.

REFUGEES ON ROAD NEAR QUANG TRI



MARK GODFREY—LIFE

One suspects, however, that Tolstoy was right. War is irrational, and it is this aspect of the war that is so often lacking in the accounts written from and about the battlefields. Viet Nam has been at blazing war for 27 years. There is hardly a person anywhere in Indochina who has not been touched directly, in one way or another, by the fighting. Mothers have lost sons and daughters. Sons have lost fathers and mothers. Farms, homes, towns, cities have been destroyed. The draft touches every young man between 18 and 35 —except those who can bribe their way out. And the war, of course, touches everyone in subtle ways that erode the soul. Wives have lost husbands, brothers have lost brothers, lovers have lost lovers.

Yet it does not end, and does not even show signs of ending. A map of Indochina in 1954, with shaded areas marking Communist control, is so remarkably similar to a map of Indochina today that one is overwhelmed by the futility of it, the unspeakable inhumanity of it on both sides—or rather on all sides, since so many different factions and forces are at work here. North Viet Nam will not give up. Nixon will not give up, Thieu will not give up, the Russians will not give up. Everyone presses on—even the pitiable people of Viet Nam, except, of course, those whose twisted, bloated, blown bodies litter the roads and fields, the stench of their death carried on the wind.

Such tragedy is part of all wars, of course. But this conflict has lasted so long and Viet Nam is, after all, such a tiny place, such an insignificant place in any grand scale of things. Its people do not understand what they have done to deserve their fate, but they assume that it must have been something tainted, despicable—perhaps their ancestors' brutal subjugation long ago of the Kingdom of the Chams.

The Vietnamese are Asians, and they accept their fate. They go off to war and they fight, often bravely, always unquestioningly. But Westerners are wrong if they think that the South Vietnamese (one doesn't know much about their relatives in the North) want the war to continue or that they care much about the issues that get so much attention in the West. They want the war to end—now. They think it would, if the powers, great and small, who keep pushing them into it, would at long, long last just let them be.

POLITICS

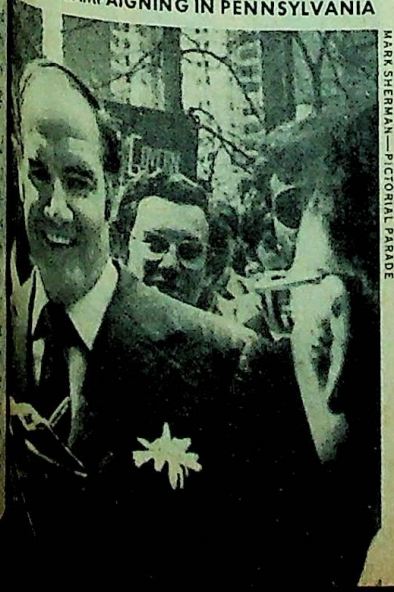
The Durable Issue

He was a one-issue man, some once
d, and his candidacy would fade the
ment President Nixon carried out his
968 campaign pledge to end U.S. in-
olvement in the nation's longest war.
t as U.S. bombs smashed into targets
ar Haiphong and Hanoi and Commu-
st MIGs attacked American warships,
et Nam was still very much alive as a
tional issue—and so were the presi-
ential nomination hopes of South Da-
ta Senator George McGovern.

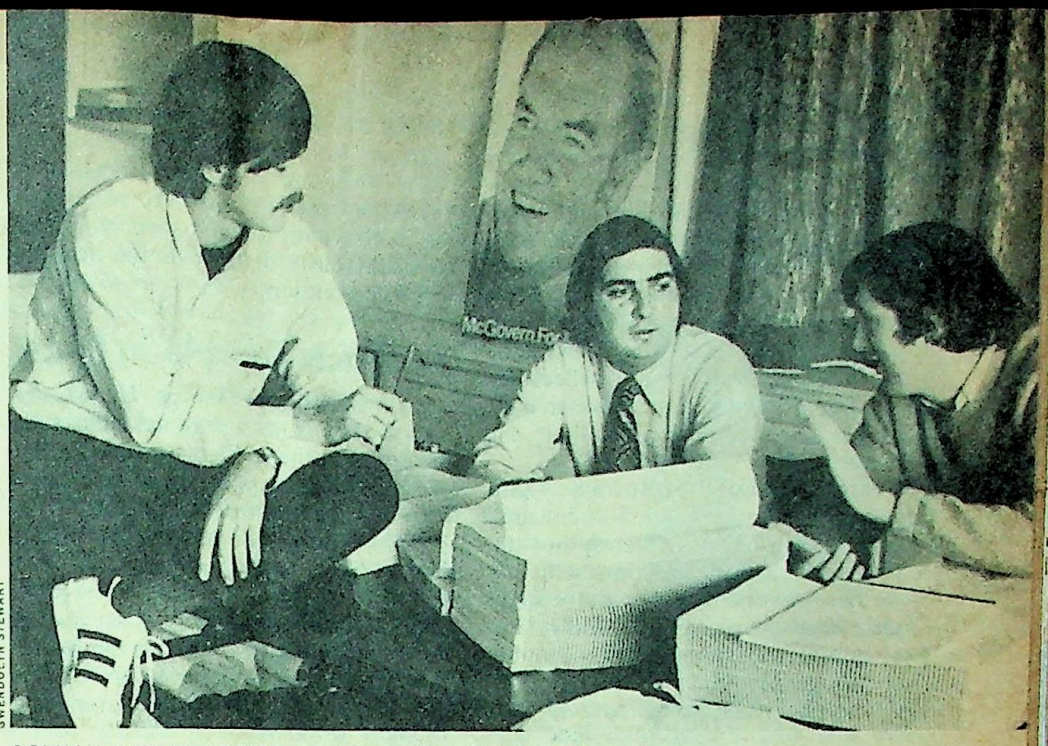
The one-issue label had never been
ite accurate; he has long been far
re than that. Indeed his position pa-
rs on tax reform and defense spend-
g are the most carefully reasoned and
alled of any candidate. But McGov-
n's early (1963) and persistent all-out
position to the U.S. role in Viet Nam
ve him far more punch last week than
e other Democratic contenders
early all of whom sharply assailed
xon's re-escalation of the air war.
mpaigning hard in Massachusetts
d Pennsylvania, McGovern drew re-
eated ovations as he branded the Ad-
inistration's new bombings "tragic
d sickening events."

It was also once said that McGov-
n was too colorless a man to enlist
e grass roots support necessary to
ake him a force at the Democratic Na-
nal Convention. But last week Mc-
overn continued to show surprising
ganizational strength as his enthusi-
ic, and mainly youthful, supporters
minated enough party caucuses in
hio to win 45% of the district
legates, who will select the state's
legation to the National convention.
dmund Muskie got only 17.8% and
ubert Humphrey 5%. McGovern did
most as well in similar caucuses in
ermont, neighboring Muskie's Maine.
e appeared to have won about 400 dis-
ct delegates against nearly 250 for
uskie and only eight for Humphrey.
e showing was all the more impres-
ve because in both states top party
aders supported Muskie.

McGOVERN CAMPAIGNING IN PENNSYLVANIA



MARK SHERMAN—PICTORIAL PARADE



GWENDOLYN STEWART

GORMAN, CADDELL & PORTER IN THEIR OFFICE OFF HARVARD SQUARE

Advice from Harvard

George McGovern's initial campaign plans did not include Ohio. The Buckeye state, whose primary is May 2, seemed owned by Edmund Muskie. But last week McGovern announced that he would spend a full week in Ohio hoping to reap a rich harvest among the state's 153 convention votes. The advice that he assuredly could came from three seniors at Harvard University.

They are Pat Caddell, John Gorman and Dan Porter, all 21, collectively known as Cambridge Survey Research Inc., McGovern's sole source of polling information for his race to Miami Beach and the youngest—and just possibly the hottest—psephologists in the employ of any candidate in the field. They started working in the campaign in October 1971, on the recommendation of McGovern's Florida campaign manager. Their voter interviewing was a major factor in McGovern's decision to move away from a one-issue Viet Nam stance and to begin working the rich vein of voter discontent over inflation and taxes. They also warned him early that the electorate preferred straight talk to rhetoric this year and was fed up with slick media campaigns. That advice, which happily coincided both with McGovern's personality and his pocketbook, has paid off handsomely so far.

Cambridge Survey was the brainchild of modish Caddell, a bright and articulate student of numbers who started doing election projections for a local TV station while still a high school student in Jacksonville, Fla. In 1970 Caddell and his fellow members of the Class of 1972 worked for 18¢ an hour and expenses during John Gilligan's Ohio gubernatorial primary campaign. The three worked hard, polled diligently and filed a 2,000-page report of the findings that because of its ponderous volume probably and properly went unread.

Learning from that overkill, Caddell and his partners polished their techniques in several congressional and local campaigns in Massachusetts. By September last year their rooms were spilling over with computer print-outs and voting records that they had gathered. So they moved into a converted apartment just off Harvard Square in Cambridge and officially incorporated their business. In addition to McGovern, the firm's clients now include four senatorial and five congressional candidates—all liberal Democrats and "men with whom we find a large area of agreement," Caddell says.

He attributes the trio's success to a thorough search for responses that older pollsters may miss. "We're not magicians, we're just listening posts," he asserts. Their ability to frame the unasked question may diminish, Caddell thinks, as he and his partners mature. Though they plan to tend their business full time once they graduate, Caddell says, "We'll probably only be good for from five to ten years."

Reform Reconsidered

Party reform has brought more problems than the McGovern commission ever dreamed of when it laid down guidelines for the selection of delegates to the Democratic National Convention. Of the 478 delegates chosen to date, at least 220 are on slates that have been challenged by one aggrieved faction or another. The Democratic National Committee, which has the task of coping with the challenges, admits that it is bewildered. "I have this recurring dream," says Committee Official Robert Nelson. "It involves a small news story out of Miami describing the first lynching in the South in 40 years. I was the one they lynched."

The McGovern commission pro-

mulgated rules that are sometimes as vague as they are hard to implement. The stickiest guideline calls for women, youth and minorities to be represented on delegations in rough proportion to their percentage in the population. While the intent was not to set up a quota system, that is what it amounts to. The National Women's Political Caucus, for instance, is challenging delegations that do not reflect the number of women in a state, which is almost always more than one-half the population.

Target No. 1 of the reformers' righteous wrath is—guess who?—Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, bloody but unbowed from recent election setbacks. How can anyone call for more democratic selection procedures and yet impose quotas? he wants to know, not entirely illogically. But a group of anti-Daley Chicagoans have filed a 43-page brief charging the 59-man bloc controlled by him with violating just about every rule in the McGovern book.

Until the convention begins, the Democratic National Committee will do its best to try to persuade the factions to accept a compromise; some offending delegates might be exchanged for others who are more acceptable to the opposition. But it is all groping in the dark, since the McGovern commission rules provide no guide for remedies. The final decision rests with the Credentials Committee and the convention; if most of the disputes have not been negotiated beforehand, the prospects for chaos are chilling.

Rules. This would do nothing to help the Democrats' chances of regaining the presidency, which, after all, is the purpose of the convention. In the ferocity of their intraparty feuding, some Democrats seem to have forgotten this. It would doubtless be soul-satisfying for some reformers to give Daley his comeuppance and expel him and his claque from Miami. But what happens then? muses a National Committee official. "Are we going to say: 'Well, Dick, we know it's going to cost us Illinois, but a rule's a rule'?" The reform-minded 1972 convention could turn out to be as disastrously divisive as the boss-led 1968 convention.

Wallace Trouble in Dixie

On the stump, George Wallace insists that he is not a regional candidate. Several Southern Democratic leaders are dedicated to proving, at least, that he is not *their* regional candidate.

Most bravely outspoken among them is Terry Sanford, 54, ex-Governor of North Carolina who is now the president of Duke University. Last month he became a surprise entry in the May 6 North Carolina primary because, says one of his aides, "he couldn't stand the thought of a Wallace victory in his home state—and figured that nobody but Terry Sanford could beat the guy."

The fight between Sanford the Southern progressive and Wallace the Southern populist is being billed as the "Dixie Classic." To counter the mounting threat posed by Sanford, Wallace last week made a hasty visit to Statesville, N.C., where he figures to capitalize on a school integration controversy that has plagued the city.

Sanford, meanwhile, is busily canvassing up to eight counties a day, setting up "listening posts" to hear the gripes of voters. He tells the North Carolinians that Wallace is a phony populist who does not tax the savings and loan institutions in his home state, that corporate taxes are comparatively low in Alabama and that middle-income citizens carry the brunt of the taxes. Sanford, a champion of civil rights who sent his children to integrated public schools as early as a decade ago, preaches: "While Wallace stood in the schoolhouse door, I was opening the door to education for everyone."

Though some political cynics [illegible] miss him as a stalking horse for [illegible] friend Hubert Humphrey, who is [illegible] entered in the North Carolina primary. Sanford swears that he is serious in his bid for the Democratic presidential nomination. Just as seriously, he says that if he loses to Wallace in North Carolina he will drop out of the race and [illegible] turn to the relative quiet of academe.

It could be a close race; polls show Wallace, Sanford and Edmund Muskie far ahead of Shirley Chisholm and Henry Jackson who, like Muskie, is not campaigning in the state though he is on the ballot. On May 6 North Carolina voters will indicate whether, as one national Democratic leader contends, many Southerners "are sick of hate" the rest of the country think the South is all like George Wallace."

Gut Campaigning

Strange are the things a candidate will stomach to win a few votes. Consider the fortitude of Roman ("Pooch") Pucinski, the Democratic Illinois Congressman who is waging an uphill battle to unseat first-term Republican Senator Charles Percy.

Arriving at Loyola University in Chicago for a "rap session," the silver-haired Democrat found that his audience had been lured away by a campus goldfish-swallowing contest. "The student chairman was very apologetic," says Pucinski, "and we went to the contest to announce that I was there." Upon his appearance, the students began chanting, "Eat a fish! Eat a fish!" Never one to ignore an opening, Pooch downed one of the little wrigglers. "A goldfish is sort of like a martini," said Pucinski later, swallowing hard. "After the first one, they're not bad. Once I swallowed it, I couldn't feel it wriggle at all."

LEE BALTERMAN—LIFE

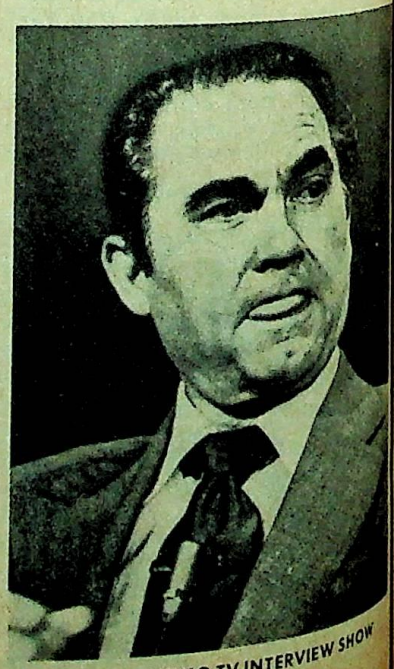


DALEY AT CHICAGO CONVENTION (1968)

AP



SANFORD IN NORTH CAROLINA



WALLACE AWAITING TV INTERVIEW SHOW

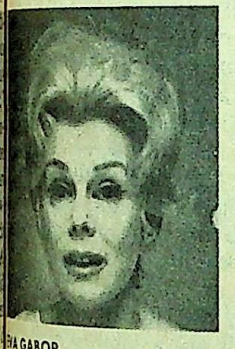
In Democratic Party reform and in the South, continuing arguments over closed doors.

A Show Business Who's Who for Whom


SHIRLEY MacLAINE


WARREN BEATTY


LORNE GREENE


EVA GABOR

WHATEVER the cause, a quick way of raising funds is to employ the entertainment talents and instant recognition value of show business celebrities. Well aware of that, presidential candidates increasingly seek their services. So far this year, South Dakota Senator George McGovern has used the stars most effectively, dispatching a money-raising road show organized by Actor Warren Beatty. Its kick-off concert in Los Angeles last week starred Barbra Streisand, James Taylor and Carole King—and took in a handy $300,000. But all of the contenders have a star following. A partial listing of who's who for whom:

GEORGE McGOVERN—Jack Albertson, Ed Ames, Polly Bergen, Karen Black, Red Buttons, Mike Connors, Tony Curtis, Cass Elliot, Tony Franciosa, Ben Gazzara, Elliott Gould, Tammy Grimes, Gene Hackman, Julie Harris, Goldie Hawn, Dustin Hoffman, Marsha Hunt, James Earl Jones, Quincy Jones, Elia Kazan, Sally Kellerman, Gene Kelly, Eartha Kitt, Burt Lancaster, Tom Lehrer, Alan Jay Lerner, Shirley MacLaine, Karl Malden, Shelly Manne, Fredric March, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Vera Miles, Paul Newman, Jack Nicholson, Tom Poston, Janice Rule, Barbara Rush, Robert Ryan, Eva Marie Saint, Artie Shaw, Tom Smothers, Sonny & Cher, Rod Steiger, Marlo Thomas, Lily Tomlin, Robert Vaughn, Jon Voight, Eli Wallach, Ruth Warrick, Dennis Weaver, Raquel Welch, Gene Wilder.

EDMUND MUSKIE—Jim Backus, Gene Barry, Jackie Cooper, Richard Crenna, Dom DeLuise, Henry Fonda, Peter Fonda, Jack Lemmon, Darren McGavin, Greg Morris, Ryan O'Neal, Edward G. Robinson, Leslie Uggams, Dionne Warwick, Shelley Winters, Natalie Wood.

HUBERT HUMPHREY—Edie Adams, Billy Daniels, Jimmy Durante, Percy Faith, Eva Gabor, Robert Goulet, Lorne Greene, Trini Lopez, Dick Shawn.

RICHARD NIXON—June Allyson, Richard Arlen, Frankie Avalon, Edgar Bergen, Joan Blondell, Ray Bolger, Pat Boone, Les Brown, Hoagy Carmichael, Cyd Charisse, Arlene Dahl, Dennis Day, Yvonne de Carlo, Don DeFore, William Demarest, Andy Devine, Joanne Dru, Irene Dunne, Clint Eastwood, Rhonda Fleming, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Virginia Grey, June Haver, Hildegarde, Bob Hope, Sammy Kaye, Lainie Kazan, Dorothy Lamour, Art Linkletter, Fred MacMurray, Gordon MacRae, Tony Martin, Virginia Mayo, Ann Miller, Mary Ann Mobley, Terry Moore, Ken Murray, Lloyd Nolan, Hugh O'Brian, John Payne, Walter Pidgeon, Gene Raymond, Cesar Romero, Red Skelton, Julie Sommars, James Stewart, Rudy Vallee, Hal Wallis, John Wayne.


RYAN O'NEAL


LESLIE UGGAMS


JOHN WAYNE


TERRY MOORE

IMMIGRATION

Detroit Crackdown

To study in the U.S. has for generations been the dream of the young in many lands; currently, 145,000 foreign students are resident in the U.S., most of them of college age. For those living in Detroit, the dream has lately become a nightmare. In an unprecedented official crackdown, agents of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service have been rounding up foreign students who are working illegally. The visa work rules, mostly ignored earlier, are being enforced because so many native Detroiters are out of jobs themselves.

Michigan's INS Deputy Director Arland Salfurelli says the number of citizen complaints increased as the unemployment rate in the state spiraled upward. The March unemployment rate in Detroit went to 8.8%, and reached 9% statewide—both significantly above the 5.9% national unemployment figure. Foreign students who need to work to support themselves must first get special work permits, but even with such a permit they cannot work more than 20 hours a week on an off-campus job (except during summer vacations). To retain their student visas they are also required to carry a full load of semester hours during their stay. Moreover, the permits, say the students, are hard to obtain.

Though students from 26 nations are being investigated in the Detroit INS action, and those deported have come from Great Britain, Ghana, Taiwan, Lebanon, Mexico, Jordan and Venezuela, the brunt of the enforcement has fallen on students from India, who make up from one-third to half of the 2,000 foreigners enrolled in the city's colleges. During a roundup in March, 61 students were interrogated by INS agents; 48 of them were from India. Of those students caught during the month, 14 have had voluntary departure dates set, 38 were permitted to stay and nine cases are still under review for deportation.

The large and well-organized Indian community in Detroit responded to the INS thrust by raising $2,600 in pledges and donations that will be used to pay bail bonds and to help needy students over financial humps. Some of the community's leaders have complained to Michigan Senator Philip Hart and Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Hart called the Detroit crackdown "rather harsh and drastic," and urged that students from developing countries be allowed to hold jobs "in order to take advantage of the educational system" in the U.S. The State Department, concerned about international repercussions, has denied that Detroit is the start of a national trend. Officials of the Department argue that the Detroit action was in direct response to local pressure, and termed the situation "unique."

AMERICAN SCENE

Making Moonshine in Kentucky

Moonshining is as much a part of the national folklore as the covered wagon. Although "moonshiner" originally meant Englishmen who ran brandy and gin along the North Sea coast toward the end of the 18th century, it came to have special application in America to the men who made illegal whisky—quite literally by the light of the moon. While their ranks have been decimated, a few moonshiners still ply their illicit trade in the deep recesses of Appalachia. Feeling rather like David Livingstone in search of the Nile's source, Correspondent William Friedman was blindfolded and led through the labyrinthine Eastern Kentucky hills to meet one of the last of those who brew "white lightning" in hidden caves. His report:

THE battered old sedan wound its way along a narrow ribbon of dirt road in Clay County's back country. On the way, the former sheriff who had agreed to produce an authentic moonshiner spoke with real pride of the man's wares. "His whisky's good stuff—crystal clear," he said. "Stinks to high heaven, but if you can get past the smell, it'll set you on your head or butt faster 'n he'd blow your innards out for smil-

BROWN BROTHERS



RAIDING PARTY AFTER DISMANTLING A STILL NEAR KODAK, KY. (1890)

ing courtin'-like at his daughters. When I was high sheriff, I put the ax to at least 300 stills, but I never did his, he bein' my kin. One time he and his old woman had a fallin' out, and she come down to get a warrant. See, he gets to drinkin' his own likker and comes home and beats on her, and she gets all hot and comes down and tells the law where he's got his still hid. So I said I'd go get him, but I never did."

In the moonshiner's community, coal smoke rises in thin gray wisps from stovepipes that jut through corrugated roofs. The houses are mostly unpainted clapboard decorated with weathered old Camel and Chesterfield signs; many are on stilts. The yards are strewn with empty cans, bottles, cartons, boxes. Chickens peck around them and in the meager patches of corn and tobacco plants. At the moonshiner's cabin, the approaching car sent two barefoot girls scurrying to their mother, who in turn summoned her husband. His face was a study in seams and his hands were encrusted with years of grit. He wore a green plaid coat, bib overalls tucked into high rubber boots and a John Deere cap. He was immediately suspicious, but loosened up when the sheriff told him, with a perfectly straight face, that the visitor was a distant relative from Chicago.

"I'm 68 years old now," the moonshiner said as he scratched a hound's ear. "Lived on this knob all my life." His mother still lives there too, but his father died a heroic moonshiner's death in 1951. "My daddy made his own likker," he explained, "and died at 64 on a big drunk. Stayed drunk for 13 days on his own bottles; stuff was so strong must've burned his insides out."

The old mountaineer learned to make whisky when he was twelve, drifted into moonshining for profit by an economic process of elimination. "I always figured I'd get away from this here place just like my brothers did," he said. "Reason why I never did is every time I went somewhere I'd drink up what I worked for in beer joints." He used to cut timber and work in the coal mines as a loader, and even went to Baltimore toward the end of World War II to work in the shipyards ("That was in '45, I think. That's when that war was in Germany, ain't it?"). After the war a harrowing experience in the mines [illegible] him to stay away from coal. "A eight-ton hunk fell right on five of They had to blow it off with dynee- I came back up here that night and er went back."

He tried farming and cutting ber, but acid from strip mining had but ruined the land. So he began ing his corn liquor to the whisky ners. He now has two basic marke those counties in Kentucky that elected to remain dry, and the K tucky-bred laborers in Cincinnati, L isville and even Chicago who have lost their taste for homemade corn no longer tries to run his whisky. "B in '47," he recalled, "I was driving Army truck and I smacked broad into a state cop with three gallons der my seat. He took my license, he never found the stuff. Since that I never went back to get my licens All he knows is that every so often man in an old Chrysler pulls up, wra the jars in brown paper and places in the trunk, which has been refitted carry more than 200 half-gallons. moonshiner receives $5 a jar from runner, who resells it for $8 and up.

■

Making moonshine is hard wor The man and his two sons (both whom have served short jail sentence for making illegal whisky) begin with 25-lb. sack of corn meal, which th scald and pour into a large wooden bo When the mash cools, they add a pe of ground sprouted malt corn and the box half full with water. Then th add 50 lbs. of granulated sugar, fill th box to the top with water, cover it wi a pan to keep prowling animals out, a let it sit for six days. By then the mi ture, known as "still beer," is ready run. Says the old moonshiner proud "My whisky's got a mighty good tas If it's made right, it's better than a Government whisky you drunk in you life." With a savor somewhere betwee kerosene and old overshoe, it is def nitely an acquired taste.

The same cannot always be said o the product brewed by his competitor Says Fred Murrell of the Treasury D partment's Alcohol, Tobacco and Fi arms Division: "We've found the making it in hog pens—harder for a agent to sniff it out that way. Sometime there are rotted varmints in the shin Why, the basic commodity is so ran chy, the public hasn't the foggiest idea how bad the stuff really is." However moonshining is becoming less and les of a problem. In 1959 Governme agents "cut" (smashed up) 9,225 still the number smashed dwindled to 3,3 in 1971. As the old man quietly note "All the old generation has just abou died out, and the young pull out. Ma be they work timber for a time, maybe they mine. But them that ca goes." When they go, they leave behin the last of the silent, durable old mo who make corn likker by the light o the moon.

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Making of a Martyr

THE angry fates attending Northern Ireland conspired again last week to plunge that unhappy province back over the brink of violence. For nearly a month since Britain's takeover of direct rule, Ulster's Catholics had wavered between supporting the outlawed Irish Republican Army and coming to terms with the British. But the nascent good will toward London for replacing the hated Protestant-dominated Parliament at Stormont was clearly a fragile feeling. Almost any incident could spark a renewed flare-up of hatred in the Catholic community—and last week, with a certain inevitability, that flare-up was touched off. By a single death, the I.R.A. gained a martyr, and the British were left on the verge of losing their latest bid to bring peace to bloody Ulster.

The dead man was Joseph McCann, 25, commander of the first battalion of the I.R.A.'s Marxist-leaning Official wing in Belfast. A semilegendary hero to the I.R.A. gunmen, he had eluded capture by the British for more than two years—a fact that spawned his nickname, "Joe the Fox." It was said that he had shot as many as 15 British soldiers. McCann's luck ran out when police plainclothesmen spotted him in a narrow Belfast thoroughfare called Joy Street. As he tried to run, he was shot and killed by soldiers.

Catholic eyewitnesses contended that McCann—who was unarmed at the time—was first shot in the legs and then murdered, with at least ten shots pumped into his body. The British army declined comment, pending an inquest.

Public Drama. The I.R.A. extracted a maximum of public drama from his funeral. Gunmen patrolled the Turf Lodge area of West Belfast where McCann's body lay in state in an apartment. The *Irish News* ran an entire page of messages of sympathy, many from interned I.R.A. fighters. An estimated 2,000 mourners—including black-beret I.R.A. fighters and uniformed girls of the Fianna na Eireann, a sort of junior I.R.A.—marched in the funeral cortege, while another 3,000 watched from the sidewalks. Civil Rights Firebrand Bernadette Devlin, who had been sentenced *in absentia* the day before to six months in jail for taking part in an illegal march in February (but still had 14 days to appeal), turned up to march in the procession.

McCann was buried in an I.R.A. plot in Belfast's big Catholic cemetery, next to the graves of two teen-agers who were killed when a bomb they were making exploded last year. Around the grave was a huge pile of flowers, and all 21 I.R.A. companies stood silently at attention as a bugler sounded the *Last Post*. Cathal Goulding, the Dublin-based chief of staff of the I.R.A. Officials, delivered the funeral oration. Clad in a red sweater, his long hair blowing in the breeze, Goulding declaimed that McCann had been "shot like a dog by the agents of imperialism."

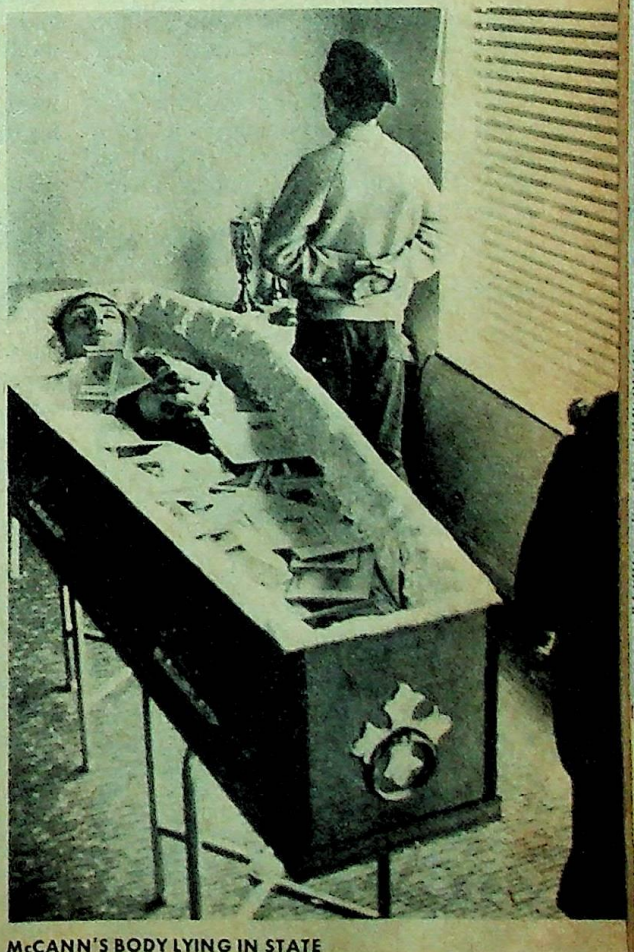
In revenge for McCann's death, I.R.A. snipers killed three British soldiers, and set off a new upsurge of violence. In all, there were more than 250 shooting incidents last week. Most of them were apparently begun by the Official wing of the I.R.A., which prefers bullets to bombs, the favorite tactical weapon of the Provisionals. In one particularly grisly act, a corporal in the Ulster Defense Regiment, the largely Protestant provincial militia, was kidnaped and murdered, and his body booby-trapped with 475 lbs. of explosives (a British bomb-disposal squad successfully dismantled the devices). In addition, two teen-age girls who are engaged to British soldiers were abducted by I.R.A. women, shorn of their hair, and daubed with paint and feathers.

As the level of violence soared, pessimists feared that McCann's death might prove to be a milestone like Jan. 30, when 13 Catholics at a demonstration were killed by British troops. "Bloody Sunday" fueled the winter's worst rash of bombings and eventually led the British to impose direct rule. Reporting last week on his inquiry into that sorry episode, Britain's Lord Chief Justice Lord Widgery blamed the Catholic civil rights demonstrators for creating a "highly dangerous situation" with their illegal march, and some of the troops for action that "bordered on the reckless." But he judged that the first shot had come from a sniper and, on evidence from laboratory tests, that at least five of the dead had either fired weapons or been near someone who had done so, although no firearms were found on any of the bodies. Lord Widgery also ruled that at least four of the victims had been shot "without justification." But he found no evidence of conspiracy to kill on the part of the British troops, and "no general breakdown" in discipline.

The Widgery Report, which British ministers hailed as "vindication" for the army, further



MOURNERS AT CASKET OF JOE McCANN



LONDON DAILY MIRROR

McCANN'S BODY LYING IN STATE
A milestone on a violent path.

flamed the tempers of Ulster Catholics, who called it a whitewash. Nothing would shake their conviction that British troops had shot down unarmed civilians without provocation. Bernadette Devlin saw Widgery as "the latest in a long line of British establishment liars." Nationalist Party Leader Eddie McAteer scoffed that "we were lucky he did not also find that the 13 committed suicide." All of which meant that the British government once again faced a crisis of confidence in its relations with Ulster's half million angry Catholics.

FRANCE

Oui to the EEC

The wording of the "Referendum on Europe" submitted to French voters was as flat as an overcooked soufflé: "Do you approve within the new perspectives opening in Europe the proposed law submitted to the French people by the President of the Republic, authorizing the ratification of the treaty relative to the entry of Great Britain, Denmark, Ireland and Norway into the European community?"

Few Frenchmen, though, missed the implications of the first national referendum conducted since Georges Pompidou succeeded Charles de Gaulle as President of the Fifth Republic. In view of France's seven-year presidential term, occasional popular votes are desirable to infuse a measure of excitement into the body politic—and, perhaps, to demonstrate the viability of the President's mandate. De Gaulle himself called for five referendums during his term of office, resigning after the fifth when the voters surprisingly rejected a program for government reform on which De Gaulle had demanded a vote of confidence.

The substantive issue of Pompidou's first referendum, held last Sunday, was not as controversial as De Gaulle's last. By now, most Frenchmen assume the expansion of the Market to be a *fait accompli*. The only real question was how many of the 30 million eligible voters could be lured away from *"le weekend"* and *"la résidence secondaire"* to vote in what their President insisted was a pressing matter. The expectation was that about 60% of the voters would go to the polls, with about two-thirds of them in favor.

The issue itself was never much in doubt. The treaty of accession admitting the four new Common Market members could have been routinely ratified by the French Parliament. But Pompidou had political ends in mind. One was to demonstrate by popular vote his shift away from De Gaulle's old and increasingly unpopular anti-British foreign policy. Another was to increase Pompidou's own luster. To whip up a large *oui* vote, he made his first provincial tour as President, but crowds on a 30-town tour of Lorraine were neither large nor passionate—in part, perhaps, because Pompidou's speechmaking was mediocre.

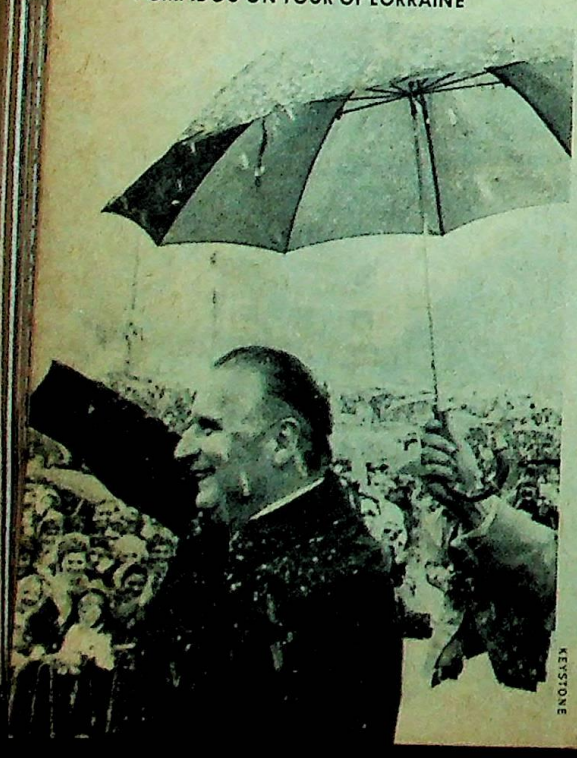
Pompidou also sought to split his opposition, and he succeeded. The French Communist Party ordered its partisans to vote *non*, in order to signify their rejection both of European capitalism and Pompidou's "social regression." Socialists, on the other hand, decided to abstain, and parties of the center were divided. It remained for the Gaullists to turn out the decisive *oui* and thereby provide Pompidou with demonstrable proof of his popular support when European leaders meet in Paris next October to draw up terms for turning the Six into the Ten.

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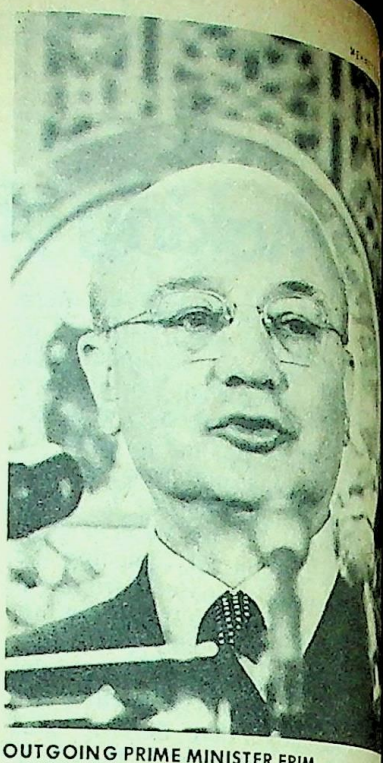
Last week British Prime Minister Edward Heath also won a small but helpful vote of confidence on the EEC. Pro-Market Labor Party M.P.s, led by the rebellious Roy Jenkins (TIME, April 24), abstained on an anti-Market resolution, proposed by a group of backbench Tories who are fighting Heath on British membership, that would have submitted Britain's entry into EEC to a national referendum. The handy margin of Heath's victory on the vote—284 to 235—suggests that Britain's formal entry into the Ten will proceed unimpeded.

That inevitability has not quashed the passions of anti-Market Britons. Last week a determined group of them boarded the ferryboat *Invicta* at Dover and sailed across the English Channel to Calais to demonstrate against Britain's entry into the Common Market. The police were sanguine when the demonstrators unfurled banners reading "*L'Entente Cordiale mais pas un mariage*." But when they began to shout "Down with Pompidou!" French flics rushed aboard the ferry, tossed the banners overboard and reportedly roughed up some of the passengers.

POMPIDOU ON TOUR OF LORRAINE



KEYSTONE



OUTGOING PRIME MINISTER ERIM

TURKEY

Democracy with Rules

Turkish Prime Minister Nihat Erim was not terribly surprised last week when a message from President Cevdet Sunay was rushed to him at Ankara airport. Erim had just said goodbye to Soviet President Nikolai V. Podgorny, who flew home after a week of inconclusive negotiations over a proposed Soviet-Turkish friendship treaty. Ceremonies completed, Erim tore open the envelope to learn that he was being relieved as Prime Minister because of his "extreme fatigue."

Actually, Erim had been trying to resign for more than a week; he had agreed to remain on the job only to handle the Podgorny visit. Whatever fatigue he felt was caused by his unsuccessful efforts to deal with an obstructionist Parliament that refused to approve his tax- and land-reform measures and sought to prevent him from using the alternative—ruling by decree.

Erim's resignation and Sunay's search for a successor who would continue the departed Prime Minister's "above party" approach to government produced a new political crisis for Turkey. For 50 years the country has been effectively run from behind the scenes by the military, which last year turned out Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel (for not cracking down hard enough on dissenters) and installed the then virtually unknown Erim, a former law professor. Officially, Turkey is a parliamentary democracy, but the four major parties are so fractiously divided that little in the way of creative change is possible. Because Parliament so strongly opposed his reform programs, Erim had tried to resign twice before receiving last week's letter from

president. Both times the army per-
uaded him to stay on.

Adding to Turkey's political mal-
se is the increasing activity of left-
ing urban guerrilla groups, many of
them composed of students or gradu-
tes from the universities. The guerril-
as last year carried out a campaign of
olence that culminated in the kidnap-
murder of Israeli Consul General
phraim Elrom. Terrorist Leader Ma-
Cayan and a cadre of guerrillas from
organization called the Turkish Peo-
's Liberation Army were convicted
that crime and were in Istanbul's
altepe Prison awaiting final sentenc-
But they escaped four months ago,
dnaped three NATO radar experts
rving at a Black Sea base, and took
em to a remote mountain village. As
rmy troops closed in, the hostages were
ot; all but one of the guerrillas were
lled in a subsequent shootout.

The murders of the NATO techni-
ans set off a renewed army crackdown
n dissent. Since then, 107 leftists have
en arrested. Generals now hold key
sitions in the police, the state radio
d television networks and the govern-
ent-run airline. Some Turkish intel-
ctuals feel that the military has been
mewhat excessive in its zeal to pre-
rve order. The army commander of
kara, for instance, closed down a dis-
y of pictures of President Nixon's
ina visit, sponsored by the Turkish-
erican Association. Showings of two
S. movie classics, *Citizen Kane* and
e Grapes of Wrath, were halted be-
se their themes were considered too
ntroversial. Reports persist that some
ntigovernment critics who were jailed
the crackdown have been tortured.

No Tyranny. The Turkish generals
d their complacent allies among the
olitícians insist that the situation in
eir country should not be compared
ith that of neighboring Greece, where
e colonels rule. "There is no tyranny
re, no dictatorship," insists ex-Prime
inister Demirel, who remains head of
e Justice Party, which holds the larg-
st number of seats in Parliament. "This
a free country." By and large, the 36
illion Turks—the vast majority of
em conservative, unsophisticated
oslem villagers—still support what
e observer calls "democracy within
e rules."

A major reason for their willingness
go along with the military's ironhand-
d but velvet-gloved rule is Turkey's
conomic prosperity. Exports (primar-
y tobacco, textiles, hazelnuts and cot-
on) have reached a record high, and
o has the balance of payments surplus.
ourism will set new records this year
espite inadequate hotel space, and a
assive suspension bridge is being built
across the Bosporus at Istanbul. Social
fe in the cities is gay, albeit a trifle re-
tricted. Ankara hostesses, aware that
nder martial law no one is allowed on
e city's streets after the 1:30 a.m. cur-
w, always make certain that their par-
s end before that time.

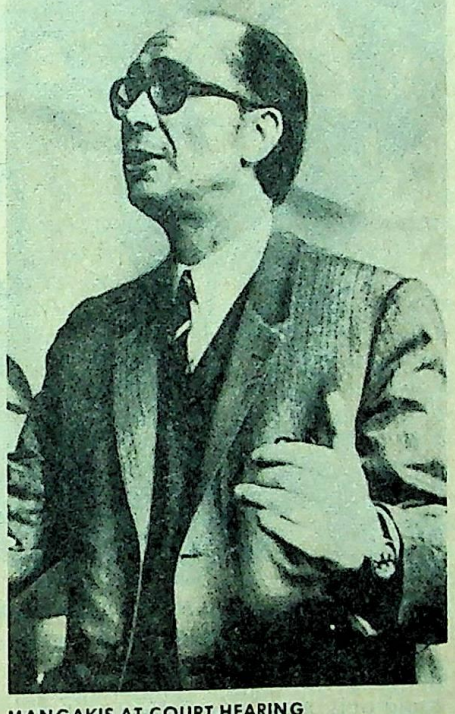
GREECE

Escape by Red Carpet

Shortly before noon, the Luftwaffe JetStar landed at Athens airport and taxied over to the sector operated by the U.S. Air Force. Ostensibly, the JetStar was on a routine diplomatic courier mission, and the three crew members told Greek officials not to bother with passports: "We will be leaving shortly." Then two passengers—a German army major in uniform and a young woman—got off and drove in to Athens.

Just as the plane arrived, the Athens Court of Misdemeanors happened to be hearing the case of Prisoner George-Alexander Mangakis, 49. Mangakis, who was serving an 18-year prison term for attempting to topple the Greek military regime, had requested a temporary suspension of his sentence for reasons of health. After doctors testified that he was in danger of losing his eyesight, the judges granted an eight-month remission of the prison term. Mangakis, after all, was no ordinary convict: a German-educated Greek university professor, he is regarded as a world authority on penal law.

AP



MANGAKIS AT COURT HEARING
A champagne flight.

After the hearing, the professor drove home with his wife Angheliki, who had already served a year in jail for claiming that her husband had been tortured. They were met by the German woman and driven to the waiting plane, where West German Ambassador Peter Limbourg, 56, saw them off. Champagne corks popped and four hours later Mangakis was in West Germany, waiting to take up a new post at the University of Heidelberg.

When the news of Mangakis' departure broke, it was assumed that the regime had secretly negotiated with Bonn to let the famous prisoner go (Mangakis is a close friend of West German Federal Cabinet Minister Horst Ehmke). Such arrangements, at U.S., French or British instigation, had previously resulted in the release of Professor Andreas Papandreou, Composer Mikis Theodorakis and Lady Amalia Fleming.

The regime of Dictator George Papadopoulos,* however, evidently took umbrage at the red carpet treatment accorded Mangakis; ambassadors, after all, do not usually see political prisoners off. Charging that "some foreigners and their lackeys" had carried out "an unprecedented act of gangsterism," it abruptly declared Ambassador Limbourg *persona non grata*. Limbourg, as surprised as everyone else, suffered a mild heart attack. At week's end the West German Foreign Ministry agreed to recall Limbourg.

The Greek Foreign Ministry also lashed out briefly at the U.S. The use of the American base at Athens airport in the incident, it said, violated "both the letter and the spirit of the U.S.-Greek bases treaty." The U.S. is currently negotiating to incorporate home port privileges for the U.S. Navy into the treaty. After the U.S. protested its innocence, however, the regime formally absolved the Americans of involvement in the affair.

SOUTH AFRICA

White Tribalism

South Africa's Afrikaners lost the Boer War of 1899-1902 but won the country. Even so, they remain suspicious of the English-speaking white minority, and in moments of political stress, the Afrikaners—whose native tongue is related to Dutch—trot out their sacred tribal memories of the bloody fighting between Boer and Briton. Thus last week, in the midst of a parliamentary debate, Defense Minister Piet Botha declared that there were elements of the predominantly English United Party "who hate the Afrikaner." An opposition member replied, "You're a scandalous liar," and walked out. One M.P. addressed another as "the Honorable Maggot." Other Afrikaner members of the ruling National Party carried on the verbal war, calling English M.P.s "Baboons" and "Jingoes."

Speaking to a gathering of Afrikaners, Prime Minister John Vorster took the *Boerehaat* (Boer hate) campaign a step further. "Because of the things that threaten us," he cried, "we need a militant youth." Then he quoted a line from an old Boer war song, "I've always been afraid the English soldiers would catch me," adding: "If there's any catching to be done, we will do it, and the time has now come!"

The outbreak of white tribalism

*Which last week celebrated its fifth anniversary with speeches advertising how it had regained worldwide respect for Greece's sovereignty.

seemed especially curious because South Africa's political mood has mellowed in recent years. Opposition leaders suspected that the renewal of *Boerehaat* could be traced to the troubles of the Afrikaner-dominated National Party, which lost eight seats in the 1970 election and faces continuing tension between its moderate *verligte* (enlightened) and archconservative *verkrampte* (narrow-minded) wings.

Boer War barnstorming seemed to be paying off for the Nationalist leaders. At last week's special election in Oudtshoorn, an Afrikaner stronghold 278 miles east of Cape Town, the National Party candidate defeated both his United Party opponent and a right-wing Afrikaner splinter candidate by an unusually wide margin. "An inspiring test of strength," beamed Prime Minister Vorster. Opposition leaders, though, insisted that Oudtshoorn—which is best known in South Africa for the ostriches it raises—was hardly an index of the national mood. "The Afrikaners here will get a shock," said one United Party politician, "when they, like their ostriches, take their heads out of the sand."

INDIA

Surrender of the Dacoits

India's Chambal Valley south of New Delhi has for nearly 1,000 years been a homeland to the feared dacoits —professional bandits for whom murder and robbery are a tradition as well as a way of life. Conventional police methods have persistently failed to control the dacoits, but twelve years ago, a saintly follower of Mahatma Gandhi —Acharya Vinoba Bhave—gently persuaded some of the bandits to give themselves up. Last week another Gandhi disciple named Jayaprakash Narayan arranged for a much larger group of dacoits to surrender voluntarily. TIME *Correspondent William Stewart was the only American newsman to witness the scene and talk with the bandits. His report:*

Travelers venture along the winding dirt roads of the Chambal Valley at their peril. The sharp ravines provide good hiding places for fugitives from the law. In 1971 alone, India's notorious dacoits committed 285 murders, 352 kidnapings and 213 robberies, all within an area smaller than the state of Maryland. Arable land in the valley is obviously precious, and it is not difficult to see how disputes over ownership became blood feuds when the valley's temperamental Rajputs resorted to sudden murder over real or imagined wrongs.

Police operations have sometimes been massive—at one point more than 2,000 policemen were searching for a bandit named Man Singh—but never very successful. The campaigns were frustrated as much by the local people, who regard the bandits as *baghis* (rebels) rather than thieves, as by the cunning of the dacoit gangs. The bandits, many of whom like to take from the rich and give to the poor in Robin Hood tradition, carefully cultivate local good will, rewarding villagers with presents at weddings. But they are also ruthless in eliminating suspected informers.

At a government guesthouse in the village of Jaura, deep in dacoit country, I talked with Jayaprakash Narayan, 69, director of the Gandhi Institute of Studies and once a prominent Socialist politician. He is a man of simple and transparent goodness.

Last October, Narayan told me, he had been visited by a man claiming to be a lesser dacoit. The visitor pleaded with him to come to the Chambal Valley and negotiate the bandits' surrender.



MADHO SINGH (TALL MAN AT LEFT) & FELLOW DACOITS BEFORE SURRENDER
Think of jail as a house you have rented.

Police pressure was increasing and could only mean more bloodshed. Narayan remained unmoved until the bandit admitted that he was really Madho Singh, 35, one of India's most wanted men, with a price of $21,000 on his head. Singh said that the dacoits were ready to surrender if the government would promise not to hang any of the men, to prosecute within six months, and to rehabilitate their families. Impressed, Narayan agreed to undertake the task.

Along a dirt road outside Jaura is the Gandhian ashrama known as the Change of Heart Mission. Under a makeshift but colorful tent, we lunched on vegetables and rice served on plates of dried banyan leaves. There I met a former bandit whom Vinoba Bhave had persuaded to surrender. "Did you ever kill anyone?" I asked. "Naturally. I killed policemen," he answered. "How many?" "If I asked you how many pieces of bread you've eaten in the past two months, could you tell me?"

After lunch, a guide took us to the bandits' staging camp at Gherora. Despite the 105° heat, the village was thronged with people who had come to see the dacoits and the surrender ceremonies. In a tiny room atop one of the houses we found Madho Singh. A tall, lithe figure, he was dressed in a police uniform and carried an automatic rifle. Asked if he had qualms about surrendering, Madho Singh said: "Whatever we say we'll do, we go ahead with it, even if it means death for us. Sometimes we are scared of jail, but we remember that our great national leaders underwent the same incarceration. I tell the rebels who are scared of jail to think of it as a house you have rented. You don't even have to pay the rent." Almost shyly, Madho Singh admitted that he liked to write poetry and planned to write a book on the Chambal Valley in prison.

The next morning, before a crowd of 10,000, Madho Singh mounted the raised public platform, placed his weapon at the feet of Narayan and asked the crowd for forgiveness. His mustache was gone and so was the police uniform. Then he touched the feet of the police chief, and surrendered. At the end of the day, 167 dacoits were in jail. Said Narayan: "They are all like children."

The Indian government is reluctant to reveal what kind of deal it made with the bandits, but it is believed to have promised commutation of all death sentences the courts might hand down. It will also assume care of dacoit families and provide scholarships for their children. At week's end, New Delhi indicated that it would undertake a $1 million redevelopment program for the Chambal Valley, aimed at countering the desperate poverty that led many of the dacoits to lives of violence.

There were 350 people in the Atrium of Washington's John F. Kennedy Center for the fourth annual Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Awards lunch and the Kennedys dominated them all. **Teddy,** with his sisters **Eunice Shriver** and **Jean Smith,** were magnets to the old Kennedy hands, and **Ethel,** who had broken her leg while skiing, joked from a wheelchair. **Kathleen** (R.F.K.'s eldest) was the quintessential Radcliffe girl in granny glasses and flowing hair. Eldest son **Joe**—being nudged more and more into the family spotlight—gracefully presented bronze busts of his father to the winners. But it was the indomitable 81-year-old **Rose** who outKennedyed them all. After catnapping briefly so lightly through some of the preliminaries, she rose to speak for the family. "I feel a little like old wine," she mused in that throaty voice. "My family keeps me stored away until there's a special occasion."

■

Russian Poet **Yevgeny Yevtushenko** was impressed by the Apollo 16 launch, but what really grabbed him was his visit to the launch pad the night before, accompanied by Apollo 15 Astronaut **David Scott** and a bottle of champagne. He forgot to open the bottle, so moved was he by "the white, tender body of the rocket, supported by the clumsy, tender hands of its red tower. It was like big brother embracing his sister before going a long way. It was a great impression." And that was not all. The tower was also "a sea crab that accidentally found on the bottom of the sea a rare and unusual white pearl it was holding in its clumsy claw." According to Yevtushenko, Astronaut Scott exclaimed: "It's absolutely what I feel, but I didn't express it."

■

He is Prudent who is Patient is the motto of the British House of Leicester. So patient was the second Earl of Leicester that he spent all of his 67 years in the House of Lords waiting for something to say. His son, the third Earl was equally silent for 32 years. The fourth Earl kept up the family tradition, but the legendary Leicester patience has at last run out. The present Earl, 63-year-old **Thomas William Edward Coke** has risen after only 22 years of silence to make his maiden speech. His subject: pollution. "I hope we shall use safer chemicals in place of those which have devastated the countryside," he said.

■

"As a foster child of ten, I dreamed that someday I would be the guest of honor at just such an affair, talking about the struggles of my childhood and how I overcame them. I particularly liked the part in my dreams when I gave myself a standing ovation." Humorist **Art Buchwald,** 46, was telling it like it had been to the sesquicentennial brunch of New York's Jewish Child Care Association. His fantasy that he was really a Rothschild who had been kidnaped by gypsies didn't quite come true, but as a columnist for the Paris *Herald Tribune*, "I lived it up with the international set, sailed on Onassis' yacht, played roulette with King Farouk and danced until dawn with the Duchess of Windsor." And at the end of his speech, he did get that standing ovation.

■

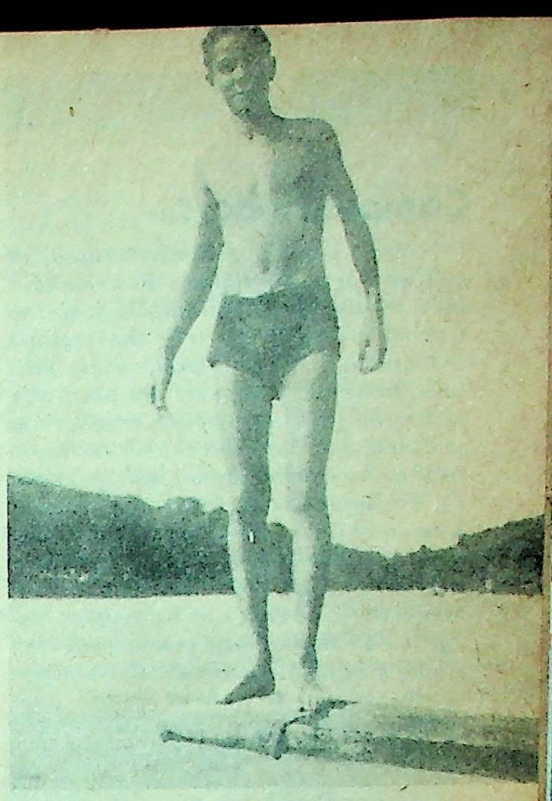
Aristotle Onassis was unhappy when his 20-year-old daughter, **Christina,** married 47-year-old Los Angeles Land Developer Joe Bolker seven months ago. Daddy Onassis was happy when they separated, and she got engaged to 29-year-old German automotive heir Otto Flick last month—at least he sounded happy when he announced the engagement and gave the couple a bang-up bash at Maxim's. But is Christina happy? Parisians are wondering whether the Flick flame is flickering—noting that, while Christina is seen around town a lot these nights, it is with various other escorts, such as Brazilian Paolo Ferrari.

■

In the morning, he conducted a three-hour rehearsal of the American Symphony Orchestra at Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. In the afternoon, he studied music scores. In the evening, he went to the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel for his party. **Leopold Stokowski,** who only recently acknowledged the five years he had subtracted in middle age, was officially 90 years old. Musical headliners were on hand to pay "Stoky" tribute, and **Dmitry Shostakovich, Aram Khachaturian** and **Leonard Bernstein** provided small compositions. Among the 350 guests were Stoky's five children by his three wives—the late Olga Samaroff, the former Evangeline Johnson and the former **Gloria Vanderbilt**—and four of his nine grandchildren.

■

"It is not good that the man should be alone," the Lord God said of Adam, "I will make him an help meet for him." British Laborite M.P. Leslie Huckfield feels the same way about Bachelor Prime Minister **Edward Heath;** he has raised a question in the House of Commons asking why Heath does not appoint an official hostess to preside at his dinner table and accompany him to official functions. "I feel a bit sorry for Mr. Heath," he says. "The bloke would be much better with a few birds around." Suggestions and propositions for the Prime Minister have followed fast. The Park Lane Escort Agency (200 girls) has offered to waive its $32.50 fee, and ten patients in Wallasey Hospital for Women have proposed Nurse Marjorie Rowbotham. But the P.M. is not responding. He seems to be mindful of what happened to Adam.



ORPHAN BUCHWALD AS DREAMER



SIPAHIOGLU—BENZAKIN

CHRISTINA STEPS OUT WITH PAOLO



PETER GOULD

BIRTHDAY BOY STOKOWSKI

Campus Honors

Spring is the season when American college opera companies pretend that they are the Metropolitan, La Scala, or Covent Garden. Often the results amount to just that—pretending. This year, however, campuses are positively blooming with new opera productions and new opera houses that New York, Milan and London could well be proud of. The architecture and stage facilities tend to be lavish, the repertory venturesome and the level of performances impressively high. In Connecticut next week, the University of Bridgeport will open a $5 million arts center with Neil Slater's Again, D.J., *a rock-flavored updating of the Don Juan legend. Last week at Washington's Kennedy Center, a contingent from the University of Hawaii staged a 16th century Peking opera titled* Black Dragon Residence, *using tapes of authentic Oriental instruments and singing in English. Three other of last week's highlights:*

Whatever immortality Composer Virgil Thomson wins will probably rest on his operas *Four Saints in Three Acts* (1934) and *Mother of Us All* (1947). Sophisticated and witty, both works catch up words and music in the kind of embrace that could be devised only by a man born to write for the voice. Thus the air of eager anticipation before last week's première of Thomson's third opera, *Lord Byron*, at Manhattan's Juilliard School. Would it once and for all establish Thomson as America's foremost operatic composer?

Alas, no. *Lord Byron* is infused with Thomson's musical craftsmanship—adroit trios and sextets, transparent orchestral writing—but not the expressive spark to illuminate the drama. An exception is the nostalgic suite of dances for the third-act ballet (choreographed by Alvin Ailey) that depicts Byron's travels, amours and death in Europe. The rest is a feeble reminder of a once-insinuating talent.

The story takes place after Byron's death, so the hero appears only in flashback and as a ghost. The whole work is framed as an answer to the question of why Westminster Abbey would not allow Byron's body to be interred there. Thomson might almost have called it "One Sinner in Three Acts," because he dwells almost exclusively on the rakish side of Byron's character—his playboy excesses, his foppish haughtiness, his promiscuous escapades with both sexes. The listener must take Byron's poetic and personal genius on faith.

It does not help at all that in Jack Larson's libretto, Byron is given some of his own best lines. "She walks in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies," is turned from soliloquy into colloquy, as the operatic Byron croons to one of his lady loves, "You walk in beauty," etc. Chuckles even broke out in the audience when Byron's friend, Thomas Moore, stepped to the stage apron to sing, "Remember that genius that gleamed in his verse." The tune turned out to be that for *Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms*. True, the real Thomas Moore wrote that old favorite, but he might just have had a different, more intimate kind of apron in mind. ■ William Bender

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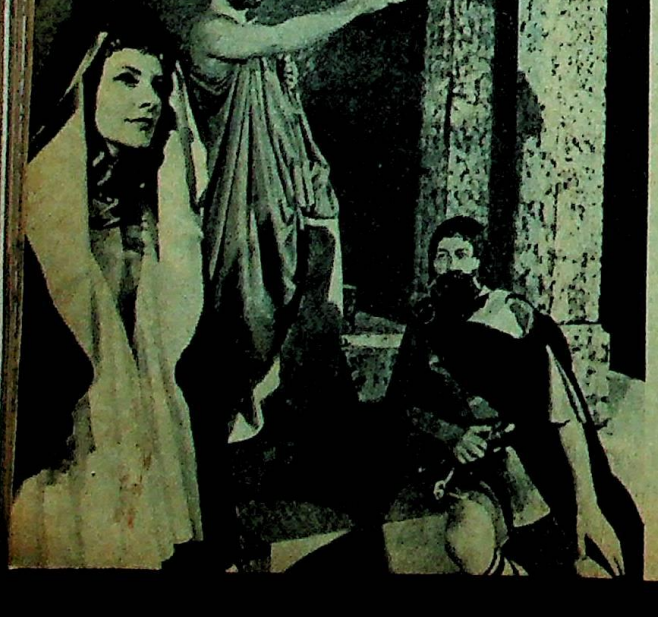
The University of Indiana's opera department compares with some of its rivals the way a 747 jet compares with Piper Cubs. Since 1948 the school has produced 107 operas. It gives a performance every week, has five bands, four orchestras, a ballet company and an ambition that overreaches many profes-sional companies. To all that, Indi-has now added an $11.3 million mu-sical arts center. What better way t show off the new 1,460-seat theater th to put on an opera written by a facul member? To wit: *Heracles*, Compos John Eaton's 3½-hour treatment o Sophocles' legendary Greek hero.

Eaton's epic is bristlingly serial an uncompromisingly cerebral. "It finishe off eight centuries of musical technique at least for me," says Eaton. For ma listeners *Heracles* may simply have fi ished off serialism, suggesting that lit more can be done to make that strai laced and formulistic method of stic ing notes together work in operat terms. Eaton's grasp of musical tec nique is distinctly impressive, but hi sense of theater is so undeveloped i verges on naiveté. *Heracles*' character discourse at enormous length but nev er with enough musical depth to mak themselves or their arguments convinc ing. Unlike most of his contemporaries Eaton knows how to use an orchestra his is big and tactful, never swamping the singers, but it only comments on the action. It does nothing to enlighten it.

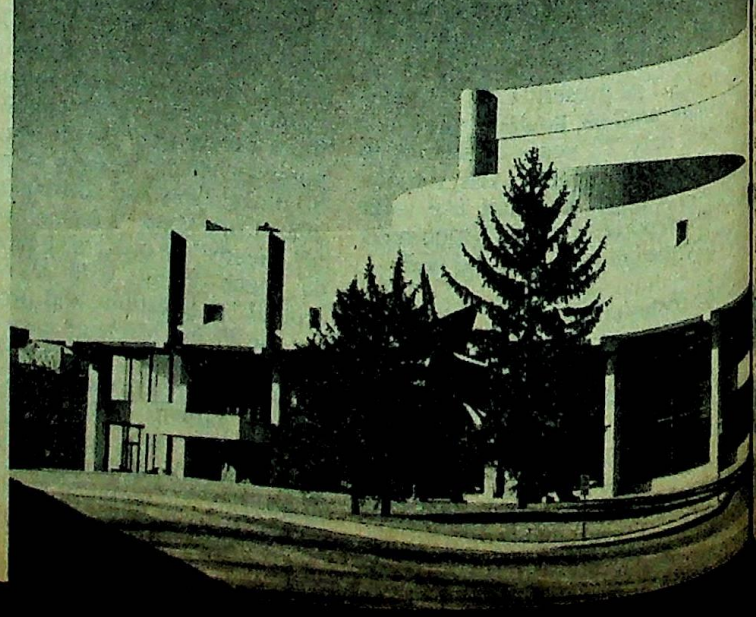
Heracles could have used enlight enment. The plot is complicated, deal ing with the hero's military and polit ical feats, full of comparisons betwee then and now. Massive, glowering sce by the late C. Mario Cristini conjured up ancient architectural glories before which Indiana's large cast vocalized their lengthy roles with apparent ease acting with an intensity that would have done credit to any major theater.

If only the opera had possessed the flair displayed by the stage crew after the opening night performance. While the audience followed instructions to stay in their seats, the curtains opened platforms rolled, turntables spun, scenery zipped up and vanished heavenward. Then another stage rolled out bearing an army of aproned waitresses

SCENE FROM JOHN EATON'S OPERA "HERACLES"



UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA'S NEW $11.3 MILLION MUSICAL ARTS CENTER



...tables laden with complimentary ...food and drinks. Can the Met match ...?

■ Robert T. Jones

□ □ □

Five years ago, retired Cincinnati ...dustrialist J. Ralph Corbett—whose ...rbett Foundation is one of U.S. op...'s great benefactors—presented the ...iversity of Cincinnati with a new, ...7-seat auditorium. Then Corbett and ...s wife Patricia decided that the uni...sity's music complex needed a more ...timate house alongside it. To open its ...oustically superb 400-seat Patricia ...rbett Theater, the university an...nced what seemed an unlikely pro...ction: Pier Francesco Cavalli's 321-...ar-old opera *Calisto*, which Conduc... Raymond Leppard dusted off for ...tain's Glyndebourne Festival in ...0. By last week, the little-known ...*listo* was the hottest ticket in town.

No wonder. The work is an un...shed sex comedy, a Myra Breckenridgian imbroglio of ungodly carryings-on among ancient deities. Cavalli's ...sic floats along, endless melodious ...itative, rich with strings, harps and ...rpsichord. The music makes even a ...sh-laden plot acceptable: Jove de...es nubile Calisto, a virgin in the tem...e of Diana. Figuring correctly that ...listo will do anything Diana tells her, ...d Jove transforms himself into a rep...a of that bosomy goddess. Meanwhile ...e real Goddess Diana is cavorting ...h a local shepherd. After her gay, if ...nfusing, romance, poor Calisto is ...rned first into a bear, then into the ...nstellation of Ursa Major.

The Cincinnati students played ...eir ribald roles with enormous style ...d verve, coping with the 17th cen...y music as if it were as familiar as ...*Bohème*. Set Designer Paul Shortt's ...ating clouds, silver rain and heaven...chariots were magically effective. The ...uble Diana switched her sex with daz...ng ease, garnering great applause ...om Cincinnati's sophisticates—and ...me rather hysterical giggles from star...ed youngsters who came unprepared ...r a lesbian love duet. ■ R.T.J.

...bb and Flow at the Met

In his wood-lined, spacious office ...t the Metropolitan Opera, Sir Rudolf ...ng last week played out the last days ...f his 22-year regime as general man...ger—declining farewell-party invita...ons, phoning instructions to his staff, ...ecking on arrangements in the audi...rium. One flight upstairs, in a cub...hole barely big enough for one ...alkyrie maiden, General Manager-...Designate Goeran Gentele of Sweden ...prepared to take over next September ...negotiating union contracts, lining up ...epertory, auditioning new singers.

So it goes at the Met these days. The tide of backstage events ebbs in one direction, rises in another. One might expect that Bing and Gentele confer regularly to compare notes and exchange strategies. But no. When at a performance on the same evening, they sit in different boxes. "Mr. Gentele and I meet once or twice a week in the corridors, waving to each other—and that is all," says Bing. "So it appears that he gets all his information, if indeed he needs any, from the board of directors or other sources. My only source of information used to be the French restaurant across the plaza, but unfortunately, the headwaiter there has left."

Costly Indulgence. Bing does not make things any easier for Gentele than he has to. Before Gentele arrived, Bing scheduled the Met's creaking, embarrassingly shabby production of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* for Gentele's first opening night next September. Gentele quickly changed that: it will be a brand-new *Carmen* starring Marilyn Horne, with Leonard Bernstein conducting and Gentele himself directing. Bing also spent a probable $700,000 on his swan song, last March's new and spectacularly good production (by Franco Zeffirelli) of Verdi's *Otello*, when the nine-year-old and commensurately splendid Eugene Berman production was in perfectly good shape. That indulgence (including 100 costly costumes that were never used) will not help Gentele at all in the current labor negotiations he must settle by this summer if the Met is to open.

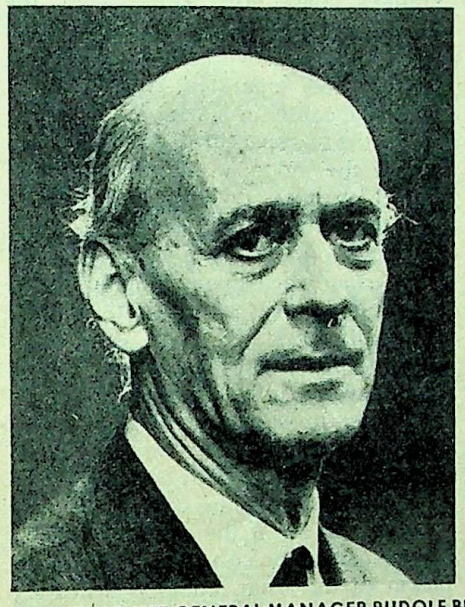
Their styles of operation are almost as different as the men themselves. Bing, stern and aloof, is a caste-conscious, immaculately tailored autocrat invariably trailed by a deferential retinue. Sir Rudolf to almost everyone. Gentele, 54, hale and smiling, is a democrat in a loose-fitting sports jacket who makes it his business to know everyone down to stagehands and chorus members, many of whom simply call him Goeran.

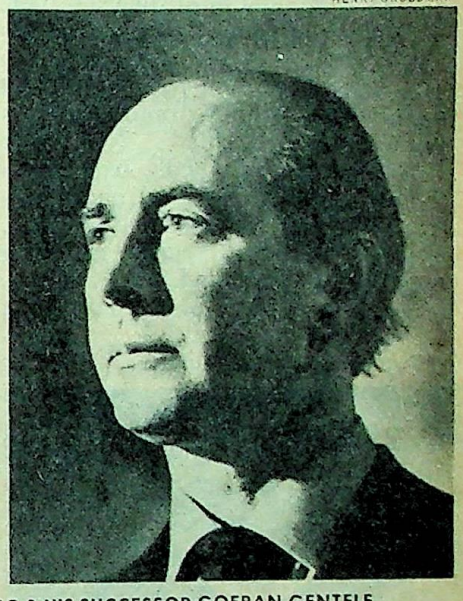
The regular 1971-72 season ended last week with an extravagant, five-hour operatic gala (top price: $100) arranged, directed and virtually orchestrated and choreographed by Bing himself. On hand were 43 superstars (among them Nilsson, Price, Sutherland, Siepi, Gobbi, Milnes and Domingo) to demonstrate the kind of singing talent brought to the Met during the Bing regime. This was as it should be, for Bing has always concentrated more on big-name singers than on first-rate conductors or enlightened repertory. An hour of highlights from the gala will be broadcast over CBS-TV on Sunday, April 30. On June 30, after the company's spring tour and a three-week Verdi Festival back at the Met, Bing will close the libretto on the second-longest general managership in Met history (Giulio Gatti-Casazza's reign lasted from 1908 to 1935).

It was an epoch-making tenure. In 1950, when Bing took over from Edward Johnson, the Met was verging on the second rate. The music making was lackluster, the existing sets tattered and, with ticket sales sluggish, morale was as low as one of Boris Godunov's sighs. By sheer dictatorial and sometimes arrogant personal force, Bing moved the company from artistic bankruptcy into the operatic black. A gifted fund raiser, though not much of a collective bargainer, he made the Met a vital part of the U.S. musical community again. Starting three years ago, though, Bing's *chutzpa* began to alienate both labor and the paying customers. Box office sales, once a phenomenal 97% of capacity, were down to 88% last year.

Nowadays Bing is correcting galleys on his memoirs, which Doubleday will publish in the fall and which will give him, as usual, the last word on most of the controversies that have crackled during his tenure. Now 70, he plans to remain in New York to lecture and continue giving a course in theatrical management and production at Brooklyn College. And perhaps look in now and then on what his successor is up to. Says Bing: "I have no doubt Mr. Gentele may make some mistakes. I have made many. I have no doubt he will have many successes. I have had some."

HENRY GROSSMAN





OUTGOING MET GENERAL MANAGER RUDOLF BING & HIS SUCCESSOR GOERAN GENTELE

A caste-conscious autocrat, and a democrat who even knows the stagehands.

Adventure at Descartes

"Well, *Orion* is finally here, Houston. Fahn-taah-stick!"

As Charles Duke's jubilant Southern drawl crackled across 240,000 miles of space last week, all the world breathed a sigh of relief. After a nerve-racking delay of nearly six hours, during which NASA officials came close to calling off Apollo 16's lunar landing, Astronauts Duke and John Young had brought the landing craft *Orion* to a nearly perfect touchdown only 200 yards off target in the moon's mountain-ringed Descartes region. It was man's fifth successful landing on the lunar surface, and the first in the highlands, the moon's oldest and most rugged terrain.

While Astronaut Ken Mattingly orbited overhead in the command module *Casper*, Duke and Young stared out their cabin window onto the sun-drenched Cayley Plains. Near their spacecraft, they excitedly reported to scientists back in Mission Control, was a large variety of rocks and boulders, some as big as 10 ft. across, glistening in shades of white and pink and gray. "All we have to do is jump out the hatch and we've got plenty of rocks," exclaimed Duke. The astronauts also reported brilliantly gleaming ray patterns —splashes of material gouged from the moon's interior by meteorite impacts —and telltale layering on the face of a hillside to the south. "Man, it really looks nice out there," said Duke. "I'm like a little kid on Christmas Eve."

For a while, it had seemed that Christmas would never come. For Apollo 16 had suffered more than its share of worrisome glitches on its way to the moon. First, there were minor troubles —the mysterious flickering of a computer warning light, the mid-flight peeling of protective paint off the lunar module and the recalcitrant zipper on Young's space suit. Then, after the Apollo had gone into orbit around the moon and *Orion*, with Duke and Young aboard, had separated from *Casper*, came real cause for alarm.

As the two spacecraft emerged from behind the moon at the beginning of their 13th lunar revolution, Mattingly reported some chilling news: the back-up circuit on a steering motor controlling *Casper's* bell-shaped engine nozzle during firings was swiveling the nozzle erratically back and forth—and Mattingly could do nothing about it. The astronauts were in no immediate danger, but under mission rules the command module's primary and secondary guidance systems must both be operational before a lunar landing can be attempted. The reason: if the command ship's engine cannot be controlled, the rocket power of the lunar lander is necessary to get the reunited ships back to earth. In fact, that so-called "life raft mode" was used to bring home the stricken Apollo 13 spacecraft two years ago.

Mobilization. In a desperate effort to salvage the landing, engineers and scientists were mobilized at three key sites—at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, where Apollo 17 Commander Eugene Cernan clambered aboard a command ship simulator; at MIT's Charles Stark Draper Laboratory, where the guidance system was developed; and at the Downey, Calif., plant of North American Rockwell, where the command ship was built. The objective: to duplicate the oscillation, determine how serious it was, and devise a possible solution. And there was little time for the tricky task. After only five more revolutions (ten hours), the orbital paths of the two spacecraft would pass too far to the side of the landing site (which was gradually moving away because of the moon's slow rotation under the orbiting craft), and the landing attempt would have to be abandoned. Fortunately, the task force found the answer after only four hours: the oscillations, which swing through only 1° of arc, would not significantly alter the direction of the spacecraft even if the balky secondary guidance system had to be used. Exultant controllers passed the word to *Orion:* "You're go for landing."

After *Orion* safely settled at the bottom of a shallow crater, Young and Duke checked the spacecraft for damage and then, exhausted from their ten-hour ordeal, they slept for about seven hours. This time there was no television picture of the astronauts' first steps on the lunar surface; the spacecraft's steerable antenna had jammed and could not be pointed at the earth. But the radio signals were sufficiently strong to carry Young's initial words back to earth: "Here you are, mysterious and unknown Descartes, highland plains," he said. "Apollo 16 is going to change your image." With that ambitious goal in mind, the astronauts spent the next seven hours loping around the site in the weak lunar gravity. They set up experiments, examined the hill-and-dale terrain, and dodged in and out of craters like youngsters on a spree. "Yahoo!" shouted Duke. "This is so great you can't believe it."

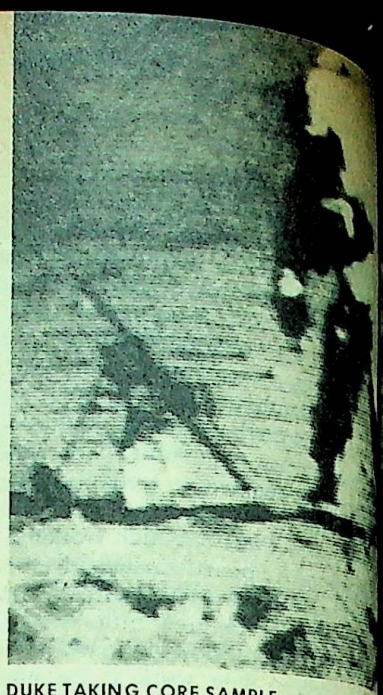
Even another crop of exasperating problems failed to dampen the astronauts' enthusiasm. For all his tugging, Young was unable to open the LM's external equipment bay until Houston advised some helpful advice. Then one of the rover's two vital batteries seemed half dead until it suddenly came back to life. To the horror of watching scientists, Duke lost his grip on the bulky nuclear power plant for the lunar experiments and let it drop. "It's O.K.," he said sheepishly, as he retrieved the package. "All the experiments seem to be intact."

Young was not so lucky. As he moved awkwardly through the moon dust, his right foot ripped loose a cable, leading to the heat-flow experiment and left the $1,200,000 device useless. "God almighty. Oh, I'm sorry," Young repeatedly apologized, realizing that he and Duke could not repair the damage. Disappointed scientists would now have to wait until the next mission to confirm

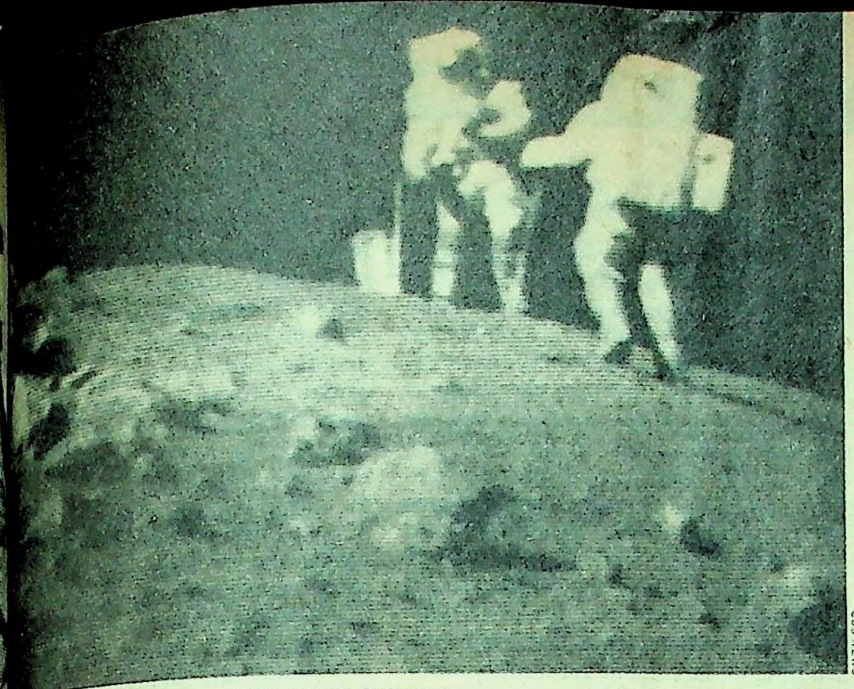


APOLLO 16 ON EVE OF LAUNCH

PETE TURNER



DUKE TAKING CORE SAMPLE



CBS NEWS

ASTRONAUTS TESTING STRENGTH OF LUNAR SURFACE

e puzzling heat-flow findings of Apol-15. Those readings suggest that the on's interior, once thought to be rel-ely cold, is actually giving off heat wice the expected rate.

Before the first moon walk ended, entists in Houston were surprised to ar that the multitude of rocks gath-ed by the astronauts apparently in-ded few crystalline, or heat-formed ecimens; that cast doubt on the the-y that the Descartes area's Cayley ins were once the site of volcanic vs. The day's prize find was made the Houston scientists themselves. ith the TV finally on after a second enna had been aligned with earth, ey could direct Duke's attention to a ge, football-sized rock that glittered h imbedded black glass fragments. 's a 'great Scott'-sized rock," said the ighted Duke, recalling the record 22-specimen picked up by Apollo 15 As-naut David Scott last year.

Spiked Juice. Back in the lunar dule for another rest period, the as-nauts exchanged notes, unaware that eir voices were being picked up by a e mike. "I got the farts again, Char-" Young was heard to say. "I think 's acid in the stomach." He blamed it the large doses of potassium-spiked range juice prescribed by doctors to unteract the effects of weightlessness e MEDICINE). The strange potion did t seem to bother him on the second oon walk, when the astronauts took ore core samples, picked up rocks, and shed over a large boulder to collect il from underneath it (so scientists can mpare the effects of cosmic-ray bom-rdment on varying soil samples). ey drove the rover several hundred et up Stone Mountain and, after park-g it on what they thought was a dan-erously steep slope, they simply picked up and put it down in a more secure pot.

Many of the scientific benefits from pollo 16 are still in the offing. With a ew, semiautomatic $2,000,000 elec-onic camera, developed by the Naval Research Laboratory, the astronauts took ultraviolet pictures of the clouds of ionized (charged) hydrogen gases that occupy the vast regions between the stars. These observations, which may offer new clues to such questions as how stars are formed, cannot be made from earth where the atmosphere blocks ultraviolet light. In addition, at a number of their stops, the astronauts took careful measurements to augment data about the moon's magnetic field, which analysis of moon rocks shows was once surprisingly strong; the strong field, in turn, suggests that the core of the moon was once molten. Aboard *Casper*, high above the moon's surface, Command Ship Pilot Mattingly made his own scientific contributions. Among other valuable exercises, he shot stereo pictures of the moon's surface, including the far side which is hidden from earth, and measured the solar wind, the constant streams of particles that flow away from the sun. His most important observation may well have been a visual one: he described large globs of material near the Crater Mandelshtam that provided scientists with the first evidence of ancient lava flows on the moon's far side.

Although NASA officials had earlier talked of scrubbing the scheduled third EVA (extravehicular activity) because of the extra oxygen and fuel consumed in the delayed landing, they decided that another excursion was possible, and the astronauts prepared to take a final spin on the lunar surface. It would take them north toward Smoky Mountain. Then, after stowing their rocks, film and other paraphernalia in the lunar module and positioning the rover's camera to televise the lift-off, Duke and Young were to fire *Orion's* upper stage engine and head for a reunion with Mattingly, orbiting overhead in *Casper*. Later, *Casper's* own powerful engine would be fired to hurl the command ship out of lunar orbit and start the three astronauts on their three-day journey home.

MILESTONES

Divorced. F. (for Francis) Lee Bailey, 38, flamboyant criminal lawyer whose clients have included Albert ("the Boston Strangler") DeSalvo, Dr. Sam Sheppard and Captain Ernest Medina; and Froma Victoria Bailey; on grounds of incompatibility ("He was too busy with his work"); after nine years of marriage, one child; in Santo Domingo.

■

Died. Pierre Lazareff, 65, publisher and director of *France-Soir*, Paris' largest newspaper; of cancer; in Paris. Lazareff escaped to the U.S. during the Nazi occupation and worked for the Office of War Information. In 1945 he returned to Paris and led the postwar growth of both *France-Soir* and *Elle*, the women's fashion magazine. Though Lazareff's outspoken support of Charles de Gaulle resulted in the bombing of his home and newspaper offices during the Algerian crisis, his aggressive management of *France-Soir* earned him the title "Napoleon of journalists"—and a daily circulation of 1,000,000.

■

Died. Louis Perini, 68, baseball club owner who initiated the first major-league franchise shift in 50 years by moving his Boston Braves to Milwaukee in 1953; in West Palm Beach, Fla. A construction and real estate executive who became a Braves owner in 1943, Perini gave a sense of insecurity to sports fans everywhere when he led his money-losing team from their home of 77 years to pastures he hoped would be more profitable. (They were not.) Boston papers dubbed him the "Benedict Arnold of Baseball," but his strategy was subsequently emulated by financially pressed teams in both leagues.

■

Died. Yasunari Kawabata, 72, patriarch of Japanese letters; by suicide; in Zushi, Japan. Orphaned at the age of three, Kawabata explored loneliness and human sensitivity in such novels as *Thousand Cranes*, *Snow Country* and *Sleeping Beauties*. "The sentiments of an orphan," he once said, "run deep in all my works." Though a student of both modern Western literature and ancient Asian works, he chose to practice the classic Japanese literary style in which sentences are spare, images vague, and ideas suggested rather than baldly stated. In 1968 he became the only Japanese to win the Nobel Prize for literature; the citation mentioned his mastery in revealing "the essence of the Japanese mind." He left no suicide note, but years ago he offered a possible explanation: "A silent death is an endless word."

■

Died. Otto Griebling, 75, Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey clown whose sad, sagging face and fumbling impudence have been widely copied circus fixtures for the past 50 years; of a stroke; in New York City.

The Women in Blue

Family quarrels are a recurring nightmare for policemen, who frequently end up on the receiving end of a warring couple's wrath. In an effort to be more effective at peacemaking, an increasing number of police departments are now trying a new strategy. They are sending policewomen to do what was once strictly a male cop's job. The reason: women seem to calm these disputes far better than men. "Some of these families will call you back two or three times a night," observes a battle-tested Indianapolis patrolman, "but I've noticed that when the women go, that's the last time we hear from that family."

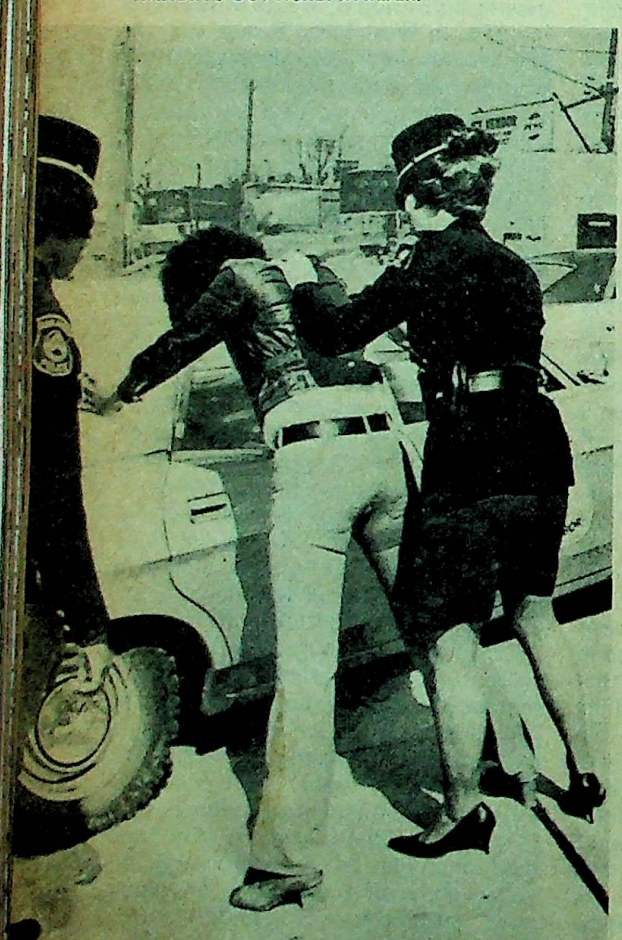
Women are also being assigned to other police duties traditionally reserved for men. In at least seven cities, lady cops are driving squad cars, responding to radio calls and investigating crimes. Their experience to date indicates that their sex does not handicap them on the job. Indeed, for the service calls that account for 80% to 90% of police activity, it may be an asset.

In the family quarrel, for example, male officers "feed the fire through their own aggressive, provocative behavior," says Lewis J. Sherman, a University of Missouri-St. Louis psychologist who studied the activities of security guards in eight St. Louis housing projects last summer. Women, on the other hand, stepped in "with greater tact and subtlety. They tended to stay longer and seemed much more concerned about getting to the root causes of the conflict." The women had another advantage: a built-in "calming effect," discovered during psychodramas that were part of the guards' training. Enraged men, Sherman found, "simply could not respond as angrily or violently to the women as to the men."

This feminine capacity to dispel male anger (also observed in studies of aides in mental wards) may be due to the value system of male criminals: assaults on male authority figures are ranked high. Policemen are often attacked "because it is heroic," says Ronald G. Talney of the Multnomah County, Ore., sheriff's department. But policewomen might avoid such assaults simply because "it is cowardly to attack a woman, even though she is a police officer." Actual incidents seem to support Talney's view: a child-beating suspect who had twice resisted arrest surrendered peacefully when Private Mary Ellen Abrecht and two Washington patrolmen came to his door.



HANDING OUT TICKET IN MIAMI



FRISKING SUSPECT IN ANN ARBOR
New weapon in the arsenal.

Such experiences suggest that [more] women on the beat could mean less [violence] of force by police, contends Cather[ine] H. Milton, assistant director of the P[olice] lice Foundation, an organization [that] promotes new methods of law enforce[ment]. Her prodding is apparently [beginning] ning some converts among police chi[efs]. About 45 women are currently pou[nding] ing police beats across the U.S., and [the] first large-scale experiment in the [use] of patrolwomen is under way in Wa[shington], ington, D.C., where the metropoli[tan] police force is hiring 100 women [for] regular patrol duty. Still, resistance [to] the trend—mostly from officials [who] think being a patrolman is too dang[erous] ous for the "weaker sex"—must be o[ver]come before many more of the nati[on's] 6,000 policewomen (out of 400,000 p[o]lice) are assigned to the streets.

Those who are there already ha[ve] provided a devastating new weapon [for] the police crime-fighting arsenal, o[ne] that has helped women to get their [way] for centuries. It worked well for dim[inu]utive Patrolwoman Ina Sheperd af[ter] she collared a muscular shoplifter [in] Miami last December and discover[ed] that there were no other cops—or ev[en] a telephone—around. Unable to sum[mon] help, she burst into tears. "If I do[n't] bring you in, I'll lose my job," [she] sobbed to her prisoner, who chivalrou[sly] accompanied her until a squad c[ar] could be found.

Daddy the Rowdy

Viennese adults, proud of their cu[l]ture and heritage, are seemingly obli[vi]ious to their uncivilized behavior in a[u]tomobiles. Not so their children. Ask[ed] by Vienna's mass-circulation *Kurier* [to] submit letters describing the drivi[ng] habits of their fathers, several hundr[ed] schoolchildren, aged 9 to 14, hand[ed] down a nearly unanimous verdict: th[e] Viennese male, normally mild-man[ne]red, becomes a raging brute behi[nd] the wheel.

"You will not believe such a lov[ing] father can curse so badly," one chi[ld] wrote. Complained another: "Fath[er] shouted at pedestrians, Mother shou[ted] at Father, and they both got so cr[oss] my father almost lost control of hi[m]self and the car." Or " 'You arse w[ith] ears!' my father shouted" and " 'Yo[u] ox, you stupid cowboy, why don't y[ou] stay in your pastures?' And the oth[er] driver said, 'Shut your trap, there's [a] draft.' "

"At first it is cold and the engi[ne] will not start," one child wrote. "[Then] Father's cursing starts right away. [If] a car passes us, and Father curses [the] driver. He has to step on the brake. When he starts again, we continue [our] excursion and our cursing." From a 14-year-old boy: "My father is a real row[dy] behind the wheel. He has been stopped more than 40 times by his archenemy, the village policeman. I'm sure when I grow up I shall not be like that."

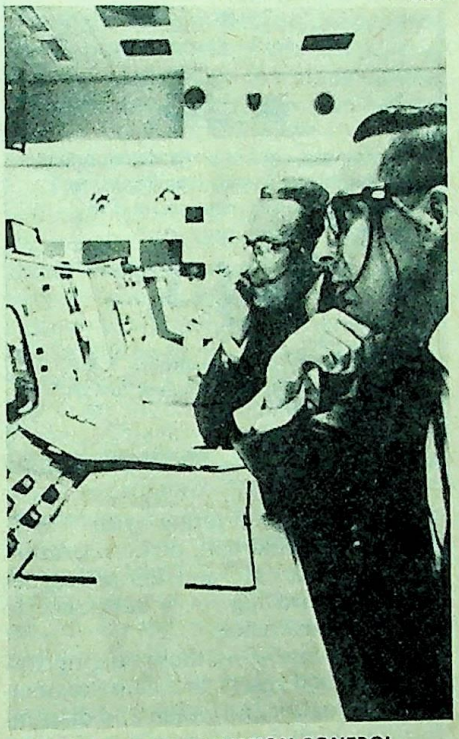
Viennese Psychiatrist Harald Le[o]

Heart Trouble in Space?

To help protect their health during their extraterrestrial explorations, U.S. astronauts routinely go on special diets prior to launch. The Apollo 16 crew that landed on the moon last week has been on an even more highly specialized diet than usual. For three days before blastoff, the trio ate foods laced with potassium, and even the eggs in their farewell omelets came from hens raised on high-potassium feeds. Their in-flight food was similarly seasoned. The astronauts are not complaining; Ken Mattingly told Mission Control that the potassium even added a certain zest to his tomato soup.

The reason for the astronauts' unusual diet is cautionary rather than cu-

NASA



DR. BERRY (RIGHT) AT MISSION CONTROL
Waiting for pure gold.

linary. Two members of Apollo 15's crew went through brief periods of heartbeat irregularities, and NASA doctors suspected the reason. The two men who suffered the problem had lost 15% of their normal potassium. They were also the ones who landed and worked on the moon. Potassium, a body salt that affects the electrical conductivity of the heart, is essential to controlling cardiac rhythm.

Most people lose some potassium when subjected to stress, which steps up the body's output of adrenal hormones and leads to increased elimination of the crucial salt. The astronauts, of course, go through heavy physical and emotional strain, and they face another problem as well. The weightlessness experienced in space causes the blood, which normally tends to pool in the lower extremities, to be distributed more evenly. The body senses this redistribution, reacts as if it were carrying excess fluids and attempts to redress matters by extra urination. That causes further potassium loss.

NASA's director of life sciences, Dr. Charles Berry, is unable to explain why the potassium-loss problem, which had not bothered members of earlier missions, surfaced during the last Apollo flight. But the astronauts' physician was determined not to let it become a hazard for Apollo 16. In addition to replenishing the crew's lost potassium through diet, Berry has safeguarded the spacemen by setting up an emergency cardiology service to monitor their heartbeats and transmit their electrocardiograms by telephone to two heart specialists. He has also supplied the astronauts with drugs to be used if the monitors show cardiac irregularities.

Berry hopes his precautions will make medication unnecessary. "Prescribing a cardiac drug on the lunar surface from 250,000 miles away would be a first that I would prefer to avoid," he says. But Berry hopes to score a first by learning—with greater precision than last time—how much potassium is lost by astronauts traveling and working in space. To do this, he determined the preflight potassium levels of each of the Apollo 16 astronauts. He has also asked them to bring back urine samples from a test to be conducted during the flight, and is confident that a comparison of the two levels will prove significant. "Those urine bags," says Berry with a researcher's peculiar enthusiasm, "are pure gold."

Headache Remedy

As television viewers are only too well aware, the list of headaches that call for Excedrin is all but infinite. Last week the manufacturers of Excedrin and other popular painkillers discovered that their own products may prove inadequate to cope with the pain that the Federal Trade Commission is about to cause them. The FTC announced that it will issue complaints against three major analgesic producers for "misleading and unfair" advertising. It is also prescribing a remedy that would hurt not only the companies' images but their pocketbooks as well.

The FTC complaints name three firms, American Home Products (Anacin and Arthritis Pain Formula), Bristol-Myers (Excedrin, Excedrin P.M., Bufferin) and Sterling Drug (Bayer aspirin, Cope, Vanquish, Midol). On the basis of research by the Food and Drug Administration, the FTC says that there is no reasonable basis for claims that any of the analgesics is better than any other, or that they relieve nervous tension. There is, says the agency, "a substantial question as to the validity, sig-

...Loewenthal is not so sure. "In Aus-...," he says, "a car is still a symbol of ...stige, of power and potency. Being ...ssed by a faster car, for example, rep-...esents a loss of sexual grandeur. Traffic ...ge is still acted out on the irrational ...el of male rivalry." A Viennese po-...e department traffic expert shares the ...chiatrist's pessimism. "No driving ...ool, no policeman, can teach drivers ...onsiderate and responsible attitude," ...s says, "when parents curse like fish-...ves and show their naked aggressions ...ing every weekend outing."

...e Aged Adolescent

...Adolescence and old age occur half ...entury apart, and seem to have noth-...g in common. In fact, says Psycho-...alyst James Anthony of Washington ...iversity in St. Louis, the two stages ...e sometimes psychologically similar; ...esent-day youngsters, far more often ...an their predecessors, show symptoms ...aging long before they are out of their ...ens.

...Among the symptoms very often ...ared by the aging adolescent and the ...ng adult is depression. Anthony says. ...r both, the future looks black and ...ppealing," and "preoccupation with ...ath and nothingness is frequent." ...th youngsters and oldsters "can pass ...rs in endlessly doing nothing, feeling ...t there is nothing to do." Besides, the ...o groups are often alike in being "in-...sely self-absorbed"; in fact, "the nar-...sism of old age and the narcissism of ...lescence are two peaks in the devel-...ment of human egotism." Hypochon-...a, too, can peak in adolescence as ...ell as old age—which Anthony says "is ...t surprising because, in both, pro-...und bodily alterations are taking ...ce." Frequent changes in self-reli-...ce also occur in old and in young; ...th alternate between battling for in-...pendence and leaning excessively on ...hers.

...Despite these behavioral likenesses ...the age groups, the aging adolescent ...s an advantage over the aging adult: ...iven a new perspective, a new ideal, ...new cause, a new hero or a new the-...y." Anthony says, he can be "rejuve-...ated." First, though, he must somehow ...quire something that characterized ...est adolescents of an earlier genera-...on: the intense desire to grow up.

...These days, Anthony reports, "there ...e a growing number [of young peo-...le] who do not view themselves as pas-...engers in transit through a phase of ...evelopment but as persons who have ...rrived at their destination and are not ...nterested in going any further"—cer-...ainly not in the direction set by ma-...alistic, achievement-oriented par-...nts who expect youngsters to perform ...ke adults. "Nothing is more aging than ...is constant pressure," Anthony be-...eves. The problem, then, "is to get the ...ssident off the adolescent's back" so he ...an have fun while he is young and ...hoose his own goals when he is ready.

nificance or interpretation of tests and studies related to such claims."

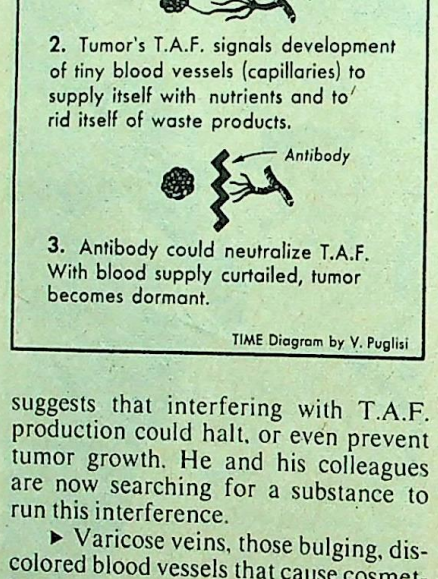
The FTC complaint is not unexpected. The Food and Drug Administration has been looking into drug efficacy since 1962 and has found that a number of preparations do not meet their manufacturers' claims. But the commission's remedy is dramatic. Its proposed order would prohibit any further misrepresentation and require disclosure in advertising of the presence of aspirin or caffeine, which could worsen the condition of some patients. Penance for past sins would be even stiffer. In a drastic application of the "truth-in-advertising" doctrine, the FTC wants drug companies to devote 25% of their advertising expenditures during the next two years to ads correcting the claims now under challenge. At the manufacturers' present advertising budgets, that would mean about $40 million over two years for the "corrections."

The FTC hopes that the affected firms will accede to its requests without an argument. But such an agreement seems unlikely. Said Frank Mayers, president of Bristol-Myers Products: "We remain confident of the quality and effectiveness of our products and of the truthfulness of their advertising." The FTC will probably have to issue formal complaints and hold hearings, the results of which could be appealed up to the Supreme Court. Such procedures are usually lengthy; it took the FTC 16 years to get the word "liver" out of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Capsules

▶ Faced with enormous expenses, even publicly financed hospitals occasionally are reluctant to care for patients who cannot pay. But they will have to provide such care whether they want to or not. Elliot Richardson, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, last week ordered all hospitals receiving federal funds under the 1946 Hill-Burton Act to provide a minimum level of free services for the poor. The directive affects 6,308 health-care facilities, including half of the nation's hospitals, and is quite specific. Not less than 5% of an institution's operating costs and not less than 25% of its net income must be devoted to free medical care. The regulation, which takes effect in 30 days unless successfully challenged in court, contains sharp teeth. Hospitals that fail to comply will face the loss of federal or state aid—and perhaps their licenses as well.

▶ Science has long searched for a means of controlling tumors, which can grow from pinhead to marble size in little more than a week. Dr. M. Judah Folkman of Harvard Medical School has found a clue as to how this may be accomplished. The growth of solid cancers appears to require the presence of a recently identified protein substance called tumor angiogenesis factor (T.A.F.). Though Folkman has been working with a variety of solid tumors, he told a neurosurgeons' meeting last week that his chief target has been certain malignancies of the brain, where the need for blood supply is greatest. The experiments show that tumors must develop their own circulation systems in order to obtain nutrients and carry off waste products. T.A.F., which is found in fetal cells but not in normal adult cells, induces capillaries (tiny blood vessels) to grow into the cancerous mass. This growth appears essential; when tumors were experimentally isolated from blood supplies, T.A.F.'s effects were canceled out and no capillaries formed. As a result, tiny tumors literally choked on their own wastes and failed to grow beyond a state considered harmless. Folkman's discovery



suggests that interfering with T.A.F. production could halt, or even prevent tumor growth. He and his colleagues are now searching for a substance to run this interference.

▶ Varicose veins, those bulging, discolored blood vessels that cause cosmetic consternation in women and discomfort for both sexes, probably have a variety of causes. Habitual standing in place for long periods is one. Can sitting in chairs be another? So theorizes Dr. Colin Alexander of New Zealand's Auckland Medical School. Alexander's argument in the *Lancet* owes as much to geography as it does to anatomy. Varicose veins, he points out, are rare among the Japanese and other Eastern peoples who generally sit on the floor or the ground. But the condition is common among Westerners, who spend hours each day sitting in chairs. The reason, he speculates, is that chair posture increases the pressure in the saphenous vein of the leg, causing it to dilate and ultimately lose its elasticity. Floor sitting, in which the legs are horizontal rather than vertical, prevents this pressure from building up. Alexander's hypothesis implies that varicose veins can be avoided, but only at the cost of discomfort for the rump—not to mention the furniture industry.

Off the Billboards

Under a 1965 law, there should no billboards still standing along highways built with federal help, but measure has hardly been enforced most states. Indeed the signs have anything, proliferated. Last week national advertiser took the law into own hands. Atlantic Richfield Co. nounced it will stop its billboard paign from coast to coast. By not newing some 1,000 contracts outdoor advertising agencies, the oline company will save the $338 it spent on such ads last year and the view from the road. Well, not pletely clear it. In many cases, thro no fault of ARCO, the giant boards remain in place, proclaiming to ing motorists THIS SPACE FOR RENT.

How to Save Maine for One Thin Dime

It looks, feels and reads like a new paper. Appearing on newsstands *Maine Manifest* even costs a dime. it is a master plan—a compilation data, projections and ideas of the k that most citizens never see. It tells Maine's residents "might regain con of the state's future, which has slipp away from them."

Maine's dilemma is to gain the b efits of economic development with ruining its glorious natural envir ment. That the poverty-stricken st will grow is certain: its thick stands timber, its scenic land and deep harb ensure more manufacturing, trade tourism. As in most states, developm has been disorderly, resulting in an o inous trend toward the most irrevers sort of pollution—badly used land. stop that trend, *A Maine Manifest* p poses several steps, including:

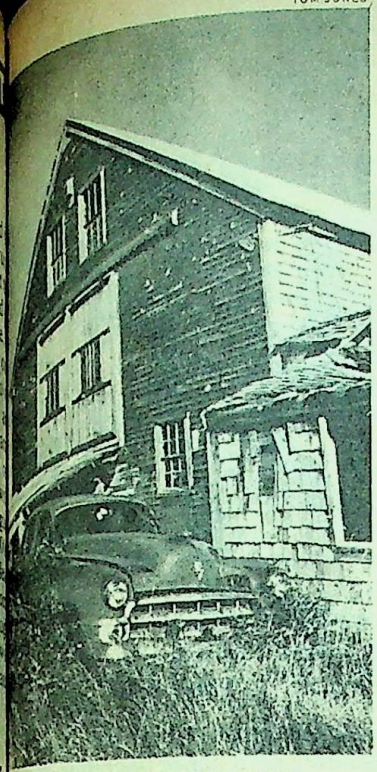
▶ Tax reform to relieve one of nation's stiffest property taxes (wh encourages poor property maintena and piecemeal land sales) and to r new revenues to preserve, maintain restore land.

▶ A land bank, which would quire land, by right of eminent dom if necessary, in the name of the peo of Maine and for their perpetual bene

▶ Community-development corp rations to set up and control new ho and regional businesses.

Such proposals clearly require the plan says, that "the people of M feel free to submit personal interests the common good." While none of proposals is unprecedented—Oreg has put its entire Pacific shoreline the public domain, for example, and many states encourage community porations—Maine's individualist kees do not take kindly to infringeme on their liberties.

TOM JONES



DSCAPE OF DECAY IN RURAL MAINE
ll planning provide a cure?

The *Manifest* is the result of a $44,-0 study by The Allagash Group, an formal think tank in Bath, Me. Be-d Allagash is John Cole, 49, editor ine weekly Maine *Times,* who has his journalistic experience to good e. "When you do a research job," he plains, "you've got to package it for e public." Hence the newspaper for-at, style and distribution.

The study was prepared mainly by chard Barringer, a political-science curer at Harvard, who says of his diwork, "I want it to change Maine rever." That may be too much to ask, t the paper is at least being read. hough few state legislators have yet mmented on the proposals, environ-entalists and commercial boosters ke praise the report as "balanced" d "provocative." The first run of 00 copies has already sold out—plain roof that what this country really eeds is a good 10¢ land plan.

The Price of Power

To manufacture a steel beer can th an aluminum fliptop opening takes ree times as much energy as making all-steel can. A frost-free refrigerator nsumes almost twice as much elec-ic power as a conventional model. You use power to make ice—and then e power to melt the ice," complained icrobiologist Barry Commoner as he ered these examples last week in stimony before the House Interior committee.

"It is," he said, "ecological idiocy." Idiocy or not, the U.S. appears com-itted to a constant expansion of its ectricity production. Last week, in a nsive survey of the problems and prospects, the Federal Power Commission declared that the nation's present generating capacity of 340 million kilowatts must nearly quadruple by 1990. Meantime, the price of electricity will double (to 3.5¢ per kilowatt hour), reflecting higher fuel prices plus the cost of raising some $500 billion to build new power plants. As for the conflict caused by "contradictory public attitudes"—the expectation of "instant power" *v.* the concern for a cleaner environment—the FPC urged citizens not to underestimate the importance of maintaining adequate electricity supplies in a high-energy society.

Scorecard. Even at the present level, however, electric-power plants are a major source of air pollution: 50% of the sulfur dioxide in the atmosphere, 20% of the nitrogen oxides, 20% of the soot and ash. Can technology reduce this pollution? Yes, according to a new study by the Manhattan-based Council on Economic Priorities, a nonprofit organization that reports to concerned investors (churches, universities, foundations) on subjects involving corporate responsibility. But many utilities have been slow to install proven and existing equipment, the study says, or to develop alternative power sources.

The council surveyed the antipollution efforts of 15 private electric companies that own a total of 129 large plants and produce about 25% of the nation's power. Each was then rated against a common standard—the best that could be done—in a 550-page report entitled "The Price of Power." Getting high marks were two California utilities, Pacific Gas & Electric and Southern California Edison, which have acted to minimize polluting emissions. By contrast, the Southern Co., which operates in four Southern states, and American Electric Power, which serves seven states from Virginia to Michigan, rely less on technology than on the four winds to dissipate pollutants.

All in all, the study said, 71% of the plants involved had inadequate controls on soot and 81% had no controls at all on nitrogen oxides, a cause of emphysema. The utilities quickly attacked the report ("unscientific, distorted, partly false, and highly prejudiced," said the head of American Electric), but the plant-by-plant survey leaves no doubt that there is still much room for improvement—both in present production and in planning for the future.

Getting 'Gator Getters

" 'Gator killin' " is as time honored a pastime in the swamps of Louisiana, South Georgia and Florida as moonshining is in the hills to the north. The beasts are supposed to be protected by the Endangered Species Conservation Act of 1969, but in the three years since then, federal officials estimate, some 127,000 alligators have been slaughtered by poachers.

The poachers can sell their prey for about $6 per foot, but they do not get them without a struggle. Poaching must be done at night—partly to avoid agents and partly to catch the slumbering alligators. The poacher blinds the animal with a spotlight, then approaches in his boat and fires a "brain shot" between the eyes with a .22-cal. rifle. A good poacher gets a rolled skin into his boat in 15 minutes. "They can get a 'gator out of his jacket real fast," says Federal Agent Andrew Pursley.

One poacher has bragged that he killed 114 alligators in a single night, and he was equally adroit in eluding pursuers. After throwing the hides out of his pickup truck as a posse closed in, he dove into a Louisiana bayou, swam across the border to Texas and holed up there for six months before being captured. Another, who is now serving a long jail sentence, used to zip across the swamps in a shallow boat that could reach speeds of 85 m.p.h.

These are only two of the 460 poachers whom the Government has identified in a new crackdown. Forty-eight arrest warrants have been issued within the past two months, and the penalties are severe. Two Atlanta men, indicted three weeks ago for trading in alligator hides, face sentences of up to 40 years in prison and $400,000 in fines.

Still, the rewards have kept the traffic going. Salted, rolled and stashed in barrels with false labels, the alligator hides are shipped to manufacturers in France (mostly shoemakers) and Japan (belts, wallets, watchbands). And even when a shipment is uncovered, the law permits the confiscated catch to be auctioned off after it has been presented as evidence. So the buyer loses his poacher, but not his hides.

AP



POACHER & PREY
127,000 kills.

Ghost Town U.

The winds off the plains of western Nebraska drive swirls of grit and tumbleweed past the brick laboratories of Hiram Scott College, and the 1,500 students have all departed. The only people on guard at Hiram Scott nowadays are three patrolmen who take turns touring the 280-acre campus. And near by lives Hiram Scott's last president, Dr. Walter Weese, 53, a slim, sandy-haired scholar from Yale, who survives on savings and uses up the rice left behind in the college's empty kitchen.

"I'm getting pretty good with the dishwasher," says Dr. Weese, an expert on Chaucer, "and I'm a pretty good cook too, but you lose your steam. You look up and half the day is gone, and all you've done is wash the dishes."

Built seven years ago on the fertile farm lands of Scottsbluff (pop. 14,000), the college is bankrupt, a poignant relic of the rush for a college education in the 1960s. When it folded eight months ago, the 30 faculty members scattered, like the students, leaving behind nine vacant buildings, 5,000 unsold yearbooks, 75 microscopes, an airplane, $7,300,000 in debts and Dr. Weese.

Hand-to-Mouth. Hiram Scott's fate has struck 119 other small colleges and seminaries in the past three years, and another 254 may be broke by 1980, according to the American Association of Colleges. The problem: with few endowments or research grants, many survived hand-to-mouth on tuition fees. In recent years, the recession has driven students to cheaper public colleges. When the enrollment boom ended, financially weak colleges went bust.

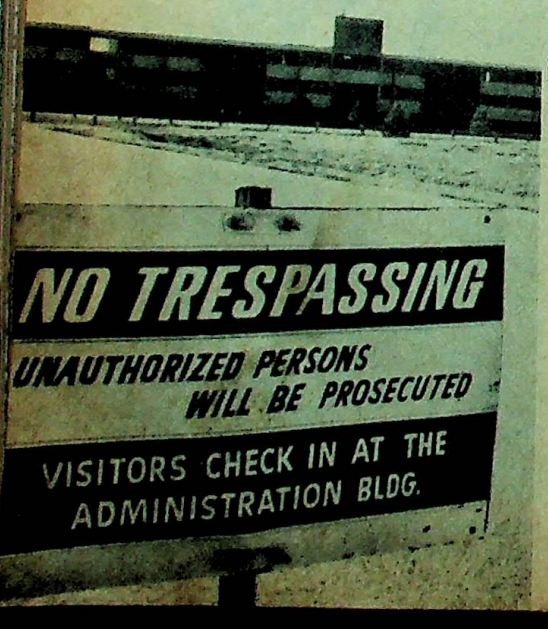
Hiram Scott had special problems of its own. It was one of five colleges founded by small-town businessmen on the model of Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa. All were inspired by Millard Roberts, the hard-sell Presbyterian minister who transformed Parsons during the early 1960s into a high-cost "second chance" for dropouts. Parsons eventually lost its accreditation and earned the nickname of "Flunk-Out U." Four of the colleges modeled on it, including Hiram Scott, were destined for bankruptcy.

Henry D. Kosman, president of the Scottsbluff National Bank and a former trustee of Hiram Scott, now shakes his head as he recalls the town's rosy dreams: "We figured the economic impact of a college would be as big as any industry." With other local businessmen, Kosman raised $5,463,000 and hired a president who flew around the country to recruit students. When the college opened in 1965, one Chamber of Commerce official crowed, "We are not just a sugar-beet and cattle-raising town any more." But Kosman admits, "We were short of cash from the word go."

To survive, Hiram Scott had to keep enrollment at capacity, but each semester 30% dropped out, dissatisfied with the school's limited curriculum. Instead of looking for ways to keep what students it had, Hiram Scott expanded its recruiting staff to the point that it cost $700 to corral a student who would pay $2,500 in yearly fees. In December 1970, the trustees declared bankruptcy, dividing the cash on hand to pay each employee $80 in Christmas week wages. Last August, the college had only 225 applicants for 1,500 places, and the trustees closed up shop for good.

So far, no local organizations seem to want the only slightly used campus. The trustees now are trying to sell it to the National Rifle Association or the U.S. Chamber of Commerce as a conference center. Bondholders might settle for 15¢ on the dollar, a common practice in the case of bankrupt businesses. "Gosh, it's a tremendous bargain for somebody," says Banker Kosman. Adds Dr. C.N. Sorenson, another trustee who sank $130,000 of his own money into the college: "How so many people who are supposed to know so much could be so wrong, I don't know."

FOR SALE: HIRAM SCOTT COLLEGE



CHRIS CORY

New Ways into College

College applications once consisted of a high school transcript, board scores and perhaps a why-I-want-to-go-to-your-school essay. No more. The college acceptances being sent through the mails last week* were based, in a good number of cases, on such evidence as a handmade jacket of chain mail, an original eight-page score for a string quartet or a taped rendition of César Franck's *Pièce Héroique*.

Art schools and progressive colleges like Bennington have appraised applicants' artifacts for years, but only lately has the practice reached other liberal arts colleges. Bowdoin in Maine and Hampshire in Massachusetts first invited examples of creative work three years ago. Yale joined them this year and others are considering it. Not everyone approves. Harvard tried it and then gave up because, according to Admissions Director John P. Reardon, it attracted too many "bizarre" submissions—and "wasn't all that helpful anyway."

Getting Even. Some of Reardon's counterparts disagree strongly. The entrance staff at Yale inspected almost 400 samples of applicants' work, compared with perhaps a dozen volunteered in earlier years, to learn more than revealed by S.A.T. scores. Gimmicks alone will not get a student into college, of course. Yale turned down—on academic grounds—applicants who had sent in an embroidered pillowcase, an apple cake and a sexy black negligee handmade of appliquéd silk. At Bowdoin, President Roger Howell took a bite of a cookie made by one aspirant and grunted, "She'd better be good in class because she's not in the kitchen." She wasn't, and was not admitted.

As in the case of an athlete or student newspaper editor, however, outside interests can be decisive in borderline cases. "This is a chance for the sensitive, imaginative student to get even," says Bowdoin's Admissions Director Richard Moll. Amy Carney ensured her acceptance to Bowdoin when she sprouted a tear in Moll's pants, then matched him an embroidered linen patch accompanied by a quotation from Thoreau on the value of mending old clothes. The college's aim, says Moll, is "to build a class full of differences."



JOSEPH KACHINSKI

BOWDOIN'S RICHARD MOLL
Class full of differences.

*In a sharp reversal from last year, according to a New York *Times* survey, applications to the eight Ivy League colleges have climbed 12% while applications to the 74 largest state universities leveled off to an increase of only 1.5%. Apparent reason for the change: improved economic conditions make parents more willing to pay the private colleges' fees of $4,000-plus.

Bearing the Blame

Mass auto recalls have become as familiar an American ritual as the Sunday outing. Last December, for example, Chevrolet whistled back 6.7 million automobiles to treat motor-mount problems. Last week it was Ford Motor Co.'s turn. Ford announced that it was recalling 423,000 '72 Torinos and Montegos—the entire production of those two lines—to correct a rear axle defect. Unusual wearing of the bearings in the rear axle assembly, Ford explained, could cause the axle to separate or disengage from the wheel, or to jam, bringing the car to an abrupt halt. Thus far, 16 such failures have occurred, causing one injury. Ford, still uncertain about the cause of the trouble, does not plan to replace the bearing unit. Instead, dealers will install a clamp on the axle both to alert and protect the driver; the clamp will increase the screeching noise that occurs when unusual wear begins and will hold everything together for at least 100 miles.

Fortress California

Sir Edward Coke, the keenest legal mind of the 16th century, first laid down the principle that a man's home is "his castle and fortress, his defense against injury and violence." Sir Edward was speaking figuratively, of course, but now it appears that many Americans are taking him literally. The National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, taking note of the rapid rise in urban crime, not long ago made a grim prediction: "high-rise apartment buildings and residential compounds protected by private guards and security devices will be fortified cells for upper-middle and high-income populations." The fortifications are already appearing across the land, most notably in California (where burglaries have increased by 149% in the past decade) and particularly in the southern part of the state, where Los Angeles County suffers the nation's highest suburban crime rate.

By the latest count, there are at least three dozen walled "total security" communities in the desert, beach and woodland areas of Southern California, and more are on the drawing boards. "Until about five years ago," says Los Angeles County Deputy Planning Director Frederick Barlow, "most subdividers wanted the county to maintain their streets. Now a majority of the subdivisions we are approving have private streets" (which entitles the communities to block off the streets with gates and guards).

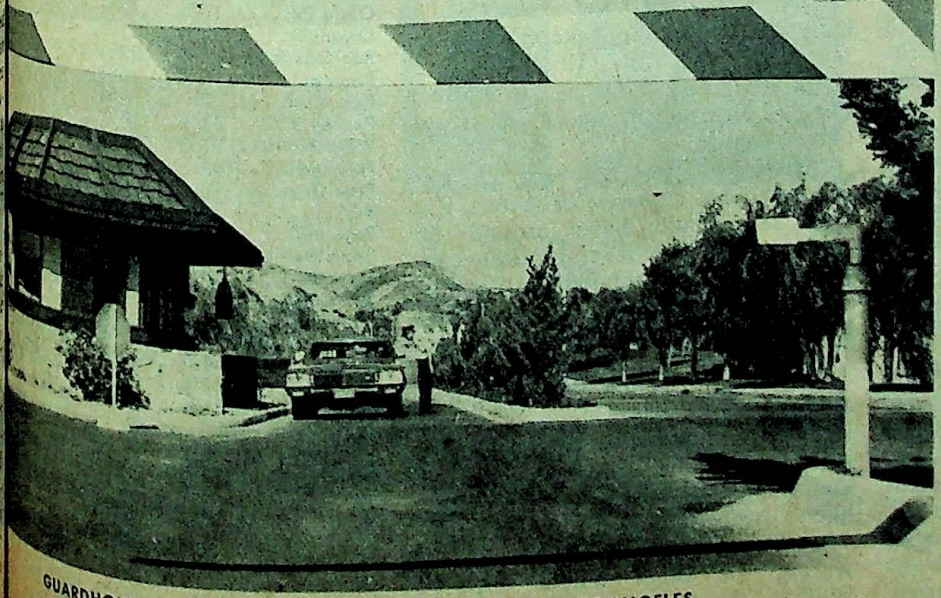
Typical of the walled communities is a 200-house complex called The Shores in Laguna Niguel, north of San Diego, where many of the armed guards at the gatehouses are ex-Marine combat veterans of the Viet Nam War. "More than likely, the presence of a guard cuts out a lot of crime," understates John Rogers, a burly guard. Nearby Rossmoor Leisure World, in Laguna Hills, is a retirement community surrounded by six-foot-high pink walls and guarded by a security force of 170 unarmed resident patrolmen led by four armed professionals. They man the community's eight carefully guarded gates and patrol its streets round the clock in radio cars.

Some of the newer walled communities are installing remarkably sophisticated security systems. The Mission Hills condominium in the desert near Palm Springs is being rigged with electronic Westinghouse units that monitor for fires, burglaries or equipment failures. Signals are fed to a local computer center that alerts firemen, police or maintenance men and, in addition, activates a net of ultrasensitive microphones installed inside each house, allowing a dispatcher to listen in while help is on the way. Residents are enthusiastic. "I feel so good when I know that I'm entering a house that is untouched," says a Mission Hills housewife.

Crocodile Story. Another guarded community, 125-home Westlake Island, north of Los Angeles, is reachable only by bridge. A guard inspects visitors at the entrance to the bridge, checks with the resident to be sure that company is expected, and only then allows the guest to drive across the moat. As a result, the island is crime-free. "The biggest problem we have," says one guard, "is keeping sightseers off the island and breaking up teen-age parties that get out of hand." Each homeowner on the island pays an annual $220 assessment (nondeductible) covering the cost of the guards and general upkeep, but Islander Walter Smith, robbed twice in his previous flat, thinks the price is a bargain. "I always used to keep a loaded gun by the bed in our Beverly Hills apartment," he says, "but now I don't give it a thought." Rumors about the surrounding waters may contribute to the islanders' sense of security. "Some people claim there are crocodiles in there," jokes Airline Pilot Richard Neet. "The water is better than a wall," says his wife, Ellie; "I don't feel claustrophobic here."

Water does not always guarantee security. Even Westlake Island could learn something from an exclusive, 21-home development in Florida's Hobe Sound, which uses the Westinghouse system with an added touch: because the community is built along a network of canals, a closed-circuit television system monitors the waterways to keep amphibious thieves away.

LOS ANGELES TIMES



GUARDHOUSE AT ENTRANCE TO WESTLAKE ISLAND NEAR LOS ANGELES
Armed sentries, high walls and moats for total security.

New Kick in Brazil

Facing each other in the circle are two Brazilians, Purple Shirt No. 5 and Breaker-of-Iron, both rhythmically undulating while a *berimbau* quavers. Suddenly, Purple Shirt drops on his hands and kicks one foot out in the *bencao*, aiming at Breaker's ribs. Breaker fades into a *negativa*, slumping smoothly backward onto one hand and one foot as the blow whistles harmlessly past, then lashes out in the hammer, his foot aimed at Purple Shirt's groin. What does Purple Shirt do? Why, he cartwheels away, smiling, and then both resume the *ginga* as the tambourines jingle, gourds rattle, and the one-stringed *berimbau* twangs along.

At about this point, any non-Brazilian begins to wonder what in the world is going on. The answer: *capoeira*

(pronounced cap-oh-*way*-rah), a combination of folk dancing and self-defense that has become a national craze. Along the beaches, in parks and at festivals all over Brazil, enthusiasts leap, fade, swing and sing in the country's first truly national folk manifestation. *Capoeira* pervades nearly every aspect of Brazilian life, from pop songs and poetry to sport and even formal receptions for state visitors. It resembles a super-athletic ballet, its deadly blows precisely calculated to miss by inches, and its movements matching the raga-like thrum of the *berimbau*.

Contagious. Originated about three centuries ago by escaped slaves hiding in the scrublands around the coastal city of Salvador, it was designed as a form of self-defense; the slaves used it with devastating effect against owners and police trying to recapture them. When *capoeira* was outlawed by alarmed authorities, Brazilians set it to music and turned it into a kind of ritual dance; that way, if they were seen practicing *capoeira*, they could say that they were merely dancing. It was finally legalized in 1937, and in the past few years has gained broad popularity—as a folk art rather than as a self-defense tactic. "It has everything," says an enthusiast. "It is a beautiful dance, the music is contagious, it is spectacular exercise, it is airtight self-defense, and it is poetry."

Capoeira reverses usual dancing and fighting patterns; a *capoeirista* spends much of the time on his hands while his legs slash through the air in roundhouse kicks (*pontapes*) or straight jabs (*pisadas*). Tripping is a favorite tactic; so is the flying dropkick (*voo de morsego*) that *norte-americano* wrestlers love. Cartwheels are often used. One of the deadliest blows is the *cabecada*, a flying head butt to the solar plexus that, if properly delivered, can be fatal.

Leader of *capoeira's* transformation into respectability is Manoel Does Reis Machado, now 71, who is called *Mestre* (Master) Bimba by his devotees. A renowned Salvador rowdy as a youth, Bimba took up *capoeira* seriously in his late teens and after several prison terms opened an academy to propagate it. In the mid-'30s, after he whipped three rivals on the same afternoon, his reputation began to spread.

Today Bimba runs the most popular academy in Salvador. Most of his students are enrolled at local high schools and universities. There are also doctors, engineers and lawyers among his clients and two former state governors among his alumni. The average student attends classes for six to eight months, progressing up the proficiency hierarchy from blue neckerchief on to red, yellow and white. All students are given a *capoeira* name by the master: Fer-de-Lance and Strong-as-a-Rock are two examples.

O GLOBO



CAPOEIRISTAS GYRATE AT STATE RECEPTION IN RIO DE JANEIRO
Kicks, straight jabs and flying dropkicks.

National Sport. Salvador, where it all started, has 36 *capoeira* centers, Rio and São Paulo have around 30 each, and there are several in state capitals like Recife and Belo Horizonte. "It's a national sport already," says Folklore Authority Waldeloir Rego. "Everyone knows the steps."

To Frank Hatch, an American dancer now studying *capoeira* in Salvador, the growth of the folk art is only natural. "Brazilians are very proud of their mental quickness," he says. "They like to live by their wits; *capoeira* is not a sport of brute force but rather of outwitting the other fellow." Agrees Bimba: "*Capoeira* is something truly Brazilian—it's our own blend."

MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 90,372,620 sh... the New York Stock Exchange C... posite closed at 60.72, down .56 ... the week ending April 21. The D... Jones 30 stock industrial average ... 963.80, down 3.92; Standard & Po... 500 stock index was 108.89, down ... Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Ch...
Allied Chem..	36¾	32¾	33	...
Alum Co Am..	56⅛	52⅞	54¼	...
Amer Airlines.	49¼	48¼	48½	...
Am Brands...	46¼	44¼	46	...
Am Can.....	32¼	30¾	31¾	...
Am Motors...	8½	7⅛	8	...
AT&T.....	43⅜	42¾	43⅛	...
Anac Cop....	21⅞	18½	20⅞	...
Avon Prod...119		115¾	118	...
Beth Steel....	33⅝	32	32	...
Boeing.....	24⅜	22¾	23⅛	...
Burlington Ind.	39½	37¼	37¾	...
Burroughs....175⅝		168⅜	169½	...
Cater Trac...	55½	54¼	54¾	...
Chrysler.....	36¾	34¾	36	...
Clark Equip...	56½	55¼	56	...
Control Data..	66⅝	61⅛	63¾	...
Corn Gl Wks.242½		236½	237¼	...
Dow Chem...	93⅛	89¾	92¼	...
DuPont.....173⅜		170¼	170⅞	...
Eastern Air...	30	28⅜	28⅜	...
East Kodak...120¼		115¾	116	...
El Paso N G..	18⅛	17½	17⅞	No...
Ford Motor...	77	74⅜	75¼	...
Gen Dynam..	34⅞	31½	33¾	...
Gen Elec.....	69¾	67¼	68¼	...
Gen Foods...	28	27	27¾	...
Gen Motors..	82¾	80¼	82¼	...
Gen Tel & El..	30½	28¾	30	...
Ga Pac.....	48	46⅜	47⅛	No...
Goodyear...	33½	32	32¼	...
Great A & P..	19⅞	18¾	18⅞	...
Greyhound...	19½	18½	18¾	...
Gulf Oil.....	25⅝	25⅛	25¼	...
IBM.....399½		383½	385	...
Int Harv.....	31½	30¼	30⅞	...
Int Nickel.....	34	32	33⅞	...
Int Paper.....	39⅜	38½	39⅛	...
Int Tel & Tel..	56¾	52⅛	55¾	...
Johns Manv...	39⅞	37⅞	38¼	...
Kraftco.....	46	44⅝	45⅞	...
Kresge SS....118		111¼	111½	...
LTV.....	11⅞	11⅛	11¼	...
Litton Ind.....	17½	16⅛	16⅜	...
Lockheed.....	13¼	12½	12⅝	...
McD Doug...	45¾	43⅞	44½	...
Merck Co....149		145½	147½	...
3M.....148⅛		140¼	141	...
Mobil Oil....	50¾	49⅞	50⅜	...
Nat Cash Reg.	32⅞	30⅞	31⅝	...
N Amer Rock..	35⅜	34⅜	34⅜	...
Occid Pet....	13⅞	11¼	13⅜	...
Owens Ill....	54⅝	51⅝	53⅜	...
Pac Gas & El.	28⅝	27¾	28	...
Pan Am.....	16⅜	15¾	15¾	...
Penn Cen....	5	4¾	4¾	...
Penney J. C...	81⅛	78½	79⅛	...
Philip Morris..	93¼	91⅜	91¾	...
Polaroid.....134		125	125½	...
Proc Gam....	92	90¼	90¼	...
RCA.....	39⅝	38⅛	39¼	...
Reyn Ind.....	78	75⅞	77⅝	...
Sears Roe....116⅜		114	114½	...
Shell Oil.....	45⅞	43½	45⅞	...
Sou Cal Ed...	24⅝	24	24⅜	...
Std Oil Cal...	56¾	55¾	55⅞	No...
Std Oil N J...	71½	70¼	71⅛	...
Swift Co.....	33⅞	32½	32¾	...
Tenneco.....	25⅞	24¾	24⅞	...
Texaco Inc....	31⅜	30½	30⅞	...
Textron.....	35	34½	34⅞	...
Time Inc.....	58½	56¼	56¼	...
TWA.....	55¾	53⅞	54⅜	...
UAL Inc.....	53¾	52½	52⅝	...
Union Car....	49⅜	47⅜	48¾	...
Utd Aircraft..	41¼	39¼	40	...
US Ply Cham..	28	26½	27¼	...
US Steel.....	32¾	32	32¼	...
Westing.....	54⅞	52½	53⅛	...
Woolworth...	42⅝	40⅜	41	...
Xerox.....141½		138⅛	138⅛	...

PHASE II

Scrutinizing Profits

The long-awaited report card on ...s year's first quarter, released last ...k, provided statistical support for al... ...st everyone's favorite argument ...out the economy. Yes, the nation is ...d on its way toward a strong recov... ...from the recession, as was shown ... a full-steam rise of almost 12% in ... gross national product, to an annu... ...rate of $1,103 billion. That is right ...the path toward the full-year gain ...almost $100 billion predicted by the ...ion Administration. But no, the ...nomy is not registering as much real ...wth as it should; more than half of ...G.N.P. rise, 6.2%, simply reflects ...her prices.

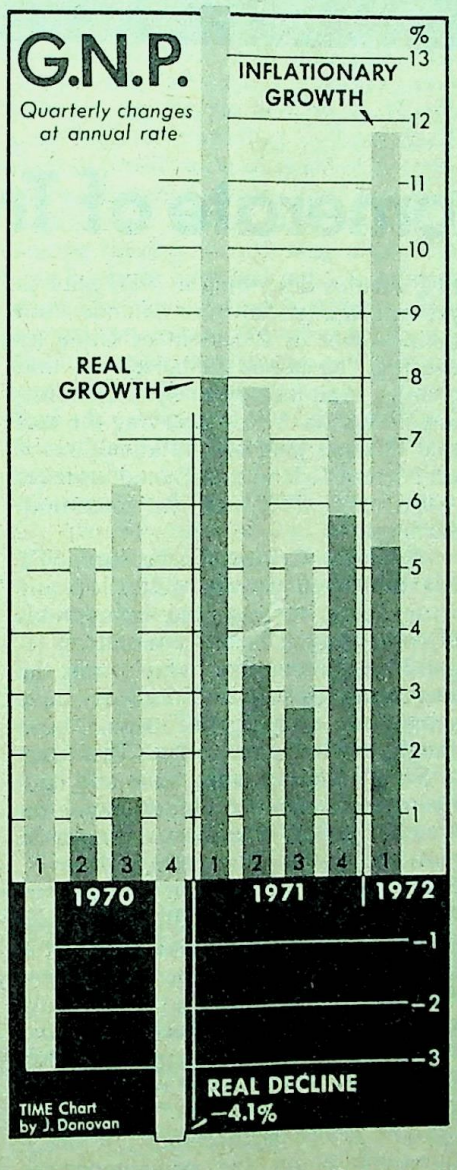
Why did prices jump so fast? In part ...as because inflation during the last ...quarters of 1971, which cover the ...iod of Nixon's freeze, was held to ...abnormally low rate of 2% or so. ...s some of the price increases early ...year were onetime catch-up mea... ...s. Assistant Commerce Secretary ...old Passer predicted that inflation ...ing the second quarter would show ...h a 4% gain and then "taper off." ...forecast gained considerable cre... ...ce when the March consumer price ...x appeared. For the first time in ...re than five years, store prices ...wed no increase above those of the ...vious month—a very hopeful sign.

Treble Refunds. Even so, the sub...tial spurts in living costs during ear... ...months have created a rising feel... ...of frustration among the nation's ...kers. At Congressional Joint Eco...ic Committee hearings last week, ...Board Chairman George Boldt ...sted that wage increases allowed by ...board have averaged only 4.3% ...e Phase II started in November. ...mittee Chairman William Prox...e* observed that "wages are being ...trolled more effectively than prices." ...Price Commission Chief C. Jackson ...rayson vowed that his group will get ...ch tougher with firms that ask for ...e have already been granted—price ...es. Some 250 investigators are ex... ...ining the first-quarter profit state... ...ts of 2,000 big companies, most of ...ch have increased prices. The ...ths are scanning newspapers for sto... ...s of any large profit increases.

Under the commission's rules, big ...s are not allowed to increase their ...fit margins—their earnings as a per...tage of sales—over those of a pre...ze base period. But of 129 reports ...far examined, Grayson reported, ...fewer than 51 exceeded the allow... ...e limit on margins. When asked ...a member of Proxmire's committee ...ose new hair transplants are being referred ...Phase II.

whether he would order violators to roll back prices and make refunds to customers. Grayson replied: "That's exactly what we hope to do." Price violators are liable under law for treble refunds. Just how literally the Price Commission interprets its own rules might well turn into a lively political issue this year.

Price rollbacks would reduce profits and infuriate many businessmen. They argue rightly that profits are the necessary fuel for still further expansion of the economy and that until recently they have been low. But recent profit gains, some of them spectacular, are bound to lead to questioning of whether some earnings have been rising too fast lately. Companies as varied as Goodyear and IBM have just reported the highest earnings in their history; the first-quarter, after-tax profits of 669 U.S. companies averaged 12% above those of a year ago. It will be the difficult job of the Price Commission to determine whether to promote fast profit growth in order to stoke further economic expansion, or to hold back the earnings rise in hopes of lowering the rate of inflation.



TAXES

Looking into Loopholes

Searching hard for an issue to hit head-on, Edmund Muskie last week accused a list of big corporations of loopholing their way out of all federal income taxes. Speaking in New Castle, Pa., Muskie named "eight giant corporations" that "paid no federal income taxes in one of the last two years." They were: Aluminum Co. of America, Allied Chemical, Bethlehem Steel, National Steel, Republic Steel, Standard Oil of Ohio, U.S. Steel and Westvaco Corp. Officers of the firms disputed Muskie's charges, and it was hard to tell who was right. Under current tax-reporting requirements, outsiders—even presidential candidates—simply cannot find out how much a corporation actually pays in federal income taxes during a given year.

For example, although U.S. Steel reported earnings of $154 million and paid $97 million in dividends for last year, its annual report declares that "no provision for taxes on incomes is required for 1971." After that statement was repeated on the House floor by Ohio's Charles Vanik, the company made an elaboration. It stated that, although for accounting reasons no provision for income taxes had to be reported to stockholders, U.S. Steel had indeed paid some federal income tax in 1971. These payments may have involved using tax credits built up in prior years, and the company may still owe deferred taxes on its 1971 income. Corporations are not required to report such arrangements, and U.S. Steel declined to expand on its claim.

Biggest Break. Muskie promised, if elected, to eliminate three corporate tax breaks—accelerated depreciation, investment tax credits and intangible mineral drilling cost deductions—and to "cut down" the oil and mineral depletion allowance. Actually, the first two became effective part way through last year; thus they had little effect on 1971 taxes and none at all on those for 1970. The other two, while highly profitable to oil companies and mineral firms, are not the main reason for their low tax rates. Their biggest break is the dollar-for-dollar write-off allowed on royalties paid to foreign governments.

Each of these tax procedures has either been passed by Congress or otherwise approved by the Government, and valuable incentives for economic growth may be endangered if some of them become prime political targets. But given the rising populist mood, much more will be heard about corporate tax reform during the election campaign—and about some candidates' demands that every company reporting a profit should pay at least some tax.



MONTHLY MEETING OF INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH EXECUTIVES IN BRUSSELS

CORPORATIONS

ITT's Big Conglomerate of Troubles

A corporation exists by public acceptance.
—ITT Annual Report for 1971

HARDLY any statement could have been more spectacularly mistimed. When it was written several months ago, International Telephone and Telegraph seemed the beau ideal of corporate success: under the twelve-year reign of Chairman and President Harold Sydney Geneen, it had run up a dazzling profit-growth record by expanding into almost every conceivable business in some 80 countries round the world. But by the time the report was issued in March, ITT was enmeshed in a series of controversies that have seriously undermined its "public acceptance." Indeed, they have provided a case history of the perils of relationships—for both sides—between big multinational corporations and Government.

ITT has been hit by a public relations version of the domino effect: one charge against the company has led to an intensified examination by newsmen and politicians of just about everything the company is up to. The troubles began with the publication of the famous Dita Beard memo linking the company's offer to help bankroll this summer's Republican National Convention, through its Sheraton hotel chain, to the Government's settlement of a major antitrust suit against ITT. The settlement will force ITT to sell several companies but allows it to keep the big one it really wanted, Hartford Fire Insurance.

Next, newspaper reporters spotlighted the fact that some ITT officers had sold substantial blocks of stock shortly before announcement in mid-1971 of the settlement—an announcement that temporarily knocked down the stock price. Then the assault was heated to new intensity as Columnist Jack Anderson (TIME cover, April 3) published authentic-looking ITT memos describing a 1970 plan to prevent Marxist Salvador Allende from taking office as President of Chile by causing "economic collapse" in that country. And most recently, Democratic politicos have been decrying the fact that ITT has paid only relatively modest current federal and Canadian taxes —less than 25%—on its mammoth earnings.

Fuel for Critics. To be sure, ITT has not been proved guilty of any wrongdoing; for example, its methods of computing its taxes seem entirely legal. But in attempting to lay to rest the suspicions, Geneen and his aides have sometimes seemed like small boys caught stealing ripe apples. Testifying at Senate hearings, they have told confusing stories and committed some incredible gaffes. The most memorable, perhaps, was Vice President William R. Merriam's explanation of why he ordered ITT's Washington files fed into a paper shredder after publication of the Dita Beard memo. Democratic Senator Sam Ervin remarked that "you could not destroy that memo because you did not have it." Merriam's reply: "No, that is right, but there might have been a lot of others in there like that."

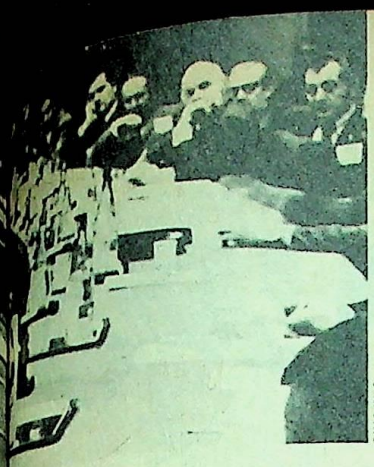
The whole performance has raised questions about the competence of some ITT executives, shaken the reputations of some Nixon Administration officials, and hurt the nation's political relations with certain foreign governments. In the U.S., the ITT controversy has dragged out the confirmation of Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General—because as Deputy Attorney General he approved the antitrust settlement—and handed Democrats an easy opportunity to portray the Nixon Administration as too readily swayed by giant corporations. More generally, it has reopened an old debate about whether business bigness, particularly conglomerate bigness, is bad. Businessmen around the U.S. complain that the ITT affair has hurt them, too, because it has blackened the image of business in general and given fresh fuel to its increasingly vocal critics. In Latin America, the ITT case has given gleeful leftists the opportunity to aim their attacks on imperialistic *Yanqui* business against an identifiable company rather than a fuzzy abstraction.

The ultimate effects on ITT itself are not yet clear. The company seems as powerful a multinational force as ever. It boasts more than 200 primary divisions and subsidiaries and countless sub-subsidiaries* on every continent, which among other things operate the hot line between Washington and Mo

*One business manual lists 284 subsidiaries of ITT subsidiaries, but others are untabulated. And there are also subsidiaries of subsidiaries of subsidiaries, or sub-sub-subs.



CHAIRMAN & PRESIDENT GENEEN
Growth, growth, growth.



made almost all its past acquisitions in exchange for stock. The recent controversies have driven down the price of its shares from an early 1972 high of $64.50 to $55.75 last week, making it less attractive to the owners of any company Geneen might covet. The controversies will also make federal and state government officials supercautious in dealing with ITT executives who approach them for favorable tax, merger or regulatory decisions.

The furor over ITT is not likely to die down. Last week it took some new turns. In Washington, Presidential Assistant Peter Flanigan, Nixon's chief problem solver for businessmen, appeared at long last before the Senate Judiciary Committee to testify on his role in the consent decree that allowed ITT to keep Hartford Fire Insurance. His appearance averted a confrontation between the Senate and White House over "executive privilege"—the claimed right of presidential aides not to be summoned before Congress. But Flanigan declined to answer many questions, among them what meetings about the case he might have had with Kleindienst or ITT officials. He would only say that he had served as a "conduit" to get for the Justice Department an independent appraisal of the effects of an ITT-Hartford breakup, written by Richard Ramsden, a financial analyst. The committee then voted to end the six-week hearings on Kleindienst's nomination for Attorney General that have delved deeply into the consent decree. Kleindienst's confirmation now seems likely but not certain.

Earlier last week, Ramsden had cut the ground out from under a key part of the Administration's explanation of why it had let ITT get away with a consent decree allowing it to keep Hartford. Ramsden's report went to Richard McLaren, former Justice Department antitrust chief, who said that it had convinced him that breaking up the merger would have shaken the stock market and hurt the U.S. economy. Ramsden testified last week that his report justified no such conclusions.*

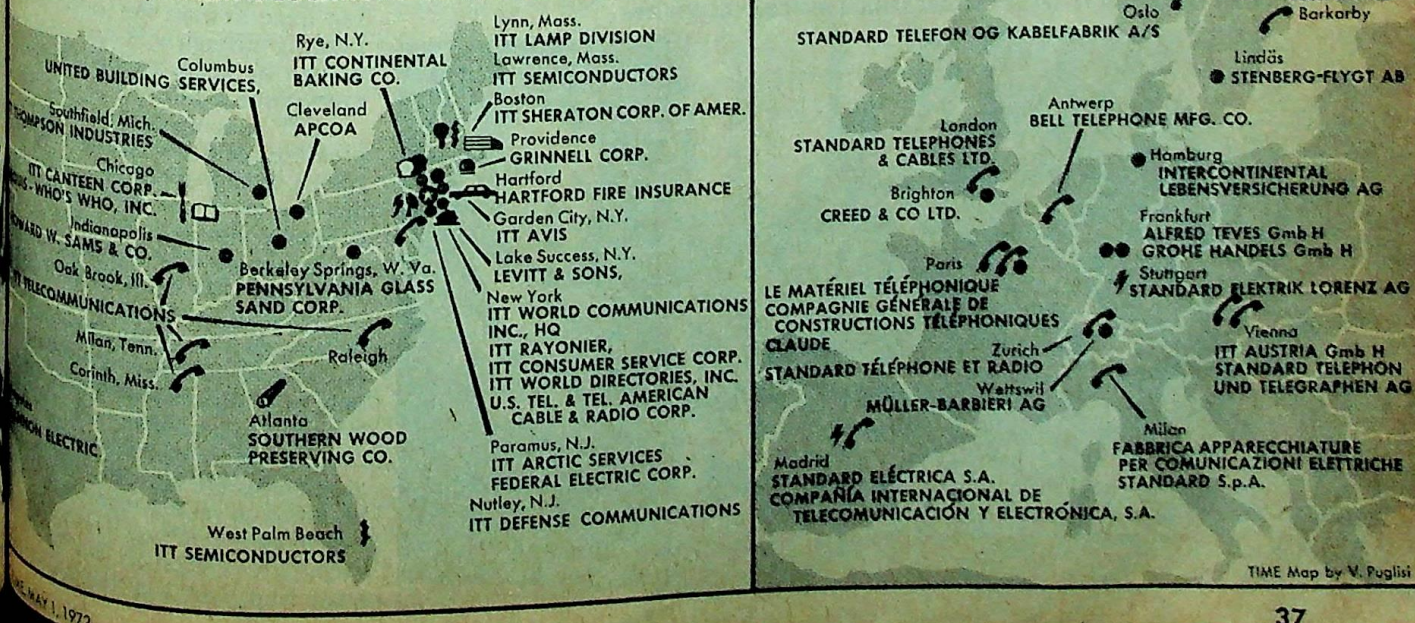
Not surprisingly, ITT was also under siege in Chile. An angry President Allende announced that he would ask the Chilean Congress to nationalize the $222 million Chile Telephone Co., which is 70% owned by ITT, and possibly other ITT Chilean properties as well. He made no mention of compensation. Expropriation seems likely; no Chilean Congressman is now prepared to defend ITT. Thus the company seems to have little hope of recovering the $70 million that it deducted from 1971 profits to cover expected losses, even after insurance payments, on its Chilean investment. Counting that deduction, the company's net profits dropped from $362 million in 1970 to $337 million last year, though operating profits before the deduction rose to $407 million.

Monastic Order. Naturally, ITT could brush off that blow—but not gracefully. To company executives, any interruption in net growth, even if it is temporary and local, appears to strike at the essence of ITT. Geneen views his company not as a collection of plants and products, nor even as the management system on which ITT incessantly prides itself, but as a mystique. ITT men consider themselves an elite corps dedicated to a single cause: operating profits shall increase every quarter—a goal that ITT achieved for 50 consecutive quarters through the end of 1971. To that cause they are expected to sacrifice.

*Columnist Joseph Kraft nevertheless insisted last week that the Administration genuinely feared in the spring of 1971, when the economy and a number of overstretched Wall Street brokerage houses were in trouble, that an ITT-Hartford breakup would have hurt the economy badly enough to damage President Nixon's political stature.

ITT IN THE U.S. & EUROPE

(PRINCIPAL LOCATIONS OF MAJOR MANUFACTURING AND CONSUMER SERVICE FACILITIES)



TIME Map by V. Puglisi

if need be, their outside interests and family life. Says one former high executive (and there are legions of them): "It is a whole way of life to work for ITT, like joining a monastic order. That is part of ITT's special strength—a feeling that you are working for an order and not just a mortal company."

That mystique reflects the personal philosophy of flinty, fast-speaking Harold Geneen, a onetime accountant and Raytheon Co. executive vice president, who was paid a salary and bonus of $812,494 last year, the highest of any American chief executive. Like all the major conglomerators, he has shaped his company in his own image. In putting together his mergers, he followed no special pattern. "You're looking for a very masterful idea behind all this," he once told an interviewer, "and there isn't one." He simply sought companies that were well-managed and that would not have their potential growth hindered by Government regulation or an inability to wring high sales out of each dollar of assets. The business that they were in was immaterial. Geneen has striven, however, to get a rough balance between the company's investments in the U.S. and abroad. Last year 56% of net sales came from North American operations, but the greater share of future investments is likely to be made in foreign countries, where ITT is not hamstrung by antitrust restrictions.

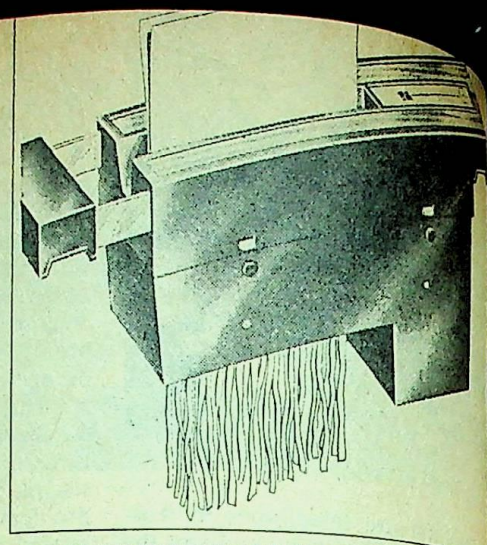
Head for Figures. Geneen is by far the most dedicated of all ITT's monastics, an executive who is displeased if subordinates are not in their offices to take his phone calls long after dinnertime. He lives in a world of figures that he loves to quote. The chiefs of every ITT unit have to draw up a five-year plan each year, and prepare monthly reports detailing accounts receivable, inventories, capital spending budgets, analyses of administrative and marketing expenses, and the like. The reports from the European subsidiaries alone produce a monthly pile of 28 books, each more than one inch thick. Wherever Geneen goes, the books are sure to follow: to his Manhattan apartment at night, to his house near Hyannis on Cape Cod over weekends, aboard a chartered Pan Am 707 jet to Europe, which is rigged out with an office for him. On some mornings when he enters the lobby of his Park Avenue headquarters, he is trailed by a man pulling a cart piled high with boxes that have been unloaded from the trunk of the limousine in which Geneen is chauffeured to work. Naturally, the boxes are crammed with reports. Awe-struck ITTers insist that Geneen not only reads the reports but remembers them—all of them. One executive recalls Geneen asking him at a chance meeting what he had done to solve a problem that the executive had mentioned in a footnote to a report six months earlier. The man had forgotten what he had written in the footnote.

Geneen contends that all the figures are necessary in order to prepare properly for management meetings, the heart of the ITT management system. By company count, such meetings —which take place in the U.S., Europe, South America and Asia—consume 200 days a year. The big conclaves are the monthly gatherings of U.S.-based executives in Manhattan, and of U.S. and European officials in Brussels. Each may last four days, running from 10 a.m. until midnight or later. They are designed to let all the facts hang out and to identify problems in any subsidiary before they become critical—or, in Geneen's words, to "avoid surprises both pleasant and unpleasant."

TIME European Economic Correspondent Roger Beardwood, the only journalist ever to attend one of the meetings, describes the atmosphere as "a cross between a self-criticism session in a Soviet factory and question time in the British House of Commons." Senior executives sit around a horseshoe-shaped table, lesser ones at desks [illegible] each company chief or product-divi[illegible] manager makes his report, key sta[illegible] tics are flashed on a screen. Any de[illegible] ation from forecasts, up or down, bri[illegible] immediate questions, which the m[illegible] ager is expected to answer with sc[illegible] pulous honesty. If a pressing prob[illegible] shows up, it gets "red flag" treatme[illegible] a task force of executives is assigned [illegible] help the embattled local manageme[illegible] Says Executive Vice President Ja[illegible] Lester: "ITT is the world's largest m[illegible] agement consultancy."

Quick Action. When running meetings, Geneen is genial, straightforward and witty, though his wit con[illegible] mostly of inside jokes. He demands i[illegible] mediate, fact-filled answers to his qu[illegible] tions and quick action on all proble[illegible] At one meeting he reached a decis[illegible] about a problem in a Portuguese co[illegible] pany; then he left the room for a f[illegible] minutes, and when he returned he e[illegible] pressed cold displeasure that the P[illegible] tuguese manager was still gathering [illegible] his papers rather than already head[illegible] back to Lisbon to do Geneen's bidd[illegible] In discussion he moves quickly fr[illegible] one decision to the next, a habit t[illegible] can be troublesome for a manager w[illegible] is trying to explain a complicated p[illegible] lem. Says one former subordinate: "Y[illegible] just have to have the fortitude to k[illegible] pushing through with your answer, e[illegible] though he keeps trying to cut you [illegible] every three words."

ITT executives who withstand t[illegible] pressures of this system tend to be g[illegible] rulous, as well as healthy drinkers. Th[illegible] are fiercely loyal to Geneen and t[illegible] company, but those who do leave o[illegible] go on to top jobs elsewhere. While [illegible] ITT, they live in a cloistered wo[illegible] —partly out of *esprit de corps*, p[illegible] because they do not have the time to [illegible] outside. Admission to this world co[illegible] only after eight hours of psychologi[illegible] testing, administered apparently [illegible] cause Geneen, who knows that pers[illegible] al relations are his weakness, feels th[illegible] he needs to read a report on a man [illegible] well as interview him. Once in, the I[illegible] executive, like Geneen himself, tends [illegible] meet and socialize only with [illegible]



AD FOR PORTABLE PAPER SHREDDER
More like Dita's memo.

FLANIGAN PREPARING TO TESTIFY BEFORE SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE



AP

...ITT's A Brussels host who gave a par... ...for ITT European officials from New ...York last year got them to attend only ...by promising that he would be the sole ...non-ITT person there.

Does this high-pressure, inbred management system work? In terms of the figures that Geneen loves, it certainly seems to work splendidly. Between 1959 and 1971, ITT's revenues multiplied almost ten times, to $7.3 billion, and operating profits 14 times. (Earnings per share showed a much smaller rise because ITT has issued so much new stock to pay for acquisitions.) But in the recent intense re-examination of ITT, financial experts are beginning to ask some probing questions to which the figures disclose no answers.

One question is how ITT will fare after the 62-year-old Geneen retires. That will happen three years from now, unless Geneen exempts himself from a general company rule specifying retirement at 65. There is no clear successor. Some former ITT executives express the heretical thought that the company is too big and complex for anyone else to manage effectively. Certainly the organization contains the potential for turning into an unwieldy bureaucracy. The system that Geneen has crafted so carefully might well need someone with his extremely rare blend of drive, decisiveness and astonishing capacity to absorb figures.

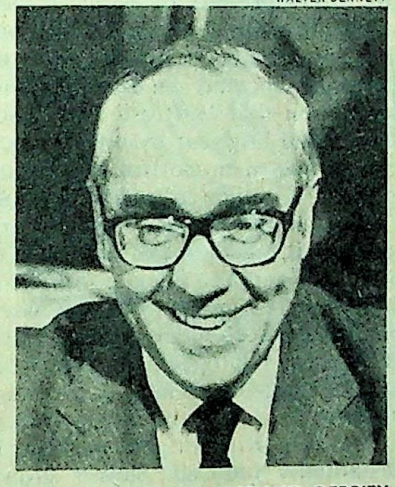
Even now, there is some doubt whether the figures that Geneen is producing are all that precise as a guide to ITT's profitability. The company's earnings have benefited enormously from its acquisitions, particularly because ITT,

Geneen's Visible Persuaders

ITT has long sought to carve out a distinctive reputation as an enlightened, superbly coordinated international giant. To burnish its image, make friends and influence people, the company has put together a team of about 60 seasoned, high-priced specialists in public and Government relations and given them unusual scope to practice their craft. They are professional persuaders who try to woo the press, politicians, businessmen and anybody else who might be useful to the company. Except that it is somewhat larger and has more of a reputation for aggressiveness than most, ITT's public relations department is fairly typical of those of many big corporations.

ITT's public relations men lavish Christmas gifts and expense-account lunches on journalists and politicians. Important Government contacts are provided with a private plane for business and pleasure junkets to sports events or weekend hideaways. Favored Government officials are sometimes surprised to be called on in foreign cities by ITT personnel, who will rustle up company-paid hotel accommodations and find a good restaurant. Though business is often unmentioned in all the fun and games, anyone taking advantage of them naturally becomes indebted, in various degrees, to ITT.

WALTER BENNETT



PUBLIC RELATIONS CHIEF NED GERRITY

A crucial part of public relations at ITT is anticipating press and television stories about the conglomerate and trying to get the company's view included. It helps that many of ITT's publicists are former newsmen. Company flacks often go to press clubs, attend the weekly lunches of U.S. correspondents' associations abroad and put in appearances at meetings of journalistic societies like Sigma Delta Chi. Says ITT's Washington News Director John Horner: "It's good for us, and frequently it's good for them."

■

Sometimes ITT's operatives are too smooth for their own good. Recently Yale Brozen, a University of Chicago economist, assailed the Federal Trade Commission in a speech, likening the agency's crackdown on deceptive or puff advertising claims to "star-chamber proceedings" and "Salem witch hunts." The speech got wide publicity. One fact not mentioned in the stories was that Brozen is a paid consultant to Harshe-Rotman & Druck, a public relations firm, which arranged for him to speak in various luncheon clubs. The firm is employed by ITT Continental Baking Co., which has been warned by the FTC to tone down its advertising claims of unique nutritional value in Wonder Bread.

ITT people can play rough when the company's interests are threatened. Eileen Shanahan, a New York *Times* economics reporter in Washington, charges that she was repeatedly badgered by company public relations men when she was covering ITT's unsuccessful efforts to acquire the American Broadcasting Co. in 1967. She says that ITT publicists, including Edward J. ("Ned") Gerrity Jr., the public relations chief, complained to her that her reporting was biased, threatened to call her editors and questioned her former employers about her sex life. Gerrity denies knowledge of any threats against Mrs. Shanahan or of investigations into her background.

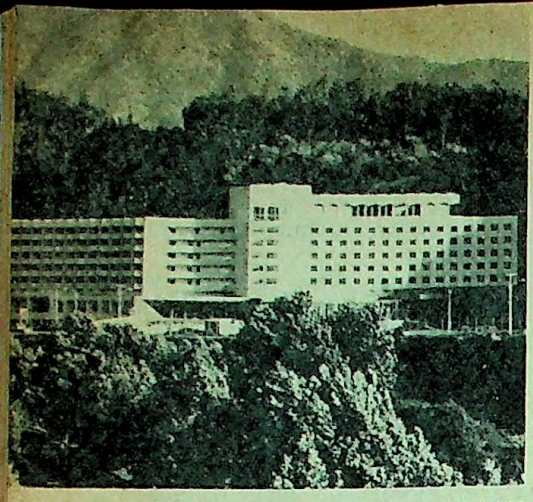
ITT Senior Vice President Gerrity, 48, a onetime columnist for the Scranton *Times*, joined the company in 1958. For a publicist, the generally affable Gerrity wields unusual clout. He is in charge of all ITT's advertising and public and Government relations and is a member of the 12-man management policy committee, headed by Geneen. He confers every day with Geneen, travels with him and acts as a sort of privy counselor. Geneen will say to Gerrity: "Here's what we've been thinking of doing. How will it sound? What can we say?" Last year the conglomerate spent $93 million in advertising, public relations, trade shows and education programs.

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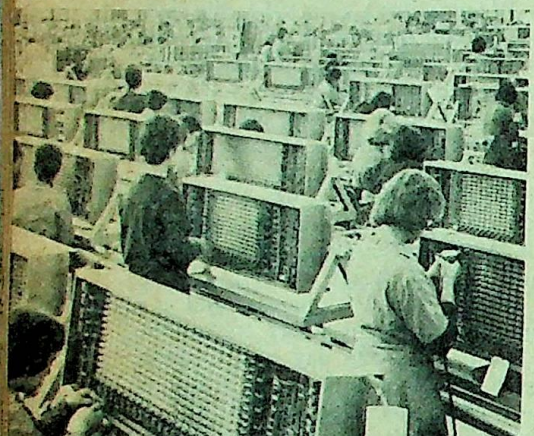
In Washington, public and Government relations staffers—including Dita Beard—gather news and help make it. For example, a former foreign service officer combs the State Department for information, and several former members of congressional staff committees scout out newsy morsels on legislation. Says News Director Horner, who spent 30 years in journalism, much of it with the Washington *Star*: "We provide an early warning system for anything that the corporation or its subsidiaries might be interested in." Vice President William R. Merriam, member of an old, socially prominent Washington family, gives ITT what all its money could not buy—an entrée into the city's inner circle. He can open doors to exclusive places like the F Street Club, which his aunt helped found.

In Europe and Latin America, where much of ITT's business consists of selling communications equipment to state-owned telephone systems, the emphasis is on cultivating government officials. Latin American public relations are headed by Harold ("Hal") Hendrix, a onetime Scripps-Howard newsman who won a Pulitzer Prize for his disclosure of the Soviet missile buildup in Cuba, and has close ties with the Central Intelligence Agency. Columnist Jack Anderson's revelations of ITT's involvement in Chile's politics are based on memos written largely by Hendrix and Robert Berrellez, a former Associated Press reporter who is ITT's p.r. chief in Buenos Aires.

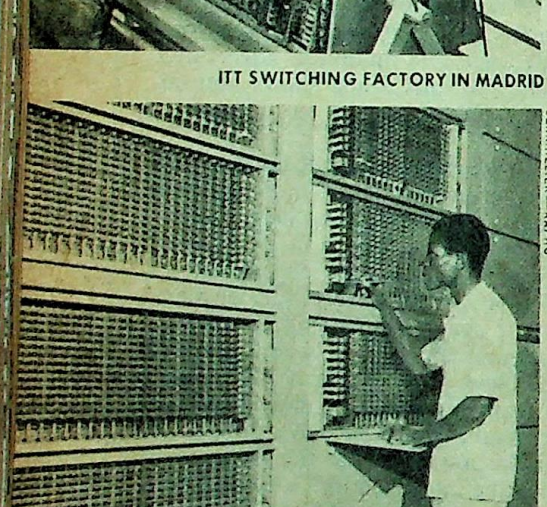
By any measure, ITT's public relations operation is big, experienced, industrious. The most remarkable thing is that it could not foresee or prevent the worst public relations crisis in the company's history.



SHERATON SAN CRISTOBAL IN SANTIAGO, CHILE



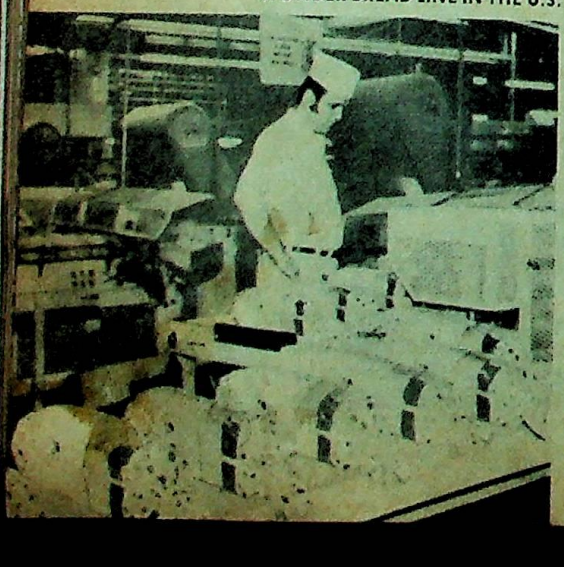
ITT SWITCHING FACTORY IN MADRID



SERRALLIER—RAPHO

ITT TELECOMMUNICATIONS EXCHANGE IN ABIDJAN

WONDER BREAD LINE IN THE U.S.



like most conglomerates, uses the "pooling of interest" method of merger accounting. That allows a company that acquires another firm to count as its own all profits the acquired firm earns for the whole year, even if the acquisition is made late in the year. But how well have ITT's component companies done after they were acquired? That question is gaining importance now that ITT is legally prevented from buying up U.S. companies as freely as in the past.

The few figures available for companies after acquisition by ITT indicate that they have maintained strong profit-growth rates of about 10% a year. But it is impossible to determine how much of that resulted from changes that ITT made in their accounting systems as soon as it took them over. Whenever Geneen's company has faced a choice between two accounting methods, it has selected the one that enables it to report the highest immediate profits. Depreciation, interest costs, changes in pension plans, investment tax credits, foreign exchange losses, to name only a few items —all are treated in ways that minimize deductions from current profits or maximize additions to them.

High Risk. ITT has also chosen frequently to report as operating income gains from the sales of assets; a more conservative course would be to report such gains as nonoperating profit, or extraordinary income. An example is the $36 million that Hartford Fire Insurance earned last year by selling stocks from its investment portfolio. By counting the $36 million as operating profit, ITT inflated the picture of its operating success. All together, ITT last year reported as operating income more than $54 million in gains from sales of assets. Some expert accountants calculate that if ITT chose relatively conservative accounting procedures (such as, for example, those used by General Electric), its internal rate of profit growth might be substantially reduced. Slower growth would lead to a lower price for ITT stock—and less opportunity for making acquisitions on favorable terms.

If ITT's internal growth had been entirely satisfactory, it is hard to see why the company would have gone to the lengths it did to acquire Hartford. Of course, the insurance company was a highly desirable plum. Last year it posted revenues of $1.3 billion and profits of $105 million, or 26% of ITT's operating earnings. In addition, insurance companies generate enormous flows of cash, and usually hold in their portfolios stocks that are worth much more on the market than it had cost to buy them. The acquiring company can reap easy profits by selling these stocks at their higher market value. Still, ITT took a quite uncharacteristic risk in acquiring Hartford, over the Justice Department's initial opposition.

In May 1970, when the Justice Department's suit to break up the merger was still very much alive, ITT issued 21.7 million shares of preferred stock in order to pay for the company. It is committed to pay almost $49 million in dividends yearly on that stock to the former owners of Hartford. If it had been forced to give up the insurance company, ITT would have had to go on paying those dividends without having Hartford's earnings to cover them. That would have been a heavy drain on cash Geneen would have had available to reinvest in ITT's other businesses. Possibly ITT could have arranged with of Hartford in some way that would have enabled it to get rid of the new preferred stock—and the need to pay dividends—but that would have been a long and difficult process.

At any rate, ITT executives decided to make an all-out effort to keep the Hartford antitrust case from even coming to trial. Geneen and ITT Director Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the investment banking house of Lazard Frères, sought out every available Administration official—Flanigan, Kleindienst, former Attorney General John Mitchell among them—to complain in private meetings about the Administration's antitrust policy. They succeeded, but the enormous cost to ITT's public image. That cost points to the most glaring flaw in Geneen's philosophy and system of management. It can easily produce the kind of surprise that all ITT's figures cannot warn against: the shock of discovering that there is an outside world filled with people to whom continuous increases in ITT profits do not necessarily seem the *summum bonum*.

ITT does not altogether lack political acumen. In both Europe and Latin America, it has wisely had its companies staffed—although usually not owned —by local citizens. Geneen leaves the local managers fairly free to set their own policies so long as their profit figures satisfy him. Says Frank Pepermans, a former Ford Motor executive who is managing director of ITT's Belgian telephone-manufacturing subsidiary: "At Ford, all policies were made in Dearborn. At ITT, I am not a Belgian working for an American company. I am a Belgian running one of Belgium's most important companies." In Latin America, ITT's profile before the Chilean blowup was so low that Orlando Sáenz, head of the Chilean equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers, says, "I have a telephone in my house and it usually works. Until recently, that was all I knew of ITT."

Unrelated Help. ITT also appreciates the value of having important public figures on its side. The parent company's board includes John McCone, former head of the CIA, and Eugene Black, onetime chief of the World Bank. Paul-Henri Spaak, three times Prime Minister of Belgium, is a director of ITT's Belgian subsidiary. His prestige helped mightily in winning permission for ITT to put up a skyscraper Europe an headquarters in Brussels, despite local protests that it would fracture the Brussels skyline.

When seeking a favorable governdecision, ITT often agrees to proe some unrelated economic benefit. Peru, it agreed to build an $8,000,000 el and a factory in order to get a faorable settlement of the government's empt to take over the ITT-owned lephone subsidiary.

In the U.S., ITT's takeover of Hartd Fire Insurance required the perission of Connecticut's insurance mmissioner. William Cotter, who en held the job, initially disapproved. er some politicians in Hartford exssed a desire to get ITT to help with city's urban renewal. Cotter brought m together with Geneen, Rohatyn d himself in May 1970—and the next approved the acquisition of Hartd Fire. ITT has subsequently built a eraton Hotel in Hartford.

Profits and Values. When they are cked by government action, howevITT executives can show a startling nsitivity to public opinion. A few ars ago, the Argentine government ted to tie into a satellite communitions network, in which ITT would e had a minor interest or none at all, ead of continuing to rely on cable mmunications, a major field of ITT erest. James R. McNitt, president of T World Communications in Argen-, issued a statement: "The Latin erican countries, as well as the Afri- countries—with the sole exception South Africa—seem to prefer satele communications. They are wrong." s remarks outraged racially proud gentines, who thought that he was ping them with Black Africans e ITT classed itself with South Afans. Such bloopers cause some Arntine officials to grumble about *"estos pidos de la ITT"* (these stupid ITT ople). Argentina eventually tied into a tellite system in which ITT has little are.

Both strains—a desire for political luence and an insensitivity to the al world" outside—came together in T dealings in Washington about the rtford merger. Geneen and his aides seem to have had no idea that their ivate meetings with Administration ders could give the appearance of a tical fix. As for their commitment to lp finance the Republican Conven- through the Sheraton chain, that may have been merely a promotional nture for new hotels, as Geneen and associates contend. Surely they uld not have thought that they could y the Justice Department. But there is od reason to believe that the commitent also represented an attempt to add t more weight to ITT's case—in sube innocence of the gross impropriety any such idea.

That is the sort of naiveté that U.S. siness can no longer afford. ITT has early been a leader in the consuming ive for higher profits. But Geneen's dirction has not yet fitted it to an age in ich all corporations must give great ught to broader values.

Copying v. Copyright

Well over 600,000 Xerox and other photocopying machines are currently humming and clicking off 30 billion copies per year in libraries and offices throughout the world. U.C.L.A. Law Professor Melville Nimmer has suggested that "the day may not be far off when no one need purchase books." But first, there is an unanswered legal question. Does this passion for duplicating violate the copyright laws?

The copyright statute itself has not been revised since 1909. Nor, surprisingly, had there ever been any court action on the question—until two months ago. Then, in a carefully reasoned opinion, an official of the U.S. Court of Claims ruled that a library that engages in "wholesale" duplicating of copyrighted material must pay a royalty.

Williams & Wilkins, a publisher of medical journals, had complained that it should be paid by the U.S. Government for copies of its articles that were being duplicated on request by the National Library of Medicine and by the library at the National Institutes of Health. The Government contended that the photocopying amounted to "fair use," since no more than one copy was made in response to each request, that the copies were made in the interest of furthering research, and that the technique was simply a mechanical improvement on the long-accepted practice of hand-copying material.

Claims Commissioner James F. Davis disagreed. What the Government "really appears to be arguing," he said, "is that copyright law *should* excuse libraries from liability for [this] kind of photocopying. That, of course, is a matter for Congress, not the courts, to consider." Until Congress acts, photocopying "poses a real and substantial threat to copyright owners' interests."

What Rates? Williams & Wilkins conceded the value of photocopying —but they want to be compensated for it. Though the actual financial details were left for a commissioner to determine later, NIH estimated that payments to just one publisher over a three-month test period would have been about $300. Since Commissioner Davis' ruling, the publishing firm has offered to accept a fee based on the total pages published each year in a given magazine or a fee of 5¢ for each page copied.

The Government refused both deals and moved to take the case to the full seven-judge Court of Claims. From there it will likely be appealed to the Supreme Court. Thus at least two years will pass—with almost all libraries continuing to make copies—before there is any final answer to what the American Library Association's chief counsel has called "the most significant copyright litigation of the 20th century."

AMERICAN LIBRARIES



"Yes, George, it does say, 'No part of this may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means . . . without prior written permission.' "

Disputing Disney

In the heart of California's magnificent sequoia forests, in a lonely valley called Mineral King, Walt Disney Enterprises wants to build a $35 million resort, complete with ski lifts, swimming pools and housing to handle crowds of 14,000 tourists per day. In 1969, the

corporation got a permit from the U.S. Forest Service to start work on the resort.

To the wilderness enthusiasts of the Sierra Club, the Disney plan was an outrage. They filed suit to stop it and carried their fight all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court—only to be faced with a blunt legal question: What right did the club have to sue?

Traditionally, a lawsuit claims damage or injury to the plaintiff. In rejecting the Sierra Club's action last week, Justice Potter Stewart, writing for the 4-to-3 majority, observed that the group had failed to argue that it or any of its members would be "significantly affected." Instead, they had tried to do "no more than vindicate their own value preferences."

Stewart did find, however, that "aesthetic and environmental well-being, like economic well-being, are important ingredients of the quality of life" and are "deserving of legal protection." For environmentalists, that was an important victory. Stewart went on to drop a footnote broadly hinting that if the Sierra Club amended its complaint, it might well succeed. Stewart even seemed to suggest that it need claim no more than that its campers regularly use and enjoy the area.

The dissenting Justices, Blackmun, Brennan and Douglas, were even more sympathetic to the conservationists; so Sierra Club lawyers were only briefly dismayed by their technical defeat. The problem now is time, and the attorneys have already begun planning strategy to reactivate the case before any Disney workmen start digging in.

Nobody Here But Us Orientals

When northern Florida's Flagler County was told to integrate its dual school system in 1970, the school board made a bizarre response. How could they comply, asked the board members, when no one had ever given them a legal definition of a Negro? The Department of Health, Education and Welfare duly moved to fill the bureaucratic gap. Negroes, it explained, were "persons considered by themselves, by the school or by the community to be of African or Negro origin." The same sort of definition, added HEW, held for Orientals, Chicanos and Indians. At that, the Flagler County school board pronounced all its teachers and students Orientals because they were so "considered by the school." Thus, only one race attended classes in the county, and no discrimination was possible.

It took a federal district court ban to end the Florida "absurdity." Said Chief Judge John R. Brown, in reviewing the case for the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals: "This court has seen, heard, or heard of everything—everything, that is, until today."

The Bombing Blues

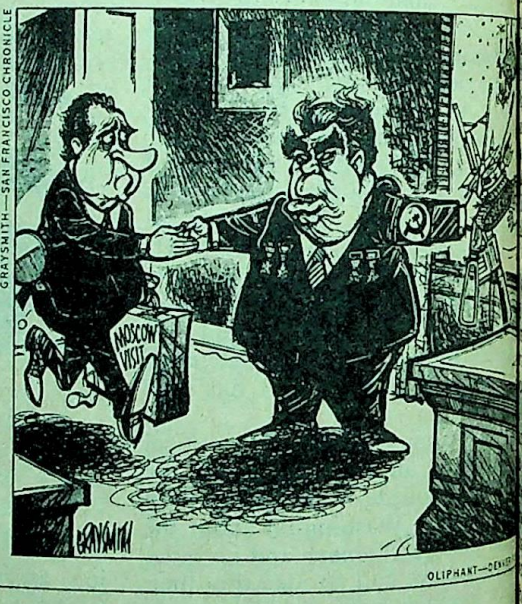
U.S. bombing of the Hanoi-Haiphong area in retribution for the North Vietnamese invasion provoked fresh editorial skirmishing between Administration critics and supporters. While the differences were as sharp as in the late '60s, hawkish editors and columnists seemed scarcer than before. Generally the hawks backed bombing as the means to hasten the U.S. pullout from Viet Nam, while doves dwelt on the dangers of deeper involvement in the fighting and confrontation with Moscow.

What was "an exercise in folly and futility" to the New York *Times* seemed "a courageous, nonpolitical act" to the San Diego *Union*. The Los Angeles *Times* warned that "B-52s over Haiphong cannot buy victory," while the *Arizona Republic* said that "bombs should continue to fall north of the Red River." The New York *Daily News* praised the re-escalated bombing as "a forceful reminder" of U.S. determination, but two other papers of the parent Tribune Co. took a softer line. The flagship Chicago *Tribune* simply noted with satisfaction that "the Communists have taken the very action the President warned against. He has reacted as he said he would." The afternoon paper, *Chicago Today*, raised mildly skeptical questions about Nixon's tactics.

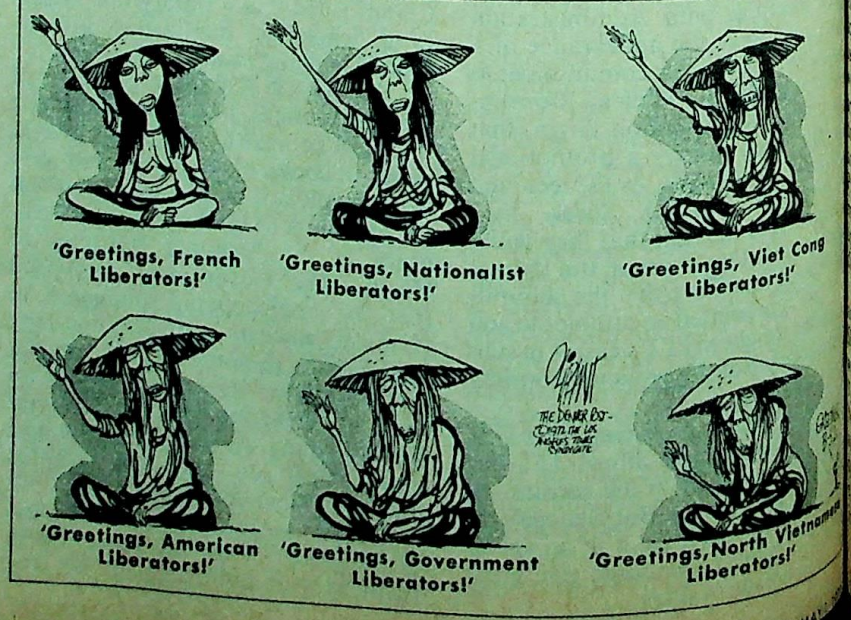
Many editors seemed worried that an old policy might lead to a new entrapment for the U.S. "The notion of bombing Hanoi to the conference table," said the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "is so old, shopworn and discredited that it would be ludicrous if it were not so tragic in its present application." South has been the region most pathetic to the war and the mil... Now many papers are sounding a... illusioned refrain of the bombing b... The Birmingham *News* was among few to give President Nixon strained backing: "Let the voices nounce Hanoi's aggression before decry America's support of South Nam's resistance." More common the views of the Nashville *Tennes...* ("Another package of dashed hopes empty promises") and the Raleigh *... and Observer* (Nixon "owes the pe... an explanation of his intentions").

A presidential policy statem... might in fact have helped to clear th... up for the columnists, who could seem to agree on what to make of the escalation. Where Joseph Kraft Nixon "courting confrontation" Moscow, James Reston spoke of a "porary expression of presidential f... tration and anger rather than a cal... lated plan to force a showdown." Vic... Zorza, the London-based Kremlin...

Soviet arms.



OLIPHANT—DENVER



saw the bombing strategy as "a deep game designed to exploit the differences between the hawks and the doves in the Kremlin in order to maneuver Moscow into bringing about a peace settlement in Viet Nam." The *New York Post's* James Wechsler poohpoohed any pretense of preplanning: "What often seemed a calculated strategy of surprise actually reflects the insanity of deep insecurity." Responding to Nixon's critics, William F. Buckley chortled: "The best that can be said about them is that they have been rendered incoherent."

Perhaps last week's most impassioned overreaction came from the New York *Times's* Anthony Lewis: "In my generation we grew up believing in America. The truth is now impossible to escape if we open our eyes: the U.S. is the most dangerous and destructive power in the world."

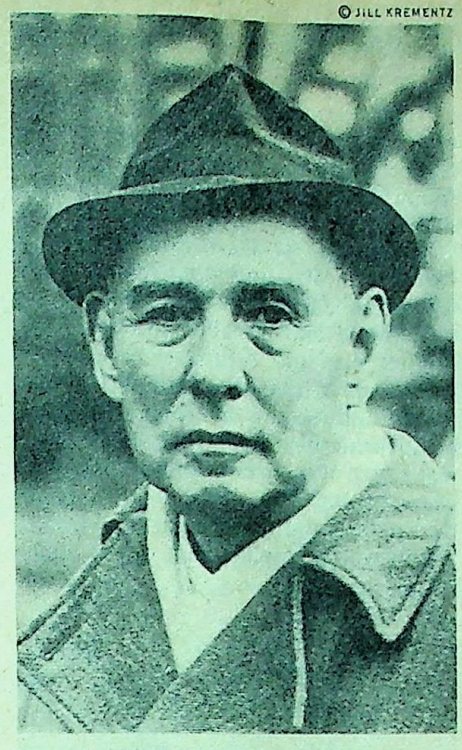
New Politics, New New Yorker

In more ways than the obvious visual ones, *The New Yorker* since its founding in 1925 has seemed almost immune to dramatic change. It has had only two editors in those 47 years, Harold Ross and the man who took over after Ross's death in 1951, William Shawn. The devotion to low-key fiction and gentlemanly criticism has persisted, as have the horse-racing column and such self-mocking images as Eustace Tilley and an imaginary correspondent called "The Long-Winded Lady."

So would you believe that *The New Yorker* is today one of the most socially activist and politically polemical among major magazines? That it vibrates in tones of tough liberalism and occasionally radical outrage?

"The President," said a recent editorial about busing, "seems determined to keep the people's fear and hatred at the peak until election time, whatever the cost to the nation's children and to the laws." An editorial on the expanded bombing of Viet Nam: "The war that this country's government is waging now is war trivialized . . . and involves us all in the dishonor of killing in a cause that we are no longer willing to die for." An article about the Nixon Administration's record on civil liberties, by Richard Harris: "No one can say that the President has willfully set out to undermine the Constitution that he swore to uphold. But how would the results be different if he had?"

"*The New Yorker* has always run articles about public issues," Editor Shawn says; the magazine can cite such earnings as Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* ten years ago. But Shawn agrees that both the urgency and frequency of political pieces have increased sharply. In his view, the turning point was the 1970 Cambodian



EDITOR WILLIAM SHAWN
Tones of tough liberalism.

invasion. Richard Goodwin, once a Kennedy speechwriter, wrote a denunciation of Nixon's "usurpation" of power; Shawn used it as an editorial. After that "Notes and Comment," once the fluffy lead-in to each issue, frequently became the magazine's most somber instrument.

The change coincided with some of the roughest weather *The New Yorker* had ever encountered in the narrow, sometimes viciously choppy New York publishing pond. Back in 1965, *New York* had run Tom Wolfe's satiric attack on Shawn and his magazine. Though shallow and unfair, Wolfe's article generated talk and crystallized the notion that *The New Yorker* had become musty and irrelevant. Then, in the late '60s, like other magazines, it began experiencing a money crunch. It continued to be profitable, but income shrank dramatically.*

Outsiders naturally assumed that Shawn's response to adversity was new politics for *The New Yorker*—an impression strengthened by an advertising campaign that emphasized the stinging prose. But Shawn and his staff insist that there was no connection. "Even when things were at their worst," Shawn told TIME's Horace Judson recently, "I have never felt any pressure. I can't imagine what the pressure could have been. I did hear murmurings in the background, people in the advertising community who thought we were too sedate in our appearance. But we liked the way we looked. We always felt that we were in advance in what we said."

As Shawn and his writers agree, the real reason for *The New Yorker's* political preoccupation lies in the subtle relation between them. *The New Yorker*, with hardly any hierarchical structure, could be described as a participatory dictatorship. Though Shawn shapes the magazine each week ("I approve everything we publish"), only very rarely does he initiate a direct assignment or even set a deadline. Instead, he chooses from what the writers suggest and submit.

The altered tone and emphasis have come "not because of a deliberate or calculated change in policy, but simply because certain authors—responding to the heightened sense of trouble at the end of the '60s and since—have become interested in saying certain things, and we, the editors, are sympathetic."

Brief Fantasy. Shawn deals with his writers the way he approaches the outside world—combining intellectual interest and personal detachment. In a city where editors think of themselves as public figures, Shawn, 64, is so retiring as to be invisible, a trait to which he adds a genuine but rigidly old-fashioned courtesy. "I've known him 20 years," says Richard Harris, a staff writer, "and we are still Mr. Shawn, Mr. Harris." "Behind Shawn's manner," adds Richard Goodwin, "is a fantastically acute steel mind. I've never had editing like it. He went over my Cambodian piece word by word, with me sitting by his desk. He has a great instinct for bringing out what you are trying to do."

Shawn's own profound disquiet about the dangers to mankind evidently has early roots. Born in Chicago, he dropped out of the University of Michigan, worked as a newspaper reporter in New Mexico, then in 1933 joined *The New Yorker* as a "Talk of the Town" reporter. He was an editor by 1935. The only piece he ever signed in the magazine was a brief and melancholy fantasy in 1936 titled *The Catastrophe*, which tells how a meteorite neatly obliterated "all five boroughs of Greater New York," and how the entire notion of New York eventually was forgotten. Ten years later, as managing editor, he persuaded Ross that John Hersey's account of the obliteration of Hiroshima was so important that it should take up the entire editorial space of one issue.

The recent changes seem to be grounded, paradoxically, in a kind of classical conservatism: "We have defended certain things that we do believe in and cherish," Shawn says. "We have written whenever we thought the democracy as we saw it or the constitutional processes were threatened." He thinks back: "I remember Rachel Carson, when she was working on *Silent Spring*, just hated having to do it. With her kind of love of nature, the sea and birds, she felt she was using up the last years of her life on something repugnant. It is often that way now. You do these things out of a feeling of duty."

*Ad pages fell 40%, 1966 to 1971. Profits went from $10.93 per share in 1966 to a low of $3.69 in 1970 before turning up to $4.02 last year. Circulation, which had hovered around 475,000 for more than a decade, also took a slight tumble in 1970 before righting itself at 474,788 last year. At the recent annual meeting, stockholders were told that both circulation and advertising would be up slightly in the first half of 1972.

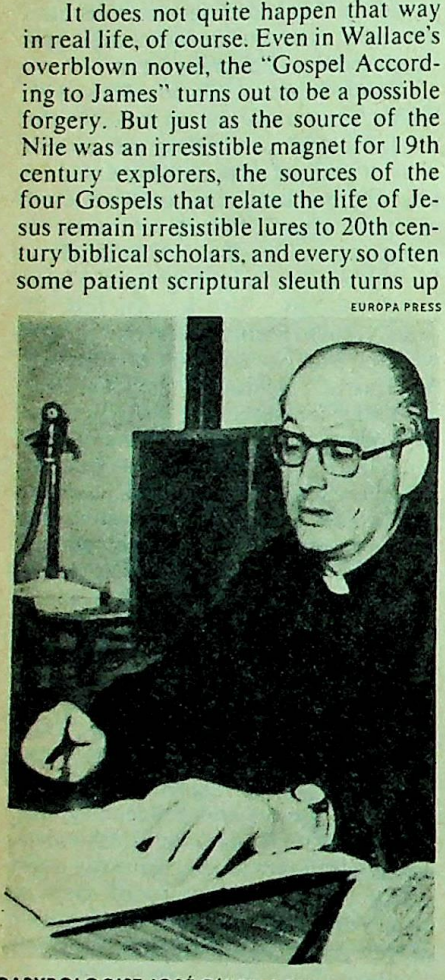
Eyewitness *Mark*?

Wheeler's eyes were shining. "[It's] the greatest story of our time, the one that will dazzle the entire Christian world, the one that will cause a rebirth in religion and a revival of faith. The papyri that were found—that we now possess—are the lost source of the Synoptic Gospels, the so-called Q document, a fifth but actually the first and original Gospel—the Gospel According to James."

—*The Word*, by Irving Wallace

It does not quite happen that way in real life, of course. Even in Wallace's overblown novel, the "Gospel According to James" turns out to be a possible forgery. But just as the source of the Nile was an irresistible magnet for 19th century explorers, the sources of the four Gospels that relate the life of Jesus remain irresistible lures to 20th century biblical scholars, and every so often some patient scriptural sleuth turns up another important piece of evidence. Recently, a Roman Catholic scholar arrived at a finding that could turn out to be this century's most important development in New Testament scholarship. He has concluded that a hitherto neglected fragment of the Dead Sea Scrolls, written within two decades of the crucifixion of Christ, is actually a passage from the *Gospel of Mark*.

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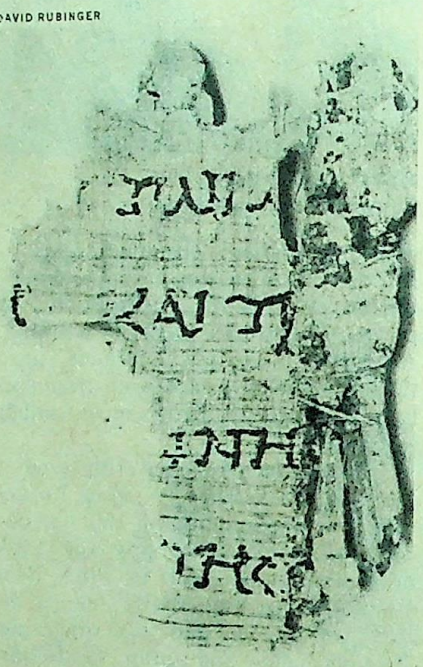


PAPYROLOGIST JOSÉ O'CALLAGHAN
A new set of questions.

Though most liberal scripture scholars consider *Mark* the first Gospel (TIME, Dec. 27), the earliest extant Gospel manuscript now known dates from A.D. 135, a full century after Christ's death. New Testament scholarship in modern times has therefore assumed that the Gospels were later compilations of stories about Jesus, drawn from several sources and including both pious legend and at least some philosophy and social ethics that developed after his death.

A *Gospel of Mark* that existed before A.D. 50—and could have been written as early as A.D. 35—would be a firsthand and possibly an eyewitness report. For the ordinary believer, it would mean that the stories of Jesus' words and actions are more likely to be accurate historical descriptions than just a core of truth embroidered through years of retelling. Jesus' teachings on the indissolubility of marriage (*Mark 10: 9*) would, for instance, carry more weight if it could be shown that they had not been filtered through the prism of a Hellenistic church in a Roman setting. For scholars the finding could mean the end of some cherished theories. Sighs one biblical researcher: "This means that seven tons of German scholarship may now be consigned to the flames."

DAVID RUBINGER



17-LETTER FRAGMENT (ENLARGED)

Thigh Bone. So far, however, the man who has linked the scrolls fragment to the *Gospel of Mark* makes no such extravagant claims for his theory. Spanish Jesuit José O'Callaghan, 49, a highly regarded papyrologist at Rome's Pontifical Biblical Institute, offers his finding in the current issue of the institute's quarterly, *Biblica*, only as a hypothesis. The most important fragment he has studied is a jagged, thumbnail-sized piece of papyrus containing only 17 letters, which cut vertically across five lines of text. His technique for identifying it and other fragments—a standard method that Dead Sea Scroll scholars have used to identify an *Exodus* fragment, among others—is therefore the rough equivalent of reconstructing a prehistoric skeleton from a thigh bone.

O'Callaghan made his discovery while routinely examining official similes of fragments found among Dead Sea Scrolls 25 years ago. batch he was studying, he explained TIME's Wilton Wynn in Rome, collection we had all assumed could possibly contain any New Testa writing. I was working on the assu tion they were all Old Testame What put him on the trail of the pels was four letters of one word, scholars had thought to be a Greek referring to genealogy. O'Callaghan gan to wonder if they might not be of the word Gennesaret, the name valley on the northwest corner of Sea of Galilee.

Taking various mentions of G nesaret from *Matthew*, *Mark* and *L* O'Callaghan set them in Greek lin 20 to 23 characters (the form in w the scrolls were written). Finally found one that with the omission three short words fit the fragment: *M 6: 52-53*. In the same way, O'Callag linked a five-letter fragment with *M 4: 28* and a seven-letter fragment *James 1: 23-24*. In follow-up artic in *Biblica*, he will report three m "probable" identifications (*Acts 27: Mark 12: 17*, *Romans 5: 11-12*) and "possibles" (*II Peter 1: 15*, *Mark 6:* O'Callaghan is confident of the da because the fragments are written in Zierstil Greek script that according paleographers was used roughly tween the years 50 B.C. and A.D. 50.

New Questions. O'Callaghan theory has met with some schol skepticism. Frank Cross of Harvard Dead Sea Scrolls expert, points out many of the letters on the tiny fragme are dim, and that the theory is based "a number of coincidences and va ants." Biblical Scholar David Flusser Israel calls the Jesuit's hypothesis "w speculation"; he believes the fragme is part of a treatise against women. Je Jesuit Roderick McKenzie, editor *Biblica*, fears that the O'Callaghan ar cle is "producing premature jud ments." McKenzie suggests that the ters could well fit some unknown tex

Should O'Callaghan's thesis even ally come to gain acceptance am scholars, however, it will open a p set of biblical questions. How, for stance, did the *Gospel of Mark* sumed to have been written by an ev gelist who accompanied Peter to Ro wind up in a cave in the Judean des Might not the fragment be simply a p of the mysterious "Q," an early pr Gospel that some scholars believe have been the basic source of *Matth Mark* and *Luke*? O'Callaghan also has his answer to the latter questi the style of the fragment, he argues typically *Mark*—part of a literary w not a mere record. The other answer he hopes, may lie in larger, undisco ered portions of the Gospel somewh out in the Judean wilderness.

The Last Prayers

DELUSIONS, ETC.
by JOHN BERRYMAN
80 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
$6.95.

These are the last poems of a major American poet who killed himself in January by jumping from a bridge over the Mississippi. In some ways his suicide at 57 made no sense. In recent years he finally achieved some of the fame, honors and money he deserved, and he appeared to enjoy them. Among people, he was an ebullient man with a compelling voice and a long, bushy beard—generous, energetic, brash. But he suffered acutely from alcoholism and remorse over what he considered a messy, misspent life. He did not forgive himself: "At fifty-five half-famous & effective, I still feel rotten about myself," he wrote in one of his poems.

Though Berryman was a mature poet of far greater range and accomplishment than Sylvia Plath, the manner of their deaths makes some comparison inevitable. The most arresting similarity is a common rage and mourning for the loss of a father in childhood. Apparently there is no healing this deep, mysterious psychic wound, and Berryman's complaint is harsher than Plath's. Her father succumbed to disease; his killed himself. "When will indifference come," he pleaded in *Dream Songs*.

I'd like to . . .
ax the casket open ha
to see
just how he's taking it, which
he sought so hard.

Increasingly, Berryman's work has shown a desperate man. In *Delusions* he reached the terminal realization that for him nothing was going to work —not love or fame, children or friends, not God himself. The best poems are religious. Brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, Berryman left it early, only to return in his last years, partly because his third wife, Kate, was Catholic. Instead of consolation he found God a heavy burden. Contemplation became an obsessive examination of conscience.

Vanity! hog-vanity, ape-lust
slimed half my blue day . .
his great commands
have reached me here—to love my enemy
as I love me—*which is quite out of the question!*
and worse still, to love You with my whole mind . . .

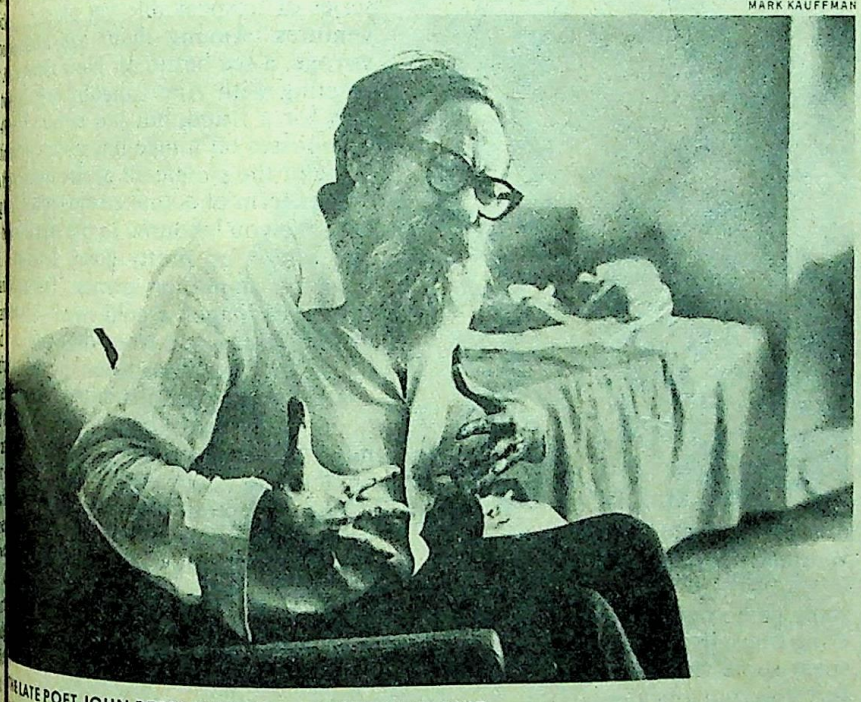
These poems are the more powerful because of their astonishing directness. Berryman had by this point mastered the technical problems in projecting his tense, lonely, anguished voice. As a young man he wrote impeccable poems that sounded just like Yeats. In his 40s he established his own sound in the loose series of hundreds of "dream songs" in which an alter ego named Henry spoke the author's mind in slangy, staccato rhythms. Henry appears in some of this collection, but Berryman had moved away from songs to these final, racked prayers.

Occasionally the earlier, more resilient Berryman still surfaces. There is a wonderful bravura hymn to Beethoven; a hymn to a Minnesota Thanksgiving feast that ends with a hearty "Yippee"; bouquets tossed at Frost and his drinking pal Dylan Thomas, and moments of tenderness toward his wife. But the dominant tone is cold despair. One of the last poems recalls a night spent at Critic Richard Blackmur's house in Maine.

Off the coast was an island, P'tit Manaan,
the bluff from Richard's lawn was almost sheer.
A chill at four o'clock . . .
it occurred to me
that one *night, instead of warm pajamas,*
I'd take off all my clothes & cross the damp cold lawn & down the bluff
into the terrible water & walk forever
under it out toward the island.

■ Martha Duffy

MARK KAUFFMAN



THE LATE POET JOHN BERRYMAN, IN MANHATTAN IN 1967
Mourning for the loss of a father.

A Moveable Fast

THE NICK ADAMS STORIES
by ERNEST HEMINGWAY
268 pages. Scribners. $7.95.

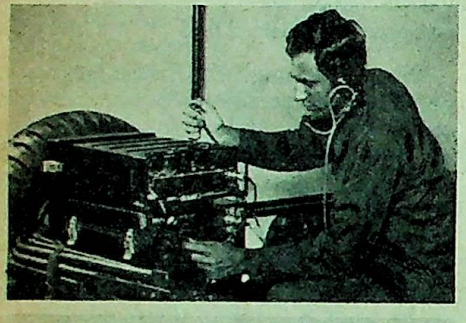
One of the things that Ernest Hemingway taught a generation of imitators was that the way to write good stories is to leave things out. Not just the bad bits, but good ones, so that what remains bears an extraordinary tension. His leaving out extended to entire manuscripts, and when he shot himself in 1961, leaving out the remainder of his life, his trunk was full of finished work which he had not allowed to be published. Since then his literary executors have been busy putting things back in. However reverent their motives, what they do is mostly mischief.

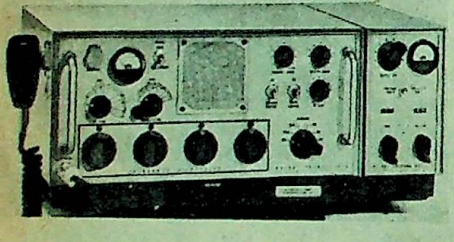
The latest example is the addition to the familiar Nick Adams stories of 100 pages of previously unpublished fragments. There can be no pretense that the fragments are anything but rejects. Judged against the author's other work, none are much better than mediocre, and most are worse than that. They were written, and then written off, at the beginning of Hemingway's career. If he had wanted to change his mind about them, he had 30 years or more to do so. The legitimate Nick Adams stories were written and cut ruthlessly according to the leaving-out principle. The technique worked. Nick may be Hemingway's alter ego, but readers know very little about him. It is not always clear, in fact, what the author feels about him. Important stretches are missing from his life. But those empty spaces are haunted; they resonate.

That, of course, is what makes *Big Two-Hearted River* one of the best of Hemingway's stories. What has moved Nick to make a fishing trip, alone, in Michigan country he has not seen for years, is never hinted at. The standard suggestion, a reasonable one, is that he has been to war. Perhaps, on the other hand, he has merely been living a

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brackish city life. No matter. Nick fishes deliberately, and deliberately does not think of where he has been, and the story is fine.

Chinking the empty spaces in Nick's life with torn-off bits of prose, arranged chronologically so as to provide more information about him, is not an improvement. The resonance is dulled. We are given, for example, three pages about young Nick's nighttime fears, which Hemingway cut from the beginning of *Indian Camp*. There is a mawkish 63-page shard of an unfinishable novel, telling how the teen-aged Nick and his kid sister hide in the woods to escape a couple of improbably Snopesian game wardens. (In his Hemingway biography Carlos Baker very properly deals with the incident in a few paragraphs. Apparently Ernest had killed some game out of season, and, considering himself to be in hideous trouble, spent some time skulking through the forest in romantic despair. No one pursued him.)

UPI



HEMINGWAY IN SUN VALLEY, 1939
Wastebasket revisited.

The only passable new work offered here is a twelve-page story called *Summer People*. It contains a fairly explicit lovemaking scene, and Hemingway may have held it back from publication rather than submit to censorship. But he could have published the story after, say, 1950, and he chose not to. Presumably he thought it was not worth the trouble.

The book does have one justification. It is a fine excuse to read the old stories again. They are what they were. *Indian Camp* is good, but the suicide that ends it is phony. *The Killers*, though much anthologized, is merely muscle-flexing. The tiny, less than 200-word story in which Nick lies wounded against the wall of the Italian church is superb. So is *A Way You'll Never Be*. So is *Big Two-Hearted River*, for [illegible] matter. The two brief skiing stories [illegible] very good; almost no one writes [illegible] about skiing.

Let it go at that. Dead writers [illegible] their wastebaskets should be left [illegible] peace.

■ John S[illegible]

Gross Under Pressure

FLASH FOR FREEDOM!
by GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER
287 pages. Knopf. $6.95.

In this, the third installment of [illegible] maculate memoirs, Harry Flashm[illegible] comes to the United States (circa 18[illegible] As usual it is all a terrible mistak[illegible] "Whenever I'm feeling up to the ma[illegible] and congratulating myself," the gr[illegible] bounder glumly remarks, "some fear[illegible] fate trips me headlong, and I find myse[illegible] haring for cover with my guts churni[illegible] and Nemesis in full cry after me."

In this case, fate's banana peel is [illegible] game of *vingt et un* with (among oth[illegible] ers) Benjamin Disraeli. Flashy is pr[illegible] cipitated through a few more dead wa[illegible] ters of Victorian history and into [illegible] series of unspeakable yet plausible ad[illegible] ventures. Among them are a slaving [illegible] voyage, a sea battle off New Orleans, [illegible] meeting with Abe Lincoln (who spo[illegible] him for a fraud, but not before Flas[illegible] man tosses off a nice line about footi[illegible] some of the people all of the time), an[illegible] a brief term of actual enslavement. "I[illegible] the time you laboured in the sun a spe[illegible] you brown up pretty good, I reckon," says the plantation owner. Thereafter Flashy manages a cold-sweat crossing of the Ohio River on—what else?—ic[illegible] floes, and demonstrates (again and again) his unusual if limited talents. I doubt if there's a man living who can move faster with his pants around his ankles than I can").

Some credit must go to "Editor" Fraser, whose excellent legitimate hi[illegible] tory of the Scottish borders, *The Ste[illegible] Bonnets* (Knopf), has just been pu[illegible] lished. Equipped with nothing mo[illegible] than a few basic history texts and a tas[illegible] for turpitude, Fraser now appears to [illegible] parlaying the fictional recollections o[illegible] his imaginary character into somethi[illegible] closely resembling a perpetual motio[illegible] novel. Of course it helps to have a m[illegible] ter like Harry Flashman up fro[illegible] "Bluff, my boy—bluff, shift and lie fo[illegible] the sake of your neck and the honor o[illegible] Old England."

■ Charles E[illegible]

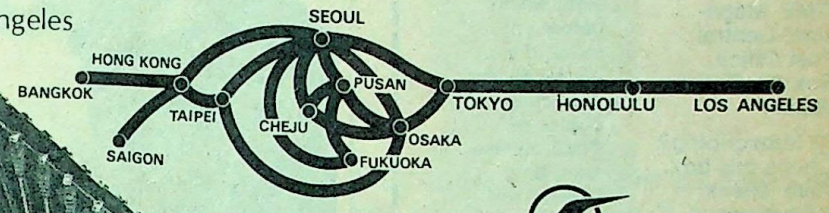
Subway Syndrome

THE CASE HISTORY OF COMRADE V.
by JAMES PARK SLOAN
148 pages. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

In the middle of his brilliant, [illegible] enigmatic second novel, James Park Sloan invents the "subway syndrome." Its victims are those overeducated drunks encountered in the subways late at night, frantically spitting out mad monologues at the tile walls. Ex-Ad

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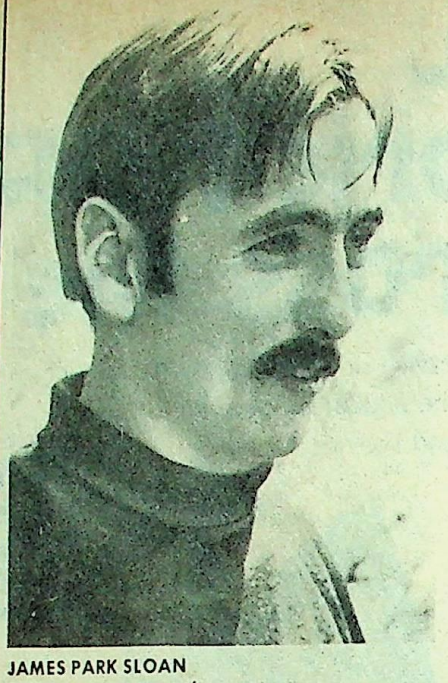
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JAMES PARK SLOAN
Trigonometry at the net.

yers, ex-teachers, even ex-psychiatrists (who knows?), these gray-stubbled ruins with burning eyes represent, Sloan suggests, "the human psyche driven underground . . . by a sense of helplessness in the face of an overwhelming body of human knowledge, subtly divided and incomprehensible to any single man." They don't know—they can't know—The Answer, and that knowledge is killing them.

Sloan, 27, has taken on an anti-hero so refined he is practically a mathematical abstract. The author has broken down this problem solver into a human being by confronting him with problems the higher math cannot solve.

In the beginning Comrade V. is a case of the scientist as monstrous prig. When he played goalie on his school soccer team, young V. effortlessly blocked shots as exercises in trigonometry. At his father's funeral he coolly analyzed the seating patterns of mourners as a bimodal distribution. After he married, he computed the time his wife and children were subtracting from his fruitful professional computing—and promptly abandoned them.

Such efficiency soon made V. the premier mathematician in the County of L__. He occupied a prestigious university chair. Research foundations competed to give him grants. He was appointed consultant to the National Bureau of Statistical Analysis. What more could a figure-freak want?

Then V. made an inaccurate projection of the barley harvest, or anyway he was accused of an inaccurate projection. Before anyone could say $E=mc^2$, he was detained in a white, windowless room in the oddest sort of building ("everything from Byzantine to modern institutional"): an unnamed political prisoner in an unnamed state.

The reader confidently pronounces himself in Kafka country and prepares to stalk long antiseptic corridors in search of that unnamed chief [illegible] known to Kafka as God. But Sloan's complexity makes Kafka seem elementary stuff. Mixing diaries, psychiatric reports, and computer print-outs, Sloan systematically undermines the original account of Comrade V. by offering alternative versions:

Is V. really a political deviationist being brainwashed by Big Brother? Or is he a monomaniac who only thinks he is a mathematician and only suppresses he is being persecuted? Or is V. perhaps a gifted psychiatrist pretending to be a monomaniac who role-plays a mathematician?

As the author invites the thoroughly turned-around reader to consider these possibilities, Sloan's literary mastery seems less Kafka than Jorge Luis Borges. He writes dazzling mini-essays on schizophrenia, stoicism, and the role of the artist in relation to society as if his own definition of an artist's job were in William Gass's memorable phrase "to canonize confusion."

Unpredictably clever, obscurely erudite, obstinately elusive about answering his own questions, Sloan could be the Comrade V. of novelists: the last bearer as dehumanized intellect. But he is not—quite. As in his first novel, *Games*, brilliance is redeemed by anguish—evidence that Sloan's passion is not for the labyrinth but for the people trapped in it. And to potential subway syndrome readers, this makes all the difference. ■ Melvin Maddocks

PAPERBACKS

Recent and Recommended

The following titles, reviewed in TIME when originally published in hard-cover, are being released this spring as paperbacks.

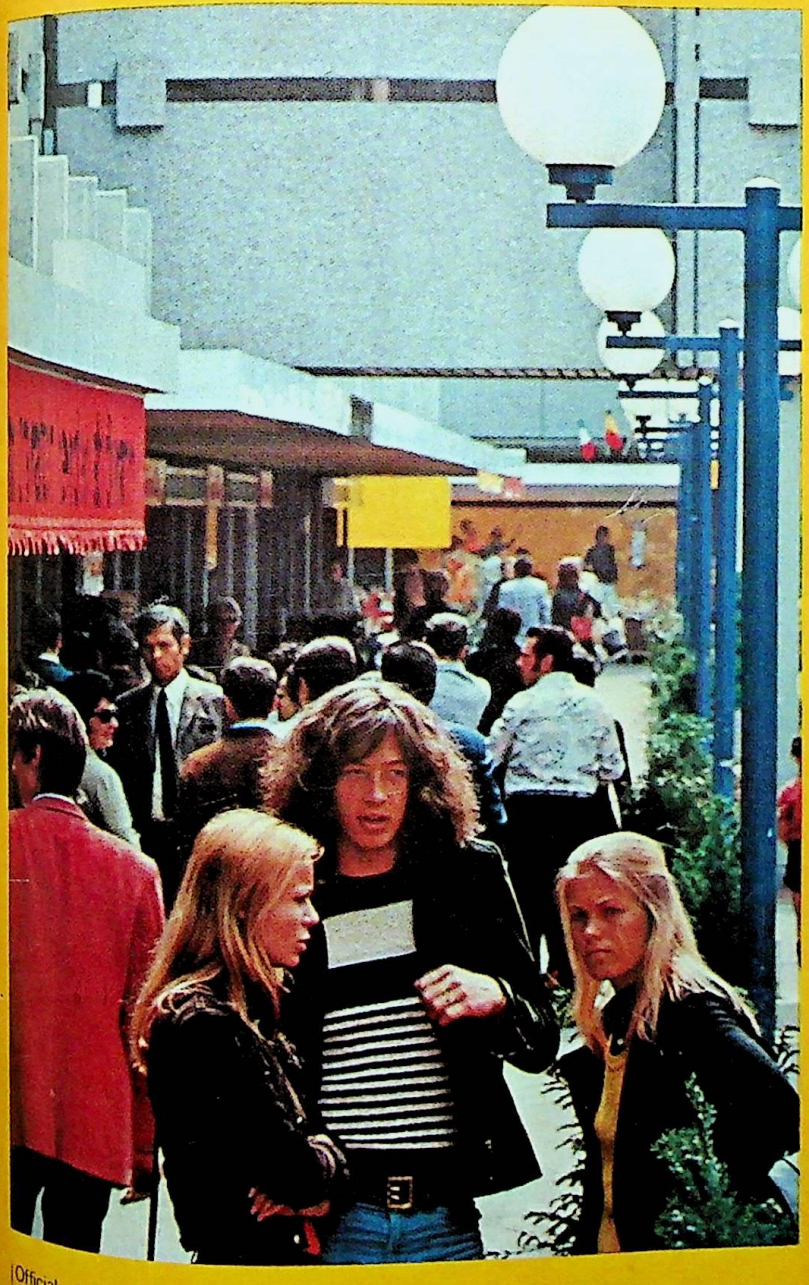
FICTION

The Abortion by *Richard Brautigan* (*Pocket*)
The Dick Gibson Show by *Stanley Elkin* (*Pocket*)
A Cry of Absence by *Madison Jones* (*Pocket*)
Birds of America by *Mary McCarthy* (*N.A.L.*)
Love in the Ruins by *Walker Percy* (*Dell*)
The Bell Jar by *Sylvia Plath* (*Bantam*)
Ali and Nino by *Kurban Said* (*Pocket*)

NONFICTION

The Grandees by *Stephen Birmingham* (*Dell*)
Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee by *Dee Brown* (*Bantam*)
365 Days by *Ronald J. Glasser* (*Bantam*)
The Female Eunuch by *Germaine Greer* (*Bantam*)
How to Survive in Your Native Land by *James Herndon* (*Bantam*)
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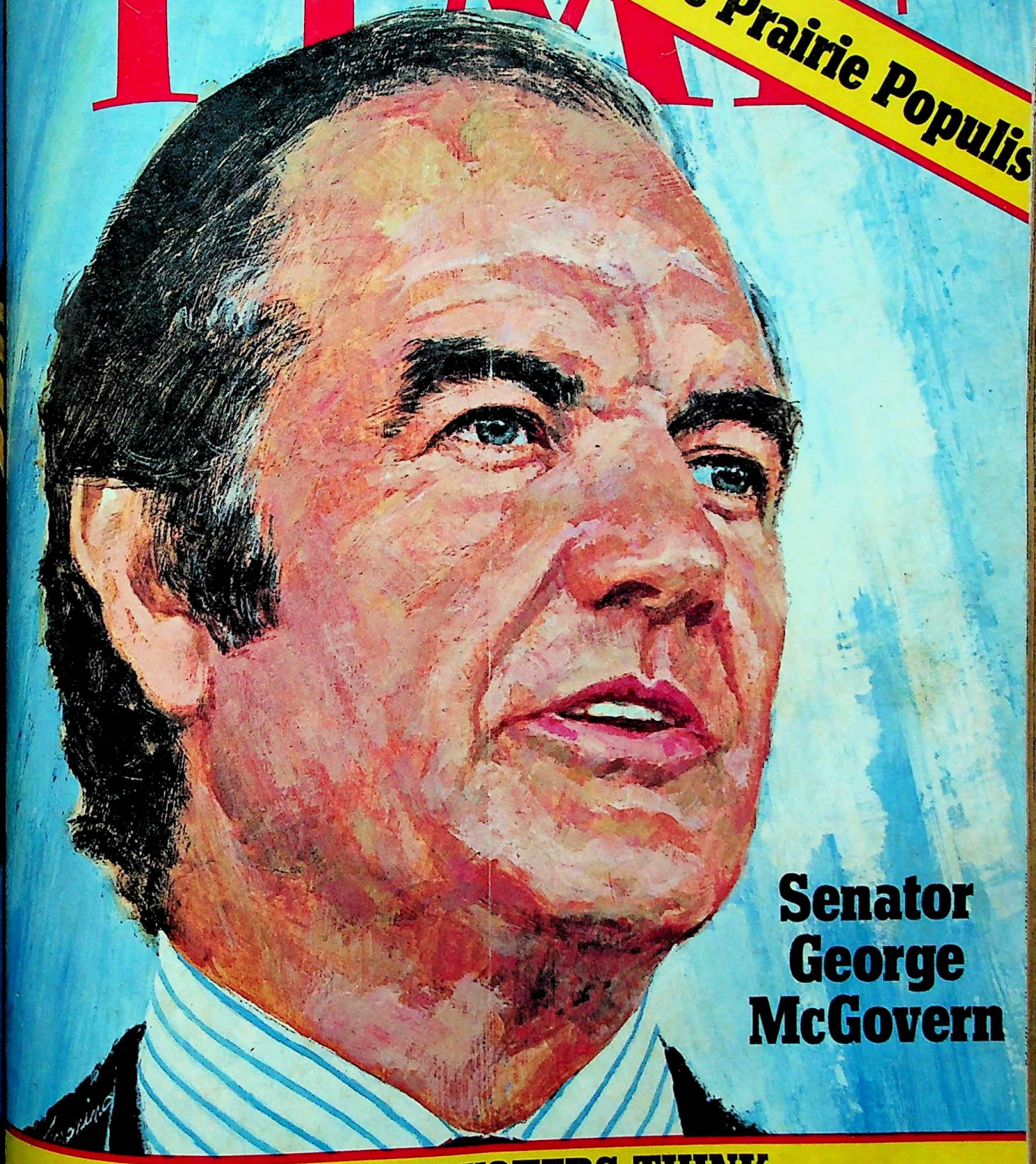
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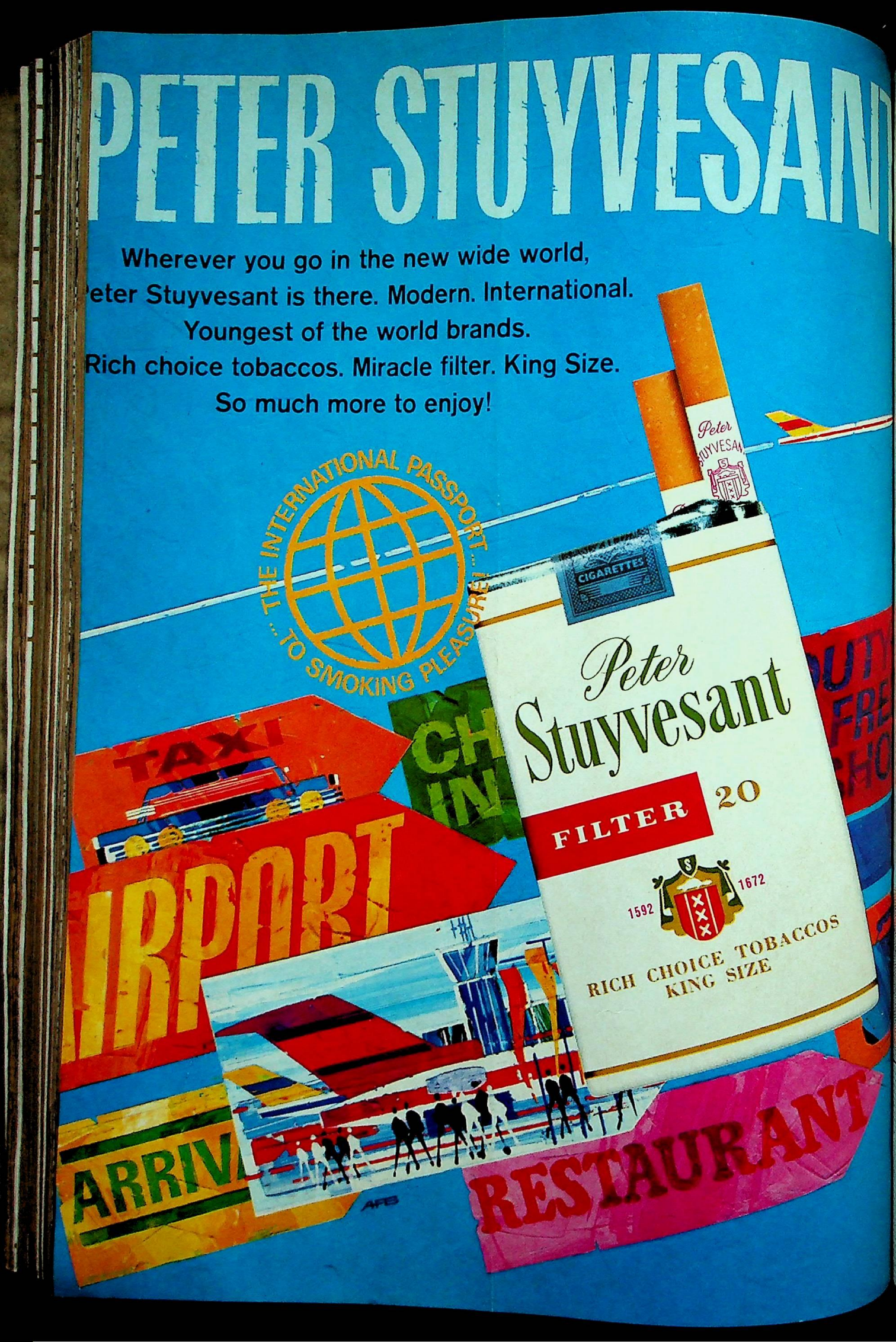
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Here Comes the Prairie Populis



Senator George McGovern

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TIME—where ideas get response.



Escalating in Viet Nam

Sir / President Nixon's resumption of large-scale bombing of North Viet Nam is the appropriate answer to that country's enhanced aggression against South Viet Nam [April 17]. That an aggressor army, equipped lavishly with the most deadly implements of war, should be allowed to ravage its neighbors while its own homeland remains exempt from similar treatment is ridiculous.

We should firmly refuse to negotiate at this time with that power which deliberately provided the aggressor in Indochina with matériel. Let the Soviet Union refrain from fueling strife throughout the world if it is genuinely desirous of reaching a state of accord with the U.S.

EUGENE S. COOPER
Los Angeles

Sir / Escalating the war at this time is only one more arrogant act on the part of a corrupt Administration.

Thank God the time is near at hand when we can show our bullet-happy President the power of a ballot.

(MRS.) LOURENE CRIDDLE
Bellevue, Wash.

Sir / Your cover story on Vietnamization with its accompanying photographs of death, destruction and sorrow is another painful reminder to a nation that would like to forget a war that no Administration will allow us to. They say we must extricate ourselves with honor. Therefore, it is clear that many more Asian lives will have to be sacrificed before this November's election.

NASH W. SCHOTT
Washington, D.C.

Sir / Three cheers for President Nixon for having the political courage to do what he feels is right in Viet Nam! I certainly hope the American people realize the North Vietnamese are pulling a cheap political trick. They hope that we are gullible enough to elect a presidential candidate who pledges total withdrawal, thereby leaving South Viet Nam open for immediate Communist takeover. Wake up, America, and stand behind our President.

VIRGINIA MELHORN WELESKI
Newark, Del.

Sir / So, American fighter-bomber crews felt that they were doing something really significant in the Viet Nam War when the massive Communist offensive provided them with an actual view of the men they were destroying. The real significance lies in the fact that the U.S. has yet to come out of its own cloud cover and realize clearly the human toll we are exacting in Viet Nam.

DANIEL E. BIRNEL
Seattle

Sir / As an Italian, as a longtime war correspondent in Viet Nam, as the author of a book on the Viet Nam War, I have something to answer to the sort of judgment made by the unnamed Rand Corp. analyst who said that the South could hold out against the North Vietnamese ". . . unless the North Vietnamese are all Prussians and the South Vietnamese are all Italians."

I have to assume that he refers to the fact that the Italian soldiers fought with total lack of enthusiasm during the second World War and particularly in its last phase. Yes, indeed they did. They showed the same lack of enthusiasm that the American soldiers have shown in Viet Nam.

Many times, while following your G.I.s in combat, I have had the impression that I was seeing Italians and not Americans. Do you know why? Because both those Italians and those Americans were fighting a war they did not believe in, a war they were ashamed of.

ORIANA FALLACI
Europeo Magazine
Milan, Italy

What It Means To Be Jewish

Sir / Thanks to TIME, your article on what it means to be Jewish [April 10], my long search for an identity is at an end.

I am a quasi-religious, nationalistically oriented, culturally inclined, existentialist-leaning, Hasidim-admiring, gastronomical, Yiddish-speaking American Jew.

As we say ethnically, *bleibt gezunt*.

PAUL BOTZMAN
Schenectady, N.Y.

Sir / It was very flattering to be included in your story on the Jews with a direct quote, but when I wrote that it is not membership in a synagogue that ties a Jew to Judaism, I was not underrating the Jewish religion. I was making the point that it is not membership in a synagogue that defines the religious affiliation or originates it or exhausts it. Jewish religion and Jewish peoplehood are inseparable. The synagogue is merely one of the agencies of the Jewish community. Most Jewish religion is practiced outside of the synagogue, even though the synagogue is its most conspicuous external form.

JACOB CHINITZ
Jerusalem

Sir / For me, Father Berrigan is Jewish, Kissinger is not.

SAM WAKS
Los Angeles

Sir / Your article on Jews was both interesting and informative, but it troubles me that you did not mention more about anti-Semitism in America today. Every Jew has to deal with some form of anti-Semitism almost every day of his life. Only a year and a half ago I nearly lost my job because of my refusal to work on Rosh Hashana, after I had explained in depth about the holiday and why I could not work.

PAULA SWENSON ROSENBERG
Holyoke, Mass.

Nay Poisoning

Sir / In your story on James Keogh's book, *President Nixon and the Press* [April 17], you say: "If the press has weakened public confidence, the best tonic is not to cry 'Vulture!' but to exert strong, wise leadership that proves the naysayers wrong." Fine, except that any strong, wise leadership will not be fairly reported by professional naysayers. Do you suppose my weakened confidence in my Government is a sign of nay poisoning?

W.O. ENDICOTT
Fair Oaks, Calif.

Sir / You say that "strong, wise leadership" would fend off unfair treatment of President Nixon by the press. I submit that no matter what Mr. Nixon does or does not do, the intellectuals who write journalism in this nation will never cease to distort and vilify Richard Nixon. They will never forgive him for what he is—careful, conservative and devoted to a kind of simple uncomplicated Americanism.

HORACE SCHWARTZ
San Francisco

Sir / James Keogh accuses newsmen of telling blacks that they have an enemy in the White House. But blacks don't need help to make this discovery. The President made a special TV appearance in an attempt to set [illegible] back on integration efforts by proposing a [illegible] ing moratorium. He is not going to let an [illegible] gilist from Alabama rob him of the Archbi[illegible] ker vote if it can be prevented.

T.M. BENSON
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Loopholes for Relief

Sir / TIME's Edwin Warner correctly [illegible] ruthless oversimplification as the worst [illegible] ger in populism [April 17], but he errs [illegible] scribing the current populist flap about [illegible] ing tax loopholes as being "eminently sensible." From the beginning such loopholes have [illegible] part of the tax-rate structure and not an [illegible] sion of it, as its architects well understood. [illegible] itself, the rate structure is a monstrosity, [illegible] which loopholes offer only imperfect [illegible] Want to close the loopholes? Lower the rates. It's as ruthlessly simple as that.

DAVID MCCUSKEY
Excelsior, Minn.

Needed Now

Sir / I realize that Adam Clayton Powell was indeed "The Playboy Politician" [April 17]. His life-style has been known to the public for practically all of his years of political service. Yet I find it inconceivable that anyone could [illegible] that Mr. Powell has become an embarrassment to *any* cause he ever fought for.

We needed him, we need him now, as we do Dr. Martin L. King Jr., Senator Robert Kennedy, President John Kennedy and all of America's outstanding leaders who have in some way or another been snatched from us.

GLORIA JACKSON
Baltimore

Teachers in Hamburg

Sir / Although your article about the difficulties of American teachers in Hamburg [April 3] was factual, the story was misleading in that it failed to refer to the many of us who are enjoying our work and life in Germany.

As we arrived while the school year was in progress, it was difficult for most of us to be immediately absorbed into the system. Since the beginning of the present school year in February, I have been teaching 17 hours per week and most of my American colleagues are teaching a similar number of hours—or more.

Despite the difficulty in being accepted by German teachers, and the lack of innovation in this rigid system, as well as the language problem, I find the students a pleasure to work with.

CLARK L. BAIR
Hamburg, West Germany

Sir / I am an American teacher who is satisfied with his position in Hamburg.

The opposition party in Hamburg is using our presence against the present mayor, whose "brainchild" we are. The opposition would naturally like to see the program collapse. In fact, your article is presently being used to help force a debate concerning the "complete collapse" of the program. In this respect, you have done those of us who want to make a success of this program a disservice.

DALE MUKAVETZ
Hamburg, West Germany

Mafia Chic

Sir / One wonders about the psychology underlying the phenomenon of "Mafia chic" [April 17]. What is it about the gangster Joe Gallo that appeals to people like Actress Joan Hackett and Author Marta Curro? Are they [illegible] illated by the company of violent and dange[illegible]

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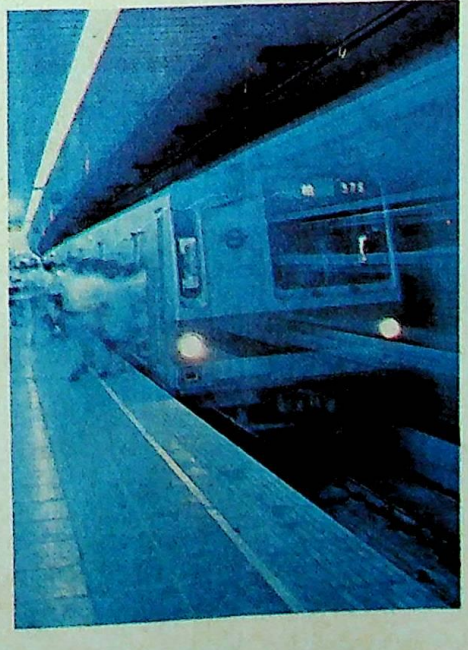
Like many people in many parts of the world, I depend on mass transportation. I ride the subway to and from work. I travel by train on business and on holidays.

I'm lucky, because Japan's public transportation system is very good. But it'll have to get better. Like many other heavily populated areas, we need more subways, more and even faster long-distance trains.

As a transportation engineer at Hitachi, I helped develop a new device that will make subways and trains cooler, more comfortable and more economical to run.

It's called a thyristor regenerative chopper controller. What it does is control trains electronically. And that's a good idea. Because an electronic controller can do a lot of things ordinary ones can't.

For instance, it lets extra electricity be returned to the power line for other trains to use it. So less electricity is wasted. And there's less heat built up.



It's more reliable than ordinary controllers. And cheaper to service.

But I think the biggest advantage is that it gives the passengers a lot smoother ride.

Thyristor controllers are already on the subway line in Tokyo. I think there'll be more in the future.

Like me, there are millions of people around the world who want safe, dependable, low-cost public transportation.

And since that's what I'm working for at Hitachi, I'm working for all of you.

Because my work benefits me.

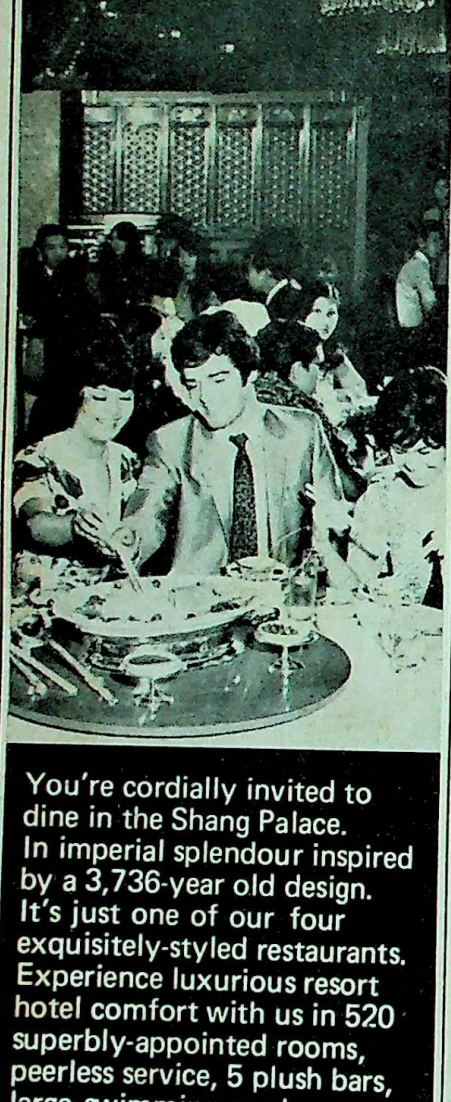
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ous men? Would they find such men "absolutely charming" and "fascinating" if they were to witness firsthand a gangland slaying?

CHARLES CUMMINGS
Omaha

Sir / I introduced Joey Gallo (and hundreds of others) to authors like Camus and Sartre when I was education supervisor at Attica state prison. Like Joan Hackett and Jerry Orbach I too can believe that "something happened to him" when he "read and studied." For lack of a better term we called it part of the "rehabilitation" program.

Whether Joey was "play-acting" or "life-acting" is a question most of us have to answer for ourselves about ourselves. In these times of crisis, condemnation and soul-searching in penology, I ask whether we have been doing an altogether poor job.

CHARLES P. KINSELLA
Buffalo

Pregnancy Puffs

Sir / The Pregnancy Puff [April 17] represents a threat that chivalry, one of our most glorious institutions, will finally die. The woman who is truly pregnant will be the one who suffers; when she is forced to stand on a crowded bus, then the makers of the Puff will have gotten what they have been asking for.

ALAN RICH
Los Angeles

Sir / May the "funny secret" be aborted in its first weeks.

MARY JANE KARP
Syracuse

How Many Mistakes?

Sir / Personally, I congratulate the California social welfare board for its proposal that a woman who bears a third illegitimate child should be required to hand the child over to the state [April 10]. You can make a mistake once, even twice—but three or more times? Besides, it's a lot better for the child to have a chance for adoption than to maintain him or her at a subsistence level on welfare money. The illegitimate child is not being attacked—the child is finally being given a break.

JUDITH PRATHER
Cincinnati

Sir / First it was surplus chickens; now it is surplus babies. May I remind the barbarians on the California social welfare board that we no longer live in the days of Herod the King?

Why don't they do something about the wayward fathers of illegitimate children? Or are they waiting for him who hath not sinned to make the first proposal?

SARA L. SMITH
Harveys Lake, Pa.

Sir / I was nauseated but not particularly surprised by the California social welfare board's proposals for reducing illegitimacy. As an unmarried mother (working full time at the local social services department, no less), I am well aware of the hypocrisy that uses the unwed mother as a scapegoat for the welfare mess.

Better solutions would be to allow an unmarried mother to remain in school or on the job as long as possible and to return as soon as she can; to crack down on non-suppport-paying fathers; either to program schoolgirls to be future breadwinners or to program boys to be responsible.

ANN GEBHARD
Lansing, Mich.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

IDEALLY, primary elections can be viewed as national contests in microcosm, races that measure and illuminate shifting voter sentiment across the country. But primaries, like other political mechanisms, almost never fulfill ideals. Local problems, quirky election laws and this year's long, variable roster of contestants can easily warp the reflection of what people really think. Because our business is to report on these attitudes as well as an election's outcome and impact, we introduce this week a new campaign-season feature —a report on a TIME Citizens Panel to complement our cover story on George McGovern.

Selected by the social-research firm of Daniel Yankelovich Inc., the 200-member panel is a cross section of citizens by geography, age, sex, education, employment, income and political affiliation. The participants were asked their opinions on such issues as Viet Nam, busing, crime, taxes and the economy. Unlike subjects in a typical political poll, they were encouraged to respond thoughtfully and at length. The TIME panel members will be interviewed again at later stages of the campaign to find out how their opinions are being affected by the candidates and by current events. Other panels will also be formed to broaden the analysis. "This is a new kind of technique," says Yankelovich, "a blending of social-research and journalism skills. Without leaning so heavily on numbers, it shows a very sharp, clear picture of the mood and feeling that people have about the issues."

DAVID GAHR



DANIEL YANKELOVICH

The Citizens Panel is just one of the many lenses through which we are observing politics this week. Our cover story, written by Keith Johnson, examines McGovern's political history and reports on why his candidacy has flourished while Edmund Muskie's has wilted. Reportage and analysis by TIME staffers are supplemented by a second Yankelovich poll. In this one, Pennsylvanians were questioned about their presidential preferences as they left the voting booths, but before they knew the election's outcome.

Valuable as they are, surveys and research teams do not yield intimate knowledge of the candidates' strategy, personality and whims. Among the correspondents covering each of the principal aspirants was John Austin, who followed McGovern through the hectic last days of campaigning in Massachusetts, from an afternoon at the Boston Garden to election day in McGovern's hotel suite. "One aspect of McGovern that strikes you," says Austin, "is his genuine lack of pomposity. He is proud and self-confident, but that never shows up in his dealings with people. While I was interviewing him on election day, he stopped and inquired if anyone wanted some lunch. There were aides around to do it, but McGovern without hesitation started taking orders. 'A hamburger? How do you want it? Ketchup? Mustard?' "

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The Cover: *Portrait in acrylic and tempera by Howard Terpning.*

SOUTH VIET NAM

Settling In for the Third Indochina War

AT first, Hanoi's offensive was viewed by many in Saigon and Washington as a desperate move, designed to score a few quick "spectaculars" and win some easy headlines. Last week, as the Communist drive entered its second month, that early optimism had all but vanished. In Saigon, the U.S. command grimly foresaw "an all-out effort" that could run through the monsoon season that usually begins later this month —possibly on a reduced scale—and then be stepped up well before the U.S. elections and continue on into the new year. Certainly there was no letup in the Communist attacks, which by now were taking on a grimly familiar pattern. Each time the thinly spread South Vietnamese forces shifted troops from one location to bolster defenses in another, a weak spot was exposed—and the North Vietnamese pounced.

Thus, while only half of the twelve North Vietnamese divisions in South Viet Nam had yet been committed to battle, Saigon's forces were desperately defending three perilous fronts:

AROUND SAIGON. As Communist artillery continued to pound the besieged city of An Loc north of Saigon, other enemy forces edged closer to the capital itself. Fighting broke out near Cu Chi, an ARVN headquarters astride the "Saigon corridor" between Cambodia and the capital, and enemy troops briefly occupied the nearby village of Trung Lap, only 20 miles from Saigon. At week's end, rocket teams were reported to have slipped into positions north and south of the tense capital.

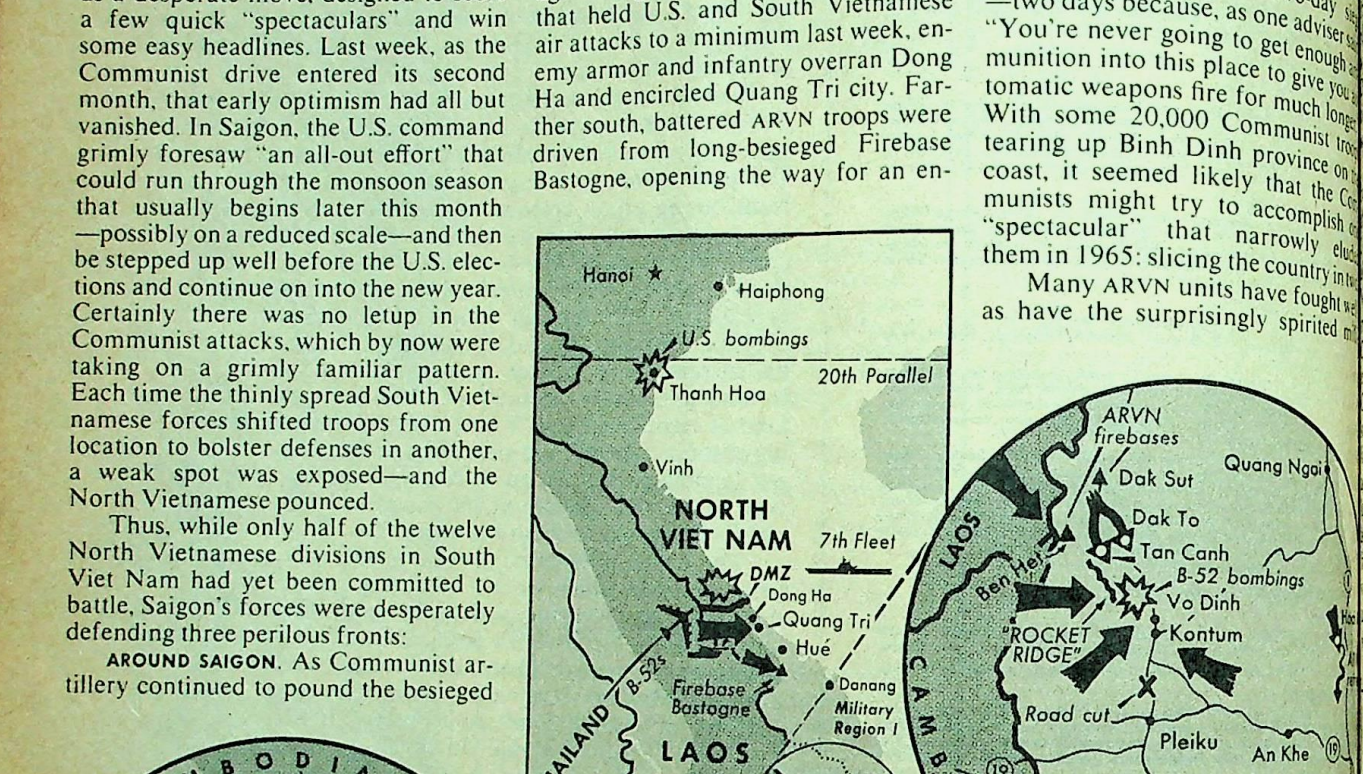
THE NORTH. The Communists resumed with a vengeance their offensive just below the Demilitarized Zone, where South Vietnamese troops had stopped the initial invasion four weeks ago. Charging at night and under clouds that held U.S. and South Vietnamese air attacks to a minimum last week, enemy armor and infantry overran Dong Ha and encircled Quang Tri city. Farther south, battered ARVN troops were driven from long-besieged Firebase Bastogne, opening the way for an enemy drive on Hué, the ancient imperial capital. A drive on Hué, in turn, could pose a direct threat to U.S. troops guarding an American base at Phu Bai.

THE MIDDLE. A drive in the Central Highlands had been forecast as long ago as last December. But when North Vietnamese troops and upwards of 50 tanks finally struck in force last week, they met shockingly weak resistance from the poorly led ARVN troops, who abandoned a string of 14 firebases northwest of Kontum in what Saigon euphemistically called a "tactical withdrawal." At week's end U.S. advisers remaining w the slender garrison at Kontum were dering supplies for a two-day s —two days because, as one adviser "You're never going to get enough munition into this place to give you tomatic weapons fire for much longe With some 20,000 Communist troo tearing up Binh Dinh province on coast, it seemed likely that the Co munists might try to accomplish "spectacular" that narrowly elud them in 1965: slicing the country in

Many ARVN units have fought w as have the surprisingly spirited m tia. But after four weeks of fighting just two fronts, the South Vietnames force had been badly bloodied. La week Saigon announced that its arm had suffered 1,148 dead in the pre ous week—the highest weekly So Vietnamese casualties since the beg ning of the offensive. Of South Vi Nam's 34 infantry regiments, 12 we temporarily out of action at week's en meaning that more than half of th troops were dead, wounded or missing.

ARVN casualties were certain to in crease still more with the opening of third front in the Central Highland There, the Communists had waited un til Saigon pulled a seasoned airborne brigade out of the Kontum area and de patched it to the hard-pressed province near the capital. That left a U-shaped string of firebases on the ridges ove looking the eerily quiet approaches to Kontum and along the Poko River Va ley largely in the hands of one of ARVN weaker divisions, the 22nd.

The Poko Valley's peace was sha tered by a 30,000-man North Vietnam



force that included the 320th Division, a veteran outfit that had fought at Dien Bien Phu in 1954. One by one, the ARVN bases fell to the North Vietnamese; the losses included a string of seven artillery positions on aptly named Rocket Ridge, which looks down on Kontum 25 miles away. None of the terror-stricken ARVN units put up much of a struggle, but few faded as ignobly as the 1,200-man garrison at Tan Canh, the forward headquarters of the troubled 22nd. As one of the U.S. advisers who survived the debacle told TIME's David DeVoss: "The only Vietnamization that was successful at Tan Canh was North Vietnamization."

Tan Canh's ordeal began with a two-day artillery barrage. At one point, the Communist fire was coming from 15 different locations, many of them abandoned firebases where the North Vietnamese had captured ARVN's 105-mm howitzers intact. By night, Tan Canh's terrified defenders gaped at an extraordinary sight across the valley, as Communist tanks advanced, along with supply trucks that boldly kept their lights turned on. "For a while," said one adviser, Lieut. Charles Vasquez, "it looked like a Los Angeles freeway. All across the ridge line I could see a glow from the trucks' headlights." A new Soviet wire-guided missile, never before used in Viet Nam, knocked out several ARVN tanks at Tan Canh. One missile



UPI

WOUNDED ARVN SOLDIERS AT AN LOC SCRAMBLING FOR DEPARTING HELICOPTER
In some places, Vietnamization meant North Vietnamization.

penetrated the heavily sandbagged tactical operations center through the air-conditioner port, wrecking the communications gear inside. Immobilized by fear, the South Vietnamese hunkered down in their bunkers, refusing even to man their 24 artillery pieces.

Then, out of the early morning fog came the ground assault. Headlights ablaze, 14 huge T-54 tanks growled through one gate, and eight more rolled through another. When the North Vietnamese infantrymen followed five minutes later, the South Vietnamese were already in full flight. One group ran straight through their own minefield. Others grabbed at the skids of a helicopter that came to pick up the U.S. advisers; the overloaded chopper staggered to nearby Dak To, where it was

"Babe, That Was Too Close for Us"

DAY after day, Air Force Captain Thomas Hammons, 32, chatted with the U.S. adviser sweating out North Vietnamese attacks on the besieged rubber town of An Loc. But Hammons learned neither his name, rank nor serious feelings about the situation; their conversations were carried on over a radio link between the ground and Hammons' tiny O-2A observation plane and confined to business. Hammons' job as forward air controller was to hover over the city, receive ground requests and direct the air armada of F-4s, A-7s, A-37s, A-8s, and Cobra and C-130 gunships dispatched to help the beleaguered garrison.

"I'd like napalm south of town, napalm and CBUs [cluster bomb units] in town and hard bombs seven klics northwest of town," the adviser on the ground would order in a typical conversation. Or occasionally, after a bombing run, "Babe, that was too close for us. Keep your stuff at least 600 meters to the east, O.K.?" During one attack on NVA positions around An Loc, a Cobra pilot complained when F-4 Phantoms running short of fuel were assigned his target. The man on the ground blew up. "We ain't playing no goddam game, boy. If you can't take it, you get your ass back to base until you cool off. You hear me, babe?" Hammons gauges a day over An Loc hopeful or hairy by the voice of his unseen colleague. "When he's calm, he stutters a little bit. When things are hot, he shoots those words out without a pause."

■

Hoai An's peasants, many of whom have relatives on both sides of the war, trembled when the North Vietnamese soldiers arrived two weeks ago, neatly dressed in olive uniforms and soft hats covered with leaves and straw. As refugees who escaped the town explained last week, many families had sons in local militia units and were uncertain what would happen. The NVA were firm but polite. "Do not worry," they told villagers. "Continue to work your fields." Teen-aged schoolchildren were presented with AK-47 rifles and told, "We shall all be liberators." Some soldiers jumped on Honda motorcycles owned by townspeople and gaily raced up and down the streets. Others rounded up stray pigs and cattle, and slaughtered them for a party to which villagers were invited.

In a house-to-house search nearly 600 men were rounded up. "Many of you have committed crimes against the people," an NVA officer said. "The police have been the biggest offenders. Village leaders have committed the second greatest offenses. Government cadres have been the third biggest offenders. The crimes of local soldiers, forced to fight, have been the least grave." The men, roped together, were led off toward the hills. Villagers were told that they were being taken away for "re-education."

■

The fall of Tan Canh last week meant that Kontum, one of the major Central Highlands cities it was built to protect, would soon be under siege. Kontum almost immediately took on the appearance of a ghost city. A U.S. pilot flying in could not raise the airport control tower and had to land on his own. The pilot liberated a motorbike from the abandoned airstrip and drove into Kontum through nearly empty streets. "The airport's not closed," said another U.S. officer holding on in his Kontum assignment, "but it's a good place to get killed."

Sensing that fact, Kontum's civilian population (30,000 in normal times) had prepared for the worst. The rich had padlocked homes and negotiated trips out on planes sent into Kontum to pick up "priority dependents." The poor merely waited behind closed doors for whatever was to come. They had no place to go. There were already 4,000 refugees in camps around the city, and another 1,500 had sought safety with relatives in Kontum itself.

forced to set down. (Six of the advisers and four crewmen died when another chopper that had come to pick them up at Dak To was shot down shortly after taking off.) In all, some 600 ARVN troops were dead or missing after the collapse. Said Captain Richard Cassidy, one of five advisers who survived the disaster: "Tan Canh fell because ARVN never got off its ass and fought." The word out of Saigon was that the regional commander, flamboyant Lieut. General Ngo Dzu, had suffered a "heart flutter," which seemed to indicate that he would be relieved shortly.

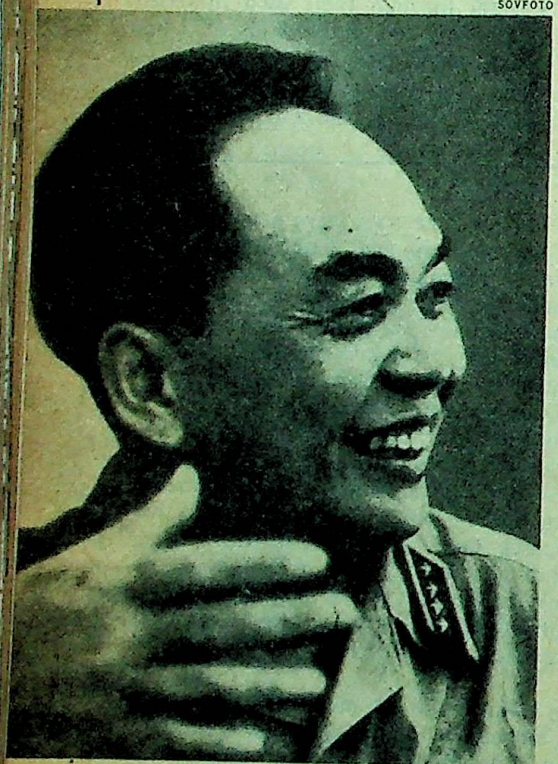
In the long term, the campaign is less likely to be significant for its battlefield successes or failures than for the fact that it has returned an important North Vietnamese presence to South Viet Nam for the first time in more than two years. Radio Hanoi was openly urging its forces on. Said one florid broadcast last week: "From the fatherland's heart, blood keeps pouring south. Like a huge army, the entire nation is going south through the mountains and the jungles to the front."

The Communists obviously meant to rebuild the broken Viet Cong, shatter Saigon's pacification program, destroy confidence in ARVN—in short, to end the relative peace that the regime of President Nguyen Van Thieu has enjoyed ever since U.S. and ARVN troops broke up the Cambodian sanctuaries in 1970. Thus, in Saigon the offensive is not considered to be the "big battle" that Richard Nixon called it last week. Rather, it is beginning to be seen as the start of the Third Indochina War, succeeding the first war waged against the French in the 1940s and '50s and the second, waged for so many years against the U.S.

The Man Behind the Offensive

THE man who directs North Viet Nam's unprecedented offensive never went to military school or even trained formally as a soldier. "The only military academy I have been to," he once boasted, "is that of the bush." By now, of course, Hanoi's Defense Minister, General Vo Nguyen Giap, is a figure of legend. Along with Mao Tse-tung, he pioneered the art of modern guerrilla warfare. Giap probably stands behind only Ho Chi Minh in the history of North Viet Nam, where he is known quite simply as "the organizer of the victory"—meaning the long campaign that culminated in the triumph over the French in 1954.

SOVFOTO



At 60, Giap is small (5 ft.), somewhat corpulent, and possessed of a mind that one French acquaintance calls "very orderly, logical, Cartesian" and a manner that another describes simply as "eloquent bluntness." Once again, he is trying to organize a victory—one that he hopes will retrace the lines that led to Dien Bien Phu 18 years ago. As the creator of the Viet Minh army in 1941, Giap has long been a proponent of a kind of warfare that would be a political as well as a military enterprise. The merits of Giap's 1968 offensive, in which 60,000 Communist lives were lost, will be debated for years, but for Giap himself it may have been enough that it set the American withdrawal in motion. As early as 1970, when the Nixon withdrawal plan was well under way, the North Vietnamese Politburo had begun to plan what Giap was openly describing as a step up to "regular warfare." The object: annihilation of Saigon's burgeoning military forces.

■

The present offensive, as one Pentagon general says, "has Giap's stamp on it." Among the trademarks: the skillful use of ambushes and roadblocks, assaults mounted from unexpected directions and the shrewd manipulation of farflung battlefields in order to exhaust and overextend Saigon's much more numerous forces. There is even a Giap precedent for the startling switch from a small-arms war to one of missiles and tanks. At Dien Bien Phu, Giap's men opened up with scores of heavy guns that they had secreted high up in the mountains; in less than two months, the guns killed or wounded about half of the 13,000-man French garrison. Back then, Giap's surprise weapons—mostly American-made howitzers that he had obtained from China—were hauled uphill piece by piece, reassembled and hidden away in caves until ready for use. Now, Giap has done it again. Many of the Soviet-made guns and tanks whose appearance so surprised the U.S. command had been hauled down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in pieces, hidden under tarpaulins in the beds of trucks; at secret staging areas in Laos and Cambodia, the pieces were reassembled. Some of the tanks were simply driven down the trail over roads that were covered with leafy trellises to foil American reconnaissance pilots.

Giap's trademark tactics have not always worked brilliantly in the current offensive. As usual, the Communists are fighting meticulously prepared, preplanned battles. Only when everything is in place —from tanks to troops to missiles and ammunition supplies—do the North Vietnamese even begin to move. Most often, things have gone well; on other occasions, the plans have been upset by the unexpected, and the Communists have lost valuable opportunities. In the early days of the offensive, for example, enemy artillerymen rained deadly accurate fire on the South Vietnamese army's fixed bases but fumbled badly when the ARVN began moving around. Says one American artilleryman: "They hadn't planned for it and weren't flexible enough to change."

Neither Giap nor his troops have had experience in large-scale conventional warfare, and they are not fighting a true war of maneuver. Typically, they have used their big Soviet tanks as rolling gun platforms, with little effective coordination with infantry. Another problem is momentum. Locked into preset plans and dependent upon prepositioned supplies, the Communists are tied to a stop-start pattern. U.S. military men were startled that the Communists who overran Tan Canh last week stopped to regroup, when they could have rolled straight on to Kontum. Giap is "out of his element when he gets to conventional war," says one officer. Says another: "Giap is not Patton." But Giap only has to be better than the South Vietnamese—and on the evidence of the offensive so far, he is.

■

Before he joined Ho Chi Minh's revolution, Giap was a Hanoi schoolteacher. The son of an impecunious landholder, Giap studied history and law, making him the best-educated member of the nine-man Politburo. Old schoolchums remember Giap as an avid student of Napoleon, able to chalk his battles on a blackboard from memory. In recent years, it seems, Giap's memory has been etched most deeply by his experience with the French. Six years ago, when the big U.S. buildup was under way, he told a journalist: "The day that the Americans see that they cannot win the war, they will stop it."

SOVIET UNION

The View from Moscow

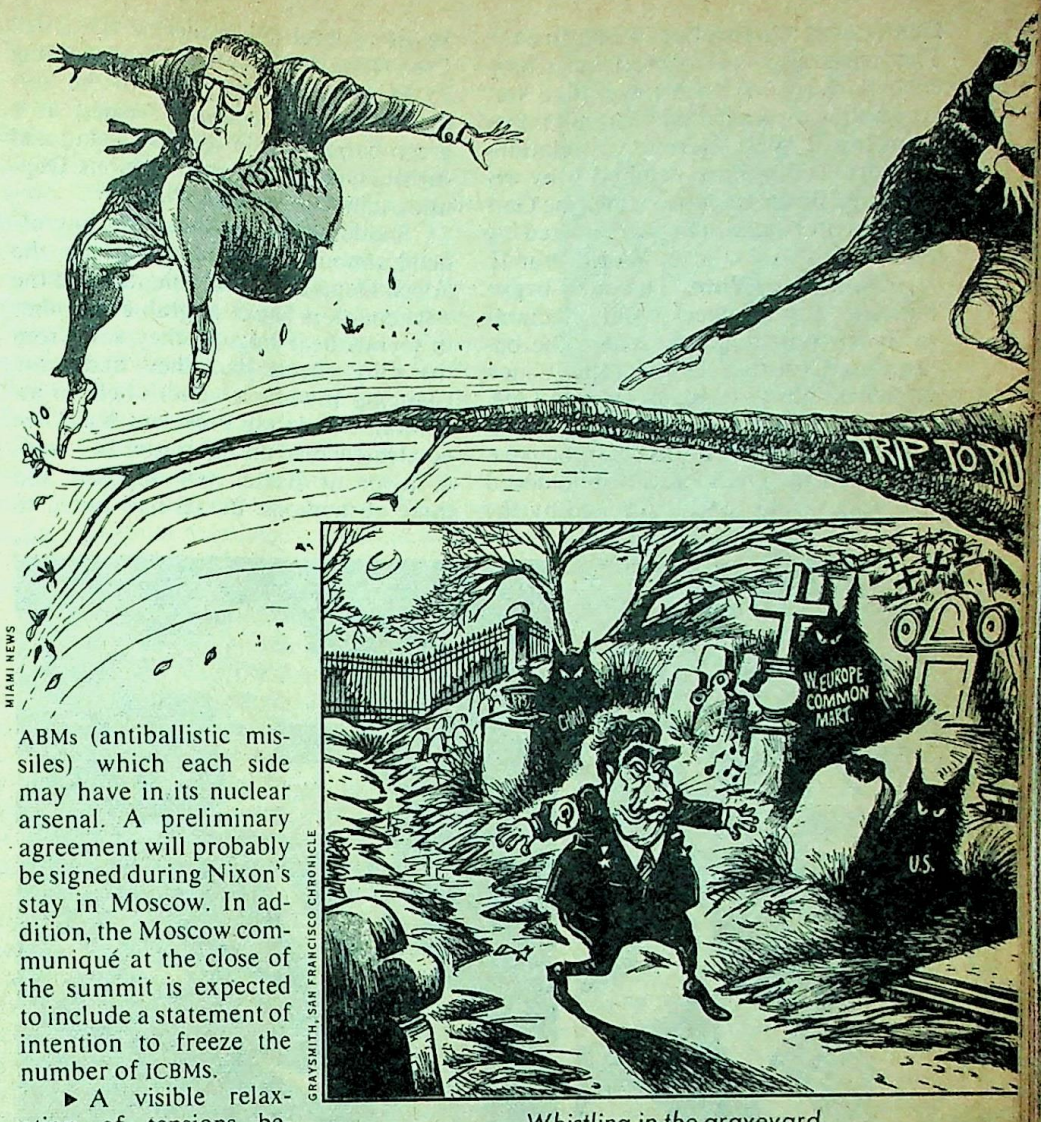
"When they treat you with great courtesy, it is not an accident," said Henry Kissinger last week after his return from a secret four-day mission to Moscow—and Kissinger had been treated royally. After landing at Moscow's Vnukovo airport, he was whisked to a compound of official VIP guest houses in the Lenin Hills. There he was fed caviar (I'd do anything for caviar, and probably did," he cracked later), entertained with films, taken on limousine tours through Moscow, and shown the guest apartments in the Kremlin where President and Mrs. Nixon will stay when they visit Moscow on May 22. More important, he talked with Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev for a total of 14 hours—longer than any other Western diplomat.

Brezhnev's warm welcome for Kissinger, and evident determination to carry on with the approaching summit despite the hotter war in Asia, provided a fascinating measure of how the Soviets adjust the priorities of their often conflicting foreign policies. To a large degree, of course, the Russian eagerness for the Nixon visit reflected Moscow's fears that Peking and Washington could become allies, to its disadvantage. But it also showed a fundamental emphasis in Soviet policy upon a *détente* with the industrialized West, from which Russia urgently needs help for its own development.

Delicate Act. The Soviet interest in summitry does not mean that the Kremlin will alter its policies elsewhere. Despite an apparent Washington-Moscow understanding on the resumption of the Paris peace talks (*see* THE U.S.), the Soviet Union is certain to go on supplying the arms to North Viet Nam that drain the U.S. by keeping the war alive in the South; in fact, there are reports of increased Soviet arms shipments to Hanoi. The Russians will also continue to gladhand their way through much of Asia in an effort to isolate China and establish a Russian influence in areas where U.S. power is receding. Moscow is engaged in a delicate balancing act, opposing the U.S. and China simultaneously in Asia, while trying to reach an accommodation with Washington in some other spheres. Hence, the Soviets have just about everything to gain, and almost nothing to lose from their initiatives toward the U.S.

Kissinger returned from Moscow with the impression of Brezhnev as tough, elemental, shrewd and in command of his material. He also came back convinced that the Russians are interested in progress with the U.S. in three basic areas.

▶ The control of strategic nuclear arms. The Soviets apparently want to reduce the economic burden of the arms race by an interim agreement that would set a ceiling on the number of ABMs (antiballistic missiles) which each side may have in its nuclear arsenal. A preliminary agreement will probably be signed during Nixon's stay in Moscow. In addition, the Moscow communiqué at the close of the summit is expected to include a statement of intention to freeze the number of ICBMs.



Whistling in the graveyard.

▶ A visible relaxation of tensions between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The Soviets probably will settle their old World War II Lend Lease debt, an otherwise minor irritant that has handicapped trade between the two countries because the U.S. Export-Import Bank cannot, by law, deal with the Russians until the default is cleared up. Both sides will now probably sign agreements during the presidential visit providing for improved shipping arrangements between the two countries and for the largest sale of U.S. grain to Russia since the cold war began.

▶ A conference on European security, which would, in effect, be the peace conference that would end World War II. Brezhnev hopes to gather representatives from the 30 countries of Europe, plus the U.S. and Canada in one gigantic conference, to be held most likely in Helsinki. At that time, the Soviets would press for recognition of present borders in Europe. That would legitimize Russia's postwar grab of Polish lands, and Poland's seizure of German lands. It would also enhance the international status of East Germany.

With that goal in mind, the Soviets have been deeply concerned about West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's problems in persuading Bonn's Bundestag to ratify the 1970 treaties of Moscow and Warsaw (*see following story*). Brezhnev has personally committed his prestige to the normalization of relations with West Germany, and his entire diplomacy toward Western Europe, including the convocation of the security conference, hinges on Bonn's ratification of the treaties.

Washington and Moscow have agreed not to undertake any action during the next three weeks that could unsettle the atmosphere for the summit, but West Germany's possible rejection of the treaties or the fall of the Brandt government could seriously complicate the Nixon-Brezhnev meeting.

WEST GERMANY

Stalemate on the Rhine

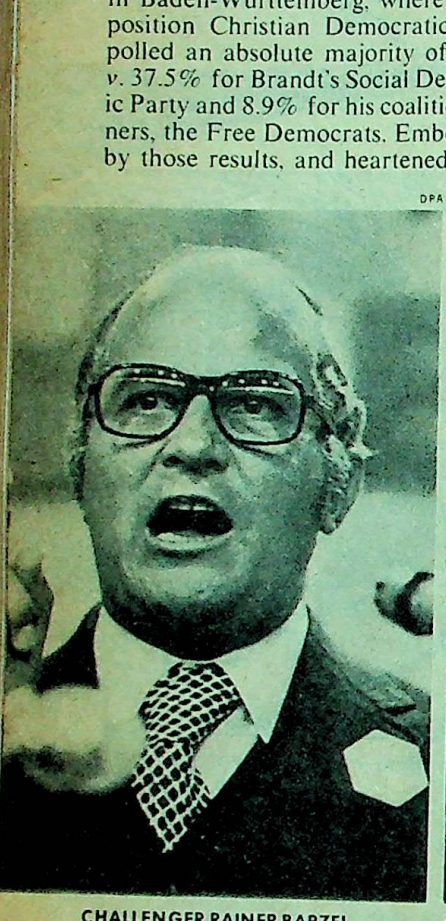
West German workers poured out of their factories onto the streets in sudden wildcat strikes. In several cities, there were spontaneous demonstrations by young people in support of Chancellor Willy Brandt. "Ah, oh, eh, Willy is okay," they chanted. At other times, West Germans huddled round their televisions and radios with a rapt attention that customarily is reserved only for championship soccer matches.

What excited West Germans was their country's worst political crisis in more than two decades—one that threatened to bring down the 2½-year-old coalition government of Social

Democratic Chancellor Willy Brandt. The crisis also endangered the Chancellor's *Ostpolitik*, the innovative foreign policy through which Brandt hopes to improve West Germany's relations with its Communist neighbors by renouncing Bonn's claims to onetime German territories, which were seized by Poland and Russia after World War II.

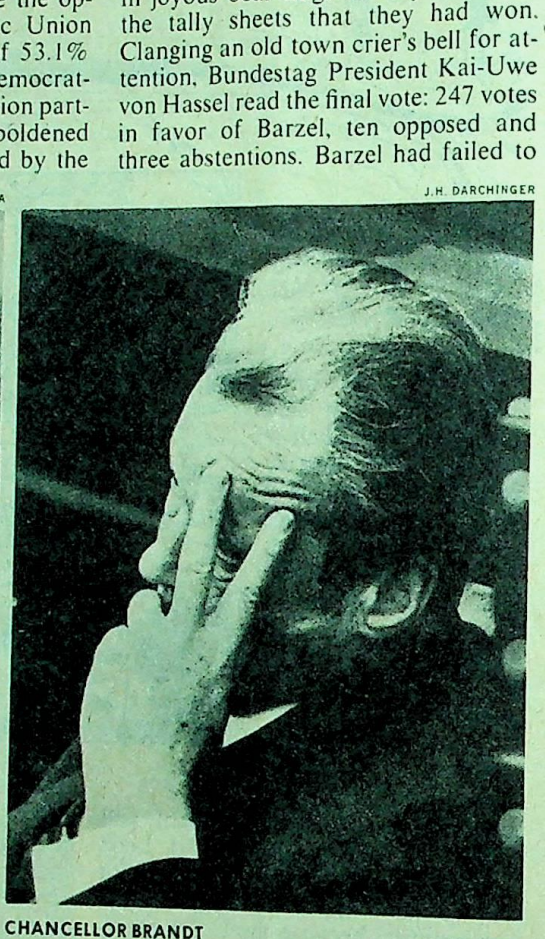
Confidence Vote. The crisis began building after last week's state elections in Baden-Württemberg, where the opposition Christian Democratic Union polled an absolute majority of 53.1% *v.* 37.5% for Brandt's Social Democratic Party and 8.9% for his coalition partners, the Free Democrats. Emboldened by those results, and heartened by the defection of yet another Free Democratic Deputy from the ruling coalition, the Christian Democrats decided to try to replace Brandt with their own leader, Rainer Barzel, 47, a tough and clever political infighter who affects long sideburns and flashy suits.

DPA



CHALLENGER RAINER BARZEL

J.H. DARCHINGER



CHANCELLOR BRANDT

The crisis could hardly have come at a worse time.

As the Bundestag began its debate on Brandt's request for a record $35 billion budget for 1973, the C.D.U. introduced a "constructive vote" of no confidence, a parliamentary procedure that is unique to West Germany. Mindful of the governmental instability during the Weimar Republic, the framers of West Germany's postwar constitution had provided constructively that a Chancellor could only be ousted by a secret vote that installs a new one.

Faced with a showdown, the Social Democratic leaders decided on an unusual tactic. Fearing defections from their own ranks, they ordered their Deputies to refrain from voting. Thus anyone who approached the voting urn from the Social Democratic benches would be presumed to be a traitor to his party. However, Vice Chancellor Walter Scheel, the leader of the allied Free Democrats, allowed his remaining 25 Deputies to participate in the voting. Eight vote counters, seated at a green baize table in the Bundestag and surrounded by scores of anxious Deputies, tallied the white ballots.

Suddenly, before there was any official announcement of the results, the Social Democratic Deputies around the vote counters began to grab each other in joyous bear hugs as they saw from the tally sheets that they had won. Clanging an old town crier's bell for attention, Bundestag President Kai-Uwe von Hassel read the final vote: 247 votes in favor of Barzel, ten opposed and three abstentions. Barzel had failed to muster the 249 votes necessary to unseat the Chancellor. Declared Brandt: "The results show that there is no majority except the one that elected me Chancellor in 1969." His claim rang hollow the next day when the Bundestag split 247-247 on a vote over appropriations for the Chancellor's office. After that, the Bundestag adjourned for the week in hopes that Brandt and Barzel could find a way out of the stalemate.

The crisis could hardly have come at a worse time. Barring a last-minute change of plans, Brandt this week will present to the Bundestag for ratification the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw that he negotiated in 1970 as the key elements of his *Ostpolitik*. Rejection of the treaties would endanger other major developments in East-West diplomacy, including the signing of the Big Four Agreement on improving the status of West Berlin, the convening of the Conference on European Security, and mutual arms-reduction talks.

Even so, the Christian Democrats are publicly committed to vote against the treaties, and some Free Democrats might join them. The Christian Democrats complain that the treaties [illegible] ardize Germany's right for eventual unification and give diplomatic [illegible] to Moscow's hegemony in Eastern Europe. But privately the Christian Democrats are aware that the defeat of the treaties not only would damage Bonn's improving ties with the East bloc but would also disappoint many détente-minded Western Europeans and Americans. As one coalition Deputy observed: "During the day, the C.D.U. Deputies fight against the treaties, at night they pray for their passage."

It was partly to avoid direct responsibility for defeating the treaties that the Christian Democrats moved when they did to oust Brandt, instead of waiting until the ratification vote. Barzel claims that as Chancellor he would reopen negotiations and persuade the Soviets to include extra clauses to satisfy C.D.U. objections. But Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko has warned that Moscow will not change one word. Soviet leaders are also threatening to exclude West German firms from the Soviet Union's joint economic deals if the treaties are defeated.

At week's end, in a meeting with Brandt and Scheel, Barzel suggested that the three parties should agree to hold national elections for a new Bundestag. But Brandt and Scheel demurred, partly because Scheel's Free Democrats are fearful of new elections and partly because the coalition hopes to replace defecting Free Democrats with new and loyal Deputies. Then Brandt flew to West Berlin where he told a rally of 50,000 cheering West Berliners that despite the crisis, the treaties will be ratified. But Brandt would have to exert some strong leadership to achieve that goal. Otherwise, his imaginative and carefully constructed foreign policy, which rightfully won him the Nobel Peace Prize in 1970, is in danger of running aground on the complexities of a domestic power struggle.

ITALY

What Ever Became of *La Dolce Vita*?

For Italians *la dolce vita* has turned as harsh and unpleasant as the unseasonably cold and wet Roman spring. The economic miracle of *Il Boom* has petered out, leaving inflation and unemployment. The average Italian worker now spends $1.22 of his $1.55 hourly salary merely for food and shelter. Unemployment stands at 1,167,000, or 6.1% of the working force. Housing is so limited that every city has its shanty dwellers—while Italy has a surplus of empty luxury apartments. Hospitals are desperately overcrowded; schools are running on three shifts. Rome University, built to cope with 12,000 students,

has an enrollment of 93,000. In short, the country this spring is beset by a host of troubles that its politicians seem unable to cope with. And now, after endduring 34 governments since Mussoli-ni's fall, Italian voters will go to the polls once again next week to choose a new Chamber of Deputies that promises only more of the same.

The trouble with Italy is that no one seems to be in charge. While the politicians bicker, the Italian bureaucracy —numbering 1,790,000—does most of the governing, but does it badly. Incredibly, the bureaucrats have managed not to spend $15 billion voted by Parliament for public improvements; some of these funds were actually approved ten years ago. Half of that money is for building roads, schools, hospitals and housing—which would also provide work for the unemployed.

The cumulative effect has brought about a perceptible change in the usually sunny-natured Italians. "Their genius for adjustment seems to have worn a bit thin," reports TIME's Rome Bureau Chief Jim Bell. "Their natural charming cynicism seems increasingly infused with pessimism, and their inborn friendliness diluted by increasing daily tensions."

One recent poll showed that more than half of all Italians had no interest in next week's elections, and understandably so. Instead of emphasizing reforms and specific programs, politicians are bombarding the public with appeals to support the left, center or right. A cartoon in Rome's weekly *L'Espresso* sums up the voters' response. It shows a poverty-stricken woman in a hut with her ragged children, being asked by a public opinion pollster: "Are you for dynamic centralism or progress without adventurism?"

The campaign is not without its ironies. Communist Leader Enrico Berlinguer talks up, of all things, law-and-order and private enterprise. The strongest Christian Democratic Speaker is Amintore Fanfani, 64, onetime Premier and currently Senate President, and the man who engineered the "opening to the left," an alliance with the Socialists a decade ago. He has taken to attacking youthful demonstrators and proclaiming "we must react," as if to show that he is not now afraid to be called a reactionary. Fanfani, and leaders of other Italian parties, are really reacting to the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano, whose call for law-and-order—along with voter disenchantment with other issues—may well double M.S.I.'s small (24-seat) parliamentary bloc in next week's vote.

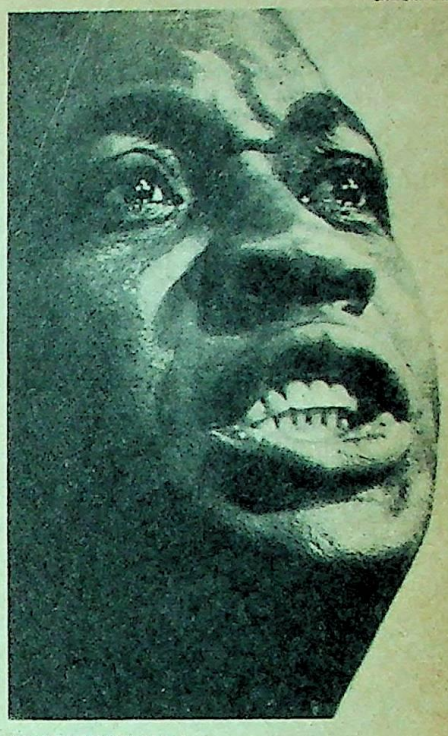
The only real question that will be decided by the vote is whether the new Cabinet coalition will be center left —meaning comprised of the Christian Democrats, the Social Democrats, the Socialists and the Republicans—or center, with a Liberal Party instead of a Socialist component. Conceivably there may be no agreement on a coalition at all, and perhaps Parliament will be dissolved again, and yet another election held. Meantime, wage negotiations for 5,000,000 workers in 57 industries are scheduled before year's end, raising the prospect of another autumn of strikes —just like the one that marked the beginning of Italy's current economic slide in 1969.

TROUBLED VOTER IN ROME



HOWARTH—WOODFIN CAMP

CAMERA PRESS



KWAME NKRUMAH
Part despot, part hero.

AFRICA

Death of a Deity

Contradictions hung from him like the charms that once dangled from the arms of his chair to ward off evil spirits. From his birth in a mud hut, Kwame Nkrumah rose to become President of Ghana, an absolute ruler who was thought to be immortal by many of his subjects. But even at the height of his power, he lived in fear of his life, behind heavily guarded walls—calling himself *Osagyefo* (Redeemer). From 1966 until he died last week of cancer at age 62, in a Bucharest sanitarium where he had gone for treatment, Nkrumah had lived in exile, still regarded at home as part despot, part national hero. Above all, he was the prototypical African nationalist and the first leader of a British colony to win independence for his country after World War II.

His methods were devious, ruthless and thoroughly effective. Educated in Roman Catholic missions and at Pennsylvania's Lincoln University, Nkrumah settled in London in the 1940s, embraced Communism and developed skills as an orator, agitator and politician. By 1947 he was ready to apply his experience to Africa's Gold Coast, then a British colony. There he formed his own Convention People's Party to press for independence, and even before winning that goal was virtually deified by the people. Jailed by the British for sedition, he controlled his party by messages smuggled out of prison on toilet paper, and was granted his freedom after his candidates swept a 1951 election. Six years later the Gold Coast was accepted into the British Commonwealth as the independent state of Ghana.

In power, Nkrumah's big obsession was the Pan-African movement, a doomed design to unite Black Africa to fight the white settlers of South Africa, Mozambique and Rhodesia. At home, Nkrumah built roads, schools, clinics and a $200 million hydroelectric dam—a frenzy of spending that brought his country close to bankruptcy. Ghanaians are still trying to evaluate the results. "When I personally look around and see his impressive developments," said Joshua Attoh-Quarshie, a businessman who once opposed the dictator so strongly that he spent nearly eight years in jail without trial under the Preventive Detention Act, "I begin to wonder where Ghana would be now if the so-called God-fearing intellectuals had gained power earlier."

Nkrumah's despotic ruling style aroused so much resentment that after a coup in 1966 he had to flee to Guinea for asylum. When it became apparent last month that he was near death after a long bout with cancer, Guinea's President Sékou Touré pleaded with the Ghana government to let the deposed leader come home to die. Most sentimental Ghanaians seemed willing, but the country's military rulers remained

Communications progress for a better world



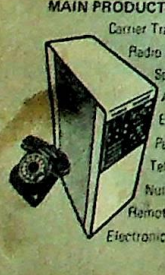
In industry, as in ordinary human affairs, some prefer to lead and most are content to follow. In the evolution of modern communications and computer technology, the leadership role has increasingly been assigned to a few giant corporations, possessing enormous financial and technical resources.

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…mant. Only after his death did they …ent and order flags lowered to half-…st before burying Nkrumah in his …meland.

"He was a great man who had ev-…y chance to reach the greatest height …f human achievement," said Komla …edemah, who had built Nkrumah's …ny, then had to flee to escape im-…risonment. "But halfway along the …ad he allowed bad advice and his own …rsonal love for absolute power to cor-…pt him. The deprivations and suffer-…gs he went through should be enough …nance for the mistakes and sins he …mmitted while ruling Ghana."

…APAN

…trike One

Along with cherry blossoms, spring …Japan brings an annual labor offen-…e conducted with all the stylized rit-…al of a tea ceremony. Unions make …possibly high demands; management …unters with an unrealistically low of-…er—and just before a strike is called, …e two sides meet somewhere more or …ss in the middle. But this year, with …e economy still muddling along in a …cession, management let it be known …at it was in no mood for bargaining …mes, while labor demanded even …ore than the usual raise as a reward …r past years of hard work. Instead of …cking a large manufacturer as their …ike target, the unions decided to shut …wn the privately owned commuter-…ansportation industry.

The result last week was brief but …early total chaos. The strike lasted only …alf a day, but during that time Japan's …s lines, airlines, half of all taxicabs …d most railways all shuddered to a …ralyzed standstill. Instead of resign-…g themselves to an unexpected hol-…ay, nonstriking Japanese workers …ewed the stoppage as a challenge to …eir ingenuity and set out to reach their …os by any means possible. Monumen-…l traffic jams stretched for miles. Gov-…rnment-owned trains still ran, but only …regularly, and sometimes arrived at …eir destination with their windows …acked from passenger pressure. In the …rush, commuters lost buttons, clothes, …even shoes. One bank clerk reported …at "I rode all the way in without my …et once touching the floor."

Both sides had made their point, and …egotiations resumed with something …esembling good will. Where labor had …emanded an average $60-a-month …ise—and management had offered …nly $22—the two sides now settled on …a compromise $34 bringing the aver-…ge Japanese railway worker's wage to …bout $365. By midafternoon most peo-…le had gone back to work. Transpor-…ation Minister Koshiro Niwa apolo-…ized to the people for all the …nconvenience, and Tokyo's traffic re-…rned to its normal state of guided con-…usion for another year.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Censoring the Summit

The Soviet government last March bought several hours of video tape from American networks in order to study the coverage of Richard Nixon's visit to Peking—and apparently did not like the view. According to a Soviet television official, the spectacle of Nixon and his Peking hosts at banquets and ballet performances looked "distasteful" to Moscow. Now in an apparent effort to upgrade the taste of summitry, the Soviets intend to limit the U.S. press to a contingent of about 100 journalists and severely curb TV coverage.

In Moscow last week, a group of U.S. network executives learned that they faced tight restrictions on what they can cover and how. The Soviets intend to use Russian crews and equipment for all live shots and to exclude any glimpses of Pat Nixon's activities. Only three weeks before the first Soviet-American summit since Glassboro in 1967, the networks had not even obtained permission to bring their own crews to film the visit for later broadcast. Even if such permission is granted, the indications were that film coverage would be restricted to the ceremonies of Nixon's arrival and departure.

Los Caballeros

The Cuban army, with some 80,000 men, is one of the largest and best-equipped in Latin America, as Premier Fidel Castro noted earlier this year in commemorating the 15th anniversary of the Revolutionary Armed Forces. "Never have our people had such a mass of fighters, such a quantity of cadres as those we now have," he said. What Fidel did not say was that the Russians had told him that the cost of keeping so many in uniform was an unnecessary burden on the economy and also prevented young men from pursuing careers in industry and agriculture.

Since then, Fidel has evidently begun cutting back the army—and coincidentally there has been a strange rash of burglaries of foreign embassies. The feeling in the diplomatic community is that the burglaries are the work of ex-soldiers who resent the loss of their special perks—apartments, clothes and consumer goods—and seek to make up for the loss at the expense of well-stocked foreign embassies.

On one occasion, the French ambassador and his wife chanced upon seven soldiers with an army truck looting the home of the French consul, and were roughed up by the looters. The following morning the Foreign Ministry made apologies and returned the consul's belongings. Burglaries have also occurred at homes of Italian, Canadian, Polish and Bulgarian diplomats. One exception of the *caballeros de la noche:* the Russian embassy, which also happens to be the most heavily guarded.

Style for the People

Ever since the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69, China's Communist Party zealots have discouraged any variety in clothing as a sign of unproletarian vanity. The In look was gray or blue coats and trousers for both men and women, and hair was cropped short.

Now styles are changing. Women and girls have begun to wear bright blouses again, and Western visitors have even seen them in tartan patterns in Shanghai. Peking has also given official approval to greater variety in food, hair styles, literature and art.

The new policy was formally announced first in *People's Daily* and then followed up with a series of articles in the April issue of *Red Flag*, the party

EASTFOTO



BUYING CLOTHES IN SHANGHAI STORE
Farewell to conformity.

theoretical journal. "With the continuing development of industrial and agricultural production and the gradual rise in the people's spending level," said the *Daily*, "the service trades must increase the variety of food" and begin production of "stylish clothes that are simple and elegant." Even photographers were urged to "adopt various art forms in taking photographs." Peking is also carrying its stress on variety into the arts on the principle of Mao Tse-tung's famous maxim: "Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools of thought contend." Wuhan radio announced that 100 "experimental works of creative art" were performed at the Hupei Arts Festival last month, including Peking opera, Han opera, Chu opera, ballet, theatrical plays and mountain songs.

AMERICAN NOTES

Humphrey? Go Fish

"All right, gents, let's see some cards."

"Lookin' good. I've got Pat Nixon hawking pie, Jane of Arc Fonda on the battlements and Martha Mitchell on the phone."

"Read 'em and weep. Richard Nixon in an ermine robe, Strom Thurmond in a Confederate flag and Lyndon Johnson serving rockets at a barbecue."

Such are the hands drawn at a new game of satirical poker played with "Politicards." The idea was concocted by a Los Angeles copywriter-artist team, Lee Livingston and Peter Green, who turned a standard deck into a riffle of 54 political caricatures (including the two obvious jokers, William F. Buckley Jr. and Norman Mailer). All the black cards are Republicans, the reds Democrats. Deuce of spades is Little David Eisenhower in a sailor suit, clutching a toy boat. Tricia Nixon Cox, the four of spades, is a Playboy Bunny. Eugene McCarthy, the three of hearts, is Hamlet meditating upon a skull. A constabulary George Wallace is rated the jack of diamonds. The cards have been popular enough to go into their third edition, but they obviously need some updating. One of the present kings is Edmund Muskie.

Lincoln's Raiders

Consumer concern is filtering down ranks. A fifth grader at Lincoln School in Euclid, Ohio, ten-year-old Billy Hanlon, blew 35¢ of his allowance on an eight-ounce package of Nestlé's Quik. When he got home, he discovered that his mother had purchased two pounds for 79¢. Nader-sharp, Billy calculated and concluded: "Oh-oh, I shouldn't have bought that."

This precocious consumerism began after a group of Lincoln School teachers decided to make the curriculum more, well, relevant by starting lessons in comparative shopping. They found that the children caught on quickly. Now Lincoln has a newspaper called the *Nader News*, which features sulfurous exposés like the tale about the school store, where Mrs. Betty Davis tried to beat Susan Davidson out of a penny on her purchase of a paste brush. (Susan won.)

Even outside companies have been caught out by Lincoln's Raiders. Best Foods received a letter from Sixth Grader Brian Houser noting that "on the label of a jar of Skippy dry-roasted mixed nuts I noticed that cashews are listed first. But I found more peanuts. Our committee believes that you should correct the label." (The company replied that Brian's jar was "a poor representative of this line" and enclosed a coupon for another.) Next, some candy companies may have to recall their Euclid shipments because their product does not maintain the proper heft for Saturday-matinee chucking at the kid in the second row.

De Minimis Non Curat Lex

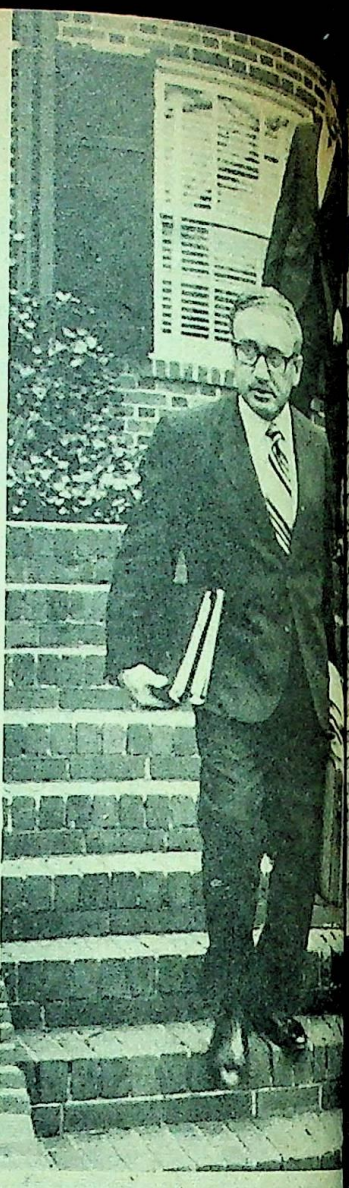
A traditional byword of American bluestockingism is "banned in Boston." And when it comes to obscenity Elijah Adlow, chief justice of the Boston Municipal Court, is something of a hardnose. Yet last week he lodged a rather curious protest against lewdness: he dismissed the case against a stripper who got carried away.

It seems that Lusia Ferrus, an attraction at Boston's Normandy Lounge, neglected to stop at the required pasties and G string. She was promptly busted. Noting the salacious slaverings in X-rated movies the police are constantly shutting down, Adlow let Lusia go. Said the judge: "This was my personal protest against the protection given by the higher courts to X-rated movies and shows. What this girl was doing at least has redeeming social value. It keeps her off welfare."

Fine for Feathers

Turkey feathers may serve well enough for Boy Scouts in summer-camp loincloth dances, but not for authentic Indians. To Wisconsin's Winnebago tribe, the wingspan of the soaring eagle symbolizes a canopy of protection sent down by a great benefactor in the sky.

Such was the argument advanced by the attorney for Max Funmaker, an improbably named Winnebago from Black River Falls, who was charged by federal authorities with the illegal possession of two dead bald eagles, a species even more endangered than the buffalo ever was. Funmaker conceded that he had shot the eagles down—presumably with spiritual intent. It was a somehow unlikely collision of the white man's belated ecological law with an Indian lore that for centuries has taken nature to be sacred. The judge let Funmaker off with a $100 fine.



GAMMA ALFRED EISENSTAEDT



THE WAR

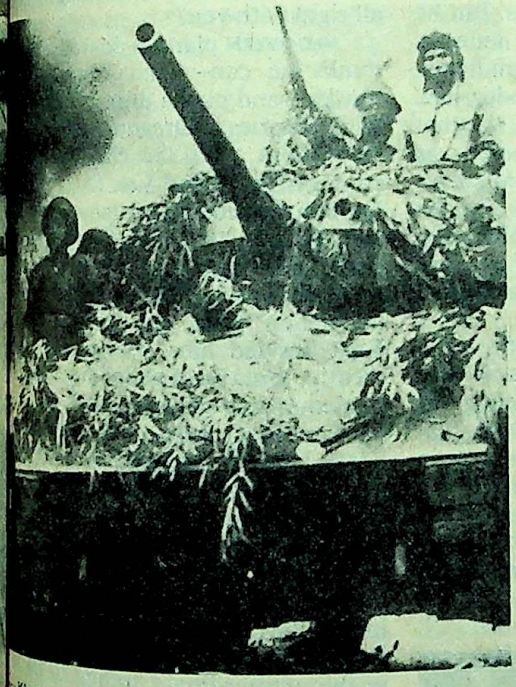
Peace Talks Again in Paris

THROUGH the long years of the Viet Nam War, the U.S. has repeatedly been assured that one more turn of the screw, one more push of escalation would bring the enemy to the negotiating table in earnest at last, if not to his knees. Now the enemy is coming once more to the table; top North Vietnamese Negotiator Le Duc Tho returns to Paris this week presumably to resume the secret sessions with the U.S. that were broken off last November. But it is not exactly on the terms that Washington wanted. It is the enemy that has escalated; it is the U.S. that is in need of an agreement. With American ground troops out of action and U.S. options more limited than ever, President Nixon's Vietnamization policies and perhaps his re-election prospects are on severest trial.

The battlefield situation is grave. While the South Vietnamese have fought bravely in some sectors, they have caved in elsewhere. The North Vietnamese, heavily supplied by the Soviet Union, are driving hard for Kontum in the Central Highlands, toward Quang Tri near the coast, and are menacing Hué. As the Communists approach urban centers, the U.S. faces another painful decision: whether to continue its air and artillery support at the cost of civilian lives in the cities. The open aggression has signaled a third Indochina war, and it could drag on as inconclusively, and destructively, as hopelessly as the earlier two wars that engaged first the French and then the Americans (*see* THE WORLD).

Faced with that grim prospect, Nixon went on TV to talk tough. "All that we have risked and all that we have gained over the years now hangs in the balance," he said. "We will not be defeated and we will never surrender our friends to Communist aggression." He repeated the familiar threat that "a bloodbath" would follow if North Viet Nam took over in Saigon. He reiterated a theme employed by every Administration that has been involved in the war: "If one country armed with the most modern weapons can invade another nation and succeed in conquering it, other countries will be encouraged to do the same thing." But he carefully pinned all the prognostications that the South Vietnamese would hold in the present crisis on the evaluation of his commander on the scene, General Creighton Abrams.

AFP—PICTORIAL



...Kissinger leaving home in Washington; ...Tho arriving in Paris; a North Viet... tank in battle near Quang Tri.

Right or wrong, the words have been played so many times over for a war-weary American public that they seemed emptied of meaning, a kind of litany of the Viet Nam nightmare. But at the same time, Nixon said that he would continue to withdraw troops from South Viet Nam, though at a slower rate. In the next two months, 20,000 will go. Nixon also announced that he was resuming the Paris peace talks, "not simply in order to hear more empty propaganda and bombast from the North Vietnamese, but to get on with the constructive business of making peace." He expected progress to be made "through all available channels."

The President was apparently responding to Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev's offer to Henry Kissinger. The Kissinger mission had been conducted with the usual successful secrecy. Like a contemporary Scarlet Pimpernel, the unpredictable foreign policy adviser had casually sauntered into a Georgetown salon one evening as if he did not have a care in the world. When the party was over, he jumped into a limousine and was driven to Andrews Air Force Base, where he took off for Moscow. Lodged in a spacious villa with an expansive view of the Moscow River and the city beyond, Kissinger spent parts of three days with Brezhnev.

Precisely what the two men agreed on is still secret, but evidently it was enough to encourage the White House to resume the high-level secret talks and refrain from bombing Hanoi and Haiphong for a time. But not enough to discourage Moscow from doubling arms shipments through Haiphong.

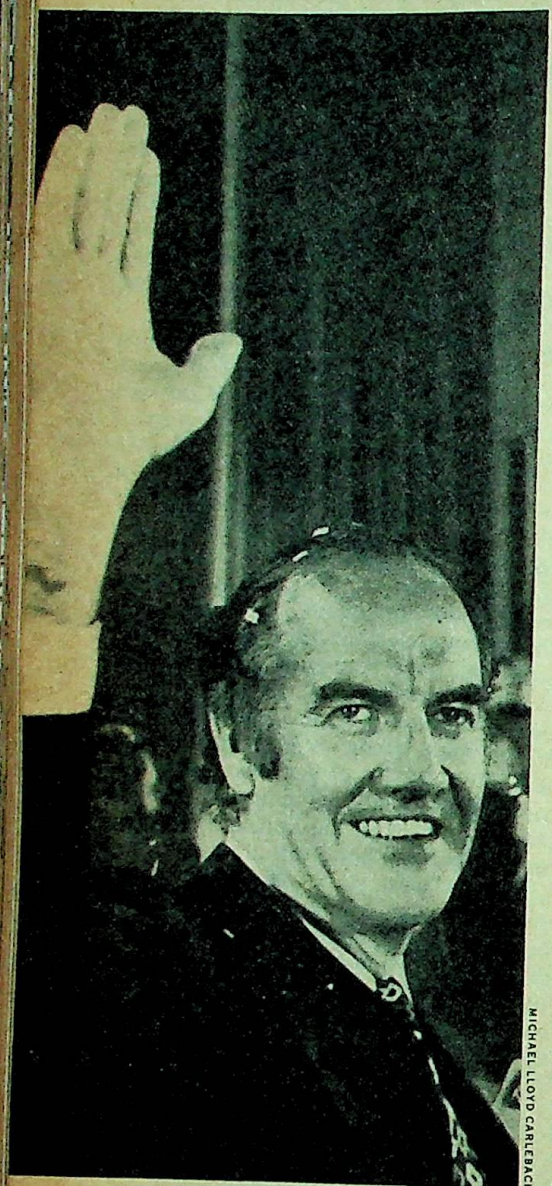
One negotiating possibility is that the North Vietnamese will accept an offer made earlier by the President and rejected by them: the withdrawal of all U.S. forces by a fixed date in return for a cease-fire and the release of prisoners of war. Now that the North has occupied parts of the South, it has picked up more bargaining chips and may be willing to settle for a cease-fire—a prospect that the Administration views with some anxiety. Kissinger has been led by the Russians to expect, one way or another, some kind of breakthrough by the May 22 Moscow summit.

Leverage. Meanwhile Nixon must keep his eye on his other front, at home. So far, domestic criticism has not got out of hand. In his speech, he warned that the Communists might try to win their victory by persuading Congress or the public of the futility of the war. This was also a familiar plea—perhaps calculated to blunt criticism—but it seems to be effective. One of the Senate's formidable doves, Senator George Aiken, even counseled Nixon critics "not to encourage this war to go on, not to take the side of the enemy."

Yet time is surely running out in Viet Nam. Nixon's Vietnamization policy must be one of the most complicated balancing acts in the history of diplomacy. Never in the annals of modern warfare has a nation tried to win a war —or at least stave off defeat—while withdrawing its troops from battle. The President has apparently shown more confidence in public than he has in private. Another batch of classified documents leaked to the press last week reveals that the CIA, the State Department and the Pentagon all cast serious doubt on current policies back in 1969. In a forthcoming book, *Catch the Falling Flag*, Richard Whalen, a former Nixon speechwriter, asserted that Nixon had had deeper misgivings about the war than most people knew. After learning of a pessimistic study of the war given to L.B.J., Nixon told advisers in March 1968: "There's no way to win the war. But we can't say that, of course. In fact, we have to say the opposite just to keep some degree of bargaining leverage."

The White House still thinks it has sufficient leverage. Kissinger believes that the North Vietnamese offensive is the prelude to serious negotiations that will finally bring the war to a mutually acceptable conclusion, though what that may consist of is as obscure as ever. There is little evidence that the Communists feel any urgency to accept what they have turned down before. It would obviously be in the interests of the North Vietnamese to make such a hash of the President's policies on the battlefield that he would be defeated for re-election and replaced by a dovish Democrat. The initiative at the moment, as so often in the long war, still rests with the North Vietnamese.

Front and Center for George McGovern



MICHAEL LLOYD CARLEBACH

TRIUMPHANT IN BOSTON

SUDDENLY, in what once had seemed a cut-and-dried contest for the Democratic presidential nomination, all bets were off. On the morrow of the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania primaries last week, it was a new race. In Pennsylvania, Hubert Humphrey won the first state primary of his career. George McGovern swept to a lopsided victory in Massachusetts and finished close behind George Wallace in Pennsylvania, where Edmund Muskie ended up an embarrassing fourth—and quite literally out of the money. As the candidates went into Ohio and Indiana this week, the committed delegate count stood: McGovern, 231½; Muskie, 124½; Wallace, 77; Humphrey, 76; Shirley Chisholm, 5; Wilbur Mills, 1. A *Who's Where* of the principal candidates:

MUSKIE took himself out of active contention with considerable dignity. The fault, he said, was that he had spread himself too thin, entering every primary, draining his resources. But he had also seemed fuzzy on the issues as he tried to be a consensus candidate, and he was disorganized and indecisive. Most important of all, perhaps, was that the unpredictable 1972 electorate was unmoved, even dissuaded, by Muskie's reliance on the endorsements and the organizations of the regular politicians. So, he said, he would no longer run, but would remain available if a deadlocked convention wanted him.

HUMPHREY may well benefit more than McGovern from Muskie's abdication, since they were both fighting for what Humphrey likes to call "the vital progressive center" of the Democratic Party—including organized labor and the border South. A TIME/Yankelovich survey of Pennsylvania voters, interviewed as they left the polls, found that Humphrey's victory was built on "somewhat frail reproduction" of traditional Democratic coalition—poor, the minorities, the aged and ethnic blue-collar workers. Of Muskie supporters, 55% named Humphrey their second choice *v.* only 29% for McGovern. For the Ohio primary this week, the polls had Humphrey about 10% favorite over McGovern.

WALLACE will meet Humphrey head-on in Indiana this week, and again in one-to-one primaries in Maryland and West Virginia. Wallace remains a force to be reckoned with, though some observers think that he merely wants to be the Democrats' Strom Thurmond—without real power, but able to boast of his influence in high places. Feeling his oats, he joked with reporters last week about his plans as President: "We just may have a lot of press censorship—but maybe I can get you boys a job in the basement or something. That be all right with you?"

McGOVERN plans to do well where he thinks he can—Ohio, Michigan, Nebraska—and play a dramatic end game with victories in Oregon, California and New York. "It's the classic underdog strategy," says Ted Van Dyk, a former Humphrey aide who is now a McGovern adviser. "It's also General Giap's battle plan. You concentrate your forces at the point of the enemy's weakness. You pick your battlegrounds." That has led him, wisely and conveniently, to stay out of Southern contests that could have set him back.

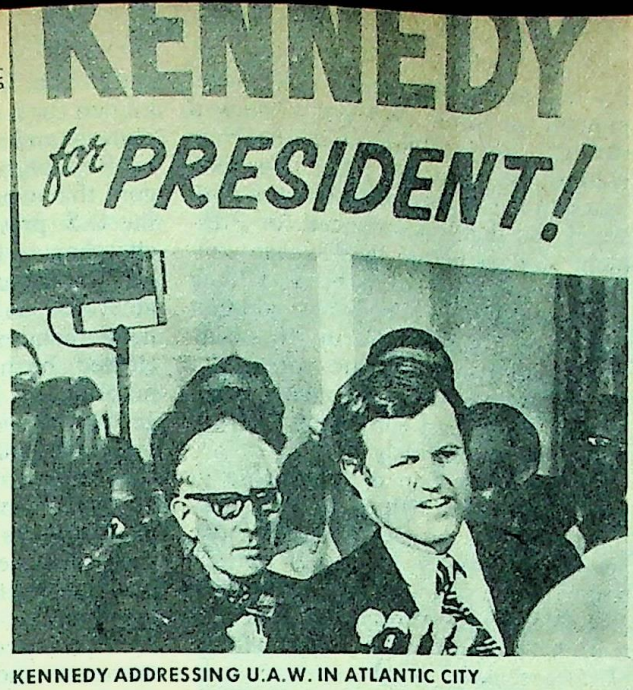
For McGovern, that strategy has not only been shrewd; it has been necessary. When he announced for the presidency more than a year ago, there was skepticism, irreverence, even downright disbelief. But George Stanley McGovern, 49, once an obscure prairie politician, has somehow struck a responsive chord in the voters; he is now ahead in the extraordinary testing of Democratic presidential postulants in 1972. With Muskie out of the race, McGovern's chief rival is Humphrey, the effervescent 1968 nominee, a hardy perennial compared to the burgeoning McGovern. If his momentum holds, McGovern could well take the Democratic nomination; if it does not, and Humphrey becomes the candidate, the fierceness of McGovern's supporters could well mean a Democratic Party sundered more deeply than it was even in 1968. And should McGovern win at Miami Beach, the campaign could be the most spirited and sharply drawn since John Kennedy and Richard Nixon faced off in 1960.

Unlike Humphrey, say, or Wallace, whose persons and prejudices are clear and familiar, McGovern remains a paradoxical figure. He is a very liberal

WRITING A SPEECH IN MIAMI HOTEL ROOM AFTER THE FLORIDA PRIMARY



CARLEBACH



UPI

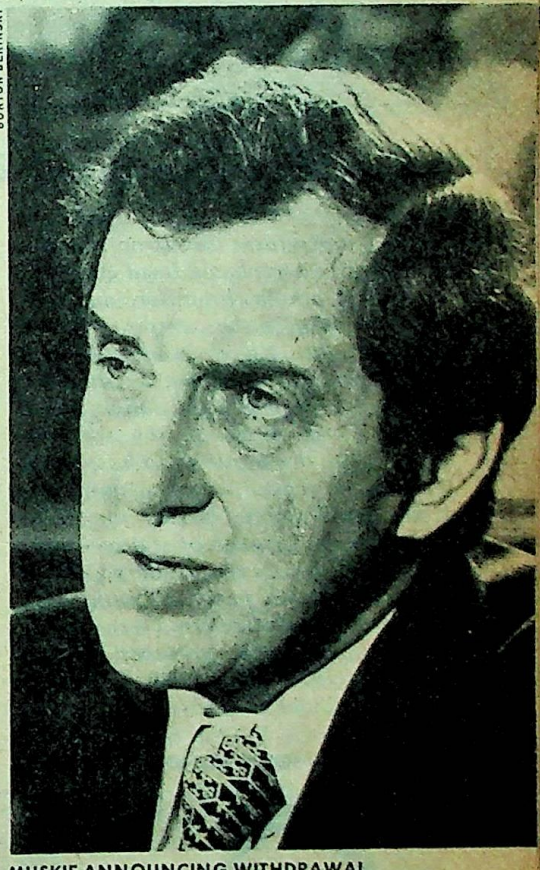
KENNEDY ADDRESSING U.A.W. IN ATLANTIC CITY

AP



HUMPHREY IN PHILADELPHIA

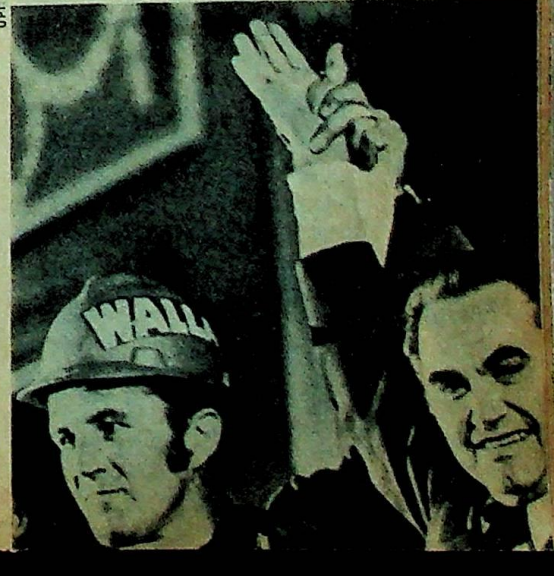
BURTON BERINSKY



MUSKIE ANNOUNCING WITHDRAWAL

WALLACE WITH HARDHAT

UPI



Democrat from a very conservative, very Republican state. He is the plain-spoken son of a country preacher who now sports $15 Gucci ties and owns an elegant Japanese-style house in a quiet corner of northwest Washington, D.C. He is a middle-aged prairie populist whose strongest national appeal has been to the young and to the affluent and well-educated citizens of suburbia. He is an outwardly diffident, gentle man—Robert Kennedy once called him the only decent man in the U.S. Senate whose professorial facade conceals a core of toughness and ambition. He likes movies and chocolate milkshakes, and has fired subordinates for unduly chewing out people working under them. He is a complex man, a curious mixture of pragmatism and principle, patience and restiveness, at once a staunch, almost pedantic moralist and a calculating, hard-driving politician.

Broad Horizon. Like Hubert Humphrey, McGovern grew up in a small town in South Dakota. His father was a Wesleyan Methodist minister in Mitchell (pop. 6,000). In a state where debating once ranked as football does in Ohio, or basketball in Indiana, young George took eagerly to oratory as a high school student. World War II broadened McGovern's horizons beyond the prairie as pilot of *Dakota Queen*, a B-24 Liberator heavy bomber based in Cerignola, Italy, he flew 35 missions over Nazi-occupied Eastern Europe, often through heavy antiaircraft fire. Once, with two of the four engines out, he nursed the plane to an emergency landing on a tiny airstrip on a Yugoslav island.

The war made McGovern, already a solemn young man, still more somber and earnest. Back home, he plunged into history studies at Dakota Wesleyan, then went off to study for the Methodist ministry. The limitations of the clerical life soon disillusioned him, and he switched to graduate work in American history at Northwestern University, taking a master's and a Ph.D. The subject of his dissertation was the Colorado coal strikes of 1913-14, which culminated in the Ludlow massacre of miners and their families.

The Northwestern history department leaned strongly to the left politically; McGovern faced the opening of the cold war with dismay and disbelief. He went with his wife Eleanor, whom he had married in 1943 (*see box, page*), as a delegate to the Progressive Party convention at Philadelphia in 1948. But he soon became disenchanted with the fanatical rigidity of some of Henry Wallace's supporters, and finally did not vote that November. McGovern told his recent biographer, Robert Sam Anson: "I felt then, as I do now, that U.S. foreign policy was needlessly exacerbating tensions with the Soviet Union and that we were wrong in our support of Chiang, the French in Indochina and Bao Dai. I liked what Wallace had to say about foreign policy. I still think he was essentially right."

McGovern's fling with Henry Wallace came to hurt him when he entered politics, which he did after a six-year stint as a political science professor at Dakota Wesleyan. First he took on a seemingly hopeless job as the only full-time Democratic Party organizer in South Dakota; at that time, no Democrat held statewide office, and the party had only two of the 110 seats in the state legislature. McGovern once walked into a general store and announced to the proprietor that he understood that he was talking to the county chairman. The owner hushed McGovern quickly: "I'd be out of business if my customers knew." But McGovern's methodical persistence built the state organization to the point where he could run successfully for two terms in Congress (1957-61) despite reminders of his Wallaceite past.

He failed to unseat Republican Senator Karl Mundt in 1960 partly because he openly backed Roman Catholic John Kennedy in heavily Protestant South Dakota. McGovern's reward for that support was the directorship of Food for Peace early in the Kennedy Administration; he made it to the Senate on his second try in 1962. As a freshman Senator, he spoke out against the Viet Nam War. He was the first of a lonely flock of Senate doves that soon included Frank Church of Idaho, Ernest Gruening of Alaska and Wayne Morse of Oregon. McGovern's opposition to the war strained his friendship with his Chevy Chase neighbor, Humphrey, who had been his political mentor when he first came to Washington.

However, it attracted the man who

first put the presidential bug in McGovern's ear. Allard Lowenstein, the youthful antiwar Democrat who was looking for a "symbolic" candidate to run against Lyndon Johnson in the 1968 primaries, approached McGovern at Robert Kennedy's suggestion. McGovern was intrigued; his backers at home were incredulous. In Sioux Falls, Lowenstein bearded Peder Ecker, later Democratic state chairman, who quickly got on the phone to Bill Dougherty, now Lieutenant Governor. Said Ecker: "Billy, you've got to get over here. There's some Jewish guy here from New York saying that he's going to make George McGovern President."

McGovern turned Lowenstein down, with misgivings. He was up for re-election to the Senate in 1968, and he decided that keeping his Senate seat was more important to the antiwar cause than a hopeless fling at the presidency. Following McGovern's advice, Lowenstein turned to Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota; Robert Kennedy jumped in after McCarthy showed strongly against Johnson in the New Hampshire primary. After Kennedy was shot in California, McGovern pondered and finally announced for President 16 days before the Chicago convention. He wanted to be a rallying point for the pro-Kennedy remnant that could not accept McCarthy, but garnered only 146½ delegate votes. McGovern joked: "By announcing when we did, we at least eliminated the possibility of peaking early."

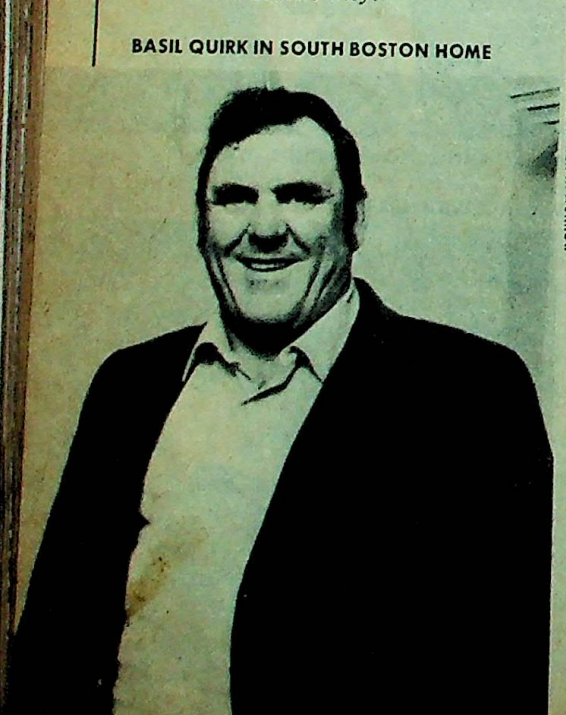
After re-election to the Senate in 1968, McGovern helped write the reforms to open the Democratic Party's nominating process to greater participation by the rank and file (TIME, Dec. 6, 1971). Those reforms have helped make his candidacy; state and local party satraps, never pro-McGovern, now have a diminished role in picking the 1972 nominee. In the Senate, though he has taken a major role in trying to end hunger in the U.S., he remains known for a series of unsuccessful olutions and amendments, co-sponsored by Republican Mark Hatfield of gon, that would set a date for end the U.S. presence in Viet Nam. "T chamber reeks of blood," he bitte told his colleagues just before the S ate voted on the first McGovern-H field amendment in September 1970 elected, he has promised to end U bombing on Inauguration Day and get the U.S. out "lock, stock and b rel" within 90 days in return for the lease of American P.O.W.s.

For a time, McGovern risked b ing known as a one-issue candidate cause of his early and unequivocal position to the war. But in putti together his first primary victory 1972 in Wisconsin, he plainly attrac voters to whom the state of the eco omy is a more pressing concern. Mo over, he was the first—and is still most thorough—of the candidates to

A Boston Longshoreman Explains McGovern

The early-form charts on this election would have placed Basil Quirk, 48, an Irish Catholic longshoreman from South Boston, in the camp of Edmund Muskie, the Polish Catholic from Maine. Or perhaps Hubert Humphrey, who dotes on organized labor. Maybe even George Wallace, the sometime Horatio of the hardhats. Those charts have been proved wrong a number of times. Basil Quirk, boxing fan, father of five, proud owner of a three-decker in one of Boston's most solidly working-class areas, is a firm and enthusiastic supporter of McGovern. Over a dinner of roast beef, baked potatoes, rolls and pastries, Quirk told TIME *Correspondent John Stacks why:*

BASIL QUIRK IN SOUTH BOSTON HOME



CHRISTOPHER W. MORROW

I WAS a little bit mistaken about McGovern. I thought he had just a following of the kids. But I went to hear him speak over at the Lithuanian club. He can talk to you on the local level. He picks up on things real quick, and he doesn't seem to need a lot of counselors blowing in his ear.

You know these other guys seem to forget where they come from. They form a kind of political royalty. They think they never can get licked. All the wise guys and all the smart money lined up with Muskie. Now McGovern, he's gone around on a pretty short bankroll. If he can put this thing together, who will he owe? Who'd have ever figured McGovern? He's set them all on their ear.

Today I'm working on a ship from Poland. I talk to foreign nationals all the time. The other day this Norwegian guy says to me: "You know, Basil, America is so big, it can do anything it wants. But it's so big, it don't listen to the small people." That hit me kind of good.

These people forget they spend money to sell themselves to us. To beg to represent us. But when they get a position, they forget they represent people here and that we're the ones that count.

■

Now McGovern, he started down at the lower levels. At the grass roots so to speak. He's got a realistic understanding of what politics is. He's got to be an honorable guy.

Here in Southie, we got a feeling for each other you don't find many other places. McGovern seems to be a guy who fits in the middle of Southie. You could bring him in and have him to dinner and feel like he's part of the fa ily. I think these farm-state guys a more conservative, more down to ear I don't think McGovern is that far fro his origins.

They say he's left wing. Hey, wh what today? When he gets in there, i what he is that matters. He's got t kids. And when he's in there, he's g to do the right thing. They'll put a pic et line on his lawn if he doesn't. The kids are hard to crap.

■

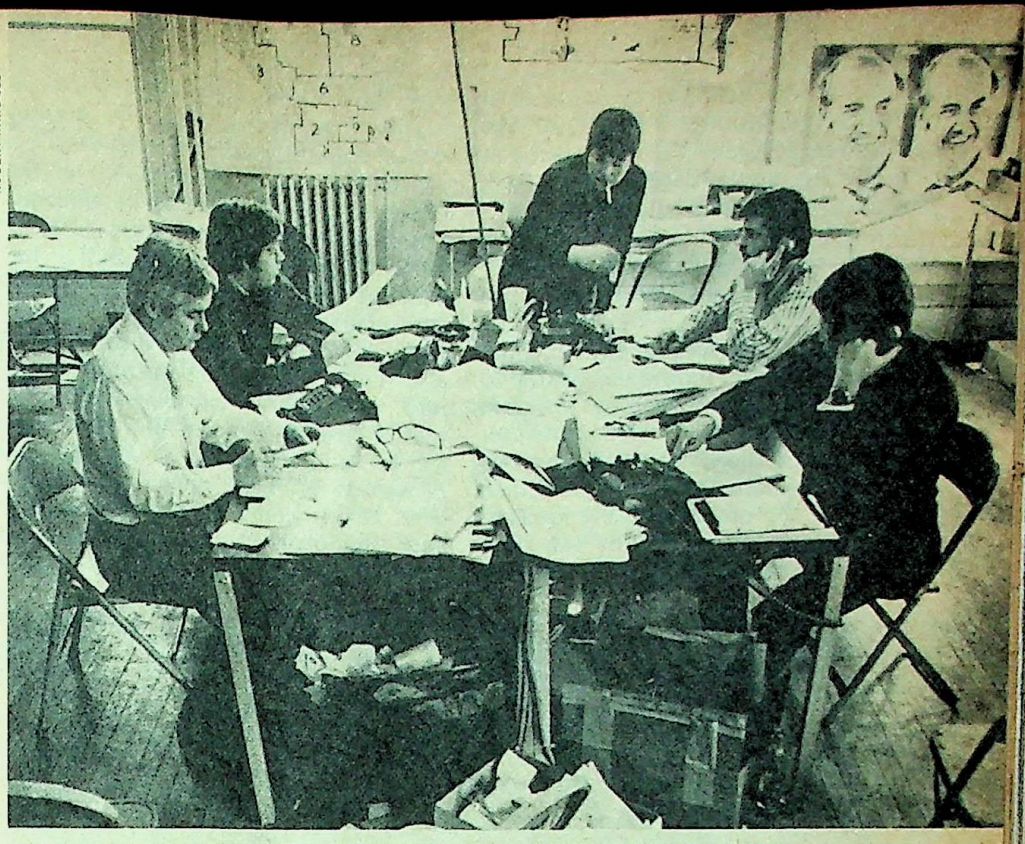
What's the future of America? Th kids—right? You've got to show the there is something worthwhile here. he can get these kids in line, maybe i work out for all of us. Maybe he ca make America become a country the kids would think was worth fighting fo

Now, I want you to write this dow I firmly object to a representative of top Government agency saying on T that the country doesn't have the re sources to get a true audit on the phon company. That's wrong.

America is the greatest possib place for the average guy. But big bus ness—when we send a representati down to Washington, they send dow a lobbyist, and they take all these gu by the hand. I've worked 25 years o the docks. My kids actually thi they're in the middle class. But I about two months away from the po erty stricken. We need someone w guts, which I think McGovern ha got.

Muskie? If he couldn't handle thi guy Loeb, what will he do when he really in trouble. He knew Loeb: he lived next door. I'd have liked it be if he'd gone to Loeb's house, rung bell and whacked him in the nose.

Some of the guys where I work g Wallace guys. They're going for M Govern. He's a class guy. He's got g



ROBERT NANDELL

STAFFERS AT WORK IN McGOVERN'S DOWNTOWN MILWAUKEE HEADQUARTERS
At first, irreverence, even downright disbelief.

...detailed position papers on such other issues as tax reform and defense spending. Not much attention was paid to the McGovern papers at first, since he did not seem a likely winner.

That oversight was a mistake, as McGovern's plan for changing the tax structure and redistributing the national wealth constitutes a radical economic scheme reminiscent of the days when Huey Long promised to make "every man a king." Among those consulted in its preparation: John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard and James Tobin of Yale, a member of John Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers. MCGOVERN—IF YOU REALLY WANT THINGS TO CHANGE read his billboards in Massachusetts. His whole program would mean just that—real, profound change. Among its main elements:

TAXES. McGovern claims that 40% of U.S. corporations paid no corporate income taxes last year. (Internal Revenue Service figures for the fiscal year ending in June 1970, the latest available, showed that 1,670,000 corporations filed tax returns and 620,000 —37%—had no taxable income and hence paid no tax.) McGovern would raise the corporation tax rate from 48% back to 52%, its level before the tax reform of 1964. He would end investment tax credits, tighten depreciation rules, and gradually eliminate the oil-depletion allowance, now at 22%. These and other changes, he estimates, would add some $17 billion annually to the federal treasury. By reducing corporate profits, they would also reduce dividends to stockholders.

McGovern's aim is to give the Government a far greater voice in the uses to which investment is put; more of the profits of private industry would tend to be taxed away and invested instead as Government chooses. Such resource allocations would mean a different kind of America, more like the mixed economies and relatively paternalistic societies of Western Europe. This is a breathtaking proposition, to say the least, and it is going to require a lot of explaining before the campaign is over.

INCOME. Anyone making over $50,000 a year—earned or unearned —would have to pay 75% of the excess in taxes, no matter what tax shelters might exist. Inheritance taxes would be increased, with a 77% rate on anything over $500,000. He had originally proposed a confiscatory 100% tax on inheritances over $500,000, but backed down when blue-collar workers in Wisconsin and Massachusetts objected that taxing anybody 100% was un-American. Said a bemused McGovern: "I don't know whether people still think they will win a lottery or what." He would abolish welfare payments and substitute minimum income grants with a maximum of about $1,000 per person annually. All told, his redistribute-the-wealth plan would shift $43 billion a year from the more affluent to the relatively poor. In a study for the Joint Economic Committee, Economist Lester Thurow of M.I.T. found that the gap between the mean annual income of the richest 5% of U.S. families and that of the poorest 5% was $27,605 in 1969; it was only $17,057 in 1947 (using 1969 dollars).

JOBS. A major goal is to provide employment for every able-bodied American who wants it. Says McGovern: "The President could relieve a lot of the tension between blacks and whites if he stopped talking about welfare chiselers and said: 'Look, everybody who wants to work is going to have a job. We don't know quite yet what you'll be doing, but you're going to have a good job. And the Government is going to guarantee employment at decent wages.' "

DEFENSE. To help pay for the jobs and other social benefits that he proposes, McGovern would cut the Pentagon budget by $32 billion over three years. His detailed 56-page plan earns good marks for thoroughness even from its critics. He would drop many new weapon systems, including the Safeguard ABM and the B-1 bomber. He would cut the armed forces and civilian Pentagon employees by nearly 30% —chopping U.S. forces in Europe from 300,000 to 130,000. At the Pentagon, the comptroller's office reviewed McGovern's proposals with deep interest, and noted that he failed to include in his alternate defense budget some $10 billion in essential "consumable supplies"—chiefly fuels and lubricants. More broadly, the Brookings Institution's Leslie Gelb, project director of the Pentagon papers, says that he agrees with 95% of the McGovern plan but has two objections: 1) "The program does not come to grips with the practical and political problems of putting that many people out of work," and 2) allies might well be disconcerted by such drastic changes. Again, further explanations are in order.

"A vast military colossus," says McGovern, "now capable of blowing up the world a hundred times over, is devouring two out of three of our tax dollars." Hyperbole aside, the tax mathematics are very nearly right. Federal revenues for the current fiscal year are estimated at $197 billion. Subtract $54 billion in Social Security receipts and $3 billion for the highway and other trust funds—none of which is income tax revenue—and the total is $140 billion. Add to the defense budget of $78 billion the outlay for veterans' benefits ($11 billion) and 80% of the interest on the national debt ($16 billion): both, arguably, are the continuing cost of past wars. That puts the defense total slightly over $100 billion, which is more than McGovern's two-thirds of $140 billion. McGovern is not alone in his calculations of the total cost of defense: Arthur Burns, Chairman of the Fed and no fan of McGovern's, has made a similar analysis (TIME, July 13, 1970).

AMNESTY. McGovern has urged that after the Viet Nam War is over, amnesty be granted to those "who, on the grounds of conscience, have refused to participate in the Viet Nam tragedy." He would not include deserters.

EDUCATION. He wants to end use of the property tax to finance schools; he would increase federal aid to elementary and secondary schools fivefold, to $15 billion.

BUSING. The McGovern position is more liberal than most, and he has avoided serious campaigning in Florida and will probably avoid it in Michigan, where the issue is paramount. He believes that busing may be used to

achieve racial balance as long as it harms neither children's health nor the educational system. "Without busing as a tool," he says, "desegregation will probably stop dead in its tracks."

HEALTH CARE. McGovern favors "a federally funded, guaranteed system of comprehensive health insurance for all Americans."

Should McGovern get the Democratic nomination, politicians hostile to him argue, such a sweeping program could make him the Barry Goldwater of 1972: a candidate at the extreme of his own party (albeit the other extreme), beloved of the more intensely ideological partisans, but so wildly far from the national center as to be totally unelectable. Goldwater has not missed the point. He ran into Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien shortly after McGovern's victory in Wisconsin. Goldwater winked and said: "Where you fellas headed?" Others are predicting a rout, if not of Alf Landon proportions, at least as embarrassing as Goldwater's own in 1964.

One difference between Goldwater in 1964 and McGovern today is that McGovern is not widely known, and thus not widely recognized as an ultraliberal; if anything, his willingness to speak out against what he calls the "establishment center" has long been admired even where his views are unpopular. (The "establishment center" is McGovern's confusing phrase for the men who he thinks have kept American society from meeting the needs of the 1970s: the leaders of the military-industrial complex and the rigid hierarchies of business and government.) Allard Lowenstein argues that a pitch for making things better can succeed politically, even if some of the remedies are severe. Says Lowenstein: "That's what Robert Kennedy was doing in 1968, and it was working." McGovern makes his own plain-spoken distinction. Says he: "Goldwater was outside the mainstream, and I think I'm moving with the mainstream of the country."

McGovern is vulnerable to the charge that he is admired by radicals; unsolicited endorsements last week by Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin of the Chicago Seven were embarrassingly conspicuous. Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington, a disappointed also-ran in the season's primaries, tore into McGovern viciously as "the spokesman for some of the most dangerous and destructive currents in American politics." Obviously President Nixon could give McGovern a hard time over his plan to cut defense spending; he could argue that McGovern's program would leave the U.S. naked before its enemies. He could also remind the nation of McGovern's adventure with Henry Wallace in 1948, as Jackson has done. However, Nixon himself has come a long way since 1948, as they must be saying in Peking and Moscow.



CLIMBING ABOARD ARMY AIR FORCE TRAINER IN TEXAS DURING WORLD WAR II
To the voters, his jut-jawed populism seems fresh and frank.

Antiwar voters, including the young, are important to McGovern's candidacy: in the TIME/Yankelovich Pennsylvania survey, two-thirds of the voters mentioned the war as the issue of greatest concern to them, and it was an issue that worked to McGovern's benefit. The President is at the mercy of his own Viet Nam policy: so, conversely, is McGovern.

McGovern has had trouble getting much support from blacks and organized labor leaders during the primary campaign, largely because both are part of Hubert Humphrey's natural constituency. After McGovern's Massachusetts victory, however, a noticeable shift was on. Representative John Conyers of Michigan said that he would back McGovern, and so did Julian Bond of Georgia; the Rev. Jesse Jackson of Operation PUSH in Chicago noted that he still prefers Shirley Chisholm, but thinks McGovern stands the [illegible] chance to win. Jackson will campaign for McGovern in Ohio and California. In the general election, of course, blacks would overwhelmingly prefer McGovern to Nixon. As for labor, the AFL-CIO's George Meany, a hawk, dislikes McGovern's views on the war. United Auto Workers President Leonard Woodcock, once a Muskie man, may now join the McGovern camp; that would give McGovern a boost in Michigan.

One aspect of the McGovern campaign that has confounded the experts is McGovern's unexpected appeal to blue-collar workers. His triumvirate of 21-year-old poll takers, seniors at Harvard who have formed Cambridge Survey Research, Inc. (TIME, May 1), first saw the phenomenon taking shape in working-class districts of Manchester, N.H. It appeared again in Wisconsin—for example, McGovern carried the blue-collar congressional district in Milwaukee that contains the state's heaviest concentration of Poles. Last week Protestant McGovern took some heavily Irish and Italian sections of Boston by as much as four to one—while the Kennedy organization scrupulously stood aside from the contest.

Style. Adviser Ted Van Dyk remembers a McGovern handshaking visit to grimy factory workers in New Hampshire: "One of them stepped forward and said, 'You know, Senator, you've made a lot of friends here today. Muskie came through last week and he shook our wrists.' " In a fashion reminiscent of the Kennedys, however different his style, McGovern has created a blue-collar following that might otherwise go to George Wallace (see *box, page 18*).

McGovern has yet to be tested nationally; he has so far not been subjected to the same tough, critical scrutiny that is all too familiar to Teddy Kennedy, Edmund Muskie and Hubert Humphrey. He faces a possibly painful ideological dilemma: to build a truly national base he may need to move toward the center, but to keep his most ardent following he must not stray too far from the striking positions he is admired for. Already, McGovern has begun to modify some of those positions, and has moved toward reconciliation with the party bosses. He has so far refused, for example, to join in challenging Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's delegation to the Miami Beach convention. Daley has yet to be won over; he believes the convention will deadlock and Kennedy will be drafted.

McGovern will need the pros to be a strong national candidate against Nixon, despite the already accumulated assets of a strong staff and an extraordinary network of young volunteers unseen since the kids went "clean for Gene" four years ago. His senior political adviser is the well-connected Frank Mankiewicz, 47, once press secretary to Robert Kennedy, master of fast political one-liners and possessor of

The Other McGovern on the Stump

Dear Eleanor,

Needless to say, I treasure your words, but do not jeopardize your credibility or mine by making me sound too good. I have, as you know, a generous measure of faults, weaknesses and errors. As De Gaulle once said: "Every man of action has a strong dose of egotism, pride, hardness and cunning. But with those things will be forgiven him, indeed, they will be regarded as high qualities, if he can make them the means to achieve great ends." I confess to all the faults De Gaulle describes. I only hope they can be turned to worthwhile ends.

Love, George

ABOUT all George McGovern and his wife Eleanor know of each other these days is what they read in the papers. On the go almost daily, she has been campaigning for George very nearly as hard as he has been, and that eloquent letter to her was a gentle reading for her flow of superlatives in several speeches that he had read in the local press.

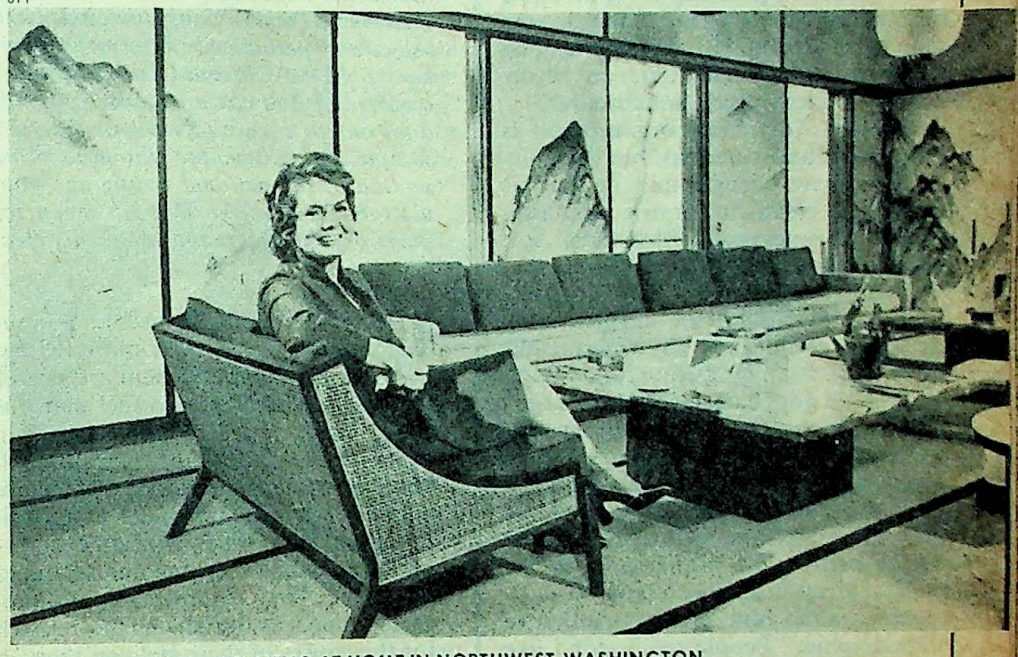
Last week was typical for the candidate and his wife, as they each criss-crossed Ohio, their paths never intersecting. Eleanor visited a nursing home, cut the ribbon for a new campaign headquarters, spoke with young campaign workers and gave rousing talks to win over party stalwarts. The towns rolled by—Ashtabula, Painesville, Warren—and at each stop she made short, cogent speeches of her own devising and in her thoroughly professional style. She stands cool and poised before crowds and speaks in smooth sentences, with none of the fumbling "and-uhs" of an amateur. She looks her audiences squarely in the eye and, without script or notes, convincingly makes her case for George McGovern. Invariably, she gets to applause.

Barely five feet tall and only 93 lbs., Mrs. McGovern, with wide sky-blue eyes, clean good looks and tousled hair, looks younger than her 50 years. She met George in their native South Dakota after besting him in a high school debating match. After 28 years of marriage, the debates go on and they swap points of views across the dinner table. She thinks their discussions may be changing his mind on total amnesty for Viet Nam draft evaders. "I feel that young men, on being granted amnesty, should be required to give a couple of years' service to the country, as conscientious objectors are doing. I think they would want to make a contribution," she explains. "George is wavering on this, and the other day I heard him mention my suggestion in answer to a question. Maybe I've convinced him."

from training base to training base until he was ordered to Europe. Today they live in a $110,000 Japanese-style house that overlooks a hillside in northwest Washington, D.C. It is an island of serenity for Eleanor, despite the campaign chaos. Though she loves the hurly-burly of campaigning, she misses the quiet Washington evenings, watching winter-red sunsets from her living room while sipping Darjeeling tea.

While the McGoverns are campaigning, their married daughter Ann, her husband Wilbur Mead and their two-year-old son Tim look after the house and the two youngest McGovern children, Mary, 16, and Steve, 19, and the family's massive Newfoundland dog Atticus. Another daughter, Terry, 22, has taken time out from classes at the University of Virginia to join the campaign.

UPI



ELEANOR McGOVERN RELAXING AT HOME IN NORTHWEST WASHINGTON

Mrs. McGovern says she has sensed that voters now look for more from candidates' wives. "I think the wives want to talk more about the issues, and it's expected of them. People ask me about everything: my husband's alternative defense budget, unemployment, everything. When I told George about the kind of questions I get, he said, 'I wish they'd ask me about the defense budget they'd ask me about it.' "

—I'd like to talk more about it.'"

The McGoverns married during World War II, while he was learning to be a bomber pilot. She followed him

As the campaigning family, together again in Boston on election night, heard the news of the Massachusetts avalanche, Terry broke into tears. For the first time, she perceived that her father really might become President. Eleanor was more practical: "There's not even time to savor a victory. We're off the next morning to start all over again."

what one aide calls "the best black book in the business." Among all the youngers, Mankiewicz is an elder statesman of the McGovern organization. He spends an average of seven hours a day on the phone, cajoling the press, scrapping up funds, masterminding strategy in a dozen different places. In between, he keeps tab on the state delegate hunting and primary organizers and suggests changes in speeches and pamphlets. His quick wit has been of inestimable value to McGovern. During the Wisconsin primary campaign, Mankiewicz fed his boss a line that scored points against New York's Mayor John Lindsay: "He is the only populist in history who plays squash at the Yale Club."

McGovern's campaign manager is Gary Hart, 34, a young lawyer from Denver with a personality so akin to McGovern's that he is almost his boss's *Doppelgänger*. Much of the campaign money has come from Max Palevsky, 47, Los Angeles–based chairman of Xerox's executive committee, and from Henry Kimelman, 50, a businessman with interests in the Caribbean who has been McGovern's conduit to some old-line Democratic financial backing.

And then there are all the kids. Taking a lesson from McGovern's lifelong political passion for collecting the names of his supporters, they move in droves from state to state, classifying prospective voters on 3 in. by 5 in. cards as 1 (committed), 2 (leaning), 3 (uncommitted) or 4 (definitely not). The effect of the army of ants is cumulative, for the young organizers learn in one state and then apply the experience they have gained in the next. McGovern's "flying squad" of 80-odd volunteers, aged 16 to 30, worked New Hampshire, Wisconsin and Massachusetts and then flew off

election night to Ohio. Other McGovern workers have been quietly tilling the vineyards in the nonprimary states, sneaking up on the courthouse pros to capture 7 delegates in Vermont, 8 in Idaho, 13 in Iowa, 9 in Arizona.

The capping of all this effort should come early next month in California, where Campaign Manager Hart plans to do what most politicians say is impossible: organize that heterogeneous state from the ground up. California is so big that the conventional political wisdom dictates campaigning it through the media. But McGovern's operatives disagree. By primary time they aim to have at least 1,000 out-of-state volunteers working with 25,000 to 50,000 Californians, organizing the state New Hampshire style—except that in the case of California that means calling in person or by telephone on nearly 2,000,000 Democratic households.

Severe Test. The organization is impressive and essential, but McGovern's ultimate strength may be that his jut-jawed, clean-cut prairie populism has a freshness and frankness that matches the mood of an electorate that is deeply discontented with business-as-usual politics (*see box*). "Cynicism, all over the country, is so widespread," notes a ranking Democratic Party worker. "It goes back eight years. I honestly think the system is being severely tested, and McGovern could be just the guy who could get elected because he talks to the basic issues. McGovern has an anti-Establishment image, and that has to help in the primaries or in the general election against Nixon."

Says a machine precinct worker in Philadelphia: "People really don't like Wallace, but they want to give the Establishment a kick in the pants." At the moment, Ted Kennedy—the favorite of Pennsylvania voters in the TIME/Yankelovich survey, and the man most likely to break a deadlock between Humphrey and McGovern—remains the Democrat who could most effectively capitalize on that sentiment, much as his brother tried to do in 1968. But Kennedy could also put McGovern across in a deadlocked convention, and he leans strongly toward McGovern. Just when—or whether—he will endorse him remains uncertain, but he believes that Ethel's children, busily campaigning for McGovern, are making the family sentiments clear. McGovern remains less known nationally than his rivals; in a sense, his showing in the primaries so far is all the more impressive because of that. And if he becomes the Democratic nominee he will automatically be more widely recognized. He also has the sectional weakness shared by most left-of-center Democrats: he is wildly unpopular in the increasingly Republican South. Still, on present form, Americans are going to hear a good deal more from George McGovern between now and the Democratic National Convention—maybe even between the convention and Election Day.

TIME Citizens Panel

The Sour, Frustrated and Volatile Vo

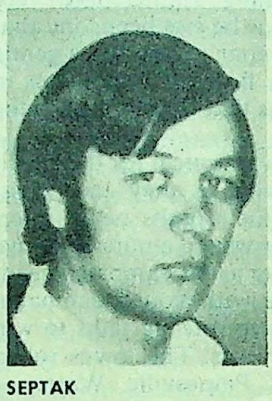
Perhaps not since the Depression has the American electorate seemed quite so restive and unpredictable. In the midst of a spring of startling primaries, the mood of the voters has often been bigger news than anything the candidates have said or done. Clearly, the public's shifting predilections, opinions and prejudices are not only changing the nature of the election but also steering the U.S. toward what may be a crucial intersection of its history.

To monitor the changeable voter mood this election year, TIME *has commissioned Daniel Yankelovich Inc. to select and periodically interview members of a* TIME *Citizens Panel. The panel consists of 200 citizens chosen at random out of a carefully selected larger sample of 2,000 people who are a cross section of the national voting-age population. Here is the first of seven reports on the American mood this election year:*

THE voters of 1972 are in a sour, gloomy mood based on multiple frustrations. A majority of them are sick of the war in Viet Nam and feel that it is going badly. Most voters complain about street crimes and fear that all kinds of crime are increasing. They are angry at what they consider a still-spiraling cost of living and unfair, ever-rising taxes, while their income seems to be frozen. They regard busing to integrate schools as foolish. As they search for the causes of their malaise, they do not necessarily blame President Nixon. But they do feel that the Nixon Administration and party leaders lie to them. They do not trust the press, either. The cynicism extends, surprisingly, even to Nixon's celebrated summitry in Peking and his impending trip to Moscow. Most find these trips either a bore or downright harmful.

At least at the moment, the voters feel most intensely about the war—an issue that only a few months ago seemed to have subsided. Ranking a distant second to Viet Nam are taxes, inflation, crime and busing—all rated about equally aggravating to voters. Lesser but still important concerns are drugs and the lack of credibility among political leaders. There is a widespread feeling that the nation's millions of "little guys" are repeatedly being victimized by a relatively few "big guys." Voter comments on all of these issues are rarely restrained, often angry.

THE WAR. Some 70% of the panelists feel that the war has taken a turn for the worse, and many fear that U.S. involvement may continue indefinitely. Some base their feeling upon the renewed U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam. When he heard the news of the bombing, says Robert Langmuir, a college professor in Altadena, Calif., "I w shouting bad words at my TV set, ho ing that someone would listen. T bombing is only delaying the ending this immoral war." To anti-Nixon pe elists, the renewed raids are anoth confirmation that Nixon is seeking m itary victory, not a swift winding do A minority on the panel consider bombing a means to hasten the wa end. "It has to be done," contends Ste ley Reed of North Andover, Mass. T panelists are not yet sure just what d gree of U.S. disengagement will needed to ease their war frustratio but they indicate that the war may the major campaign issue unless Nix moves more decisively to end it. "A during Nixon's campaign, he promis to get us out," protests Marsha Siple,



SEPTAK



REED

fashion designer in Menlo Park, Ca "He is doing no better than Johnson."

Yet there is considerable sympat for Nixon as a man trapped by Vi Nam. "I don't think the Communis are going to let us get out easily a peaceably," says a housewife in Raleig N.C. "I don't think the other candida would do differently than Nixon h done." A minority urge even strong military measures. "I think we shou go in and fight a real war and get th damn thing over," says Alice Freema a California housewife. Yet the dom inant plea of voters is to end the wa "I'm just praying it will come to an en —it's been sickening," says Seymo Schimler of Miami Beach, Fla.

THE ECONOMY. Despite the Admi istration's imposition of wage and pri controls, 70% of the panelists state th they are finding it more difficult to re main financially solvent. Complains Barcott, a teacher in Port Townsend Wash.: "I have not received any wag increases in the past 2½ years, and y the cost of living has gone up. We e less now—and not very good meal Retired people especially feel the pinc "Money seems to go as quickly as y get it," notes Arthur Lincoln, 77, Fresh Meadows, N.Y. Says a Pitt burgh housewife: "I'm broke. The Gover butcher says he's broke. The

Election Year '72

ment is broke. Who's got the money?" Two-thirds of the panelists believe that the economic controls are not working. "Important controls are left off; the ones that are left are ridiculous," complains Armand Ballaert, a construction worker in Alpine, Calif. Adds Faye Richards, a Portland, Ore., housewife: "It is an unfair thing—no real overall plan." Many feel that powerful labor unions and big corporations benefit from the controls while nonunion workers and consumers suffer.

TAXES. The nation's tax system, from the local property tax to the federal income tax, is considered unfair by 70% of the panelists. "When I hear about the rich getting away with paying little or no taxes while we middle class are paying and trying so hard to make ends meet, I get mad," says a California housewife. A retired woman, Janet Lindo, 67, of Mineola, N.Y., "feels sorry for the little guy—he has to pay almost everything he has in taxes." Much of the anger is directed at property taxes: "They are too high and they're going higher," protests I. Gifford Ladd, of Wellesley, Mass. Moreover, many feel that they get little service in return for the taxes they pay. "They don't do enough with the tax money; you feel that people in government pocket the money themselves," complains Louis McDowell of Edmonds, Wash.

BUSING. Two-thirds of the panelists see no advantage for either white or black children in busing to integrate schools. "Black children are getting the same education as white kids," contends William Septak, a white telephone installer in Pittsburgh. "Black parents don't want their kids to be bused. They get a better education in black heritage in a black school." Pat Gearon, an Atlanta housewife, has another objection: "I would be afraid to drive into some areas knowing that my children would not be in complete safety." Adds a Pittsburgh housewife: "It's not democratic for the Government to tell you where to send your children to school." Only 13% see advantages to busing. "We need integrated schools—mixing of the races—not separate-but-equal schools," contends the California professor.

CRIME. In the eyes of 60% of the panelists, crime in their own areas is growing worse, mainly in the form of robberies, burglaries and muggings. "I used to talk to anyone who needed help and start conversations with anyone," observes Ida Moreno, a retired woman in Brooklyn. "However, many of my friends have been attacked and I was robbed. Now I'm too afraid of humanity." The voters have various explanations for the crime rise. "Moral standards are very low," says Yvonne Morris, wife of a blue-collar worker in Decatur, Ga. "There's too much discontent," argues Rhoda Friedberg, a New York City store clerk. "It's a home problem—there is not enough parental supervision," counters Nell B. Coakley of Louisville, Ky. Joan Lefkowitz of Philadelphia sees other factors: "The courts are lax. They allow criminals to walk the streets. Also, drugs are too available."

Only a minority feel that the Nixon Administration is doing enough to curb crime. Some point to the decline in crime statistics for the nation's capital and argue that the Nixon policies applied there would be helpful if copied elsewhere. But the New York construction worker insists that the Administration mostly just talks about crime.

DRUGS. There is much concern about the use of drugs. Many panelists see it as a contributing cause of crime; others regard it less malignantly as the youthful substitute for an earlier generation's "smoking behind the barn." As John Doherty, 73, of Framingham, Mass., views it: "Kids are unsure of themselves, grow up too fast and take drugs." John Septak has a more sympathetic attitude. "We're looking for an answer to what life is, and everything seems to fail. We have no answers, so we look to drugs for an answer."

SUMMITRY. Roughly half of the panelists consider Nixon's trip to Peking a mistake, wasteful or unproductive. "Nixon took a long trip that didn't do anything," argues Camelis Gallagher, 18, of Corpus Christi, Texas. "We don't know the Chinese well," says Alice Freeman. "I don't trust them. Nixon shouldn't have gone." An opposing view was expressed by Robert Ritter, a Lake Charles, La., teacher: "The best thing between two nations like China and the U.S. is communication, even if it is not all that peaceful." Some panelists feel that whatever the U.S. might have gained in easing tensions with Communist powers was wiped out by the renewal of bombing in North Viet Nam. Insists Mary Ann Schueller of Philadelphia: "Since we bombed Hanoi, the trip was wasted."

The attitude toward Nixon's impending trip to Moscow is mostly hohum. "I don't care whether he goes or not," says Dominic Greco, of Dayton. "I don't think it makes a difference, because one day Russia is with us and the next day they're against us."

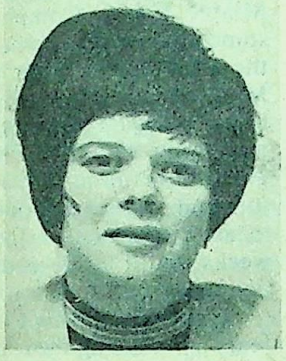
CREDIBILITY. A majority of the panel are skeptical about much of what they hear from the President, journalists, politicians and labor leaders. Many on the panel doubt that Nixon has told the truth about Viet Nam or that his Administration is believable when it contends that large contributions to the Republican Party do not influence Government decisions. They distrust labor leaders' statements about the economy and reporters' comments about the news, especially those made on television. They doubt that Governor Wallace really puts the interests of "the little man" ahead of his own self-interest.

Moreover, the voters of 1972 demonstrate a lack of confidence in the way U.S. democracy is now functioning. They doubt that the Government reflects the views and represents the interests of the majority of Americans. They do not believe that the two-party system leads to the election of the best possible man to the White House. There is, however, at least one man they tend to trust more than those now in high office or running for President. Half the panel has confidence in Ralph Nader and the charges he levels at Government and business in behalf of consumers and environmentalists.

Yet the general skepticism has its limits. A dominant 75% of the voters still believe in a venerable American canon. They agree that "it is still possible to get ahead if you are willing to work hard and stick with it."



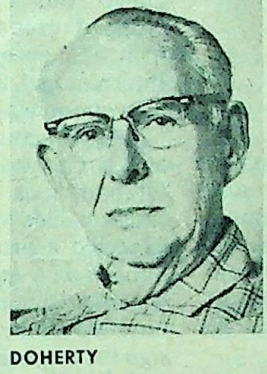
BARCOTT



SCHUELLER



SIPLE



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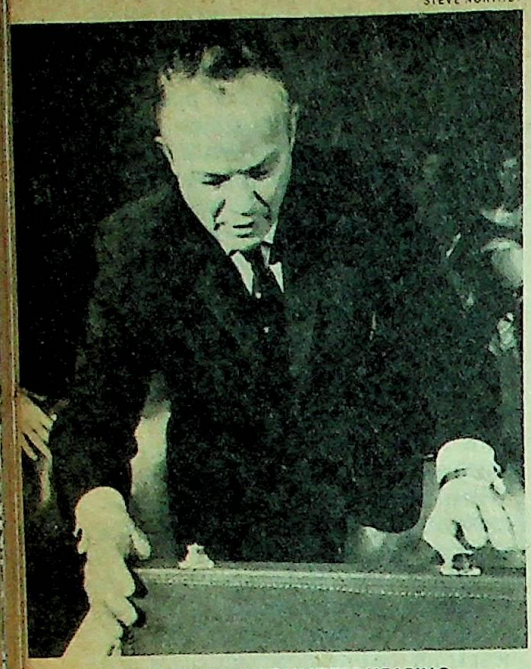


SCHIMLER



RICHARDS

STEVE NORTHUP



KLEINDIENST AT COMMITTEE HEARING
Quite a performance.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Clearing Kleindienst

The longest Senate confirmation hearings in history came to an anticlimactic end last week. By a seemingly routine vote of 11 to 4, the Senate Judiciary Committee cleared the nomination of Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General for consideration by the Senate.

Thus, after two months of confusing and contradictory testimony about the Justice Department's motives for settling antitrust cases against ITT out of court, only four committee members changed their minds about Kleindienst's fitness for office. Democratic Senators Edward Kennedy, John Tunney, Birch Bayh and Quentin Burdick this time voted no. But their Democratic colleagues, Chairman James Eastland, Sam Ervin, Philip Hart and Robert Byrd stood pat on aye.

Despite the decisive vote, a bitter debate over confirmation is expected on the Senate floor, although Kleindienst probably will win. The messy affair has tainted many of the witnesses who appeared before the committee, leaving a number of moderate and liberal Republicans uneasy about voting for confirmation. But the party stakes are high, and Democratic opponents do not expect enough G.O.P. defections to defeat Kleindienst.

Amnesia. The committee Democrats had one last inconclusive shot at Kleindienst on the final day of the hearings. They quizzed him mainly about a revelation that Presidential Assistant Peter Flanigan made in a letter last week to the committee. Flanigan wrote that he had discussed the ITT cases with Kleindienst privately at least three times. Kleindienst had earlier denied discussing the matter with Flanigan.

Kleindienst was relaxed and confident in his appearance this time—in sharp contrast to his nervousness when first asked about the ITT affair by the committee in March. It was quite a performance for the nation's chief law enforcement officer. He displayed a highly elusive memory, repeatedly answering with such phrases as "I don't recall . . . it made no impression on my memory . . . I've got the haziest recollection . . . it just doesn't stand out in my memory."

REPUBLICANS

Miami Beach Bingo

Even as the Democrats set themselves to the task of selecting a presidential candidate, the Republicans were thrust into the quandary of choosing a new convention site. Until recently, G.O.P. leaders were busily making plans for an Aug. 21 convention in San Diego. But a massive problem soon cropped up in the person of Peter Graham, 42, new operator of the San Diego International Sports Arena, where the convention was to have been held.

A Vancouver, B.C., businessman and archetypal eccentric millionaire, Graham took a 45-year lease on the sports palace last August. He promptly canceled a production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, a guaranteed drawing card, because, he said, he was a "Christian." Last November, on the day he was to sign the original $49,000 rental contract with Republican organizers, he showed up one hour and 20 minutes late, then buried his face in his hands and told his startled audience, "I just can't go through with it today." The contract was eventually signed and then renegotiated for $75,000 to provide for an additional week that the Republicans had requested.

It soon became apparent to the G.O.P. that the cost of installing the temporary facilities for delegates and the press would run close to $1,000,000. On top of that, Graham began to insist that the G.O.P. invest heavily in permanent structures such as a new ticket booth, two permanent television anchor booths and a closed-circuit television-monitor system. That would have brought the total cost of the convention to around $1.5 million. Richard L. Herman, vice chairman of the party's committee on arrangements, finally blew up. Graham refused to budge. As he blandly explained last week: "I didn't seek the convention. The Republicans are the guide dogs of their own destiny." One Administration official pithily summed up the sentiments of frustrated Republicans: "Graham is an absolute nut."

With Graham compounding their already complex problems, such as local fund raising, hotel space and the shadow of the ITT affair, the Republicans reluctantly abandoned San Diego, Richard Nixon's "lucky city" and sentimental first choice. The logical alternative seemed to be Miami Beach, where the Democrats will caucus beginning July 10. An immediate problem was a Buick dealers' convention, slated for the August slot the Republicans were loath to change. Buick quickly agreed to move, and will likely end up in San Diego, where the prevailing joke round town is: Would you really rather have a Buick? Miami Beach officials were reluctant to offer the Republicans a bid, possibly because they thought they were simply being used as a lever to reduce Graham's price. Florida's perturbed Governor Reubin Askew met with Miami Beach city leaders last week to iron out the difficulties.

They were legion. Many of the area's senior citizens seemed convinced that radical youths would descend upon their sunny fastness and murder them in their beds. Before the meeting, Oliver Bright, president of the Greater Miami Crime Commission, issued a somewhat shrill statement claiming that the area faces a grave "crime crisis." Miami Beach is host to back-to-back national political conventions. The statement said in part: "The likelihood of 100,000 or more militants, demonstrators and hippies camping on the beach, in the parks and on the streets for six weeks could be disastrous for our police agencies."

Governor Askew tried to allay some fears by assuring the crime commission and the Chamber of Commerce that Miami Beach would receive the full cooperation of the Federal Government —which probably means anything up to and including troops in the event of a disturbance. Despite the anxieties that remained, it is doubtful that Miami Beach will resist the pressures of the Administration and the Governor.

DAVE LOOY



BUSINESSMAN PETER GRAHAM
Quite an eccentric.



JERRY B. DICKINSON

ERNAGEL SON ON FAMILY'S FARM WHERE IOWA GUARD JET CRASHED

ARMED FORCES

Grounded in Iowa

On a crisp morning in March 1968, Clarence McCarville was busy feeding a flock of turkeys on his northeastern Iowa farm. Suddenly, a Wisconsin Air National Guard F-102 jet fighter dropped like a buzz bomb from the sky and piled into the McCarville farmhouse, destroying it and several nearby sheds. Nine months later, by implausible coincidence, an F-89 Iowa Air National Guard plane exploded when it plowed into the ground 100 ft. from Peter Tjernagel's farmhouse in the central part of the state. About 12,000 lbs. of flaming jet fuel spewed from the plane and burned everything in sight, including corn cribs, grain bins and a $7,700 borrowed combine.

The McCarvilles filed suit against the Air Force, asking $87,758 in damages resulting from the crash. The Tjernagels claimed damages amounting to $112,000. Though federal authorities gave the McCarvilles $2,000 and the Tjernagels $5,000 in "emergency funds," they argued that the planes —and the responsibility—belonged to the states of Iowa and Wisconsin. Iowa replied that the National Guard planes were on federally approved missions when the crashes occurred, thus making the Federal Government accountable. As the haggling continued, the two families settled into makeshift quarters —the McCarvilles in a 16-ft. by 14-ft. chicken coop and the Tjernagels in a rented house.

Finally, after three years of frustrating negotiations, Iowa Governor Robert Ray cut through the red tape by delivering a neat bureaucratic stroke of his own. In his capacity as commander in chief of the Iowa National Guard, Ray grounded all of its 95 aircraft and 1,625 motor vehicles indefinitely immobilized except in the event of a national emergency. "I am not satisfied," he said, "that what has happened to the Tjernagels and the McCarvilles could not happen to other Iowans."

For 24 hours last week, the Iowa National Guard stood down. Then the Air Force gave in. It agreed to pay the Tjernagels $75,852 and the McCarvilles $52,000 in damages. With that, Ray ordered the planes aloft again.

CRIME

The Mobs Maneuver

While no new bodies have turned up, New York's Mafia war, triggered by last month's murder of Mobster Joey Gallo (TIME, April 17), is still as hot as ever. Federal agents have learned that at least eight more Mafiosi have been marked for death. The toll might already have been higher if a massive raid by eight carloads of FBI men and New York state troopers last week had not temporarily disarmed at least part of one of the gangs.

The agents surprised four members of the Joseph Colombo family and the girl friend of one of them as they left their lavish horse-farm hangout 100 miles north of Manhattan. The prize catch was Alphonse ("Alley Boy") Persico, whose brother Carmine ("The Snake") still seems to be directing the Colombo war against the Gallos from his Atlanta Penitentiary cell.

On the farm, agents seized an arsenal of a dozen rifles, two shotguns, hundreds of rounds of ammunition and some 40 fireworks bombs. Police theorize that the bombs, which look and sound like hand grenades, were to be used to flush the Gallos out of their Brooklyn stronghold. Then they would be picked off with gunfire as they fled.

The Colombo arrests gave the Gallos a chance to breathe a bit more easily —and perhaps longer. But they know that Mafia contracts are out for Joey's brother Albert, Joey's bodyguard and three other Gallo hoods. The Gallos, in turn, are gunning for a top Colombo member, a New England gangster allied with Colombo and Alley Boy. Seemingly unworried, Persico quickly posted $5,000 bail and flew off to visit his brother in Atlanta.

Open Contract. New York police were certain that they were on the trail of Joey Gallo's killer. As they now reconstruct the assassination, an open contract for Gallo's death had been offered by the Carlo Gambino family at the urging of the Colombos—meaning any Mafia member could execute it. Gambino, the East's strongest Mafia boss, supplied both gangs with guns and encouraged the warfare.

Gallo was sighted at Umbertos Clam House in Manhattan's Little Italy on April 7 by a small-time racketeer who quickly spread the word. Most interested was Carmine ("Sonny Pinto") DeBiase, a soldier in the Mafia clan once headed by the late Vito Genovese. He recruited Phil ("Fat Fungi") Gambino, a distant relative of Carlo's, and two Brooklyn mobsters identified so far only as brothers.

It was DeBiase, authorities believe, who walked up to Gallo's table in the clam house. Gallo recognized him and cursed, "You son of a bitch," as DeBiase began shooting. The Brooklyn brothers opened fire from the clam bar over the heads of patrons to force everyone to duck for cover. DeBiase and the brothers fled in the confusion, apparently in a car driven by Phil Gambino.

Investigators are trying to gather more evidence before they pick up DeBiase. There is, of course, always the chance that the Gallos will relieve the state of the costs of prosecution by finding him first.

CARLO GAMBINO AFTER 1970 ARREST



UPI

The recent Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Indianapolis brought out some fine literary ruffles and flourishes. Senator **Birch Bayh** gave a deft demonstration of cliché clustering with his characterization of "a rubber-stamp candidate chosen by the vested interests in a smoke-filled room." Senator **Vance Hartke** offered some introspective metaphysics: "What must we seem to the deeper inner selves of ourselves?" And State Democratic Chairman Gordon St. Angelo, when asked if he was trying to get **Teddy Kennedy** to run for President, showed old Mrs. Malaprop a thing or two: "I haven't made any ovations to him, and he hasn't made any to me."

■

It was all-star week at the U.S. Parole Board. Yes, said the board, to parole applications from 1) **Bobby Baker,** 43, the onetime protégé of **Lyndon B. Johnson** who has served 15 months of a one-to-three-year sentence for theft, income tax evasion and conspiracy to defraud the Government; 2) **Dr. Martin Sweig,** 50, an assistant to former House Speaker **John W. McCormack** who has served nine months of a 43-month sentence for perjury, bribery and conspiracy in procuring military discharges; 3) **Anthony De Angelis,** 56, who has served seven years of a 20-year sentence for his $150 million financial swindle with nonexistent vegetable oil. No, said the board, to the application of Publisher **Ralph Ginzburg,** 42, who has served two months of his three-year sentence for sending pornography through the mails in the promotion campaign he devised for his publications, notably the now defunct *Eros*.

■

There is nothing like an infusion of royalty to raise money for a good cause. **Princess Alexandra of Kent,** cousin of **Queen Elizabeth II,** lent her aristocratic presence to a dinner dance at Manhattan's Americana Hotel, and the infusion was further strengthened by the presence of Film Star **Cary Grant.** The result was a happy stamping ground for some 1,200 of New York's upward mobility set and a gratifying take for Variety Clubs International, which aids handicapped and needy children.

■

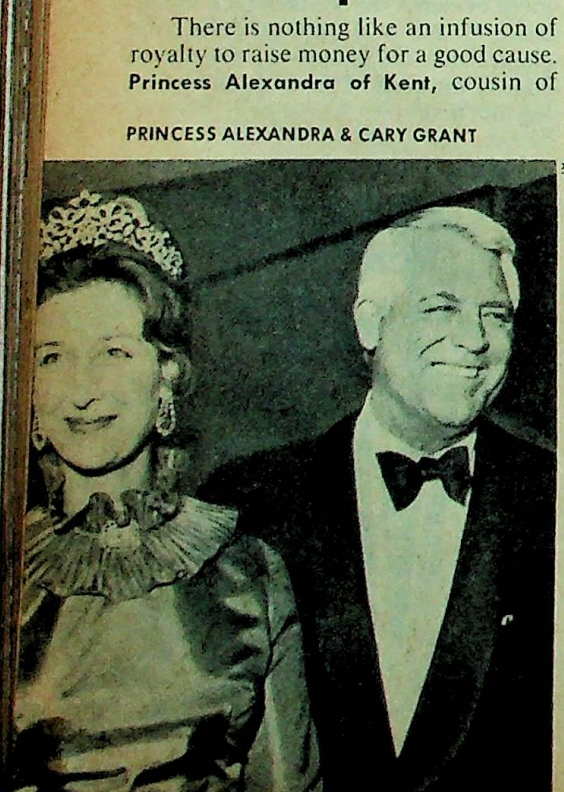
One brunette beauty who talks tough to cops and gets away with it is **Empress Farah** of Iran. Her country's police are "ill-mannered and inconsiderate," she told them to their collective face in a speech at the police academy. "They show unnecessary favor to royal motorcades and owners of large, luxurious cars." Later she explained that "often when we are passing by, police-

JEAN-PIERRE REY—CAMERA PRESS



EMPRESS FARAH OF IRAN

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA & CARY GRANT

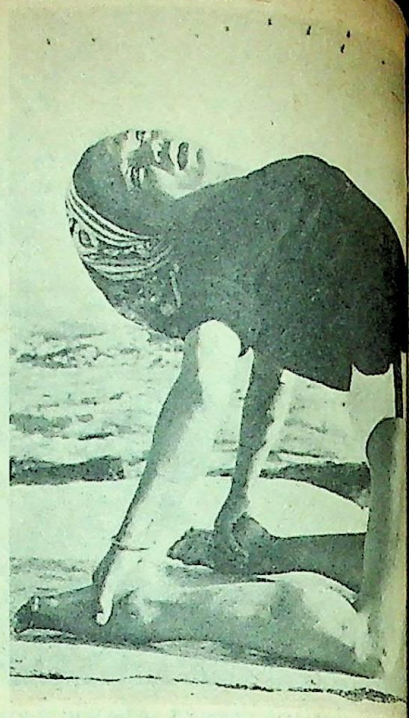


men push people—including children—away in their attempt to serve us. This is no service." The police brass said that the royal remarks would be noted carefully. The police cadets cheered.

■

"I am very nervous, but also excited," said Actress **Mia Farrow** on the point of making her British stage debut in J.M. Barrie's *Mary Rose* with a repertory troupe in Manchester. Mia's two-year-old twin boys will be staying with her, but if Husband **Andre Previn** wants to see the play, he will have to sneak into the theater. "I have a horror of anyone I admire watching me act," says Mia. "I have made him promise not to let me know when he comes." Does this presage more footlights in her future? Well . . . "I'd love to play Viola in *Twelfth Night* and Strindberg's Miss Julie—and of course I must play Juliet."

ARGUS/AFRICA—PHOTO TRENDS



EARTHA KITT ON A CAPE TOWN BEACH

A black girl a hit in South Africa? America's **Eartha Kitt,** currently on tour there, is a lithe and lively success in *apartheid*-land. The black singer from North, S.C., is putting up with the South African law that segregates her audiences because, she says, "Communication is better than isolation. I would rather take from the affluent whites and make prices lower for nonwhites and leave part of my earnings in this country for the education of nonwhites."

■

George Wallace and his pretty wife **Cornelia,** make for some lively domestic dialogue on the campaign trail. "Go on over there and get me a pecan pie," said George at a roadside restaurant, and she did. But later, Cornelia evened it up when a reporter asked her if she makes political speeches. "No," she replied, "and if I ever do, I'll make them for myself—not anybody else." At another stop, Cornelia was telling how George's suits are given to him by a clothing company. Glowering, George denied wearing free suits. Cornelia insisted that he had one on right then.

■

It is a lucky coincidence, says Movie Producer Martin Gosch, that *The Godfather* has burst upon the moviegoing world just ten years after **Lucky Luciano** gasped his last in the Naples airport. When Lucky suffered his fatal coronary, he and Gosch were discussing a movie of the mobster's life—a movie that Gosch agreed would not be made for ten years. Now the ten years are up, and Gosch plans to start shooting next year. "This man was No. 1, the kingpin, probably one of the most complex personalities that ever lived," he says. "He designed the rackets. He put together a *modus operandi* that would have stood the president of General Motors in good stead. But he had no interest in legitimate business."

Methodist Malaise

The United Methodist Church is a case of a great American success story that is going bad. Once a movement that leaped like brush fire along the 19th century frontier, the U.M.C. has suffered a net loss of 518,000 members in the past four years—the biggest of any church in U.S. history. Over a longer time span Sunday school attendance has fallen by one-fourth, the once-prized foreign missionary force by one-fifth. A recent survey by U.M.C. program planners found that grass-roots Methodists bitterly distrust church officials.

At the church's General Conference in Atlanta, which wound up last week, Ohio Bishop F. Gerald Ensley identified "the decline of Christian belief" as the cause of much of the Methodist malaise. Ensley's address, which was endorsed by all 95 bishops, said the church contains many "wistful skeptics," some of whom are clergymen. "Probably not for centuries has the witness of Christian people on ultimate questions been so hesitant and uncertain." The Articles of Religion of Methodist Founder John Wesley, for instance, stated that Jesus arose bodily from the grave. But a 1965 poll showed that only 49% of the Methodist clergy believe this any more.

Doctrinal Diversity. When the Methodists merged with the smaller, more conservative Evangelical United Brethren in 1968, the new United Methodist Church set up a commission to spell out what it believes. Commission Chairman Albert Outler told the Atlanta conference that the denomination displays "a bewildering spectrum of doctrinal diversity. Somewhere in the United Methodist Church there is somebody urging every kind of theology still alive. And not a few that are dead."

The Outler commission's solution qualifies the traditional creeds—Wesley's Articles and the E.U.B. Confession of Faith—with explanatory statements warning that they should be interpreted within their historical context. The statements maintain that Wesley and the E.U.B. patriarchs made "doctrinal pluralism" a major tenet and held to only a basic core of Christian truth—but the statements stop short of specifying what that core was.

Unruffled in approving this major doctrinal adjustment, the Atlanta delegates poured most of their energy into a major overhaul of Methodism's labyrinthine system of national agencies. The other emotional issue was a Statement of Social Principles designed to update the venerable Methodist Social Creed and its E.U.B. counterpart. Here the conference cut back a relatively liberal draft version to fairly traditional tones. Where the proposed text said merely that sex is "most clearly" favorable within marriage, the final version avoids any implied endorsement of nonmarital sex. Where the proposed text affirmed that homosexuals are "persons of sacred worth," the conference added an amendment specifying that the practice of homosexuality remains "incompatible with Christian doctrine." The conference also upheld the traditional ban on gambling, but made abstinence from alcohol a commendable personal choice, not a requirement.

Could the Atlanta delegates have done more to revitalize modern Methodism by liberalizing their social principles as much as their doctrine? A forthcoming book by a prominent United Methodist suggests not. In *Why Conservative Churches Are Growing* (Harper & Row), Dean Kelley, director for civil and religious liberty of the National Council of Churches, argues that religions exist essentially to explain the meaning of human existence in ultimate terms. Successful religious movements, he finds, maintain a high profile of unshakable beliefs, exclusiveness, strict discipline, zeal, and a distinct code of behavior. A classic case was the early Methodist movement, which achieved social power through fervent piety and preaching, and puritanical rules.

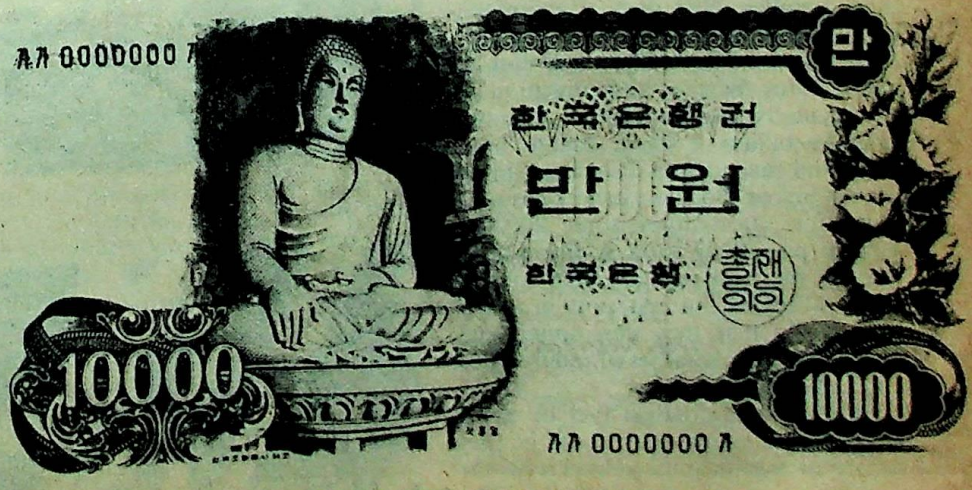
Trouble sets in, writes Kelley, whenever political or other issues supplant such stringent concerns. The recent mainstream Protestant formula—be tolerant, ecumenical, relevant—he describes as a formula for failure. Once a church lapses into such an approach, as the United Methodist Church has, Kelley maintains that a decline in numbers and influence is inevitable.

Tidings

▸ Topic A around the Vatican these days is whether Pope Paul VI will resign when he reaches age 75 on Sept. 26. In 1966 Paul urged that bishops retire at 75. Shortly thereafter, he titillated papal observers with an odd pilgrimage to the castle associated with Pope Celestine V, who quit the papacy in 1294 after only five months in office. Within the past month, two Rome weeklies have primed the speculation. *L'Espresso* ran a poll of Curia opinions on whether Paul would step down (65% said no), and *Il Mondo* suggested waggishly that an unnamed cardinal was making book on the question. There are good reasons for Paul's retirement to be doubtful. For one thing, it would tend to reduce the office of Christ's Vicar on Earth by giving it a Protestant-style, temporal term. For another, what is there for a Pope emeritus to do? Celestine planned to retire to a monastery, but his successor imprisoned him in his castle until his death.

▸ Speculation about retirement also surrounds the leader of world Anglicanism, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Most of his predecessors have held, Pope-like, to their posts until death. But the previous archbishop, Geoffrey Fisher, resigned in 1961 right after one of his great achievements, the historic visit to Pope John XXIII. Incumbent Archbishop Michael Ramsey, 67, is rumored to be considering a similar move if this week's Anglican Synod approves his dream of a merger with the Methodists in Great Britain. The merger failed once before to achieve the necessary 75% approval, however, and prospects this time look little better.

▸ For more than four years, the Bank of Korea has sought a design for its forthcoming 10,000-won ($25) note that would symbolize Korea's cultural heritage. The bank recently released pictures of its choice: an engraving of a sitting Buddha on one side and a famous Buddhist temple on the other. "Discrimination," howled South Korea's 2.5 million Christians, 2 million Confucianists and 1.5 million members of splinter sects. The Christians charged that the design violated the spirit of a law prohibiting a state religion. Most offended of all, however, were the nation's 4 million Buddhists, who consider it an insult to link the Buddha to something as crass as cash. Last week President Chung Hee Park ordered the bank to redesign the note.



BANK OF KOREA'S PROPOSED DESIGN FOR NEW 10,000-WON NOTE
A culture symbolized, or a faith insulted?

Retardation: Hope and Frustration

FROM the moment Tracy was born, Arthur and Claudia Albertsen of Chicago knew something was wrong. The doctor kept saying that delivery had been normal; nurses, who usually bustle cheerfully around a new mother, were strangely silent. Says the mother now: "Tracy came into the world not fully completed. She is literally missing part of her brain." The victim of a chromosomal abnormality, Tracy suffers from what doctors call "profound" mental retardation. At 21 months, she can neither walk nor feed herself, nor say the few words that most children her age have begun to utter. Her life expectancy is short.

For James and Clara Leonard of Sacramento, Calif., the crushing news was years in coming. Their son, Jimmy, now 15, seemed normal at birth, but then developed slowly. When he entered kindergarten, teachers urged the Leonards to take Jimmy and his younger brother, who was showing the same signs of mental dullness, to a hospital for evaluation. Doctors who examined the boys could find no sure cause for their condition. They had no doubts, however, about the diagnosis: both are "moderately" retarded and in need of long-term special training.

Tracy Albertsen and the Leonard boys represent two of the faces of mental retardation. Children like Tracy owe their affliction to detectable organic imperfections; those like the Leonards suffer from retardation of uncertain origin. Together they constitute a wrenching problem for all segments of society. According to the President's Committee on Mental Retardation, 3% of the population under the age of 65 —close to 6,000,000 Americans—suffer some degree of retardation. Every five minutes in the U.S. a child is born who will eventually be classified as retarded.

Social Price. The impact is enormous, scarring both individuals and their families. Nor does it spare the country's image of itself as an enlightened society. The total annual cost in the U.S. for the care and education of the mentally retarded comes to more than $6 billion, a figure that is both large and inadequate. The social price is even higher. Because society has provided few alternatives, some 200,000 victims pass their lives in institutions that for the most part are unfit for humans. Many of the rest exist in a twilight world that they can understand dimly, if at all, casualties of indifference and lost opportunities.

Perhaps the cruelest fact of retardation is that many cases could be prevented or significantly helped with the application of present knowledge. The past decade has witnessed the beginning of a revolution in this field. Public attitudes toward retardation have never been more understanding, thanks largely to the efforts of the parents of the retarded to bring the problem out of the closet, and the support of the late John Kennedy. He and his family gave the cause respectability by publicly acknowledging that his sister Rosemary, now 53, is retarded. J.F.K. also pushed through legislation for research and training in the field. Scientific advances in diagnosis, treatment and prevention have kept pace with evolving social attitudes. Dr. John O'Brien, head of the department of neurosciences at the University of California in San Diego, believes that "we may have seen more answers in recent years in this field than in any other in medicine."

This explosion of knowledge has yet to produce much practical fallout for the majority of today's retardation victims, or for those who will soon be born. While diagnostic techniques have improved, making earlier recognition possible more often, inadequate medical and educational services still prevent many children from getting expert help soon enough to make a difference. Though more physicians, educators and psychologists have become interested in the subject recently, many who were trained years ago are still unskilled in dealing with the child and counseling his parents. The development of antibiotics and the rapid improvement of procedures that save the lives of sick infants, meanwhile, have allowed more of the retarded to survive childhood. Thus their number is likely to increase, at least for the short term.

Cultural Causes. Though there are more than 200 known causes, the disability can be divided into two broad but somewhat arbitrary categories.

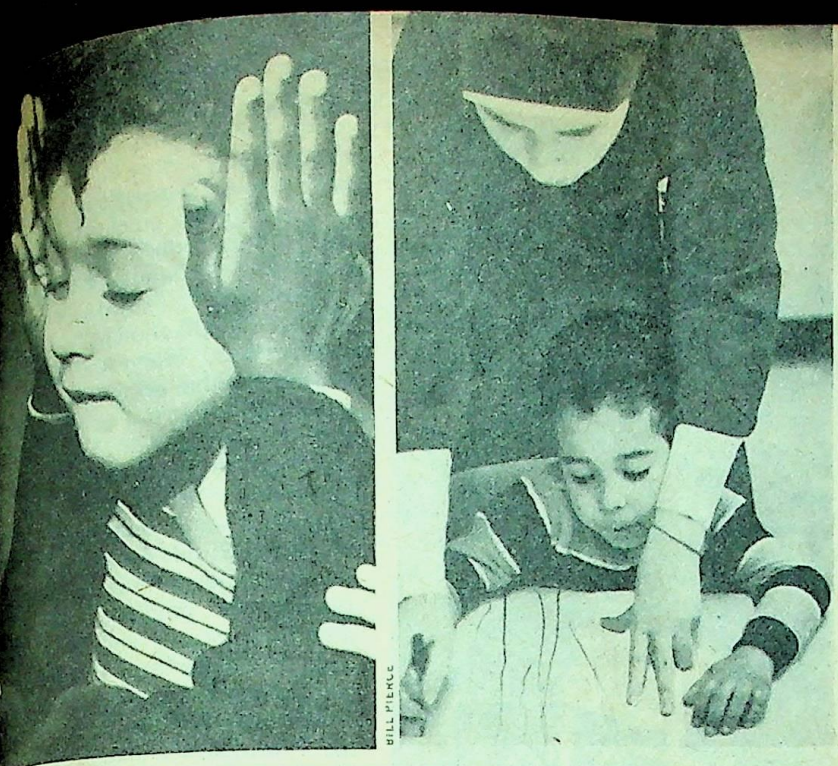
The first group consists mainly of people rated as severely or profoundly retarded—those with IQs ranging from 30 down. Usually these people, like Tracy Albertsen, have clearly detectable physical flaws. Some suffer from chromosomal abnormalities, such as Down's syndrome, or mongolism. Others have genetic problems such as phenylketonuria (PKU), a condition caused by lack of an essential enzyme. Still others acquire congenital infections like syphilis or are affected by German measles contracted by the mother.

The second group is made up mostly of those called moderately and mildly retarded, with IQs of between 30 and 75. They are for the most part medical mysteries, like the Leonard brothers, who appear to have no physical defects. Some have suffered birth injuries that produce slight brain damage, the effects of which appear years later. Most seem

CHILDREN EN route TO THERAPY AT WILLOWBROOK

BILL PIERCE





WILLOWBROOK CHILDREN AT PLAY AND DRAWING LESSON AT NEW YORK'S KENNEDY CENTER

A long search for antidotes to poverty's poisonous effects on the mind.

...e casualties of their environment, ...ting with the womb, their disabilities ...result of a congeries of medical, cul... and economic causes.

Cat's Cry. Science at present un...stands the more serious forms of re...dation better than the less serious ...es. Chromosomal problems like mon...ism or *cri-du-chat* (cat's cry) syn...me, which leaves an infant with a ...ally developed head and brain and ...eculiar mewing voice, can be spot... almost immediately after birth.

None of these severe conditions can ...e cured. But as a result of recent sci...ific developments, many can be pre...ted. German measles, responsible ...r the birth of many retarded infants, ...s been nearly eliminated thanks to a ...nwide immunization campaign. ...'s effects can be checked by a spe... diet if the defect is immediately ...ntified; 43 states now require a PKU ...t at birth. Doctors can recognize the ...omosomal flaw that causes mongol... and 27 of the genetic quirks known ...cause retardation. More important, ...ey can diagnose these in the fetus by ...niocentesis. A needle is inserted into ...e uterus to draw off a sample of the ...d in which the fetus floats. The ma...ial is analyzed for extra or missing ...omosomes or absent enzymes.

The procedure has been performed ...thousands of women so far and is re...rted as safe and effective. If it re...als a flaw early enough in pregnancy, ...e parents then have the option of ...rtion. Amniocentesis is elaborate ...d expensive. However, it should be ...nsidered whenever there is an unusu... high risk of retardation or other dis...lity. For instance, women over 35 are ...ur times as likely to have mongoloid ...dren as younger mothers. If all old... pregnant women were tested and ...uld agree to abortion where warrant..., the incidence of mongolism could ...t in half. If genetic counseling be...comes a widespread practice and relat...ed medical services become generally available, retardation resulting from other known, hereditary causes could be sharply reduced.

That kind of defect, however, accounts for only about 20% of the retarded in the U.S. For the other 80%, who are functionally rather than physically retarded, physicians can rarely find precise causes. A growing number of experts believe that this nonspecific, generally milder form of retardation, the primary symptom of which is poor intellectual performance, is a socioeconomic disease. While genetic, chromosomal and hereditary causes occur with about the same frequency in all racial and economic groups, retardation of unknown origin is nearly ten times more likely to occur among the poor, black and Spanish-speaking in the U.S. than among the white and affluent.

The reasons are not racial, according to Dr. Robert Cooke, chief of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins Medical Center in Baltimore. Says Cooke: "Intelligence is controlled by so many genes that it would be biologically impossible to allocate an aggregation of these by race. Since the genetic pattern is essentially the same for all races, we must assume that any differences in intelligence are environmental."

The poor tend to be less healthy and get less prenatal care. An estimated 30% of America's expectant mothers get no medical attention at all, and these are nearly all daughters of poverty. Their children are more likely to be born prematurely, to contract serious diseases during infancy and to suffer from malnutrition during the first three years of life, when 80% of all brain growth takes place. Doctors and educators agree that language, words as a key to handling ideas, is the *sine qua non* of intelligence. Yet the children of the poor, white or black, are less likely than middle-class youngsters to get the intellectual stimulation essential to their mental development. Some parents in urban and rural ghettos still follow what Mrs. Mary Robinson, director of Baltimore's Martin Luther King Center for Parents and Children, calls a "slave tradition" in child rearing, which inhibits the development of language ability. "We teach our kids to be quiet and not to bother us and not to bother everyone else," says Mrs. Robinson. "We had to do this in order to survive, but we don't have to do it any more. It's killing us."

Bedlam Approach. Because most environmentally retarded children develop physically at a normal rate, parents often fail to realize that the youngsters' minds are not keeping pace. Compensatory programs must be started early if they are to be effective. But most children of this type are not diagnosed until they have entered school, and many schools are inadequately equipped to deal with them. As a result, the child not only fails to catch up, but is likely to fall further and further behind those of his age. If he becomes mentally disturbed as well, he may be put in an institution. More likely, he will simply drop out of school to enter a labor market that has fewer and fewer jobs for the unskilled.

Whatever the cause and whenever it is made, a diagnosis of retardation can be a preface to tragedy. Nervous breakdowns, divorce, suicide and even homicidal tendencies are believed to be more common among the parents of the retarded than in families without the problem. Many parents predictably blame—and pity—themselves. One of the most difficult decisions is whether to keep the child or have him "put away." For some, an institution is the only answer; the burdens of home care are simply too great, the impact on the family too disruptive. Others, to whom that prospect is intolerable, frequently find good alternative care unavailable.

Most parents and specialists now realize that the typical large state-run custodial institution must be regarded as the very last resort. Even in states that have relatively progressive policies toward the treatment of retardation, such facilities are Hogarthian reflections of a Bedlam approach to the problem. They are chronically short of funds and personnel, do little to train the more seriously afflicted and can rarely maintain even minimal standards of hygiene. One example is New York's Willowbrook State School on Staten Island, where a cutback in state appropriations recently caused conditions to deteriorate to the crisis point (TIME, Feb. 14). Talking about the care in state custodial institutions generally, Willowbrook Director Jack Hammond says: "It's inhuman. We're treating the mentally retarded as if they have somehow offended society."

There is now a consensus that the concept symbolized by the Willowbrooks of the U.S. has failed on all

counts, that even if more funds were available for them, they would merely become slightly less dismal warehouses for society's rejects. Nor are private institutions a feasible alternative for the vast majority of families; fees run from $3,600 to $8,000 a year. Most experts have concluded that all but the most seriously afflicted are best served by normal surroundings. This means living at home and having access to training and treatment, or living in small residences where close, personal attention is provided.

Such an approach requires large amounts of money and expertise, and some states have begun to supply both. In 1966 Massachusetts passed the Community Mental Health Act, which set up regional boards to evaluate needs and plan facilities. Says Dr. Milton Greenblatt, the state's commissioner of mental health: "We're trying to phase down the institutions and close the snake pits." One large facility has been closed while the patient load at others has been reduced. The Hathorne State School, a new center serving a region with a population of 900,000, provides in- and outpatient services, day care and community residences.

Name Game. Nebraska, Georgia and Illinois have built community facilities where the retarded who continue to live at home can be helped. No other state has gone as far as California, which in 1971 created a network of comprehensive medical and educational facilities designed to supply a complete range of services for some 200,000 retarded. These centers provide diagnosis and continued counseling at no cost, and guide parents to the best available training programs. They also help to find foster homes for children whose parents cannot care for them.

Baltimore's John F. Kennedy Institute for Habilitation of the Mentally and Physically Handicapped Child, one of 27 university-affiliated research facilities created under a 1966 federal law, brings together pediatricians, psychiatrists, speech and hearing specialists. The institute puts children through complete physical and psychological examinations and tests for learning and perceptual disabilities before staff members meet with parents to set what Dr. Robert Haslam, the institute's director, calls "realistic goals for their habilitation." It also provides in- and outpatient services for 140 children. Similar programs are carried out at the Developmental Evaluation Clinic at Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, whose director, Dr. Allen Crocker, believes that almost every retarded child can be helped in some way. He spends much of his time training parents to accept the retarded as human beings. Parents must also learn not to give up hope. Joseph and Jean Paulsen of Chicago were told that their son Donny would never sit up or walk, let alone go to school. They were urged to put him in an institution. Instead the Paulsens kept him home and worked with him themselves so that Donny, 15, now not only walks, but dresses and feeds himself. Even mongoloids, once written off as hopeless cases, can be trained or educated to some degree.

STEVE HANSEN



WORKSHOP AT HATHORNE SCHOOL
A right to education.

Doctors at the Fairview State Hospital in Costa Mesa, Calif., have adapted a musical teaching method to help develop language skills. In one exercise, the youngsters sit in a circle and chant, "Names, names, what's your name?" As they do, they pass a drum from hand to hand and each tries to say his name while beating out its syllables. Promising results are also being obtained with a behaviorist approach that does not concern itself with the cause of a child's disability or with traditional IQ measurements. It merely rewards positive responses from the child to any kind of lesson. The system seems to work with tokens that the children recognize as symbols of success. The point is to get the child accustomed to learning what he can, whether it is tying shoelaces or writing his name.

There are hopeful trends in other areas as well. Some states have enacted laws explicitly recognizing the rights of the retarded to proper care and treatment. New York provides tuition grants of $2,100 a year so that children who cannot be placed in public schools can be served at places like the Kennedy Child Study Center, a school run by the Archdiocese of New York, and other private facilities. A federal court in Pennsylvania has ruled that the state cannot refuse to educate a child because he is mentally handicapped, and that decision is expected to encourage favorable decisions in suits now in preparation across the country. Federal Judge Frank Johnson Jr. in Alabama, citing the 14th Amendment, has struck a blow against the inhuman conditions in [illegible] institutions. His unusual decision [illegible] month laid down specific guidelines [illegible] upgrading services for both the [illegible] tally ill and the retarded.

Despite the quickening progress [illegible] the medical, educational and legal [illegible] pects of retardation, it would be [illegible] sory to think that any major victory [illegible] this age-old affliction has been won. [illegible] sophisticated diagnostic and train[illegible] techniques that seem so promising [illegible] available to only a small minority [illegible] those who need them. The National [illegible] sociation for Retarded Children es[illegible] mates that at least half the nation's [illegible] tally backward youngsters receive [illegible] schooling at all. Among adult victim[illegible] a large majority have the capacity [illegible] useful work; employers generally [illegible] them to be steady and reliable. But [illegible] necessary vocational training and spe[illegible] cial arrangements are often unavailab[illegible]

Human Ecology. In its 1971 repo[illegible] the President's Committee on Men[illegible] Retardation appealed for an era of "h[illegible] man ecology" in which the incidenc[illegible] of retardation could be halved by t[illegible] year 2000. That goal is not impossib[illegible] but its achievement will prove arduou[illegible] Science has already taken great strid[illegible] toward the prevention of genetic an[illegible] chromosomal defects and is likely [illegible] make more progress in the next [illegible] years. Elimination, or at least contro[illegible] of many of the diseases that cause men[illegible] tal retardation is also within the reac[illegible] of modern medicine.

But elimination of environmenta[illegible] retardation requires more than science[illegible] what is needed is a variety of strong a[illegible] tidotes for the poisons of poverty. Pr[illegible] natal care, for instance, would have [illegible] be universal and sophisticated enoug[illegible] to assure such things as proper nut[illegible] tion for the expectant mother and [illegible] new infant. Better delivery of genera[illegible] health care for the very young wou[illegible] make it easier to spot defects. Just [illegible] public and private groups dispense help[illegible] ful information about cancer and hea[illegible] disease, similar groups could do a grea[illegible] deal to educate parents about their chi[illegible] dren's intellectual needs, about the dan[illegible] ger signs to watch for, about sources o[illegible] expert help. Preschool programs suc[illegible] as Head Start would have to be expand[illegible] ed to reach more children at the ear[illegible] liest possible age. Day-care centers a[illegible] also useful, both for detecting problem[illegible] cases and stimulating young minds.

The resources—public and private[illegible] in terms of money and know-how—nec[illegible] essary for these and other programs are[illegible] enormous. Thus the prospect is not for[illegible] rapid breakthroughs in mental retarda[illegible] tion, but for chipping away at a prob[illegible] lem that will persist in major propor[illegible] tions indefinitely. Meanwhile, some[illegible] parents will feel that they are on the[illegible] same journey that Pearl Buck describe[illegible] in her book about her own retarded[illegible] daughter, *The Child Who Never Grew*[illegible] that they are taking their children "ove[illegible] the surface of the whole earth, seeking[illegible] the one who can heal."

The Crisis Managers

"I am sick!" cried Dr. William J. ...Gill, president of Columbia Univer... As he spoke, helmeted New York ...policemen were wading into a ...d of some 500 student demonstra... pushing, shoving and chasing them ...h their clubs. McGill had summoned ...e police only to disperse the demon...tors, but when the students started ...owing rocks, eggs and bottles, about ...patrolmen broke ranks and charged. ...ken at the sight, McGill ordered the ...rge halted. "Captain, get them out ...here," he shouted. By the time the ...mish was over, there were 14 peo... injured and seven under arrest.

It was a small skirmish indeed when ...pared with the rioting that shook ...or U.S. universities during 1969 and ...0. And small compared with the ...spect of a nationwide student strike ...at had been proposed by activists to ...test the renewed U.S. bombing of ...rth Viet Nam. But the repeated out...aks of campus violence offered clear ...idence that the student protest move...ent is not dead yet.

In the past two years, a number of ...versities have sought out new pres...nts with special abilities as "crisis ...nagers"—notably McGill of Colum... Derek Bok of Harvard, Richard ...man of Stanford. As the disturbances ...gan a fortnight ago, the crisis man...rs tried to control the students with ...xture of conciliation and firmness. ...e presidents of the eight Ivy League ...ools and M.I.T. issued a joint denun...tion of the renewed bombing of ...rth Viet Nam, but they also an...nced their determination to keep ...ir institutions open.

For a time, the policy of toughness ...med briskly efficient. At the Univer... of Maryland, Governor Marvin Mandel sent in 800 National Guardsmen to rout 2,000 demonstrators who had fought off police and attempted to burn an ROTC armory. At Stanford, police plowed into a column of 1,000 marching students and arrested 207 of them. And at Kent State, campus policemen arrested 200 students who sprawled in a hallway to block entrance to the offices of the university's ROTC instructors. But on most campuses, the crisis managers had only relatively mild crises to manage. Both on Viet Nam and on other issues of race and politics, the students themselves lacked the fervor of past outbreaks.

Low Level. Governor Ronald Reagan has long avoided visiting any California campus, for fear that his presence would set off a riot; but at the height of the current protests, he went to U.C.L.A. and defended President Nixon's war policy. He was greeted not with riots but with jeers and insults. Most Harvard students disapproved when some 150 demonstrators once again "trashed" the Center for International Affairs, then scarcely reacted when President Bok promised that the university would help prosecute the vandals. (Conversely, when 40 black students staged a sit-in and hunger strike in Bok's office, he simply moved to another office.) Almost everywhere, classes were only lightly boycotted, mass meetings and marches only lightly attended.

A kind of normality returned even to Columbia, which had the most serious demonstrations of any campus. While a hard core of 100 demonstrators occupied five buildings, most of Columbia's students and faculty went about their normal activities, though classes often had to be held on lawns, in apartments, fraternity houses and, in one case, a local bar and grill. President McGill decided not to call the police again, preferring "to ride this one out." He did not have long to wait; groups of students soon began intimidating demonstrators so that they left the buildings. They explained that much as they opposed the war, they were even more determined to go to school.

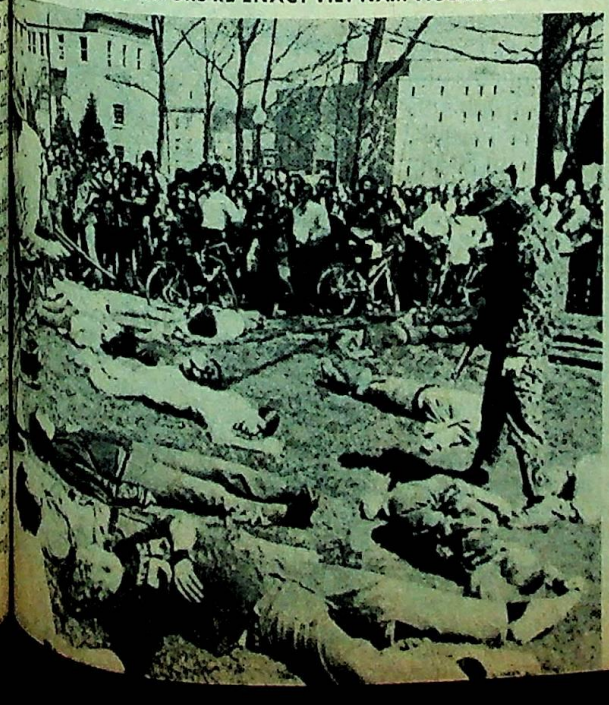
Why the low level of student action? Administrators, faculty members and students themselves think it results from seven years of fruitless demonstrations, which have left collegians emotionally exhausted—and wary of jeopardizing grades and degrees at a time when jobs are hard to find. Moreover, the American fighting in Viet Nam has decreased —on the ground—and the draft has receded as an issue. "My own opposition increased in direct proportion to how likely it was I would have to go over there," admits U.C.L.A. Graduate Student George Kooshian. One young Princeton professor dismissed the demonstrations as "passé and jejune." Indeed, many of the participants were freshmen and sophomores—not upperclassmen, who are veterans of the fierce protests which followed the killings of four students at Kent State just two years ago this Thursday.

Flunking a Legend

Once upon a time American schools served, in Horace Mann's words, as "the great equalizer of the conditions of men." They took in the ragged, ill-fed sons and daughters of European immigrants, educated and Americanized them and turned them out into the wide world as productive members of the middle class.

Such, in any case, is the theory cherished by many educators, who believe that if the schools had enough money, teachers and equipment, they could work the same miracle for black and Spanish-speaking peoples, the "new immigrants" of today. That theory is false, according to a new study by Colin

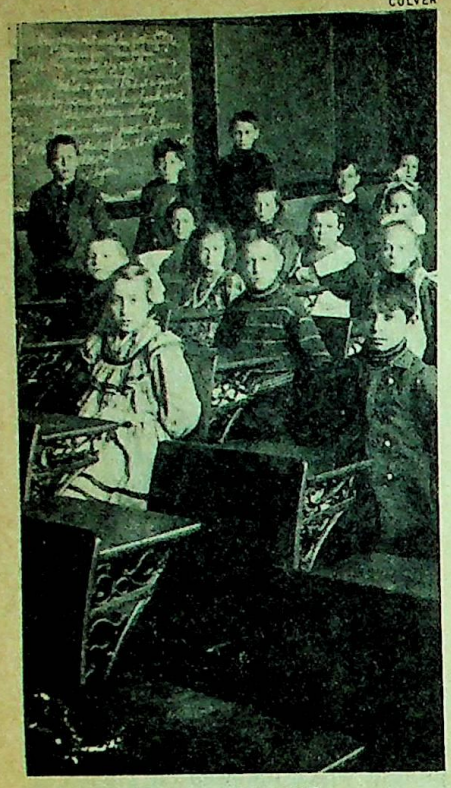
...T STATE DEMONSTRATORS RE-ENACT VIET NAM VIOLENCE



COLUMBIA'S PRESIDENT McGILL (RIGHT) PLEADS FOR CALM



CULVER



NEW YORK SCHOOL, CIRCA 1907

Greer, *The Great School Legend* (Basic Books; $6.95). "The truth is that the immigrant children dropped out in great numbers—to fall back on the customs and skills their families brought with them to America. It was in spite of, and not because of compulsory public education that some eventually made their way."

Greer, 30, a revisionist historian and an administrator at City University of New York, studied school records, surveys and census reports dating from 1890 and concluded: "School performance seems consistently dependent upon the socioeconomic position of a pupil's family." For 70 years, public schools have failed to teach about 40% of their pupils, Greer writes, though poor children today drop out during high school rather than at the elementary level. Thus the schools still have the effect of "screening out the poor and sending them back into the cheap labor market." That market, however, has shrunk dramatically over the years, so that while the dropout of 1900 could find work as a laborer, his counterpart of today often cannot.

Is Greer correct? Other scholars find his argument thought-provoking but hardly conclusive. "Greer exposes the bankruptcy of an institution," says Marvin Lazarson of the Harvard School of Education, "but he deals with these important questions too loosely. The argument is still open." If Greer is right, however, the schools are a far more limited instrument for solving the problems of race and poverty than most people think. He concludes: "The local business, the local church and local fraternal society, followed by the factory, the union, the political machine, were agents of mobility and Americanization before the school."

Treasure from the Moon

Even to veteran splashdown watchers Apollo 16's return to earth last week was a spectacle of rare beauty. The slow blossoming of the spacecraft's three orange and white parachutes against the bright, azure sky seemed designed for maximum drama. Then, in a final demonstration of the mission's remarkable precision, the spacecraft *Casper* hit the water only one mile off the bow of the recovery carrier *Ticonderoga*. Once out of its natural element, *Casper* immediately capsized; it bobbed nose down in the choppy South Pacific for five minutes until the astronauts —strapped in upside-down and rapidly becoming queasy—righted it with three flotation bags. That brief misadventure could not come close to dampening the exuberance of Astronauts John Young, Charles Duke and Ken Mattingly as they arrived for their red-carpet welcome on the *Ticonderoga's* flight deck. "By golly," said Young, summing up the astronauts' satisfaction, "you taxpayers—we taxpayers—got your money's worth."

No doubt about it. For all the problems they had encountered on the way to the moon and in the process of setting up their experiments, the Apollo 16 astronauts scored a scientific triumph. Young and Duke spent a total of 20 hours and 14 minutes prowling the lunar surface, only three-quarters of an hour short of their original goal. They also collected so much moon material that they nearly ran out of collection bags. Perhaps most significant of all, the next to last Apollo mission has already given scientists valuable new details about the terrain that makes up more than 80% of the lunar surface: the rugged and ancient highlands.

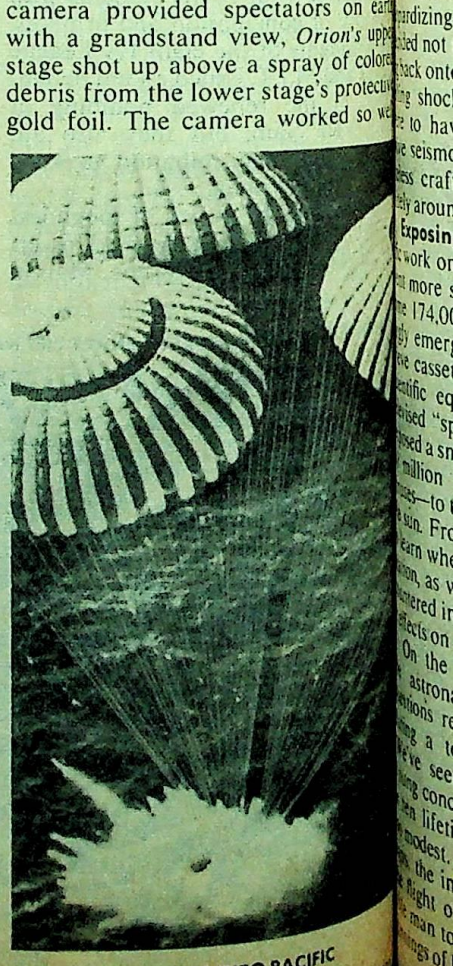
Wrong Reasons. Some of the findings were surprising indeed. Although geologists had forecast that there would be a trove of heat-formed crystalline rocks on the Descartes region's Cayley Plains, most of what the astronauts and their cameras saw were fragments called breccias, which are forged together from still more ancient rocks. At the very least, that unexpected finding means that the Cayley Plains were formed, not simply by volcanic flows, but by far more complex geological processes. Said NASA Geochemist Robin Brett: "We went to the right place for the wrong reasons."

To complicate the picture further, Young and Duke logged the highest magnetic readings ever recorded on the moon's surface, possibly the residue of an ancient magnetic field. The readings thus provide new support for the disputed theory that the moon once rotated rapidly and had a molten iron core. Acting like a dynamo as the moon spun through space, this core could have created a strong lunar magnet[ic] field.

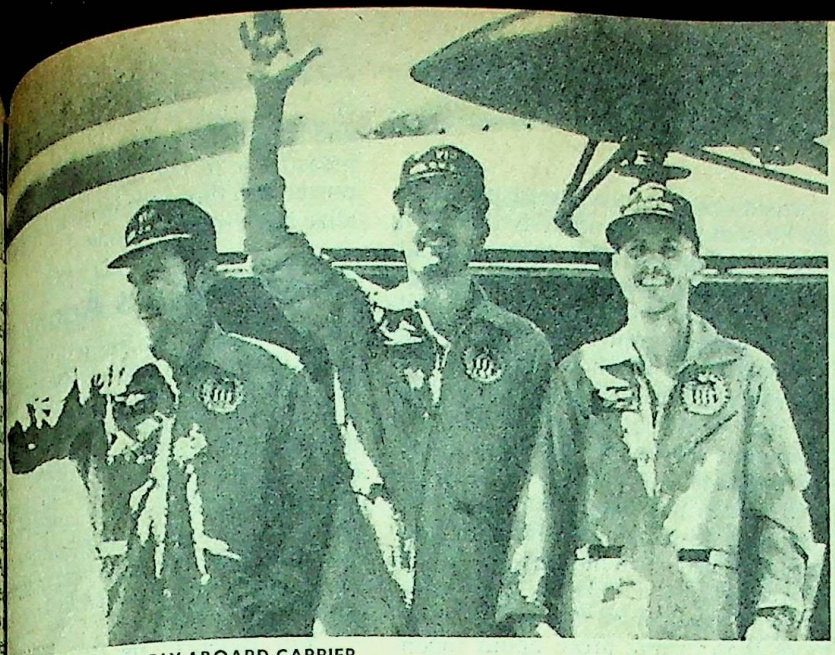
Much of the lunar material [was] gathered at the beginning of the [wa]lk during the third and final EVA (extra[-] vehicular activity) by Young and Duke on the plains of Descartes. With help[-]ful navigational guidance from Hou[s]ton, 240,000 miles away, the astronau[ts] drove their $12 million moon cart [to] the very rim of a large feature called North Ray Crater, some three miles away from the lunar lander, *Orion*. As the rover's television camera followed them, they threaded their way down North Ray's steep slopes, going deeper into a large crater than any of the eight previous moon walkers. Inside the crater wall, they chipped away at a huge house-sized boulder that might be at least 4 billion years old.

The moon walkers also gathered a valuable "shadowed" sample of lunar soil from what Duke called a "gopher hole" under a large rock. Shielded from the sun's relentless rays, the sample may still contain volatile chemicals that would otherwise have long ago been "boiled off" by the intense solar heat. Finally, as the long EVA drew to a close, the astronauts headed back toward *Orion*, setting a lunar record of 11 m.p.h. in their electric-powered car and drawing a mild rebuke from Houston for speeding.

While the rover's remote-controlled camera provided spectators on earth with a grandstand view, *Orion's* upper stage shot up above a spray of colored debris from the lower stage's protective gold foil. The camera worked so well



APOLLO 16 SPLASHES INTO PACIFIC



NG, DUKE & MATTINGLY ABOARD CARRIER

Houston could follow *Orion's* as- for nearly two minutes, until the craft was no more than a speck ght against the utter blackness of ce. Later, after *Orion* locked with ger in moon orbit, Young and Duke ced Mattingly, who could not re- witting them about all the dust debris they were bringing with . Later, having nearly obscured original check lists with fresh flight radioed by Houston, Duke and ng apparently overlooked one item forgot to close a circuit breaker *rion*. Result: when the Lunar Mod- was finally cast loose from the moth- hip, its computer could not fire its ll thruster rockets. Thus, to avoid ardizing nearby *Casper*, Houston ded not to try sending *Orion* crash- back onto the moon's surface, where ng shock waves from its impact e to have been recorded by sen- ve seismometers. Instead, the now- ess craft was left to orbit indef- ely around the moon.

Exposing Microbes. Other scien- work on the 3¼-day return journey nt more smoothly. At a distance of e 174,000 miles from earth, Mat- ly emerged from the cabin to re- ve cassettes of film from *Casper's* entific equipment bay. During the vised "space walk," Mattingly also posed a small container holding some million microbes—bacteria, fungi, ses—to the direct ultraviolet rays of e sun. From the test, scientists hope learn whether intense ultraviolet ra- tion, as well as other conditions en- untered in spaceflight, has any genet- effects on microorganisms.

On the eve of their splashdown, astronauts answered reporters' estions relayed by Mission Control ring a televised press conference. ve've seen as much in ten days," ding concluded, "as most people see ten lifetimes." He may have been modest. For all of the mission's mis- the information gathered during flight of Apollo 16 may well en- man to "see" back to the very be- nings of his world.

A Tenth Planet?

It has been 42 years since Clyde Tombaugh, at Arizona's Lowell Observatory, discovered the last and outermost of the solar system's nine known planets. But many astronomers have never given up hope of finding a tenth planet even farther from the sun. They have been encouraged in their search by irregularities in the orbit of the eighth planet, Neptune, which some suspect could be caused by the gravitational tug of a mysterious "Planet X." Until now, however, all efforts to sight Planet X have failed.

This week a University of California scientist announced that he may finally have found that elusive target. Writing in the journal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, Joseph L. Brady of the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory gave a description of the long-sought tenth planet, complete with its distance from the sun and its current position in the heavens. His "discovery" was made, not by scanning photographic plates, but by analyzing the erratic behavior of Halley's Comet, which comes into view every 76 years (next appearance: 1986), as it nears the sun in its elliptical and far-ranging orbit.

Checking historical observations dating back nearly 1,700 years, Brady found a peculiar irregularity: on each approach to the sun, Halley's Comet shows up as many as four days earlier or later than its predicted arrival date. That variation seemed to indicate that some unknown force must be influencing the comet's motion. Could it be the gravitational tug of a planet beyond Pluto?

For four years, Brady fed into a computer mathematical models of a ten-planet solar system, seeking the characteristics of a still undiscovered planet that would cause the irregularities in the comet's orbit. Gradually the description of Planet X emerged: it would be three times as massive as Saturn (second largest of the planets) and nearly 6 billion miles from the sun (more than half again as far as Pluto). It would take 464 years to complete a single trip around the sun, and the plane of its orbit would be tilted an angle of approximately 60° from the general orbital planes of the planets. Strangest of all, its motion would be retrograde; that is, it would travel around the sun in the opposite direction from all the other planets.

To convince skeptics, Brady has already begun additional computations to check the gravitational effects that Planet X would have on the known orbits of the outer planets. Still, the real test must be visual—a photograph of Planet X. At its great distance from the sun, however, Planet X would reflect only a modicum of light. Furthermore, Brady's calculations indicate that the planet is now located in the Constellation Cassiopeia, which is cluttered with so many stars that the planet would be hard to find. Nonetheless, Brady is hopeful that a sharp-eyed astronomer, scanning photographic plates, will some day detect a dim pinpoint of light reflected from far-off Planet X.

JOHN DOUGLAS



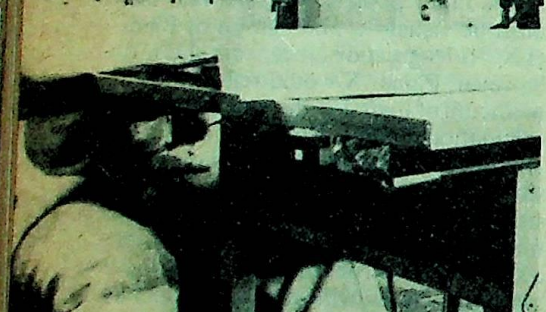
ASTRONOMER BRADY WITH DIAGRAM SHOWING PATH OF PLANET X

Journalism's Woodstock

Across town, the American Newspaper Publishers Association gathered in annual session at the Waldorf-Astoria to hear purse-warming reports of record circulation (62.2 million) and ad revenue ($6.2 billion) for 1971. But journalism's Young Turks of all ages, assembled in a crowded hall on Manhattan's West Side, weighed not profit and loss but the less tangible standards of their craft. The tumultuous two-day A.J. Liebling Counter-Convention* was timed to coincide with the publishers' gathering, and the mood of confusion and malaise generated by the Lieblingers produced the desired contrast. The nonstop critique underscored journalism's variety and energy—plus a widespread disenchantment with conventional practices. It was, in a way, journalism's Woodstock.

DON HINKLE





PANELISTS TOM WOLFE, RENATA ADLER
Nonstop critique of the craft.

Sponsored by the New York journalism review [MORE] (circ. 8,000), the Counter-Convention attracted some 2,000 reporters, editors, freelancers, students, journalism professors and unaffiliated critics from all over the U.S. A few paid their own way to New York from points as distant as Hawaii to participate in the biggest forum ever involving those who write, report and broadcast the news. [MORE] Editor Richard Pollak promised all comers "a chance to bitch"; the response was collective catharsis. Panels on subjects ranging from "the new journalism" to "racism-sexism-elitism" were punctuated by scatological outbursts that went live on radio and cable television into many startled Manhattan households.

The litany of complaints was familiar: too much control by editors and publishers, too much reliance on official sources, not enough time to dig out the real story, not enough blacks and women in newsrooms, not enough pay for anybody, not enough coverage of such causes as ecology and Gay Liberation. The session on the new journalism turned into a mudslinging match between *The New Yorker's* Renata Adler, who condemned the genre as no more than "zippy prose about inconsequential people," and *New York* magazine's Tom Wolfe, who claimed Boswell and Dickens as editorial ancestors. "We are doing a more complete job of reporting," Wolfe insisted, "including people's thoughts."

One of the most significant questions raised was why so many capable reporters leave the daily-newspaper field. Such Pulitzer Prize alumni as David Halberstam and J. Anthony Lukas of the New York *Times* talked of low pay and insufficient "time to think." Freelancer Murray Kempton, ex-New York *Post* columnist, cryptically cited "spiritual reasons," and advised those with families to support to quit by age 40 in order to earn an adequate income elsewhere. Most who talked about the exodus from dailies conveyed the impression that they thought their talents were shackled by conventional newspaper discipline.

In discussing "advocacy journalism," New York *Times* Columnist Tom Wicker seemed to be swimming against the tide when he observed that "news stories should not be editorials." But the real advocacy to be guarded against, he said, is the "sort that accepts the status quo as the norm." One of the few old-fashioned admonitions came from Seymour Hersh, who first broke the My Lai story: "There is not a newspaper in the country where, if you assemble your facts and do your work hard enough, they won't put [an exposé] in."

Complex Truth. If the sessions were long on rhetoric and short on concrete solutions, they did produce two specific results. A second meeting is scheduled for Washington, D.C., next year, and in the interim a manifesto will be drafted demanding that "working journalists" participate in their employers' decision making.

At the end, Master Muckraker I.F. Stone, 64, stood up to accept the A.J. Liebling Award from the editors of [MORE] for a long and lonely career of crusading. Stone assured his audience that "the Establishment is so full of crap, that it really deserves to be treated disrespectfully." But he added a warning that the critics who dominated the Counter-Convention might come to consider: "The truth is something so complex and so infinite that nobody has the full measure of it. The real fun of being a reporter is in those moments when you realize how little you know."

*Named in honor of the late critic who contributed columns on "The Wayward Press" to *The New Yorker* for 18 years until his death in 1963, and who once observed that "freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."

The *Herald's* Agony

In terms of quantity at least, Boston is the nation's best town for morning newspapers. Excluding the *Christian Science Monitor*, which is not for a local paper, readers can choose among the sprightly *Globe* (circ. 240,163), the stodgy *Herald Traveler* (192,129) and the tabloid *Record American* (369,87). But they may not have long to treasure that choice, for the *Herald Traveler* is fighting for its life.

For much of its 125-year history the *Herald* was the bible of Boston Brahmins. Among the well-to-do, you weren't really married until the *Herald* took note, and you never advertised anywhere else to sell a house worth six figures. Its veteran news staff is still often the best in town on fast-breaking stories. But news is handled without much imagination, and the *Herald* lags far behind the *Globe* in investigative reporting, in spotting new styles and trends, in arguing topical issues.

Red Ink. Although the paper lost $5,000,000 in 1971, the parent Herald Traveler Corp. could always post a healthy profit, at least until last year, thanks to some $6,000,000 in annual net income from its television station WHDH. (Declining TV revenue in 1971 caused a net loss for the company of $310,000.) The really damaging blow came in January, when the Federal Communications Commission took away the corporation's TV license in order to diversify local media ownership. The corporation had fought for years for clear title to the license in a complex, oft-contested case, the official records of which fill 172 volumes.

Loss of the station loosed a flood of red ink. In a recent letter to stockholders, President Harold Clancy said: "Our newspaper property generates substantial cash losses that cannot be supported in its present form by our remaining resources." Large stockholders who live outside Boston and hold a controlling interest are understood to favor liquidation. Local shareholders want to keep the paper going. Through layoffs and early retirements, the *Herald* is reducing the staff by 150. "We are exploring many alternatives," says Clancy.

For a while it seemed that the Hearst Corp., which owns the *Record American*, might provide a lifeline. There was talk of a merger that would convert Hearst's tabloid into a standard-sized afternoon paper that would be printed in the *Herald's* modern plant. But when WHDH was finally lost, Hearst stiffened its terms and is now reported to be interested only in buying the *Herald's* plant and assets. The corporation's annual meeting, originally scheduled for

week, has been postponed indefi- while the board ponders the st proposal. But, says one *Herald* ecutive about the major stockholders: Their will to continue is gone."

Short Takes

▸ Wire watchers in newsrooms oss coast to coast got a jolt one night week when Associated Press print- broke into a bulletin on Apollo 16's ost-off from the moon with: "Listen, children, and you shall hear/ Of the idnight ride of Paul Revere . . ." The ngfellow classic then lapsed into he blue doggerel dealing with Re- 's sexual prowess. It turned out that A.P. technician in New York, using hoary rhyme to test what he thought s an in-house circuit, had inadver- ly cut into the agency's "A" wire, the hdrift for top stories. A.P. fired the pirit and sent out an urgent "disre- ed" order—in prose.

▸ When Britain's leftist *New States-* sacked Editor Richard Crossman March for forcing his doctrinaire s on a declining, disinterested read- hip, the weekly sought a successor o would not be so preoccupied with bor Party parliamentary infighting. A ction committee of the magazine's ard members and editorial staffers in- ewed six candidates and sought rat- ation from both the full board and *Statesman* chapter of the National ion of Journalists. The overwhelm- choice, announced last week: An- y Howard, 38, the weekly's assis- t editor. Howard promised that the *sman* "will remain a paper of the " but he is expected to reverse the *sman's* position opposing Britain's mmon Market entry. He regards self as a "resigned European."

▸ The feats of airline skyjackers in- ably inspire imitation, but Chicago's k radio station WLS plans to take the mance out of the idea for its listen- . News Director Phil Hayes prom- s that WLS reporting of air piracy will on the severity of penalties involved, ards offered by airlines and convic- s obtained in other cases: "We will as much coverage to the arrest, con- ion and imprisonment of a hijacker e give to the actual hijack."

▸ Newspapers in growing numbers banning display advertising for ated films because papers do not t to publicize pornography. Such nrunners as the San Diego *Union* and *ane*, Houston *Post* and Boston *Her- Traveler* have recently been joined two more major papers: Cleveland's rning *Plain Dealer* (circ. 409,935) the Detroit *News* (650,180), the na- 's largest afternoon daily. That de the X blackout effective for 7% of total U.S. daily circulation and ught forth a protest from Jack Va- president of the Motion Picture ociation of America. No newspaper, Valenti, should be able to dictate t people can or cannot see.

Jubilation

DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE
Music and Lyrics by MICKI GRANT

Though blacks have immortalized the blues and keened their sorrows in spirituals, they have also been immersed in the spirit of evangelical joy. The American black is steeped in Christian fervor, and though he may profess secular aims and agnostic convictions he is also a creature of the Gospel. Part of his being "rocks church" at an invisible but perpetual revival meeting. Some of the songs and dances in *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* comment very seriously on the social injustices still visited on the heirs of slavery, but the inner jubilation that ignites the show is a love offering to the Creator and creation.

All heaven breaks loose on the stage. This cast is so agile that it defies the laws of gravity, and the singers have such richly resonant voices that they could bring down the walls of Jericho. Everyone is splendid, and Micki Grant may prove to be a major find for the musical theater. Her lyrics for this revue-styled musical are witty and intelligent, her tunes melodiously winning. She is also a marvelously gifted performer who can sing her own numbers as if they were intimate love letters addressed to each playgoer in the house. She helps to make this the kind of show at which you want to blow kisses. ■T.E. Kalem

Spoof Sleuths, Nix Crix

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND
and AFTER MAGRITTE
by TOM STOPPARD

Drama has an affinity for detection. Almost every play has elements of mystery and surprise. It is like a nest of clues that must be woven together in the course of an evening to reveal some final, unified meaning.

This dramatic aspect of riddle solving seems to have a special appeal for British Playwright Tom Stoppard. Much of his first play, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, had those two pitiably bewildered title characters trying to figure out what the devil was going on in the castle at Elsinore. His new playlets are dramatic trifles compared to *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, but the longer and better one, *The Real Inspector Hound*, is highly diverting. (The brief curtain raiser, *After Magritte*, simply reduces the deductive process to a bundle of false clues that turn the characters, as well as the lines, into absurdist non sequiturs.)

Hound's action takes place in a theater on opening night. It is a spoof of an Agatha Christie thriller, and Stoppard handles it with prankish zest, though it lacks the urbane comic polish and spine-prickling tremors that Anthony Shaffer put into his Christie takeoff, *Sleuth*. The subplot concerns two drama critics who observe and comment on the play and eventually get actively drawn into it at no small risk. Here Stoppard is sly and wry, and one may guess that he views critics with bemused affection and subdued contempt.

He makes each man a very different type, and he is wickedly on target with both. Birdboot (Tom Lacy) is an expansive, chocolate-munching showbird chaser who finds almost everything "a rattling good show." Moon (David Rounds) is an emotionally constipated, intellectually rabid exegete; any wispy pile of dramatic dandruff can fuel his fire about "the human condition."

As a second-string critic, Moon occupies a theatrical purgatory. A few years ago during the presidency of L.B.J., Dan Sullivan, then second-stringer to Clive Barnes on the New York *Times*, was sent to Washington, D.C., to cover a play. Stewart Udall, then Secretary of the Interior, passed Sullivan on the aisle, and asked the perennial question, "Where's Barnes?" Retorted Sullivan, in what has become the classic second-stringer's revenge, "Where's Johnson?" Though this has an element of the private joke, Lacy and Rounds are so humanly right in their roles that they suggest similar foibles in any number of other men in other professions. The woman who casts delight on the evening is Carrie Nye. Too long absent from the New York stage, she confers not only her blonde good looks on both plays, but what too many other actresses neglect to cultivate: a crystal voice and a queenly bearing. ■T.E.K.



MARTHA SWOPE

NYE & LACY IN "INSPECTOR HOUND"
Wickedly on target.

The Return of Elizabeth and Mary

WHO are the women who capture the public imagination today? Angela Davis? Germaine Greer? Shirley Chisholm? Each of them does command unusual attention, but none of them more than two long-dead ladies: Elizabeth I, Queen of England from 1558 to 1603, and Mary, Queen of Scots, her contemporary and bitter rival. Their sudden popularity is a turn of the popular psyche that befuddles the critics, but, in this day of so-called new politics, Elizabeth and Mary's Old World politics remain as fascinating as ever. Four centuries old, history's most famous catfight still reverberates passionately, and every entertainment medium is having a try at retelling it.

The movie *Mary, Queen of Scots*, with Vanessa Redgrave in the title role and Glenda Jackson as her archrival, is playing in more than a dozen U.S. cities. Jackson is also starred in TV's *Elizabeth R*, a six-part series that has broken all ratings records for noncommercial television and is up for seven Emmy awards next week. On the New York stage, Robert Bolt's *Vivat! Vivat Regina!*, with Claire Bloom as Mary and Eileen Atkins as Elizabeth, has just finished a Broadway run and is scheduled to go on tour in the fall. Also in New York, a musical called *Elizabeth I* had a short run, and at Lincoln Center there was an adaptation of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*—not to mention a production of Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* at the New York City Opera.

■

Part of what makes it all so intriguing is that comparing the various stories has become a kind of historical scrabble. Was Mary's husband, Darnley, for instance, a womanizing lech as *Vivat* has it? Or was he a homosexual as the movie has it? (He seems to have been the former.) The popular version of the story, accepted by those raving romantics Schiller and Donizetti, portrays Mary as a high-brogue Joan of Arc and Elizabeth as the Wicked Witch of the West. The new versions, sometimes wildly inaccurate in other ways, do at least correct that longstanding libel against poor Bess. The truth is that Mary probably was an accomplice in the murder of the philandering Darnley and that she constantly schemed for Elizabeth's death. She was a royal piece of baggage who royally deserved to have head and body separated long before Elizabeth signed her death warrant.

Though the two Queens were never within shouting distance of one another, romantic playwrights and librettists could not resist bringing them together in a dramatic confrontation. On this point, the new scriptwriters split. Hollywood does Schiller's and Donizetti's single meeting one better and stages two, both full of ear-splitting clichés and sounding uncannily like a commercial for Tide or Cheer. In *Vivat*, Bolt finds his own not particularly happy solution by placing Elizabeth and Mary onstage at the same time, but in separate scenes. TV's *Elizabeth R*, by far the most accurate and the best of the accounts, is wise enough not even to attempt a face-to-face encounter.

Is there any harm in having the two characters meet, especially if it makes for better drama? Unfortunately there is. It was basic to Elizabeth's character and to her politics that she would not and could not see Mary. Brave enough to do anything else—"I am more afraid of making a fault in my Latin," she once said, "than of the kings of Spain, France, Scotland, and the whole House of Guise, and all of their confederates"—she was unequal to the task of confronting the woman she knew she might have to kill.

Schiller's play and Donizetti's opera (which followed Schiller) were born of an age when Mary was a stock romantic heroine. In the Donizetti particularly, the role makes a stunning vehicle for opera's finest singing actress, Beverly Sills. The newer playwrights and scriptwriters are less certain what to do with the character of Mary. They cannot make up their minds whether she is good, bad or half-and-half, and their ambiguity perplexes and defeats the actresses who find themselves in the role. Mary is as hard for modern writers to understand as Elizabeth was for their 19th century predecessors.

The contemporary age seems more drawn to Elizabeth as a heroine. Far from being the cold harridan some history used to portray, she was deeply emotional, a supremely complex and contradictory woman. She was as even as legend has it, probably a virgin. Highly sexual, she was yet terrified of sex, which in her experience was associated with the death of her mother, Anne Boleyn, and of many of those she loved. "I would rather be a beggar and single than a queen and married," she once said. Paradoxically she was, in her own way, a very feminine woman who could go into a swoon on bad news.

To convey all this is a formidable, albeit irresistible, challenge for an actress. Two of the current attempts are strikingly successful. Eileen Atkins turns *Vivat*, Bolt's ponderous high school history pageant, into exciting drama, with an Elizabeth of coruscating wit and feline sensuality. Glenda Jackson, in *Elizabeth R*, is more subtle, but equally brilliant, with an astonishing ability to convey mood and nuance and to switch from a purr to a roar. "What we are," Elizabeth proudly and accurately proclaimed, "of the nature of the lion."

■

The laws of chance, if nothing else, argue against so many re-creations of the Elizabeth and Mary story arising from coincidence alone. There are se





Elizabeths and Marys (clockwise from top): *Eileen Atkins, Claire Bloom in Vivat!; Pauline Tinsley, Beverly Sills in Maria Stuarda; Glenda Jackson, Vivian Pickles in Elizabeth R; Jackson, Vanessa Redgrave in Mary, Queen of Scots.*

possible reasons why two such losses are so popular this year. One most important might be the sto- itself. With its beautiful settings and ful pageantry, it provides "posh es- ," as Glenda Jackson calls it. ," she says. "like going back to ple." black-and-white days when people lived lives by absolute standards." Pro- ers in turn like what audiences like, they have been quick to jump on Tudor bandwagon. *Vivat*, after all, a hit in London two seasons ago.

Another equally persuasive reason be the public's yearning for in- ent, decisive government on the hand and stability and continuity ational life on the other. Elizabeth's provided both to a degree almost ralleled in history. She ruled for ears and gave her subjects leader- that was usually wise, often glo- and always loving. "We loved one of her stalwarts said after her for she said she did love us." Un- Mary, Elizabeth was in charge from moment she heard of the death of sister Mary Tudor. "Little man, lit- man," she told an adviser who pre- ed to direct her, "the word 'must' is to be used to princes."

Still another reason for the E. and henomenon may be the psycholog- undercurrent of Women's Lib. The vement could hardly ask for a better ct lesson than Mary, whose submis- to her passions and her sexuality perverse and ultimately self-de- ctive. Nor could it seek a better sym- of equality—or superiority—than oman who gave her name to Eng- 's greatest age. With a knowledge of n languages and with all the aca- c disciplines of her time, Elizabeth the perfect Renaissance prince, an ration to Spenser, Marlowe and kespeare. Beyond that, she is a su- ely modern figure in her fate and ne. She was afflicted with many of y's doubts and uncertainties as well ither of which the superficial Mary —but she more than surmounted all. In 100 years, Mary once again be the heroine of the story, but to- and for the foreseeable future, Eliz- reigns again. ■ Gerald Clarke



MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 79,310,000 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 60.00, down .72 for the week ending April 28. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 954.17, down 9.63; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 107.67, down 1.22. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Net Change
Allied Chem...	34½	32¾	33½	+ ½
Alum Co Am..	55	51⅛	54	— ¾
Amer Airlines..	48½	45	45⅛	—3⅜
Am Brands....	47	46	46½	+ ½
Am Can.....	32¼	31	32¼	+ ½
Am Motors....	8⅜	7¾	8⅜	+ ⅜
AT&T.....	43⅛	42⅝	42⅞	— ¼
Athac Cop....	20⅞	19½	19⅞	—1
Avon Prod....117⅝		108	116½	—1½
Beth Steel....	31⅞	30¼	31⅜	— ⅝
Boeing.....	23¼	21	22⅜	— ⅞
Burlington Ind.	38¼	36¾	37½	+ ⅛
Burroughs....170⅛		166⅛	170	+ ½
Cater Trac....	55¼	54⅛	54¼	— ½
Chrysler.....	35⅜	33¼	34½	—1½
Clark Equip...	56¼	54½	55	—1
Control Data..	64⅞	60½	64½	+ ¾
Corn Gl Wks..237¾		231	233	—4¼
Dow Chem....	93⅞	92⅛	92⅛	— ⅛
DuPont.....171		167½	168¼	—2⅝
Eastern Air....	28¾	26¼	27⅜	—1¼
East Kodak...119¾		114½	119⅝	+3⅝
El Paso N G..	18¼	17½	18	+ ⅛
Ford Motor...	75⅛	69½	71⅝	—3½
Gen Dynam...	34	31⅝	33	— ⅞
Gen Elec.....	69¼	66⅛	67⅝	— ⅝
Gen Foods....	29½	27½	29⅜	+1¾
Gen Motors...	82¼	79½	80⅜	—1¾
Gen Tel & El..	30⅛	29¼	30	None
Ga. Pac.....	47¾	46	46⅝	— ½
Goodyear....	32¼	30¾	31½	— ¾
Great A & P..	19⅛	18⅜	19	+ ⅛
Greyhound...	19¼	18⅜	18⅞	None
Gulf Oil.....	25⅜	24⅞	25⅜	+ ⅛
IBM.....387		379¼	386	+1
Int Harv.....	32	30⅛	31⅞	+1
Int Nickel....	34⅛	32¾	33	— ⅞
Int Paper.....	39⅜	38⅜	38¾	— ⅜
Int Tel & Tel..	56⅝	54⅛	55	— ¾
Johns Man....	38¼	36⅛	36⅛	—2⅛
Kraftco.....	46⅜	45	46⅛	+ ¾
Kresge SS....110		106¼	110	—1½
LTV.....	11¾	11	11¼	None
Litton Ind.....	18½	16	18½	+2⅛
Lockheed.....	12⅞	12¼	12⅜	— ¼
McD Doug....	44½	40⅝	41⅛	—3⅜
Merck Co....147⅜		144¼	145¼	—2¼
3M.....143⅞		139¾	141	None
Mobil Oil.....	52⅞	50⅛	52¼	+1⅞
Nat Cash Reg.	31⅞	30⅛	31¾	+ ⅛
N Amer Rock..	34¼	31⅝	32	—2⅜
Occid Pet....	13⅝	12½	12¾	— ⅝
Owens Ill.....	53½	52	52	—1⅝
Pac Gas & El..	28¼	27⅜	28	None
Pan Am.....	15⅜	14⅝	15	— ¾
Penn Cen.....	4⅞	4⅝	4⅝	— ⅛
Penney J. C...	80	75⅜	75⅜	—4½
Philip Morris..	91⅞	86	91½	— ¼
Polaroid.....139½		121⅝	139⅜	+14¼
Proc Gam....	93	87⅜	91½	+1¼
RCA.....	39½	37⅞	38	—1¼
Reyn Ind.....	77¾	73½	75¼	—2⅜
Sears Roe....114½		111⅜	111⅝	—2⅜
Shell Oil.....	45⅞	44¼	44¼	—1⅝
Sou Cal Ed...	24¾	24	24¾	+ ⅜
Std Oil Cal...	56⅜	54⅜	56¼	+ ⅜
Std Oil N J...	70⅞	69½	69¾	—1⅜
Swift Co.....	33⅜	31½	31⅝	—1⅛
Tenneco.....	24⅞	24⅛	24⅞	None
Texaco Inc....	30⅞	30	30¼	— ⅝
Textron.....	35⅛	33⅛	33⅜	—1½
Time Inc.....	56⅜	53½	55¼	—1
TWA.....	54⅞	50⅝	51	—3⅞
UAL Inc.....	52⅝	45½	49½	—3⅛
Union Car....	49	47⅛	48⅞	+ ⅛
Utd Aircraft...	40⅜	37⅛	37⅜	—2⅝
US Ply Cham..	27⅜	25¾	26	—1¼
US Steel.....	32¼	30⅜	31¾	— ½
Westing.....	53⅝	51	52⅝	— ¾
Woolworth...	40⅞	38⅞	39⅞	— ½
Xerox.....139½		134	138⅜	— ½

Money

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PRICES

Phase II Sale Season

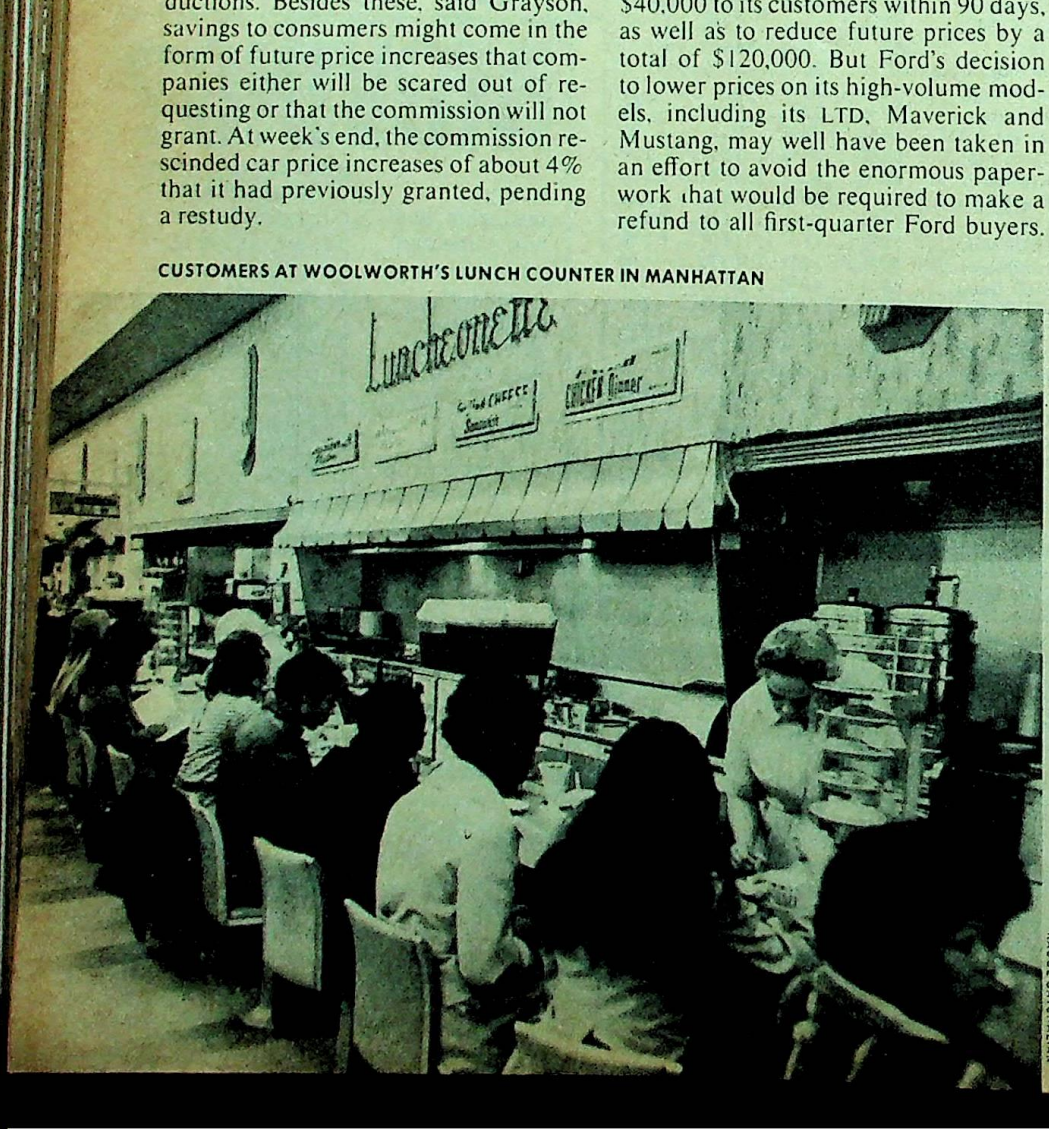
U.S. consumers are about to be treated to a Phase II sale. Because some big corporations have exceeded the Price Commission's guidelines on profits, they are in the process of rolling back prices and may even be forced to make some cash refunds to their customers. Last week a number of firms either were ordered to cut some prices or voluntarily announced reductions. The companies ranged in size from Ford Motor Co., which lowered the price tag on 31 car models by $16 to $50, and F.W. Woolworth Co., which was ordered to reinstate last summer's prices at its lunch counters, down to a little-known Texas garbage-disposal concern.

Easy Profits. Eventually, said Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson, the rollbacks and refunds will save consumers "hundreds of millions of dollars." It developed that he had fallen victim to the Nixon Administration's seeming compulsion to overstatement: he later confessed to TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin that the vaunted millions included more than price reductions. Besides these, said Grayson, savings to consumers might come in the form of future price increases that companies either will be scared out of requesting or that the commission will not grant. At week's end, the commission rescinded car price increases of about 4% that it had previously granted, pending a restudy.

The commission is enforcing a rule aimed at preventing easy profits. In effect, it forbids companies that have been granted price increases to raise their margin of profit—that is, profit as a percentage of sales—above that of a pre-freeze base period. Like most other Phase II guidelines, the profit-margin rule is enforced most rigidly against companies with annual sales of $50 million or more. Their officials are currently supplying the commission with report cards on the first full-business quarter after Phase II became effective last Nov. 14. Either through miscalculation or otherwise, quite a few have reported profit margins that were not permissible.

Grayson plans to compel big-product firms—manufacturers of automobiles or steel, for example—literally to refund any overcharges discovered in their records by paying back individual customers. Only one company so far has been dealt that fate on the basis of its profit margin: Houston's Browning Ferris Industries was ordered to pay back $40,000 to its customers within 90 days, as well as to reduce future prices by a total of $120,000. But Ford's decision to lower prices on its high-volume models, including its LTD, Maverick and Mustang, may well have been taken in an effort to avoid the enormous paperwork that would be required to make a refund to all first-quarter Ford buyers.

CUSTOMERS AT WOOLWORTH'S LUNCH COUNTER IN MANHATTAN



RAOUL GATCHALIAN

Though the company refused to make public its figures for U.S. operations only—the ones that will be used by the Price Commission—Ford's worldwide after-tax profit margin of 5.3% was the highest since 1968. Worldwide earnings for the first quarter of 1972 leaped 49%, to $252 million, over those in the same period last year.*

Firms whose customers are difficult to identify—department stores and gas stations, for example—will be required to make restitution of a more theoretical sort. Instead of actually paying out refunds, says Grayson, they will be forced to "disgorge" excess profits in the form of lower prices—low enough to balance out the original overcharges. Grayson's choice of metaphor was unhappy, since the first products to which it applied were the sandwiches, French fries and other short-order items served up at F.W. Woolworth lunch counters. Their managers had violated the rules by raising prices without obtaining advance approval, and as a result had to lower the tab for a hamburger in midtown Manhattan, for example, from 75¢ to 65¢. Four other large but lesser-known merchandisers were also ordered to roll back prices.

Second Line. The ultimate penalty for "willfully" jacking up prices in violation of commission standards, according to the Phase II legislation passed by Congress, is treble damages. Price Commission staff members are conferring with the Justice Department about ways of getting such damages paid to consumers without forcing them to sue. Last week, for the first time, the commission ordered a company to lower its prices by an amount triple the size of its "excess" profits. The accused profiteer was Godfrey Co., a food distributor headquartered in Waukesha, Wis., with annual sales of $126 million. Godfrey's troubles stemmed partly from the fact that its fiscal year ended in March, the commission figures that only a full-year profit margin can provide evidence that a company's excess earnings were not merely accidental and thus justify treble damages.

Grayson has described the complex test on profit margins, which was not widely publicized or understood at the beginning of Phase II, as "a second line of defense." He meant that it was designed to bring down some prices that had already been raised—something that most American consumers have ceased believing is possible. Thus the rollbacks and refunds should inspire some badly needed popular faith in the equity of Phase II.

*G.M. also reported higher earnings—up 6% to $651 million, from the first quarter in 1971. Though the company's worldwide profit margin rose to its highest point since 1965, G.M. officials said that the domestic margin was within Price Commission guidelines. As a result, they said, price reductions on G.M. cars are planned.

Detroit Recalls a Recall

OR all its vaunted management tal-
ent and technological capability, the
o industry is having increasing trou-
building cars that can hold togeth-
As a result, the industry in the past
months has recalled more cars
e than 7,000,000) than it has sold.
biggest recall to date involved 6.7
ion 1965 to 1969 Chevrolets that
possibly defective motor mounts;
es on some have twisted loose
n the car frames.

The strangest recall is the one that
announced last week involving
,000 1972 Torinos and Montegos.
6 cases the rear axles and wheels ac-
ly came off these new cars. Ford will
g each car back twice—the first time
nstall a retainer plate on the rear
e to hold it in place; the second time
eplace the whole axle with a heav-
one.

Ford was forced into this odd pro-
ure by a budding driver rebellion
ost recalls that look to critics like
e patch-up jobs. Two weeks ago,
d executives decided only to install
nexpensive retainer plate on a rear
of each car. The plate is designed
crease the screeching noise that oc-
when an axle starts to come loose,
hat the driver cannot help noticing
ed to hold the axle in place for at
t 100 miles, so that the driver has
e to reach a garage. In doing no more
n that, the company would have
n following ample precedent. G.M.,
example, will replace only a few of
defective Chevy motor mounts with
ones that cost $30 each. Instead, it
fect will strap in most engines by in-
ing wire "restraints" that cost only
each.

Ford executives insist that installing
a retainer plate would have assured
er safety. Drivers feared otherwise
particularly after they learned that
intends to put heavier axles on new
inos and Montegos coming off the
embly line. By the beginning of last
k, the Detroit *Free Press* was de-
cing the decision to install only re-
ner plates as a "corporate cop-out,"
d Ford dealers had received more
n 1,000 complaints and inquiries
m customers demanding that the ax-
e replaced.

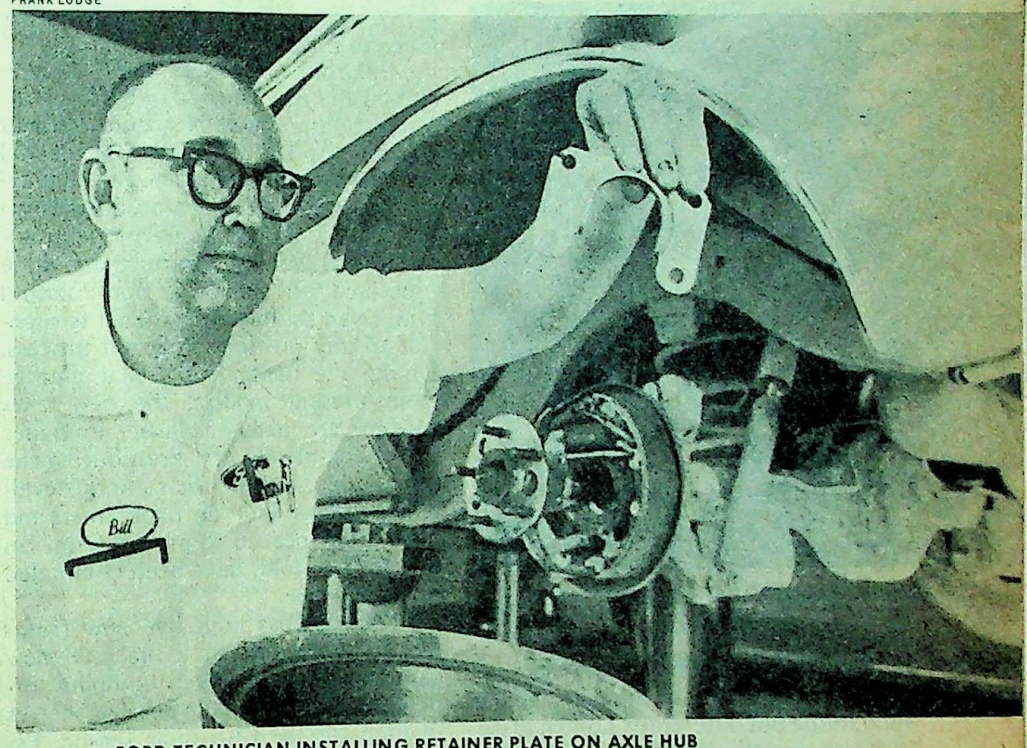
So Ford men decided, with the ap-
oval of Henry Ford II, to recall the re-
they will complete the first recall
t install the retainer plates to give
ers immediate protection, and then
g each car back again for axle re-
acement. This procedure will raise the
l cost of the recall to about $30 mil-
from an originally estimated $5,000,000, but that could be a small price for averting the sales slump that might be caused by safety fears. Last year Ford had to recall 220,000 Pintos after receiving reports that flash fires had occurred in the air filters of 100 of them, and when news of the trouble got out, Pinto sales briefly dropped 25%.

The second recall may allay motorists' fears, but it hardly answers the question of how the industry manages to produce cars with such defects as engines that twist loose and wheel-axle assemblies that come off. Automakers' explanations are anything but reassuring. They maintain that such flaws result not from sloppy workmanship or careless quality control but bad engineering decisions. In effect, the faults are designed into the cars—unintentionally to be sure —by engineers making the wrong compromises between safety, cost and speed considerations. In the current case, Ford redesigned its 1972 Torinos and Montegos, making them heavier for the sake of a smoother ride, yet engineers thought that they could safely hold down costs by using the same axle as the one that went onto the 1971s. Richard Judy, public relations manager for consumer services, admits: "Maybe all factors were not given careful consideration."

The industry's test-driving procedures also seem inadequate. Ford men now suspect that several axle failures resulted from cars being driven in the Northeast over roads that had been sprinkled with salt to melt ice and snow. The salt, they think, got into a bearing that holds the rear axle together and caused it to deteriorate. Somehow that possibility was not considered in all the 19 million miles of test driving that Ford puts its new cars through each year. Automen insist that they cannot duplicate in road tests every condition that may come up in actual driving; that contention is no doubt correct, but it is hardly an excuse. Quite obviously, a large percentage of cars every year will be bought by people who live in the Northeast and must occasionally drive over salty roads.

Ford now is analyzing why its tests failed to reveal the axle defect, with an eye toward possibly revising the test procedures. Motorists can only hope that there is a revision, and that G.M. will follow suit. The annoyance that drivers now feel about recalls will hardly compare with their emotions if they get the idea that they must do a good deal of the test driving on new cars themselves.

FRANK LODGE

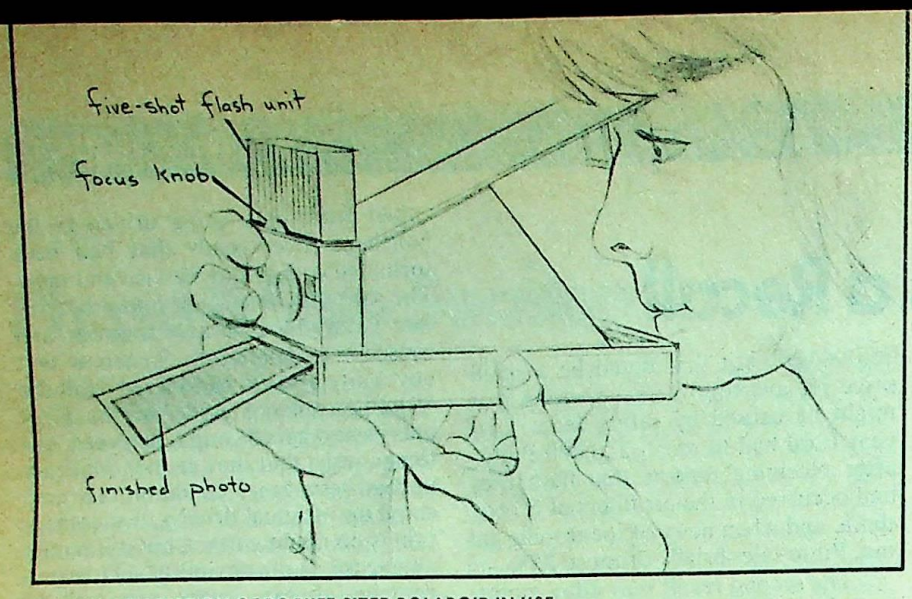


FORD TECHNICIAN INSTALLING RETAINER PLATE ON AXLE HUB
To critics, it seemed a mere patch-up job.

CORPORATIONS

Breast-Pocket Polaroid

Waiting impatiently for the routine business portion of Polaroid's annual meeting in Needham, Mass., to end last week, Founder Edwin Land told some 3,000 stockholders: "I don't want what you are about to see to be involved in this monetary domain." Anyone who



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF POCKET-SIZED POLAROID IN USE



FOUNDER LAND AT ANNUAL MEETING
All that is needed is will.

thought that monetary affairs are supposed to dominate an annual meeting soon found out differently. Land had decided to use this meeting to stage the long-awaited debut of his new, pocket-sized camera. Unfolding a leather-covered box to form a vaguely triangular Polaroid camera, Land focused on his oversized meerschaum pipe and pushed the shutter button five times in quick succession. About a second after each touch, a 3-in. by 3-in. blank plastic square shot out. Slowly and almost magically, like invisible ink being activated, they turned into color prints.

Land admitted that the camera's size—about 1¼-in. thick and 4½-in. by 7-in. in area when folded shut—is somewhat larger than he had originally planned, and thus raises "the question of just which pocket it will fit." (Answer: the breast pocket of a man's suit, snugly.) A major innovation in the still-unnamed camera is the single-lens-reflex viewing system that allows a picture taker to see precisely the same image that eventually appears on film. Except for conventional focusing, the entire process is controlled automatically by a tiny system of integrated electronic circuits. For indoor pictures or where the light is poor, the camera uses a five-picture flash unit developed by General Electric Co.

Polaroid employees later demonstrated the new camera in booths scattered about a company warehouse near Boston that had been cleaned up and prettified for the affair. The new film developed for the camera produced brilliant color, though some pictures appeared to be less sharp than those processed on standard, non-Polaroid film. Even so, the end product is superior to any previous Polaroid process. Unlike the damp prints that emerge from present models, the new ones —which are made of plastic, not paper —feel completely dry, even during the remarkable, outside-the-camera developing process. Thus the paper liners and other litter needed to protect prints in present Polaroids have been eliminated in the new one.

Polaroid has built five new factories in the Boston area to make the new camera and film, which company officials expect to have on dealers' shelves in time for the Christmas season. Estimated prices: $100 to $175 for the camera, about 45¢ per picture for the film. Any production delays might prove enormously costly, since sales of Polaroid's more expensive current models ($110 to $175) undoubtedly will trickle off until the new product is available. In an effort to prevent such a sales lag, Polaroid has refused to provide any pictures or drawings of the new camera, and some of Land's closest advisers urged him to withhold last week's public viewing. However, over the years Land has established an exceptionally close rapport with his stockholders —they once loyally broke into applause when informed by the founder that Polaroid would probably not show a profit that year—and he evidently decided that they deserved the first look.

Land's stockholders may have to cherish their more intangible rewards for some time. Although Polaroid's first-quarter profits grew by a healthy 17% over those of 1971, Treasurer Harvey Thayer has predicted that the rest of 1972 will be a "lean year," partly because of the huge sums of cash required for production of the new camera. Yet Land, who literally invented the $ million instant-photography ma displayed profound confidence in latest product. "Our camera is int tually complicated and operation simple," he said. "All you have to d have the picture is to will it." His thusiasm was obviously catching. next day Polaroid's stock shot up points, to 131, and it closed the at 139¾, a new high for the year.

□ □ □

Whatever problems Polaroid encounter with its new instant-pro ing camera and film, they will not clude any immediate competition f the company's chief rival in the a teur camera market, Eastman Ko Co. Although Kodak is making "s progress toward an in-camera pro ing system of our own," according President Gerald B. Zornow, compa officials declined to predict wher might be available. Kodak's entry i the pocket-photography race—the cently introduced Pocket Instam (TIME, March 27)—is much fur along. Zornow reports that ord placed by camera dealers have "all erased substantial inventories in o pocket products."

LABOR

Four Paychecks a Year

Scandinavia is a hub of social a economic experimentation. Years b fore Women's Lib got going in the U the Swedes created the *hemmaman* housebound husband who sent his w off to work. Last year the Swedes a changed much of their auto industry replacing sections of the assembly with group assembly techniques (Ti Jan. 17). Now R. Bøg Jørgensen's Ma infabrik, a Danish company that Scandinavia's largest maker of fo canning and freezing equipment, is p oneering an alternative to the week or monthly paycheck for employees.

Through 1970, the company p its 180 employees monthly by chec But since January 1971 it has issue no paychecks at all; instead, it depos salaries directly into each employee bank account. And it makes only fo such deposits a year. Workers get 15 of their salary each Feb. 6, May 6, A 6 and Nov. 6 (another 10% is withhe each quarter to pay stiff Danish taxe

By adopting the novel system, P Bøg Jørgensen, manager of the fami owned company, was able to elimina the payroll department. Improbably seems to have improved employee m rale too. Workers like the new arrang ment because getting their pay in l chunks enables them to buy household supplies at low bulk prices and co up more easily with down payments cars, houses and large appliances. deed, the system is working so well t several other Danish, and some foreig concerns are thinking of copying it

RAILROADS

Racing Toward an Urgent Rescue

Any Congressman, investor or shipper who might have thought that Government solved U.S. railroads' financial problems a year ago, when it took over the operation of most passenger trains, has been getting a rude awakening. Congress is now studying major bills that would extend further help, and industry spokesmen are warning that the legislators must race in order to rescue the nation's rail system from a threatened collapse. They do not seem to be crying wolf; the railroads' plight is bad enough to have won the sympathy of their chief competitors. Truck lines and many barge operators are backing one of the bills because they fear that a final breakdown of the U.S. rail network would force Congress to nationalize the system—and such a move would set an ominous precedent for the whole transportation industry.

Five of the nation's 69 Class I railroads—the major companies that account for 99% of rail traffic—already are bankrupt. The Interstate Commerce Commission last month listed another dozen, including the Chicago and North Western, Erie Lackawanna and Rock Island, as "marginal," meaning that they could go broke at any moment. As a whole, the industry is making money, but pitifully little. Railroad net income in 1971 totaled $355 million, or 2.7% of revenues—and much of that came from non-railroad operations. That is not enough to attract the capital money necessary to repair and modernize the railroads' vastly overbuilt network of tracks, yards and systems. Transportation Secretary John Volpe, a dedicated free-enterpriser, concedes that large chunks of the railroads' total mileage must be scrapped immediately to save costs or the whole system will wind up broke and/or nationalized "within three to ten years."

The major railroads have no trouble borrowing to buy new cars: the cars make splendid collateral if a loan goes into default. The result is that the companies operate modern covered hoppers, flatcars and gondolas over roadbeds that are rapidly deteriorating. The roads have been able to show what profits they have largely by deferring maintenance that is essential. For example, rails are being replaced on a schedule that assumes the average rail will last 120 years, although it actually remains serviceable for only half that long.

The results are becoming apparent. Between 1966 and 1970, derailments doubled to 2,394 a year. Santa Fe President John Reed likens the situation to maintaining a house in good repair: "If you don't do a little every year, it eventually starts coming apart all at once." Volpe estimates that in order to keep up with expected increases in traffic, railroads will have to spend an awesome $36 billion or more on yard and track rebuilding and new rolling stock in the next ten to twelve years. That is roughly double their current annual rate of capital expenditures.

Placing the blame for this mess is not a simple task. Labor unions, rail management and the Government all share the responsibility.

Labor costs now consume 60¢ of every dollar spent to move freight by rail. The industry deals with 15 major unions that are never hesitant to strike. Right now, the United Transportation Union, representing engineers, brakemen, firemen and conductors, is planning to strike Penn Central in June, when a Government-imposed cooling-off period expires. Seventy-year-old work rules force railroads to pay train crews a full day's wages for every 100 miles traveled —a distance that the fastest diesel locomotives cover in two hours. Some states require trains to carry "full" five-man crews. Says Alan Boyd, former Transportation Secretary and now head of the Illinois Central: "We know we can run a safe train with two men."

Management policy has been equally archaic. Railroads have rarely attempted to put an aggressive salesmanship effort behind their services, a trick that truckers were quick to learn. That failure goes far to explain the drop in the railroads' share of intercity freight traffic to 39% now from 56% in 1950. Some railroads also have paid out in dividends more than they earned in profits, a practice that did much to bring the Penn Central down.

The Government also has bled money from the railroads. Under Section 22 of the Interstate Commerce Act, passed in 1887, railroads have been pressed into hauling Government freight free or at reduced rates. That hurts because the Government is now the railroads' largest customer. Through the ICC, the Government has further sanctioned an impossibly complicated railroad rate structure. The ICC maintains an unindexed file of 43 trillion different rates on varying weights of varying commodities moving varying distances. The general level of rates is both too high and too low: too high to prevent traffic from fleeing to competing carriers; too low to generate much profit on what freight is left.

Cash Transfusion. None of the six bills that Congress is now considering have much chance of passing intact, but portions of two stand a fifty-fifty chance of reaching President Nixon's desk by year's end. The two are the industry's proposed Surface Transportation Act —supported by the railroads' competitors—and the Administration's pending Transportation Assistance Act. Each would provide an immediate transfusion of cash through a Government guarantee of loans. The industry's bill seems preferable because it would provide $5 billion in guarantees for loans that could be used largely to rebuild tracks and yards. The Administration's bill would guarantee $3 billion in loans that could be spent only to buy new rolling stock—hardly the railroads' sole worry. In other respects, both would attack basic problems. The Administration and the industry would permit the railroads to abandon tracks that produce little or no profit, speed up and simplify rate-making procedures, and forbid discriminatory taxation of railroads by states and localities. The Administration, in addition, would eliminate the preferential treatment given to Government freight.

That seems a minimum program to

THE NEW YORK TIMES



PENN CENTRAL RAILROAD CREW REPORTING TO WORK IN AVON, IND.
Its repair schedule assumes a 120-year life span.

give the railroads a chance to pull out of their difficulties. It certainly will not solve all the problems: railroad management must learn more modern ways, and the Government must get tougher with rail unions that insist on featherbedding forever.

The technology exists to build a modern rail network. The Santa Fe now boasts a $12 million automated yard in Kansas City that can handle switching for 3,000 cars a day with only three men to uncouple them. It is technically feasible to run trains with no crewmen except an engineer to blow a warning whistle in dangerous situations. At present, though, these developments only make more painful the contrast between the advanced rail system that the U.S. could have and the dilapidated one that exists.

YUGOSLAVIA

A Red Wall Street?

Yugoslavia is sometimes described as 100% Marxist—50% Karl and 50% Groucho. Although it is Communist, it maintains a market economy that is based on competition between state-owned but individually run companies. That zany-sounding blend of socialism and free enterprise has given the 20.5 million Yugoslavs the fastest growing economy in Eastern Europe. In major cities, modern, wide-windowed apartment complexes dot the skyline, autos clog the streets and stores are stocked with television sets, radios and kitchen appliances. Lately, however, the system has developed enough problems to bring the nation to a crossroad at which its leaders must decide how much further they are willing to go toward a freer economy. Some are prepared to go all the way to the establishment of a Communist stock and bond market.

Yugoslavia's economic split personality began emerging in 1950, when Marshal Josip Broz Tito rejected Soviet-style central planning in favor of economic decentralization. Under his "self-management" system, workers' councils set wage rates and product prices in each enterprise, and theoretically have the power to fire managers, who are responsible to the councils rather than to a state ministry. Kiro Gligorov, a leader of Yugoslavia's League of Communists and the nation's chief economist, explained to TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott: "We believe that the state cannot replace private owners in the management of enterprises. Enterprises must manage themselves." They did efficiently enough in 1970 to lift "social product"—the Yugoslav term closest to gross national product—to $14 billion, a 6.7% rise after discounting inflation factors. Among European Communist countries, only Bulgaria and Albania had a lower total output, but none had such a rapid growth rate.

But industrial democracy has also brought the capitalistic combination of rampant inflation and a ballooning balance of payments deficit. By last August, Yugoslav consumer prices were 16% higher than a year earlier, and the balance of trade deficit soared 20%. In response, the government retreated toward central control of the economy. It held down wages, froze most prices, limited credit, restricted imports and devalued the dinar twice. The program held retail-price increases in the first quarter of 1972 to an acceptable 1.3%. In March, to bolster its trading ability, Yugoslavia obtained a $100 million stabilization loan from a trio of New York banks: Chase Manhattan, First National City and Bankers Trust.

Now Yugoslav leaders feel able to start what might be called Phase II of their "Economic Action Program," designed to loosen controls and stimulate growth while holding inflation to 5%.

TANJUG



BELGRADE SHOPPERS BROWSING FOR COSTUME JEWELRY IN DEPARTMENT STORE
Instead of taking a vacation, buy bonds and collect interest.

In a few months, Finance Secretary Janko Smole will supervise decentralized units of management, labor and government representatives that will set wage rates in each enterprise by a kind of collective bargaining within broad limits imposed by the state. The government is also trying to spur corporate expansion by increasing the proportion of foreign-currency earnings that companies may keep for reinvestment rather than handing over to the central bank. The limit in most enterprises has been raised from 7% to 20%.

Foreign Cash. Yugoslavia, however, still faces a shortage of capital for industrial expansion. Despite recent growth, its companies cannot provide jobs for all workers. More than 800,000 Yugoslavs labor abroad and send more than half their pay back home.

In order to attract more capital, Yugoslavia now seems willing to open its economy wider to investment from other countries, including the U.S. Foreign investment in Yugoslavia has to only $62 million since 1967, mostly cause the government has insisted Yugoslav companies retain control any joint project by owning at 51% of it. Two months ago, howe the government permitted the nati largest copper and brass fabricato form a fifty-fifty partnership with ler National Industries, a smallish marketing firm. Other equally ventures may be allowed in indust where Yugoslavia lacks up-to- technology, such as electronics chemicals. Since the U.S. Governm will now ensure American investm in Yugoslavia, Allis-Chalmers, G hound and other Yankee firms are sidering such deals.

A far more radical way to raise ital would be to organize an inte money market—a sort of Commu Wall Street—yet Yugoslavia is mo in that direction also. Two firms, Zastava auto concern and the Belgra Bar railroad, have been allowed to issues of interest-bearing and resala bonds. More such issues are likely be permitted, and government lead recognize that they eventually will h to set up a market in which the bo can be regularly traded.

Stane Kavčić, premier of the R public of Slovenia, has proposed companies sell dividend-paying too. "Instead of taking a vacation, so one could give his money to an en prise, which in turn could give him terest and maybe even something as well," Kavčić says. His propo has horrified some Communist pur Edvard Kardelj, Yugoslavia's chief ideologist and a close associate of Tito's, gues that stock ownership is anti-Mar ist because it inevitably involves "exploitation of other people's work." But the need for more capital may eventually overcome such inhibitions.

Court Choreography

James Naismith, who invented basketball in 1891 by tacking up two old peach baskets in a Springfield, Mass., gym, once said that he preferred lacrosse. Naismith would have changed his mind if he could have seen a game like the one played last week between the New York Knicks and the Los Angeles Lakers.

The first game of the final play-off series for the National Basketball Association championship was basketball at its dazzling, swirling, entertaining best. Skill not size, strategy not speed, and marksmanship not muscle were the dominant factors as the underdog New York Knicks upended the prestigious Los Angeles Lakers 114-92. Even the Lakers were awed as the sharpshooting Knicks passed and moved through swift, intricate patterns; in the first half they hit 72% of their field shots. Rasped Los Angeles Coach Bill Sharman, victim of a long siege of bursitis: "They could be the best-shooting team in basketball."

They could, but no one, not even the Knicks, expect the rest of the best-of-seven series to repeat the action of the first game. The Knicks could hardly play any better; the Lakers clearly can and doubtless will. The Lakers' great center, Wilt Chamberlain, for instance, may never again be as effectively neutralized. Teammate Jerry West, the alltime N.B.A. play-off scoring leader, cannot do anything but improve on his sickly opening-game shooting performance of three baskets in 15 attempts. At the very least, the Knicks' performance in the first game gave promise that the championship series would be far more exciting a match than anyone had dreamed.

Showdown. For most of the regular season, in fact, fans had looked forward to the final series as little more than an anticlimax. The real drama figured to come in the inevitable showdown between the red-hot Lakers and the defending Champion Milwaukee Bucks for the Western Division title. The winner of that clash, so the smart money said, would then face some hopelessly outclassed team from the Eastern Division.

Part of the scenario came true. The Lakers and the Bucks did meet, but their games rarely generated the anticipated excitement—not even in the seesawing struggle of the seven-footers, Chamberlain and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. In the vital closing minutes of the decisive sixth game, Chamberlain, 35, took almost humiliating command of 24-year-old Jabbar and led the Lakers to victory.

Meanwhile, back in the East, the division final between New York and the Boston Celtics took a surprising turn. The Knicks, who had been the Cinderella team of 1970 (when they won the first N.B.A. championship in their 24-year history), had earlier this season seemed back in the pumpkin class. But after bouncing past the Baltimore Bullets 4-2 in their semifinal, the lightly regarded Knicks proceeded to savage the Celtics 4-1. Suddenly the New Yorkers were at center court, confronting the mighty Lakers.

Despite the opening loss on their home court, the Lakers remained favorites; the title, if they take it, would be their first since they moved to Los Angeles in 1960. They have finished second seven times; they were the team that the Knicks beat for the championship in 1970. But this season, under the skillful shaping of New Coach Sharman, who came to Los Angeles from the Utah Stars of the A.B.A., the Lakers have become one of the most formidable squads in N.B.A. history. They set league records for both consecutive victories (33) and most wins in a season (69, against a mere 13 defeats).

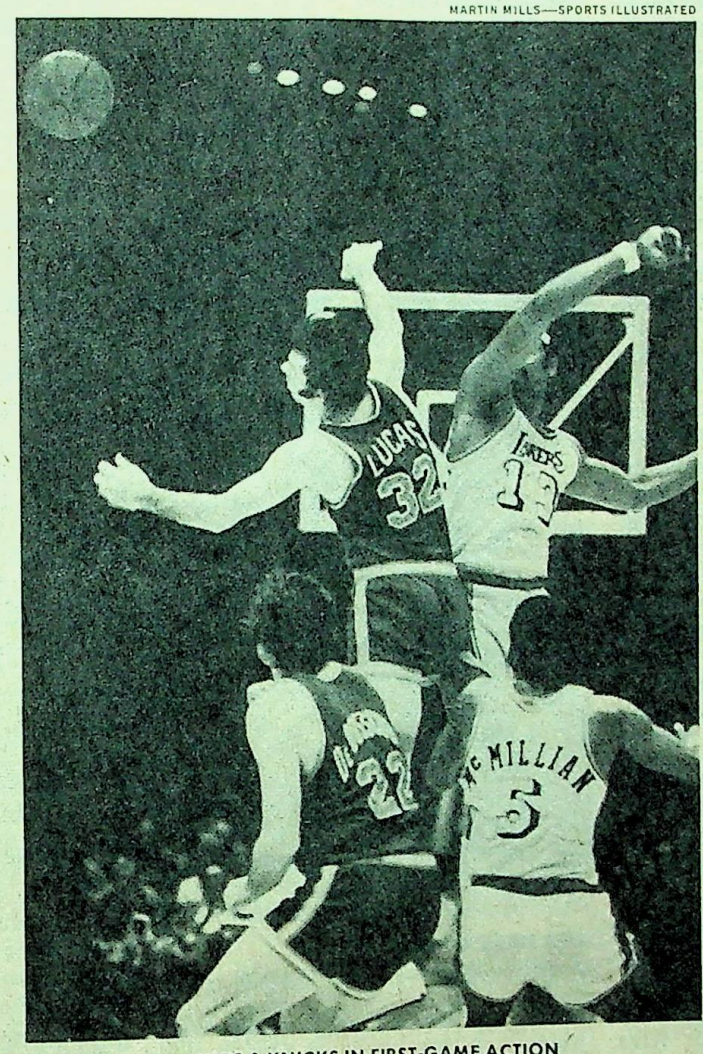
Selfless. Nowhere has Sharman's shaping been more evident than in the play of Chamberlain, who earns about $250,000 a year as center and has occasionally been accused of being something less than a team player. Not this season. Never in his 13-year pro career has the "Dipper" concentrated so little on shooting (he once scored 100 points for Philadelphia against New York) and so much on rebounding, blocking shots and setting up someone else to score. As an intimidating pivot and selfless team captain, Chamberlain has led the Lakers to their new heights.

Which is not to underestimate another Laker superstar, Jerry West. Shrewd playmaker, quick-handed defender and usually sharp shooter, West is probably the best guard ever to play basketball. His fellow guard, completing what may be the finest pairing ever, is Gail Goodrich, who is barely over 6 ft. tall but long on shotmaking skill. As one starting forward, the Lakers have Harold ("Happy") Hairston, a rugged rebounder who complements Wilt in controlling the backboards. The other is Second-Year Man Jim McMillian (rhymes with villain), who is deadly from the corner and scored a career high of 42 points in one of the play-off games against Milwaukee.

The Knicks have no one of the Chamberlain or West magnitude. Their strength —carefully nurtured by Coach Red Holzman—lies in remarkable poise, extraordinary all-round skill at any position on the court, and almost uncanny balance. If some of the players cool off, others almost always compensate by heating up as scorers, rebounders or playmakers. If the Lakers are a team of carefully selected specialists, the Knicks are an impressive pack of general practitioners.

At center is Jerry Lucas, who can score consistently from more than 20 ft. out. The starting guards are Walt Frazier, a clutch player who is the Knicks' leading scorer and most larcenous defender, and dazzling Earl ("The Pearl") Monroe, beginning to return to his best ball-handling form after a season hobbled by injuries. Starting forwards are Dave DeBusschere, a bruising rebounder and probably the N.B.A.'s best defensive forward, and "Dollar Bill" Bradley, a study in

MARTIN MILLS—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



LAKERS & KNICKS IN FIRST-GAME ACTION
Marksmanship not muscle.

thoughtfully planned perpetual motion.

The Knicks' offensive strategy revolves around Lucas, a veteran forward acquired in an off-season trade to take over for injured Willis Reed. Too small to battle under the boards with most other pivots (he gives away 6 in. and 50 lbs. to Chamberlain), Lucas is a center in name only. He floats far away from the basket and fires his high-arcing shots with such consistent accuracy that the opposing center is almost always forced to move out to try to stop him. That clears the lane to the basket for lay-ups and rebounds by the rest of the Knicks. If the opposing center hangs back and does not take the bait, Lucas can usually make him reconsider by bombing the hoop with a mortar-like barrage.

The Knick strategy worked to improbable perfection in the first game against Los Angeles. "We knew what they were going to do," sighed West, "and they did it." Added Coach Sharman: "Wilt made an effort to go out on Lucas, but he wasn't quite fast enough and he got caught lots of times in no man's land." That not only left Pivotman Lucas free to score well from the outside, but it also opened up the lane for his teammates. Chamberlain was seldom able to get into position to clear the boards and toss his football-like passes to set up the Lakers' most potent scoring play: the fast break downcourt.

The drama of all this court choreography has not been lost on viewers or on the ABC television network. Last week, for example, just before the start of the first game, delayed to accommodate President Nixon's Viet Nam speech, about eleven million of a total of 33 million viewers were tuned in to ABC. Once the President stopped talking and the Knicks started bombing the Lakers, ABC's audience escalated to 25 million.

D-Day for Riva Ridge

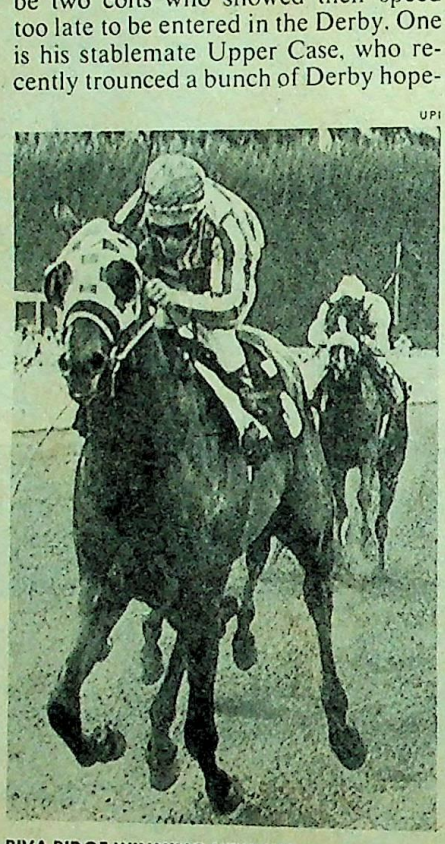
Many a young thoroughbred speeds to a performance that starts his owner dreaming of the Kentucky Derby. All too often, that kind of early foot fades long before the call to the post at Churchill Downs. Not so with Riva Ridge. The handsome bay colt was the logical favorite in everyone's winter book, and he has remained the choice of the chalk players ever since. He will make the run for the roses this week as one of the hottest favorites in the Derby's 98-year history.

Bred by Meadow Stable of Virginia, Riva Ridge has been beaten only three times in his spectacular career; on each occasion there were extenuating circumstances. His first time out he raced without blinkers; the second time he lost, he cast a shoe; the last time, when he ran fourth in the Everglades Stakes a few weeks ago, he was bumped into the rail and got a disappointing ride from Jockey Ron Turcotte.

Riva Ridge's nine victories are all the more impressive because most of them have been won against top competition. As a two-year-old, he took the Flash, the Futurity, the Champagne Stakes, the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity and the Garden State, collecting a total of $503,263 in prize money. In his first trial as a three-year-old, following a long winter's rest, he ran away with the Hibiscus Stakes. After missing out in the Everglades, he returned to the winner's circle last week with a coasting four-length victory over ten other Derby eligibles in the Blue Grass Stakes. Says Veteran Jockey Ray Broussard, who has handled Riva Ridge in workouts: "I've been on a great many running horses in my career, but none are the equal of this one."

If Riva Ridge has any real challengers as a top three-year-old, they could be two colts who showed their speed too late to be entered in the Derby. One is his stablemate Upper Case, who recently trounced a bunch of Derby hope-

UPI



RIVA RIDGE WINNING HIBISCUS
A stablemate stayed in the barn.

fuls in the Florida Derby and the Wood Memorial; the other is Quack, who forced two erstwhile top contenders out of the race at Churchill Downs by whipping them in the California Derby.

The best horse to race Riva Ridge in Louisville may be No Le Hace (Spanish for "It makes no difference"), unbeaten this year in four races, including the Louisiana and Arkansas derbies. A sentimental choice may be the Arkansas Derby's runner-up, Hassi's Image, trained by Venezuelan Juan Arias. Last year Arias prepared Cañonero II, surprise winner of both the Derby and Preakness. Cañonero threatened to become the first horse in 25 years to take the Triple Crown, but he confounded the odds makers and finished fourth in the Belmont. Now it is Riva Ridge who is running for Louisville's roses, while his backers are already talking of a Triple Crown.

MILESTONES

Died. Kwame Nkrumah, 62, [illegible] posed first President of Ghana and le[illegible] er in Africa's anti-colonialism mo[illegible] ment (*see* THE WORLD).

Died. George Sanders, 65, cyn[illegible] sinister film smoothie for more [illegible] three decades; by his own hand (sle[illegible] ing pills); in Castelldefels, Sp[illegible] Though he began his career as a sta[illegible] Sanders moved easily into movies [illegible] ing the '30s and was quickly typec[illegible] as the unctuous villain in such pictu[illegible] as *Lloyds of London* and *The Pict[illegible] of Dorian Gray*. He called his auto[illegible] ography *Memoirs of a Professional C[illegible]* and pooh-poohed his own acting [illegible] ity, but won an Academy Award [illegible] 1950 for his role as the bitchy, jad[illegible] critic in *All About Eve*. His suicide no[illegible] was totally in character: "I am leavi[illegible] because I am bored."

Died. Arthur E. Summerfield, [illegible] Dwight Eisenhower's Postmaster Ge[illegible] eral and campaign manager; of pneu[illegible] monia; in West Palm Beach, Fla. A ninth-grade dropout, Summerfield bu[illegible] up one of the country's largest Che[illegible] rolet dealerships during the Depressio[illegible] His 1940 Michigan campaign work fo[illegible] Wendell Willkie started his political ca[illegible] reer; by the 1952 Republican Conve[illegible] tion, he was able to deliver a key blo[illegible] of delegates to Eisenhower. In return[illegible] Summerfield was appointed Eisenhow[illegible] er's campaign manager, Republica[illegible] National Committee chairman, an[illegible] finally Postmaster General.

Died. Louis F. Budenz, 80, Amer[illegible] can Communist leader who turne[illegible] against the party and informed on [illegible] erstwhile comrades; in Newport, R[illegible] A Catholic-educated Midwesterner, B[illegible] denz became sympathetic to the wor[illegible] ing class and involved himself in th[illegible] labor movement of the '20s. In 1935 [illegible] joined the Communist Party and with[illegible] five years was managing editor of th[illegible] *Daily Worker*. He became disillusioned[illegible] he said, when he "learned the truth co[illegible] cerning the Communist conspira[illegible] against America and Catholicism." [illegible] in 1945 he renounced the party to re[illegible] the Catholic Church. Later he was fr[illegible] quently called as a witness in trials of a[illegible] cused Communists, and he appeared [illegible] often before Senator Joseph McCar[illegible] thy's investigating committee.

Died. Frank L. Boyden, 92, hea[illegible] master of Deerfield Academy for [illegible] years; in Deerfield, Mass. Boyden w[illegible] a 23-year-old college graduate when h[illegible] joined the struggling, 14-student d[illegible] school as its headmaster and only teac[illegible] er in 1902. Both grew from the partn[illegible] ship—Deerfield into one of the nation[illegible] most prestigious prep schools (enro[illegible] ment 507), Boyden into one of the m[illegible] respected educators of his time.

The Crichton Strain

E TERMINAL MAN
MICHAEL CRICHTON
pages, Knopf. $6.95.

ARY
JOHN LANGE
pages. Knopf. $5.95.

Michael Crichton, 29-year-old
bout physician and author of the
selling novel *The Andromeda*
n, is unleashing an entertainment
demic. It is being spread through
ks and movies, only some of which
his real name. Regardless of by-
and credit, however, the Crichton
n is unmistakable.

Both *The Terminal Man* and *Binary*



RALPH CRANE

MICHAEL CRICHTON (ALIAS JOHN LANGE, ALIAS JEFFRY HUDSON) IN LOS ANGELES
After nerve gas and psychosurgery, can Dracula be far behind?

written under the author's old Har-
rd Medical School paperback pen
me, John Lange—share their author's
nctive touch. Crichton creations
ve on a scientific esoterica that owes
re to fact than to fiction. Crichton
ople tend to be value-neutral tech-
ans who, like sorcerer's apprentices,
ddle with forces they cannot control.
ove all, there is Crichton's almost
mpulsive awareness of time and his
at explaining the complex without
ng the reader's interest.

In *Binary*, which Crichton has just
ished directing as an ABC-TV movie, a
tant millionaire fanatic named
right plots to destroy Richard Nixon.
right believes that the President sold
the nation by breaking egg rolls with
e Red Chinese. The Republican Party
d the population of San Diego will
ve to go too, because Wright plans to
erate the city with nerve gas during
e forthcoming national convention.
The whole novel is compressed into
twelve hours, time enough for Wright to outwit a Defense Department intelligence agent, hijack several tanks of nerve-gas components, and rig a devilish device to dispense them. With two gases and two competitive adversaries about to mix lethally, the novel's title, *Binary*, and its suspense are readily understandable. Crichton also manages to turn the book into something of an early warning device. An epilogue in the form of think-tank recommendations to the Government suggests specific changes in existing procedures to prevent the theft of chemical, biological or nuclear weapons. Crichton's bureaucrats halfheartedly promise to review the report "in the near future."

In *Terminal Man*, the near future is practically upon us. The theme is mind control through psychosurgery, today hardly in the realm of science fiction (TIME, April 3). Crichton's surgeons plant 40 minuscule electrodes in the brain of Harry Benson, a psychomotor epileptic whose fits turn him into a homicidal maniac. The electrodes, powered by a tiny nuclear battery implanted in Harry's shoulder, deliver small electrical impulses which check the epileptic fit at its onset.

Crichton maintains credibility with a fine array of documentary props, including a page of real brain X rays. Ironically, the plot turns on a physiological mechanism that is somewhat fanciful. Harry becomes addicted to the shocks, which give him a pleasant electrical high. His brain, therefore, contrives to have more frequent fits in order to receive more titillating shocks. Eventually the psychomotor epilepsy overrides the blocking capacity of the electrodes and Harry becomes a computerized monster. By this time he has escaped from the hospital and is well into murder and mayhem, with assorted police and medical practitioners in confused pursuit.

But is it a man hunt or a machine hunt? Is Harry Benson only the tragic victim of scientific arrogance or, as he says shortly after the operation, "a fallen man," precursor of a generation that may have no memory of what it was to have been human? Crichton does not indulge in such speculation. He is a scrupulous genre writer who is content to dress up old tales with new gadgetry. *Andromeda Strain*, for example, was in some sense a rewrite of H.G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*. *The Terminal Man* is an update of Frankenstein. Can Dracula, or Wolfman in sheep's clothing, be far behind? ■ R.Z. Sheppard

□ □ □

With his rosy, unlined face, he looks like a 15-year-old boy standing on a chair. But then Michael Crichton, M.D., ducks his 6 ft. 9 in. under the lintel of his office door and casually maneuvers a lovely young actress back into the Los Angeles sunshine. Just as casually he diagnoses the actress's problems. "She can't play a tough ." The prescription? "I'll have to rewrite her part."

Dr. Crichton is learning the movie business. Right down to those hard-boiled comments as familiar on film sets as in the operating room. Not that he ever spent much time in surgery. At Harvard, Crichton used a pen more often than a scalpel. Before graduating he had published half a dozen paperback thrillers under the name of John Lange. He also researched *Five Patients*, his documentary about the workings of a large medical center. In 1968 *A Case of Need* won the Mystery Writers of America Edgar Award. For that book —a swiftly plotted story biased in favor of abortion—Crichton used the name Jeffry Hudson, who was a dwarf in the court of Charles I.

A Case of Need, turned into a movie, is currently touring as *The Carey Treatment*. So is another Crichton novel, the recently released *Dealing*, a tale of the collegiate marijuana trade. The original novel, by "Michael Douglas," was actually a hasty collaboration between Crichton and his younger brother Douglas.

Novels, film scripts, and now directing, have naturally proved more profitable than medical practice. The film rights alone for *The Terminal Man* have brought Crichton $350,000 so far. Success steered him into psychoanalysis and broke up his five-year marriage. Although he walks with the slight stoop of a man concerned with not bumping his head, he seems to like towering over everyone else. On the L.A. party circuit, only the Lakers' Wilt Chamberlain could challenge this distinction. Crichton's tastes run to the sound and costly. He has a Mercedes-Benz sedan to replace a Porsche, which he found too cramping, and recently purchased a house designed by Richard Neutra.

Clearly, Crichton is an ambitious

man. But then he came of a very achievement-oriented family. His father was the busy executive editor of *Advertising Age*. Growing up in Roslyn, N.Y., Crichton recalls that he and his brother and two sisters had to take music lessons whether they liked them or not. By the time Crichton was 14, he was already 6 ft. 7 in. tall. Before long, the high school basketball coach was whipping star performances out of this less-than-natural athlete. Crichton worked hard, because, as he says facetiously, "I wanted to be kissed by the cheerleaders." He continues to work hard, and those cheerleaders have now been replaced by starlets. Yet Crichton seems happiest when he is trying something entirely new. Directing *Binary*, his first film, was, he says, "like a drug high that went on for twelve days. I was just zinging along for miles."

Crichton's success is in many respects conventional, but one should not count on his doing the normal thing. Even if he does, he will undoubtedly do more of it than anyone else.

Voices Amid Thunder

SOULS ON FIRE
by ELIE WIESEL
268 pages. Random House. $7.95.

For over a decade now, in nine books of fiction and nonfiction, Elie Wiesel (*Night, A Beggar in Jerusalem*) has been the dark poet of the Holocaust, a man brooding circularly upon the six million Jews who died in death camps. Now he has written a rich, warm book whose subject is religious joy, that mystical and ecstatic strain in Judaic history known as Hasidism.

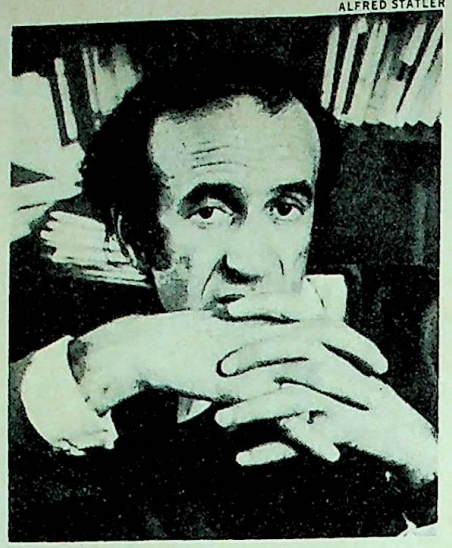
The book is not so much history as artful evocation. Wiesel tells how Hasidism came to be, two centuries ago in those borderlands that were now Poland, now Russia. He also describes what Hasidism is. No matter that the movement's founder, the Baal Shem Tov ("Master of the Good Name") is already lost in legend. As Wiesel demonstrates, telling his tales learned from his grandfather's knee in Transylvania, Hasidism did not derive from fact or reason but from love and faith.

It was a rebellion against rabbinic legalisms, a rejection of the rationalistic Judaism of the 18th century Enlightenment. It was a cry of fierce optimism in the face of the tragedy that seemed to be man's—and especially Jewish man's—normal portion. In a fragmenting epoch, Hasidism asserted that all Creation is one, that God is good, that man serves him best by rejoicing in life, however difficult it may be.

Wiesel measures his story out in impressionistic vignettes from the lives and thoughts of the great rabbis who fanned Hasidism into a fire that roared through Eastern European Jewry.

There are wise smiles. One Hasidic master boldly tells God that he owes something to sinful man: "Without our sins, what would You do with Your pardon?" There is good counsel: "Every man must free himself from Egypt every day." And there are hard sayings: "Either God is king of this world and I am not doing enough to serve Him, or He is not—and then it is my fault."

ALFRED STATLER



ELIE WIESEL IN MANHATTAN
Breaking the dark circle.

The men and their words add up to something extraordinary. Stark figures on an uncertain terrain, they are voices amid thunder, and the voices stick in the mind. Wiesel, who calls himself a Hasid, has done honor to his past with a superb piece of narrative artistry and —more important—with a stunning affirmation of life. ■ Mayo Mohs

New Dreams for Old

THE RISE OF THE UNMELTABLE ETHNICS
by MICHAEL NOVAK
321 pages. Macmillan. $7.95.

Michael Novak's Slovak grandparents, oppressed by the Austro-Hungarian empire, emigrated to the United States for the classic reasons. One grandfather became a Pennsylvania farmer. One grandmother, widowed, hired out as housekeeper and laundress. Novak's parents mobiled upward, from Johnstown's Slovak ghetto to "the WASP suburb on the hill." Then Michael went the rest of the way. He is a sober-profiled Catholic professor of philosophy and religion, currently at the State University of New York. But with a book in one hand (perhaps even his own *A Theology for Radical Politics*) and a pipe in the other, Novak could pass as a WASP to the Eastern Establishment born.

Novak has made it. And—would the WASPs believe?—he isn't happy about it. With pride and a certain bitterness, he is now reclaiming his ethnic identity. Nor does he regard this step as a private pilgrimage. Noting such things as the appearance of "Kiss Me, I'm Italian" buttons and the proliferation of Irish-American autobiography, Novak presumes to speak for the 70 million American descendants of immigrants from Ireland, Italy, Spain, Greece, Armenia and the Slavic nations. "In the 1960s," he writes, "the blacks and [illegible] young had their day." The '70s will [illegible] the "decade of the ethnics."

Passionately and erratically [illegible] bining scholarship with manifesto writing, Novak begins his argument with a rather familiar counterattack. The WASP model for behavior has gone go. WASP America, "more like a relig[illegible] than like a nation," has demanded of joiners a "conversion of the soul." Novak blames the WASP for everything from birth control to Women's Lib [illegible] fected with WASP individualism"). "WASP" to Novak and he sees cold "modernity," antiseptic blandness. Say "ethnic" and he sees colorful people, [illegible] ring at family feasts, full of a fierce loyalty to their neighborhood and to old pieties—spiritually if not physically in folk costumes. Authentic, by God.

Novak's notions of revolution [illegible] a variety of the new populism (Time, April 17), with a dream of "cultural pluralism." Novak talks bravely of "a policy that will guide the nation for the [illegible] ty years—that is what we need." But his own suggestions tend to be vague: "Life will slow down," "new cities" will be built "on a human scale." Or nostalgic: There should be a William Morris-like return to handicrafts and cottage industries. Or whimsical: Let one million New Yorkers move to Iowa, where "there are green fields and hills, jobs and dignity."

Other planks in the Novak platform for a better America:

"Doctors should be paid no more than plumbers."

"Children of intellectuals shall be admitted only to colleges of agriculture in prairie states."

"Expense accounts are outlawed."

"Taxi drivers shall teach sixth and seventh grade."

When Novak gets down to serious



DRAWING BY WHITNEY DARROW, JR.
© 1970, THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"This year I'm not getting involved in any complicated issues. I'm just voting my straight, ethnic prejudices."

...winning politics, he stipulates a co-
...on of "blacks and ethnic whites" as
...rviable." While admitting that, to
...blacks, all whites look alike for the
...ment, he asks wistfully: "Couldn't
...y distinguish a fellow sufferer under
...tic prejudice from a WASP?"

As new American politics, Novak's
...for ethnic power can sound like the
...st American politics; one hears the
...oric of a new Tammany promising
...Slovak grandmother prune dump-
...s in the sky. In his general plea for
...entralization—down with the bu-
...crats, up with neighborhood gov-
...ment—Novak seems on sounder
...und, though he fails to prove that
...ic self-consciousness is the key.
...t validates the book is Novak's very
...kessness—his willingness to sweep
...nd defendable limits. This is the
...e he knowingly pays for a modest
...of hope at a time when most intel-
...uals are playing it safe with predic-
...s of Apocalypse. "There is a great
...yet to be discovered about Ameri-
Novak concludes. He has, in fact,
...cked the American Dream in order
...pen up a possible second chapter

■ Melvin Maddocks

...e Making of a Writer

...GHT OIL
...S. PRITCHETT
... pages. Random House. $6.95.

This is the second and apparently
...inal volume in the autobiography of
...tain's best literary critic as well as
...of its wisest and sanest men of let-
... Pritchett's elegant prose and range
...nowledge might suggest that he is a
...duct of a proud public school and
...ford. But in Volume 1, *A Cab at the*
..., he wrote of a decidedly lower-
...dle-class upbringing as the child of
...less and eccentric parents.

Midnight Oil begins with the story
...how he became a writer without ben-
... of higher education, literary men-
...s or even good advice. Instinct made
... 20-year-old Pritchett leave the
...ther trade in London and set off for
...is in 1921. He saw his first pepper
...l, ate his first omelet, became an ac-
...t snob and—so far as he could afford
...t fop. In a more gradual way, "the or-
...ness of the trees, the gravely spaced
...ness, rearranged my mind."

He held a couple of selling jobs, but
...about writing at once. The embar-
...sing question was: Write what? He
...d read some Stevenson, Chesterton
...d a few Georgian poets. "What was
...r common characteristic?" he pon-
...ed. "It was obvious. They walked."
...young Pritchett took to the roads and
...ned dusty with full notebooks.
...m the *Christian Science Monitor* be-
...publishing his word sketches.

The poignancy of Pritchett's early
...er lies in his utter isolation. Any
...g he acquired was the product of
...ssing or laborious trial and error.
...ce. Hemingway and Stein were in Paris when Pritchett was. He had never heard of them, nor had he any notion of what they were trying to do. After two years in France, he signed on as *Monitor* correspondent in Ireland—during the Troubles—and later went to Spain. He was so ignorant of journalism that for a while he was unaware that he could even approach government or political figures for interviews. Later he admitted, "In my heart I despised news and was confused by opinion."

Midnight Oil is written in lucid, supple prose—exactly suited to a testing and savoring memory. At first one naturally brushes past the author's frequent avowals that as a young man he wrote very badly. But late in the book he quotes a description of the Great Smokies written in 1926, and sure enough it is just awful: "From their highest elevation bannered a stilly chrome wash of startled light."

"A Little More." Pritchett can smile at his youthful self. More important he is able to set down the gradual growth of his mind. After the early Paris period when he thought his feet could take him farther than his head, he entered a blurry "transcendental" phase culminating in the Irish sojourn. In that "Victorian lagoon," even the fighting seemed unreal. He arrived at Cork terrified by a hail of machine-gun fire, only to be reassured by the urchin carrying his bag: " 'Tis only the boys from the hills." In Ireland he met his first true writers—Yeats and O'Casey among others—and he dreamed of becoming an "artist" whose art could be determined later.

The harsh landscape of Spain and the poverty of its people changed all that. Ten years before the Civil War, the country seemed proud, destitute and challenging. "There was a sense of the immediate and finite, so much more satisfying than the infinite, which had really starved me. Here one began to see exactly." Now his walking tours were taken with less naive goals. His first book, *Marching Spain*, appeared and the mental rearrangement begun beneath the trees in Paris was complete.

The last part of the book returns to England and in a way to *A Cab at the Door*. Pritchett's blustering father and droll mother come onstage for a final turn, somewhat better off financially but still squabbling, buying and selling inappropriate property, defying the blitz by moving *into* London. Both died in their 80s after the war. Probably out of modesty, he sketches his later life very lightly, discussing his novels and short stories briefly and barely mentioning both his career as critic for the *New Statesman* and the major study of Balzac he has worked on for years. Now approaching his parents' great age, Pritchett looks at himself: "A bald man, his fattish face supported by a valance of chins. I am seventy, and in my father's phrase, 'I would like a little more.' " Is it too greedy to ask for one more volume of memoirs?

■ Martha Duffy

Take a world cruise with HOPE

HOPE is the gleaming white hospital ship which brings a cargo of knowledge, good health and goodwill to people who need it desperately.

HOPE is doctor, teacher, friend to the world; a non-



A DOCKSIDE CROWD bids a fond farewell to the good ship HOPE.

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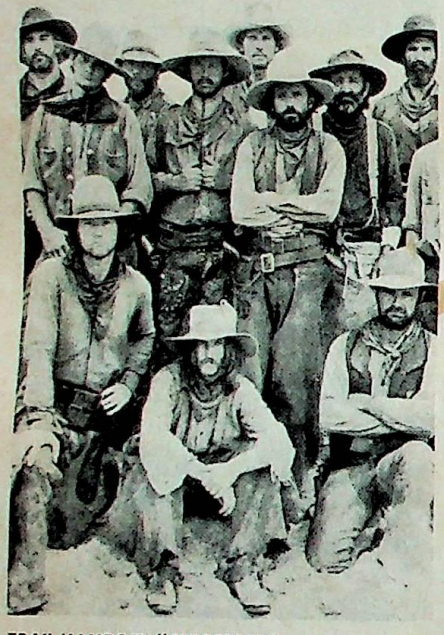
PROJECT HOPE, DEPT. A,
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20007.

Mixed Company

THE CULPEPPER CATTLE CO.
Directed by DICK RICHARDS
Screenplay by ERIC BERCOVICI and GREGORY PRENTISS

"Cowboyin'," the cook confides to the eager kid, "is somethin' you do when you can't do nothin' else." At its best moments *The Culpepper Cattle Co.* puts across several such gruff insights about a way of life now long past.

Dick Richards, here making his first feature, is a former director of television commercials, an apprenticeship that presents several liabilities when it comes to filming anything longer than 60 seconds. The movie has a tendency to be episodic and rather punchy, and the visual style is too pretty. Every time the cowboys saddle up it looks as if they're about to ride up the arroyo for a Pepsi.



TRAIL HANDS IN "CULPEPPER"
Saddling up for Pepsi.

The script owes some of its incident and much of its spirit to *Monte Walsh*, both the Jack Schaefer novel and William Fraker's underrated film version. But *Culpepper* is less about growing old than coming of age. Ben Mockridge (Gary Grimes) is barely past his teens when he talks Trail Boss Frank Culpepper (Billy "Green" Bush) into taking him along on a drive. Ben is hired on as "little Mary" (cook's helper), and he has to work his predictable way up from there.

The dazzling Southwest scenery is present in abundance, but it is functional, not merely decorative. And whenever the movie moves indoors, usually to a saloon, the sets—however slickly photographed—are appropriately dark and tumble-down, as if some New Mexico ghost town had been converted into a sound stage.

Grimes, who underwent a somewhat less violent coming of age in *The Summer of '42*, has a scene in *Culpepper* that is served up to him as a piping hot cliché: The Kid's First Drink. He handles the whole thing very gracefully by taking his belt, swallowing hard and flashing a quick victory grin at his disappointed companions. Bush, so good as Jack Nicholson's hillbilly buddy in *Five Easy Pieces*, is even better here—prickly and sardonic. The other members of the *Culpepper* outfit are stolid and laconic, but most of them (especially Luke Askew and Bo Hopkins) manage to be interesting anyhow. ■ Jay Cocks

Ill Wind

COOL BREEZE
Directed by BARRY POLLACK
Screenplay by BARRY POLLACK

This sleazy remake of John Huston's fine *The Asphalt Jungle* is cast primarily with blacks, but the men who made it—Scenarist-Director Barry Pollack, Producer Gene Corman—are white. Their interest is not so much in reaching the new-found black audience (TIME, April 10) as in exploiting it.

The Asphalt Jungle was a taut and precise study of the way a robbery went wrong as a result of the psychological quirks of the perpetrators. In *Cool Breeze*, the gang is given a vaguely altruistic motive (the money from the job will go to start a "black people's bank"), which once proposed is rapidly forgotten. Pollack's script uses this political ploy as a kind of sop, an attempt to make the gang not merely crooks but criminal revolutionaries.

The movie is all jiveass and jungle bunnies. The men (Thalmus Rasulala, Raymond St. Jacques, Jim Watkins) chortle and slap one another's palms. The women (Judy Pace, Margaret Avery) mostly moan and gyrate in transports of synthetic sexual passion. Director Pollack is singularly catholic in his taste for stereotypes. ■ J.C.

Demolition Derby

LOOT
Directed by SILVIO NARIZZANO
Screenplay by RAY GALTON and ALAN SIMPSON

The point of the late Joe Orton's play *Loot*—not the only point, but a prominent one—was outrageous and exhilarating bad taste. Director Silvio Narizzano, no stranger to bad taste himself (*Georgy Girl, Blue*), changes Orton's cyanide cocktail into a fey demolition derby.

Loot looks like an unlikely hybrid of the Marx Brothers, Agatha Christie and a training film for the Mattac... Society. Narizzano has directed the ... taste in bad taste, clumsily campin... up at every opportunity, blunting ... ton's coruscating wit. That this co... through at all is owing less to Na... zano than to the play's admir... resiliency.

The plot, which defies both desc... tion and belief, is a charade on the g... eral subject of greed, its manifestati... problems and eventual rewards. T... delirious lads (Hywel Bennett and ... Holder), keen on money and each o... er, develop a plot to blow up a bo... safe and stash the take in Mrs. M... Leavy's coffin. Mrs. McLeavy is the ... cently departed mother of one of ... boys. Mr. McLeavy (Milo O'Shea) ... a lickerish eye on Fay the nurse (L... Remick), whose charms are available ...



DELIRIOUS LADS & LASS IN "LOOT"
Enjoying just deserts.

an ever accelerating price. Investigati... them all is a detective called Truss... (Richard Attenborough), who fanc... he is fooling everyone by disguis... himself as a member of the water boa... At the denouement, just deserts are e... joyed by all.

Logic is lampooned, insanity tri... phant in Orton's language, which is p... served here in reasonable facsim... Miss Remick, dolled up to look like ... prize in a shooting gallery, is calcul... ing and amusing. Attenborough a... O'Shea are nothing short of hilario... With puffy face and popping raisin ey... Attenborough looks like a hot cro... bun impaled on a rag mop as he co... tinually cross-examines the befudd... O'Shea. During an interval in the q... tioning, Attenborough boasts that it ... he who solved the notorious riddle ... "the limbless girl killer." "Who'd w... to kill a limbless girl?" asks O'Shea s... pathetically. "Oh, she wasn't the v... tim," Attenborough replies. "She w... the killer." Not even Narizzano can ... dle an exchange like that. ■

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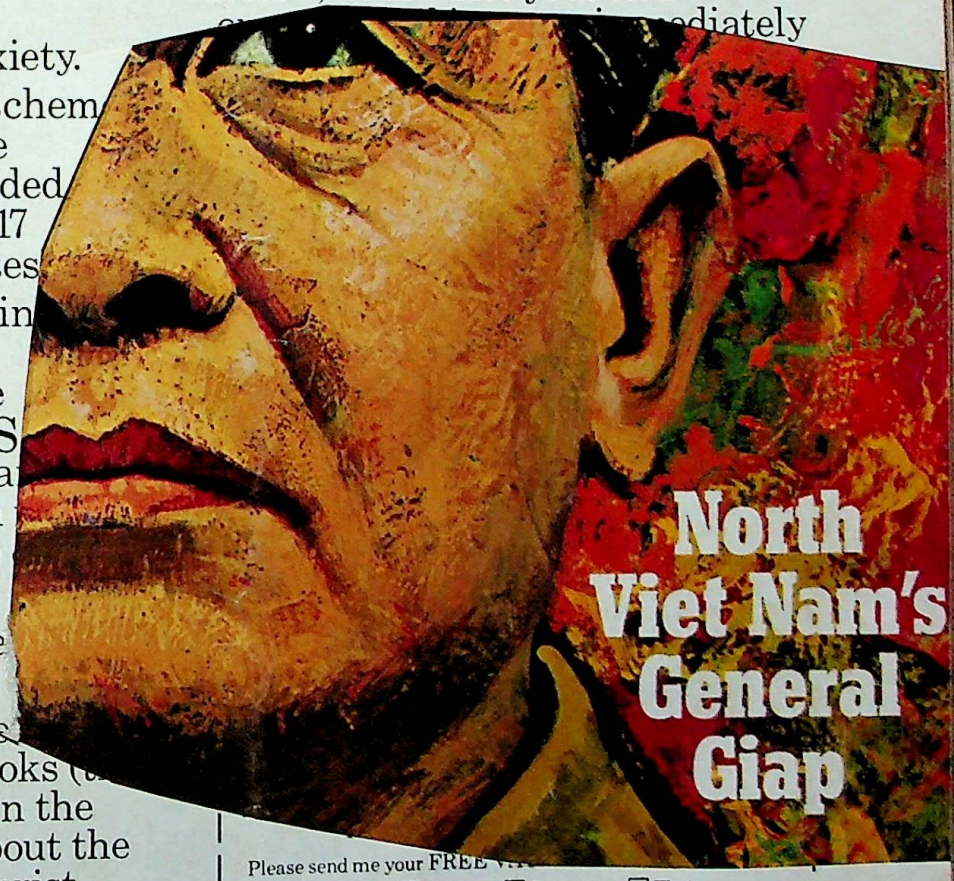
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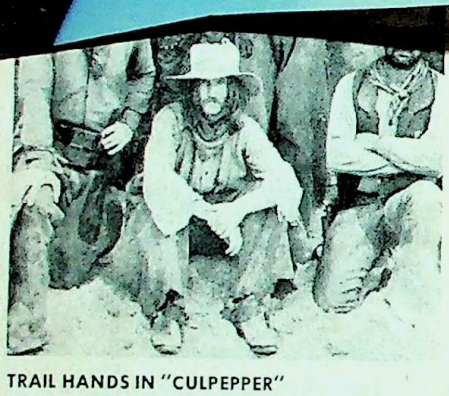
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TRAIL HANDS IN "CULPEPPER"
Saddling up for Pepsi.

comes to filming anything longer than 60 seconds. The movie has a tendency to be episodic and rather punchy, and the visual style is too pretty. Every time the cowboys saddle up it looks as if they're about to ride up the arroyo for a Pepsi.

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Demolition Derby

LOOT
Direct

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TIME

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North Viet Nam's General Giap

The FBI after Hoover

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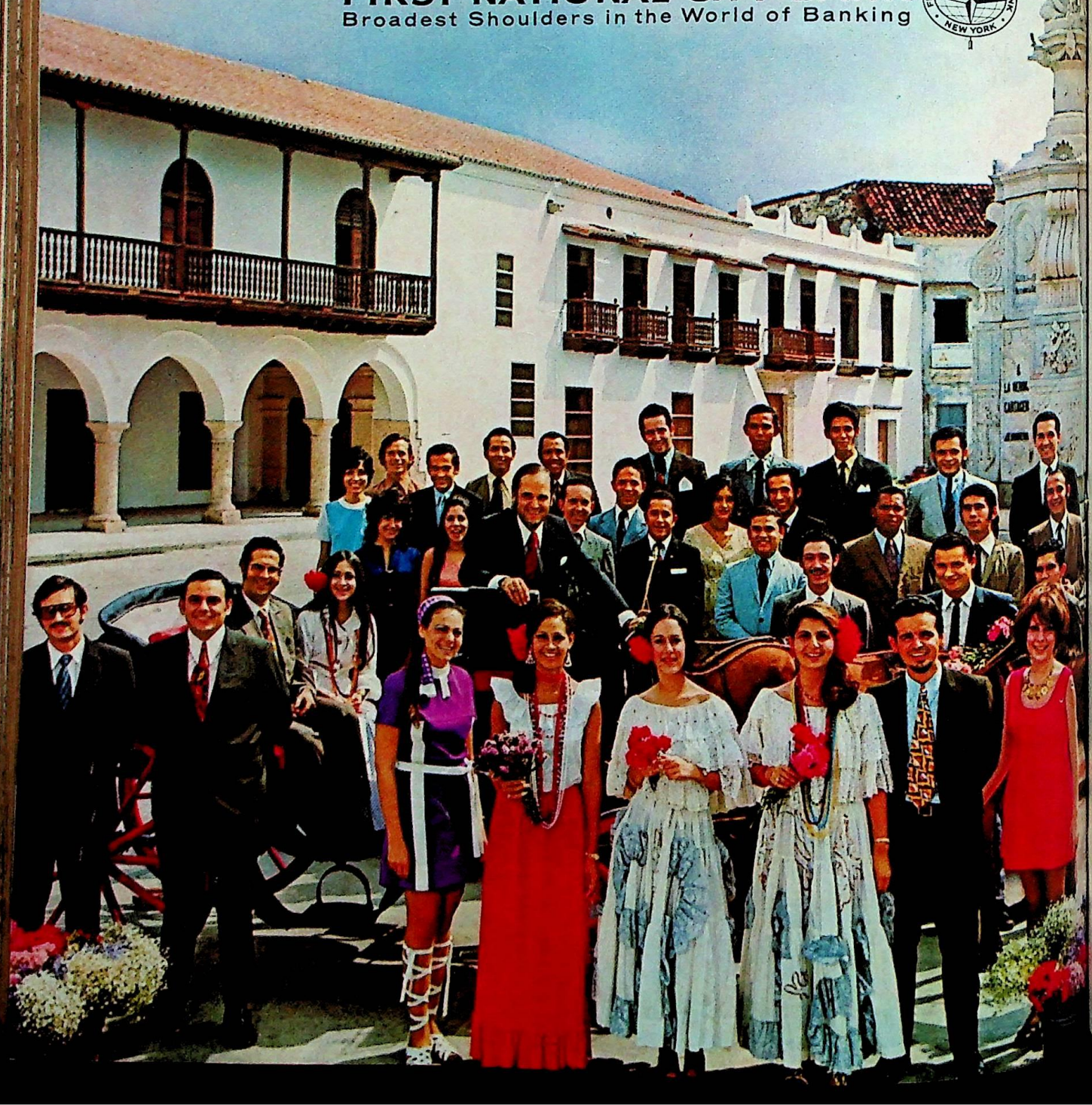
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Ω OMEGA

Cain Did It

Sir / After reading your Essay "Psychology of Murder" [April 24], I am forced to say that phrases like "Violence is as American as cherry pie" and "sick society"—mouthed and remouthed incessantly for shock effect—offend my passion for scientific accuracy.

To impute collective responsibility when only one or a few are involved is not only inaccurate but unfair, and it serves only to encourage crime. Crime is committed by those who *do* it or have it done, and not by the body of society, which is on the whole law-abiding.

If we are to halt crime, we have to stop blurring the distinction between Cain and Abel. It was Cain who killed his brother.

NANCY CATHERINE MOORE
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir / It is time that this country faced reality and the murder situation on our home front. The right to bear arms may be in the Constitution of the U.S. and may well have served its useful purpose in 1776, but 200 years is too long to carry on a tradition that has outlived its usefulness.

STEVEN F. SILBER
Baltimore

Sir / You seem to think that all you have to do is disarm the citizen and your problems are ended. It sounds so simple and easy. But just try it. Most of the firearms in the U.S. today are owned by hard-working average American people who enjoy hunting and target sport shooting. I myself have three rifles, one shotgun and two automatic pistols. The availability of these firearms to me is not a stimulus to murder as you suggest.

DON NOURY
Southington, Conn.

Sir / Since man cannot create life at will or spontaneously, he is in awe of his power to destroy it. This may be the reason for his fascination with murder. But I doubt that just acknowledging an unhealthy fascination with murder will change man's impulses to destroy life.

JUDY ODDENINO
Falls Church, Va.

Sir / An action becomes violent when selfish concern for a particular goal overrides consideration for others.

Our cultural emphasis on self-reliant individualism has augmented our instinctive self-concern, and our cultural emphasis on winning and competing has helped produce a society unresponsive to the needs of others, which in turn makes it more necessary to be self-concerned to survive.

MARILYN KRAMER
Wausau, Wis.

Sir / Virginia Adams failed to analyze the most bloody and murderous of all: the females who kill their young by abortion.

The reasoning for murder is simple. In the dim but not so distant past, it was thought that a human being had the right to be loved because he existed. More recently a human being is granted the right to exist only if he is loved beforehand.

Why do we complain of an impersonal Military-Industrial-Complex-for-Murder when we demand government-paid abortion on request?

HENRY V. SATTLER, PH.D.
Scranton, Pa.

Sir / Violence has always been with us; the only thing that's startling is the metamorphosed attitude toward it. Like, shall I say, equating violence with masculinity and glorifying it through the mass media. Really, are we men so weak as to let our women know that our ego and colossal vanity are hurt?

Some of us might dispute it, but the fact is that there's nothing except brute force in the male's arsenal that the female hasn't excelled or equaled.

K.N. NINAN
Bombay

The Cost of Toast

Sir / After reading your article "The Sprouting Farm Issue" [April 24], I am amazed. If it took eleven hours of farm labor to produce a bushel of wheat, your morning toast would be at a price that would make you appreciate it.

JERRY J. CLARK
Mayville, Wis.

■ TIME *should have said that eleven hours of work can produce 100 bushels of wheat.*

A Worried Look

Sir / The cover photo by David Burnett [April 17] of the ARVN soldier peering worriedly from under his camouflaged helmet epitomizes so much of the mess that is Viet Nam today. Protected for the moment by a U.S. steel helmet and a U.S. flak jacket, he is still apprehensive about the future. We've put food in his mouth, clothes on his back, weapons in his hands, but we have not put fire in his belly. He has to do that for himself.

ROBERT HARKER
Northbrook, Ill.

Sir / Now for the first time I am hoping for a North Vietnamese victory. Something must be done to end the war, and the long sought answer may have arrived. Who knows? We might even lose Richard Nixon in the deal.

WALTER SGALITZER
Bellingham, Wash.

Sir / Having spent *Tet* '68 in beautiful downtown Danang, dodging rockets and participating in a limited, unpopular war full of restrictions and contradictions, I, too, returned home disillusioned. But, like many G.I.s, I felt the North's aggression, overt or covert, was as important to stop as the aggression we faced from North Korea, Japan and Germany.

Now yet another offensive is on. This time, however, President Nixon has called the enemy's bluff by supporting the ARVN with airpower and finally carrying the war back to the targets that count in the North.

K.N. BROWN JR.
Belleville, Ill.

Sir / A remark that disparages the Italian people is attributed to an unidentified "senior Rand Corporation analyst." Let me assure you that if such a statement was indeed made by a member of the Rand staff, he was not reflecting a corporate viewpoint. We at Rand deplore such an irresponsible, reprehensible remark.

DONALD B. RICE
President
The Rand Corporation
Santa Monica, Calif.

Outrage over Taxes

Sir / As one of the Middle American taxpayers near revolt [April 24], I can assure you that my primary concern is not the loopholes in the income tax law. My outrage is over the fantastic and ever-increasing demands of the Federal Government for more and more tax dollars. The Congress continues to spend as though there were no bottom to the taxpayer's pocket. As a Middle American taxpayer I would prefer to see the Federal Government spend less, than worry about the loopholes.

PAUL R. GRAVES
South Burlington, Vt.

Sir / So John Connally was outraged over the way taxpayers were cheating the Government. Bully for him! I am outraged too! I suggest that all persons who are called in for audit take their cases to the tax courts. If a couple of million cases bog down in the courts, they will never be straightened out.

RAY LUKACS
Cleveland

Sir / I am puzzled by the gross inconsistency of Senators running about the country and talking about tax reform.

Why don't they stay in Congress where they belong and do something about it?

R.D. MAHAFFEY
Missoula, Mont.

Ridiculous Implication

Sir / Your piece entitled "Dirty Harry" [May 1] was misleading and unfair. Perhaps this was because TIME magazine was not present, and because it therefore missed the flavor and content of the verbal exchange between reporters and me, my words were taken out of context. Those reporters present did not use the exchange because they understood that I was trying to underscore the ridiculous implication of a question and comment from two reporters by responding with an equally ridiculous and facetious comment. Every reporter I have talked with since your publication of the story was likewise surprised that TIME would print such a distorted picture, which, rather than being "colorful," only serves to intensify racial polarization.

HARRY S. DENT
Special Counsel to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Awards and Guesses

Sir / In response to your story on the National Book Awards [April 24], I want to point out that, as spokesman for the three judges of children's books, I stated at the press conference that we had not been able to reach a unanimous decision, that the award was going to Donald Barthelme's *The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine*, and that we were not going to make our discussion public. From this you deduce that "Lore Segal . . . filed a solid minority objection." Wrong guess, and two to go.

LORE SEGAL
New York City

No Memos

Sir / With regard to your article "Questioning the Power of the Networks" [April 24], about their right to broadcast their own materials, especially the news, public affairs and documentary programming, I would like to suggest that the three networks get together and offer three times $400,000 to the Republican National Committee for their upcoming convention. Together with an apology for having stepped on their toes.

It is also suggested that this be done through proper White House channels and that this time *no* memos be written!

VIRGINIA A. BOYE
Wausau, Wis.

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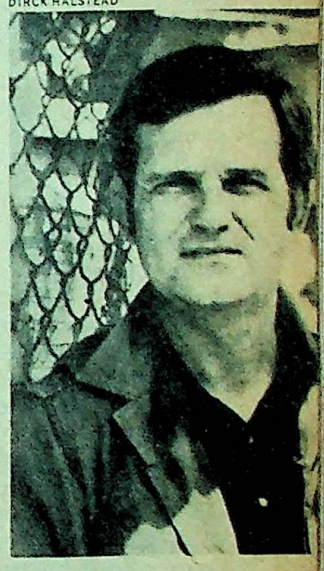
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

WHEN Correspondent Don Neff arrived in Viet Nam for the first time eight years ago, a favorite topic of conversation was the primitive state of Communist equipment. "There was even a story going around," he recalls, "that the V.C. had a new antiaircraft weapon: a catapult that shot ten-foot arrows." Back for his fourth tour of duty last week, Neff loitered over besieged An Loc in a light U.S. reconnaissance plane knowing that the Communists now have sophisticated Soviet antiaircraft guns as well as modern tanks.

If the weaponry and strategy had changed, many faces were familiar. "It was like Old Home Week for scores of reporters," Neff says. Veteran war correspondents who thought that they had seen the last of Indochina have returned recently to help their successors cover the North Vietnamese invasion. For our cover story on Hanoi's General Giap, Neff concentrated on reporting an overview of the fighting and its ramifications as seen from Saigon. David DeVoss, meanwhile, journeyed north to Hué to provide an account of that city's mass evacuation. Rudolph Rauch traveled to the threatened Central Highlands town of Kontum, then spent a night on ambush patrol outside Phu Bai with a group of G.I.s.

DIRCK HALSTEAD



NEFF IN SAIGON

As company in Hué, DeVoss had Photographer Dirck Halstead, an old Viet Nam hand who is on assignment for TIME. For Halstead it was a time for reflection as well as reunion. "Of the ten photographers in our group here in 1965 and '66," he says, "only four of us are still alive."

That brave cameramen are constantly in harm's way was again demonstrated by Photographer Ennio Iacobucci, whose pictures accompany Halstead's this week. Iacobucci found himself trapped in Quang Tri with 80 U.S. advisers. The North Vietnamese barrage was so intense that rescue helicopters could not get in for days. The only newsman still with the group, Iacobucci phoned periodic reports of the battle's progress back to Saigon. The Italian freelance also called friends to say goodbye—prematurely, as it turned out. Helicopters finally were able to take the advisers and Iacobucci to Danang. "In four years in Viet Nam," he says now, "I have never been so scared."

In New York, Associate Editor Timothy James wrote the story, drawing on both the correspondents' files and his own considerable background. He had written five previous cover stories on the war in two years, and he visited Viet Nam in 1970.

As the military and diplomatic developments spurt and twist, no one can predict the outcome with any certainty. As Neff puts it, the only real constant in Viet Nam is the ever present element of surprise. Therefore, he says, "I no longer bother saying that I'll never be back."

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SOUTH VIET NAM/COVER STORY

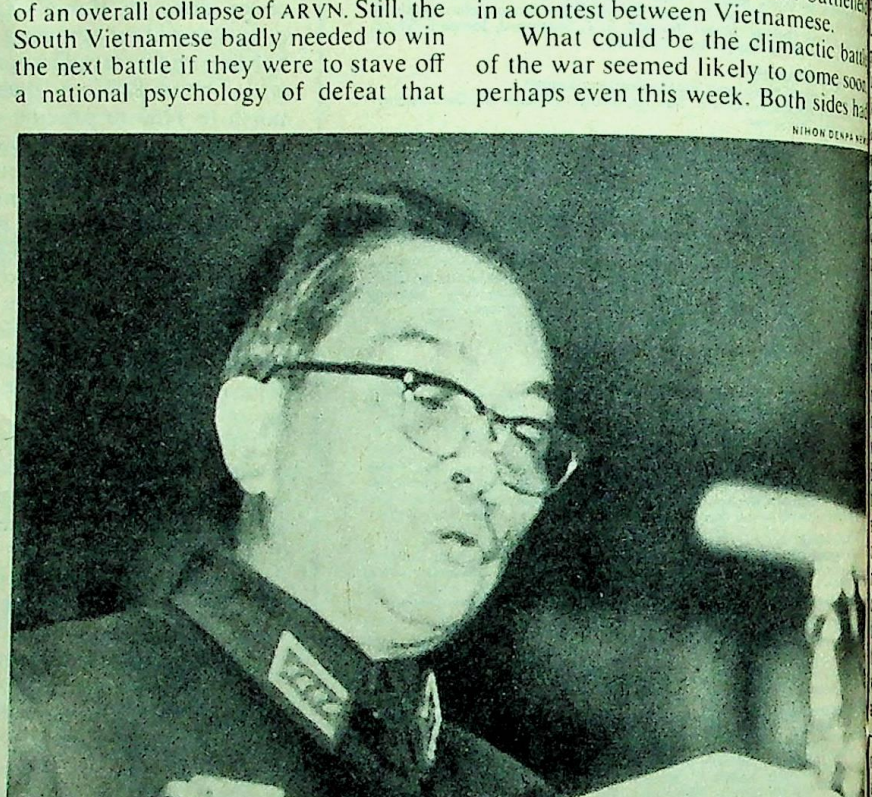
Hanoi's High-Risk Drive for Victory

SINGLY and in small groups at first, then in gun-waving mobs, the retreating South Vietnamese troops streamed out of shell-torn Quang Tri city. For four days their procession down sun-baked Highway 1 continued to swell. There were soldiers on foot wearing only mud-caked underwear and with rags wrapped around their feet in place of boots. Some rode on the fenders of cars commandeered at rifle point; others clung to army trucks that careered through South Viet Nam's northern countryside with lights ablaze at midday and horns blaring. The line stretched to the horizon, and so did its litter: helmets, full ammunition pouches, combat boots, web belts and packs. At the refugee-jammed city of Hué, 24 miles south of Quang Tri, the headlong retreat turned into a rampage. Soldiers who had not eaten in two days looted stores in broad daylight. By night, gangs of deserters started fires and fought drunken skirmishes in the streets.

Urgent Questions. Last week the army of South Viet Nam suffered its worst debacle of the five-week-old Communist offensive, and North Viet Nam's Defense Minister and chief military tactician, General Vo Nguyen Giap, gained his easiest victory of the long war. The 8,000-man ARVN 3rd Division, assigned to the defense of the northernmost provincial capital, Quang Tri, was known to be poorly trained and questionably led. But no one had expected the 3rd to give up as quickly as it did. Pounded by five days of shelling by Giap's troops and abandoned by their officers, the soldiers simply broke and ran, leaving behind their tanks, armored cars and artillery. Quang Tri city, deserted by practically all of its 15,000 inhabitants as well as by its defenders, fell to the Communists within minutes after the last U.S. advisers had been helicoptered out. Immediately, the Communists set up a "revolutionary administration" in the city. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu angrily relieved both the commander of Military Region I, General Hoang Xuan Lam, and the 3rd Division's commander, General Vu Van Giai. No replacement was named for Giai; there was no 3rd Division left.

The fall of Quang Tri cast a pall of gloom over Saigon and Washington, and raised urgent questions about Vietnamization, the hopeful policy through which the U.S. had built up the army of South Viet Nam, at immense cost in lives and treasure, to fight the Communists on its own. Could ARVN survive, much less defeat the North Vietnamese offensive? Could President Thieu—and even the U.S. presence and influence in South Viet Nam—outlast another similar defeat?

To be sure, the 3rd had been the worst of South Viet Nam's 13 divisions, put together last June from stragglers and captured deserters, and there was no sign yet of the widespread unit defections that would signal the beginning of an overall collapse of ARVN. Still, the South Vietnamese badly needed to win the next battle if they were to stave off a national psychology of defeat that could intensify pressures to settle with the Communists at any price.



NORTH VIET NAM'S DEFENSE MINISTER VO NGUYEN GIAP IN HANOI
"Strike only if success is certain."

This time, the South Vietnamese had to win the battle on their own. The U.S. has only 65,000 ground troops remaining in South Viet Nam, and they are now assigned solely to defensive roles. As the biggest Communist blitz of the war continued last week, American advisers—and the U.S. commander, General Creighton Abrams—no longer had the decisive say in how or where the South Vietnamese fought; the decisions were being made by President Thieu and the South Vietnamese general staff. The U.S. could supply airpower (with more than 1,000 planes in the region) and dominate the Gulf of Tonkin with an armada that will soon number six carriers, five cruisers and 40 destroyers and 41,000 men. Washington could replace the abandoned South Vietnamese equipment, as it was doing last week. And President Nixon could punish Hanoi for the invasion by increased bombing, or even a blockade of Haiphong or a Dieppe-style raid* on South Vietnamese forces on the northern coast. For all that, a hard fact remained: with the Paris negotiations suspended again, the next turns in the war could only be decided on the battlefield in a contest between Vietnamese.

What could be the climactic battle of the war seemed likely to come soon, perhaps even this week. Both sides had focused their forces on the city of Hué, sitting on the Perfume River five miles from the South China Sea. With its sizable population and its symbolic importance as the seat of the 19th century Vietnamese empire, Hué is coveted by the Communists as the putative site for an insurgent government with national pretensions. For President Thieu, the loss of the city would have grim consequences both in Paris and at home. Coming on top of ARVN's other recent reverses, a major setback at Hué could precipitate a rapid collapse of army and civilian morale, and might even lead to the fall of his regime.

Thieu himself underscored the im-

*In 1942 an Anglo-Canadian force of 15,000 staged a dashing reconnaissance raid on the German-held French port of Dieppe. The raiders suffered 50% casualties in a matter of hours.

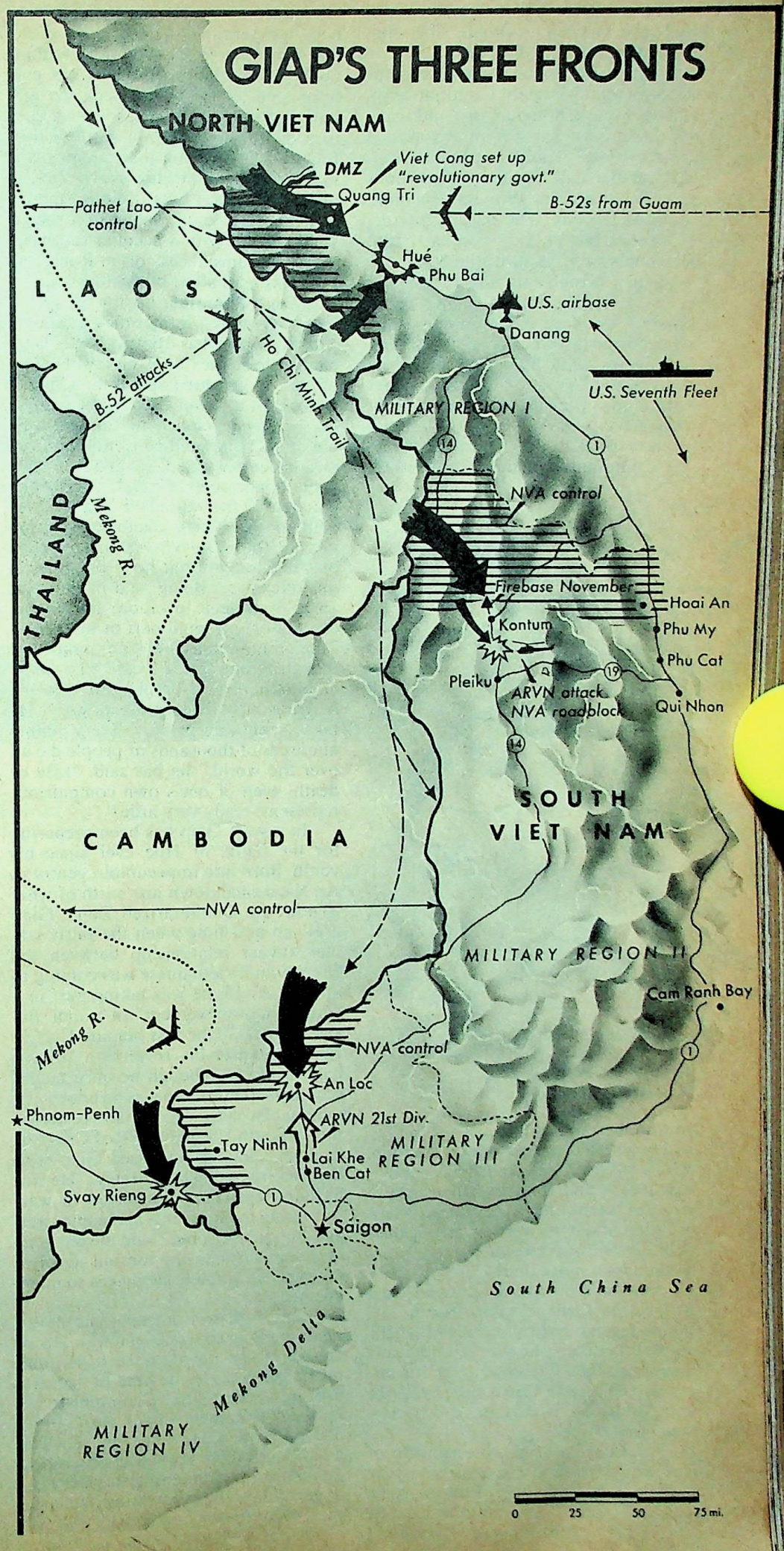
portance of the city, flying in last week to order personally that it be held "at all costs." "I'm very confident," he added. Mustered for the defense of Hué were South Viet Nam's best units. They included the 1st Division, a marine division and infantry units hastily brought up from the Mekong Delta and nearby Quang Ngai province. Thieu's biggest asset may be his new commander in the north, Lieut. General Ngo Quang Truong. Truong is regarded by Americans as ARVN's most effective field commander, and his first action was decisive enough. To stop the hemorrhage of ARVN troops through Hué, he ordered deserters shot on sight.

General Giap has thrown his strongest forces into the drive on Hué. Three divisions are closing on the city from the North and West, and a fourth is poised to the Southwest. The seasoned Communist troops, many of whom took part in the bloodying of ARVN in Laos last spring, are equipped as never before. They have tanks and heavy artillery, including Soviet 130-mm. guns with a range of 17 miles. Some of their equipment is even more sophisticated: last week a portable heat-seeking Soviet missile downed two U.S. helicopters and a light plane near Quang Tri.

Daily Toll. Much of the fear and panic that engulfed Hué sprang from memories of the *Tet* offensive of 1968, when more than 3,000 residents were mercilessly massacred by the Communists and the once graceful city itself was permanently scarred in the bloody battles to rout them out. Now exhortations to HANG THE COMMUNIST TROUBLEMAKERS and HONOR THE ARVN SOLDIER were painted on the walls of the modern Kieu Mau school. Stores were closed, restaurants empty, and much of the population—200,000 in normal times, more than 300,000 early last week as refugees from the fighting around Quang Tri jammed into the city —had fled to Danang or other points south. Most went on foot, but some paid an extra $50 to Air Viet Nam ticket agents to get aboard outbound planes.

The refugees who stayed on in Hué found spots on the grassy banks of the Perfume River if they were lucky, in fetid vacant buildings if they were not. "Highway 1 is the setting for this Asian *Grapes of Wrath*," reported TIME Correspondent David DeVoss. "Some families ride atop trucks, others are jammed as many as five to a Honda, but most of them walk. Exhaustion, hunger and heat are not the only enemies they face. Land mines, carefully planted each night by the North Vietnamese, take their daily toll in suffering."

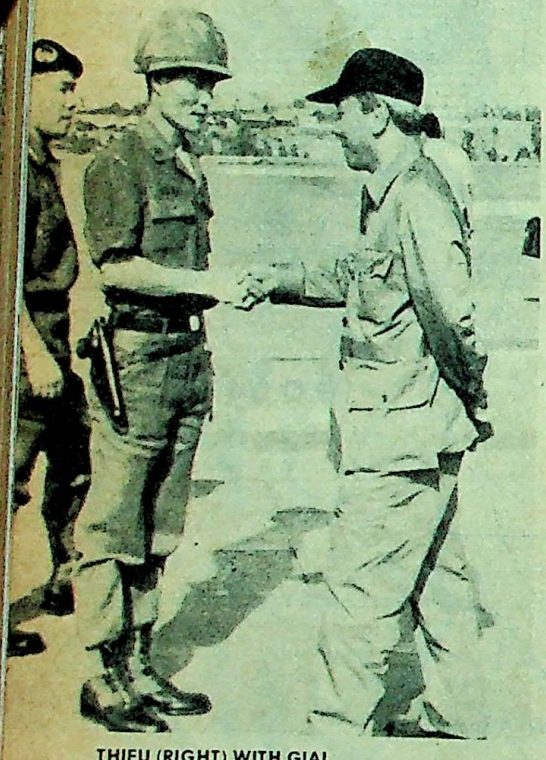
In the Hué hospital, the wounded were packed two to a bed. DeVoss talked with Hoang Thien, a 57-year-old laborer whose wife and daughter were there for treatment of shrapnel wounds from mines planted by the Communists on the shoulders of the roads. "The V.C. didn't want anyone to leave, because once the people go the B-52s come,"



said Thien. "But a V.C. rocket destroyed my house, so I had no choice. They shot at us so we don't go, but we ran for two days until we hit the mines." For the first time in the current Communist offensive, sizable numbers of Americans, too, are in the path of the assault. A drive on Hué would brush perilously close to the U.S. airfield and communications center at Phu Bai, six miles south of the city. The base is guarded by two of the six U.S. combat battalions remaining in South Viet Nam.

When would the attack on Hué come? After the fall of Quang Tri, an ominous slack-off in Communist activity occurred last week on all three major battlefields, while the foe regrouped and marshaled his forces. In the Saigon area, Communist pressure eased on the long-besieged city of An Loc, 60 miles north of the capital. In the Central Highlands, the Communists made no move to follow up their rout of the ARVN 22nd Division with a direct assault on Kontum, which has been surrounded by Communist troops and is highly vulnerable to capture. Would the Communists strike Kontum first? Or were they getting their artillery and supplies in place in preparation for a move on Hué?

AP



THIEU (RIGHT) WITH GIAI
A needed shake-up.

For the moment, the answers were all held by General Giap, North Viet Nam's legendary lord of the battlefield. More than likely, he was methodically measuring the odds in terms of his oft-repeated principle: "Strike to win, strike only if success is certain; if it is not, then don't strike."

For Giap, now 60, the capture of Hué would be almost as great a victory as the fall of Dien Bien Phu 18 years ago last week. The man the French called the "snow-covered volcano" —because his calm exterior masks a fiery temperament—once again dominates the war in the South, something no South Vietnamese leader has ever been able to do. Maintaining the military initiative, Giap has called each turn of how and when a battle will be fought. The question that remains, and may be decided at Hué, is whether, as one U.S. general puts it, he is "merely Lawrence of Arabia, great in a special situation and with a peculiar set of national circumstances, or a Robert E. Lee, master of all military situations."

Many Enemies. So far, Giap has proved himself a master of Vietnamese situations, and has contributed a large chapter to any textbook on the black art of war. Going far beyond the Chinese concept of a "people's war" by guerrillas, he has developed the orchestrated use of guerrillas and conventional forces, and demonstrated—as at *Tet* in 1968 —the importance of psychology to the outcome on the battlefield. In a 1969 article in the North Vietnamese army journal, *Quan Doi Nhan Dan*, he spelled out the strategy that he is pursuing in this offensive. "Being held in an unfavorable strategic position, the enemy can use only a small part of his troops. Though numerous, he is outnumbered; though strong, he is weak." To Giap, "the main goal of fighting must be the destruction of enemy manpower." He takes a cold view of war. "Every minute hundreds of thousands of people die all over the world," he has said. "Life or death, even of one's own compatriots, represents really very little."

In a way, Giap has been preparing for the battle of Hué ever since his youth. Born into impecunious gentry in An Xa, a small town just north of what is now the Demilitarized Zone, Giap grew up at a time when the fairly stable 30-year relationship between the French and Vietnamese was coming to an end. At 15, he was taking part in a "quit-school movement" in Hanoi. Before he was 30, he was helping Ho Chi Minh organize his revolution from a base in China. Though he once taught school in Hanoi, Giap was no bookstack scholar. Two years ago, Giap's foster father, a South Vietnamese Red Cross official in Danang, discussed Giap with British Orientalist P.J. Honey. "He was brilliant, extremely interested in warfare along the lines of Napoleonic strategy, but quarrelsome," said the old man. "He'll get near to the top but never to the very top because he makes so many enemies."

Giap's quarrelsomeness has shown up in the long course of the war. His rivals in Hanoi have tended to be optimistic believers in the kind of "general uprisings" that the Communists attempted to foment in the early 1960s and in 1968. Giap's doctrine involves a prolonged three-stage war, proceeding gradually from defensive organization to guerrilla war to something like large-scale conventional war.

Today Giap is at Stage 3, playing a role that he knows well. When he re... his reputation in 1954, the Commun... were negotiating in Geneva under ... combined pressure of the U.S., Brit... Russia and China. Giap's task was to ... flict a crippling defeat on the Fre... while the talks were still in progr... The result was the 56-day siege ... killed or wounded half of the 13,0... man French garrison at Dien Bien P...

The current offensive shows ma... of Giap's characteristics: methodi... preparation, a heavy reliance on f... power, a willingness to take high c... sualties, combined with extraordina... caution—one trait that South Viet Na... generals share in spades.

Few armies, and certainly not Sou... Viet Nam's, have ever matched the ... nacity and determination of the troo... that Giap has been able to field. It ... clear that Ho Chi Minh's claim that t... Communists would fight to achie... their goals for ten, 15, 20 years, or eve... longer if necessary, was no idle boa... Since 1964, when Hanoi began its d... rect military intervention in the war, th... North Vietnamese have suffered roug... ly 400,000 casualties—about as man... men as they have in their present arm... Captured North Vietnamese troops te... familiar fatalistic stories of being draf... ed from towns to which no soldiers wh... have gone South have ever returned.

The Mandate. But still they com... and they fight fiercely. What is the di... ference between Hanoi's troops and Sa... gon's? The North Vietnamese hav... their problems with draft dodgers an... deserters. The army journal *Quan Do... Nhan Dan* recently chided young con... scripts who "dress outlandishly, behave ... in an uncivilized manner, and violate ... state laws, discipline and public sani... tary regulations." But compared with ... say, the 3rd Division troops that ... cracked at Quang Tri last week, the ... North Vietnamese have been model sol... diers. Vietnamese peasants who have ... seen them recently have described them ... as fairly disciplined young men outfit... ted with olive uniforms, straw-covered ... soft hats and canteens; they appear to ... be highly motivated. North Vietnamese ... officers tend to be professionals who ... earn their promotions on merit. The ... ARVN leadership, by contrast, tends to ... be a class of its own, informed by old ... mandarin traditions and French colo... nial military training. Ranking officers, ... including province chiefs and field com... manders, are very often political ap... pointees with scant combat experience.

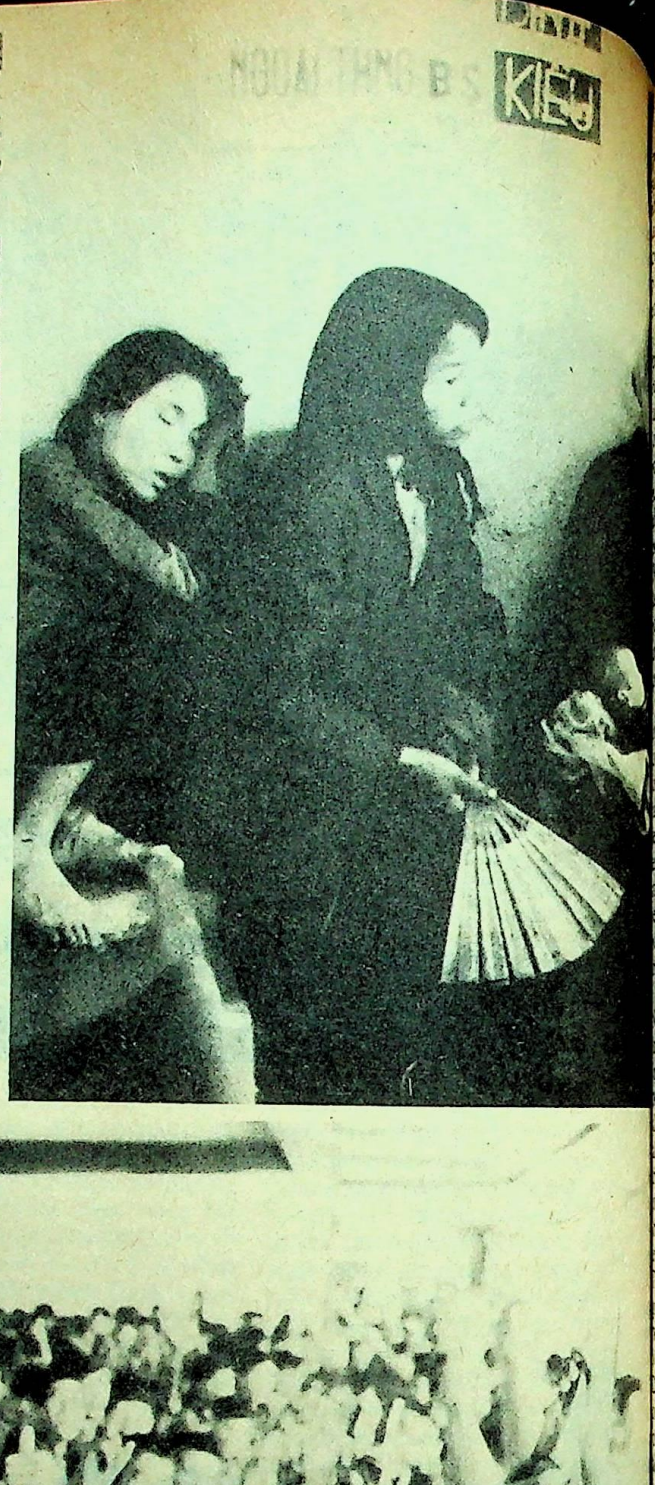
Beyond that, the difference between ... Giap's army and Thieu's is the differ... ence between a government that has ... ruled with totalitarian power for 18 ... years and one that has had a history of ... revolving-door regimes and heavy de...

South Vietnamese soldiers flee Q... Tri on bicycles, while (below) civ... refugees and a dog wait near Hué ... boat to carry them south to s...











...dence on foreign treasuries. The ...ple fact, as Rand Corp. Analyst Bri... Jenkins notes, is that the North Viet... ...mese are "more cohesive and more ...ustomed than the South Vietnamese ...rigid government control and the aus... ...ity needed for a protracted war."

The eleven-man North Vietnamese ...litburo, of which General Giap is a ...minent member, has always been at ... They are driven not only by the ...mmunist doctrine of inevitable vic... ...y but also by the "mandate of Heav... ...a kind of religious imperative to ...e that, according to Viet Minh leg... ...d was passed on to Ho Chi Minh in ...45 by the last Vietnamese emperor, ...o Dai. The Hanoi leadership has ...ve pragmatic reasons to fight on, of ...urse. North Viet Nam's population ...ntinues to burgeon at a rate of 3¼% ...year, exacerbating an already acute ...d shortage. Then there is the fact that ...r eight years now more than one... ...rth of the North Vietnamese army ...s been posted out of the country un... ...r conditions of hardship and frequent ...ar unknown to those who have ...yed behind. As Rand's Jenkins ob... ...rves: "North Viet Nam's leaders may ...t be thrilled at the prospect of bring... ...g this army home in defeat."

After five weeks of fighting, the ...rth Vietnamese last week continued ...hold the initiative and to expand their ...uence on three fronts:

THE NORTH: With four North Vietnamese ...visions in place and a fifth poised just ...ove the Demilitarized Zone, this is ...e strongest point of the Communist ...fensive The North's troops now have ...e run of South Viet Nam's two north... ...rmost provinces—Quang Tri and ...ua Thien—outside of the shrinking ...vernment-held pocket around Hué.

THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS: Three North ...etnamese divisions own half of Binh ...nh province on the seacoast and most ...f the mountains to the west. If they ...erun Kontum city, which is set on ...open plateau and vulnerable to an at... ...ck, they will have sliced the country ...half at its weakest point.

THE SAIGON AREA: Though the Commu... ...t pressure has eased somewhat, es... ...cially around the besieged city of An ...c, three North Vietnamese divisions ...ve seized control of swatches of ter... ...tory north and west of the capital, ...hich gives them an enormous poten... ...l for more havoc. By one reckoning, ...ough rockets have been stashed ...ound the city to permit a barrage of ...00 rounds a day for two solid ...nths.

So far, Giap's offensive has done re... ...markably little to foment popular un...

continued on page 16

...dvisers (top left) *leave Quang Tri* ...*Refugees crowd a hospital in Hué.* ...*hile* (below) *South Vietnamese* ...*s who fought bravely at Dong* ...*ow a different face of the war.*

The Man Behind the General in Hanoi

GENERAL GIAP may be running the current North Vietnamese offensive in South Viet Nam, but he is by no means his own master in Hanoi. The most powerful figure in the North Vietnamese hierarchy is Le Duan, the shrewd, remote first secretary of Hanoi's ruling Lao Dong (Workers) Party and ranking member of its Politburo. A nervous and intense man who grew up in what is now South Viet Nam, Le Duan is generally regarded as the chief architect of Hanoi's relentless crusade to take over the South. His pre-eminence is underscored by the fact that in recent weeks Hanoi newspapers have taken to calling him "Uncle" Le, an honorary title rarely used since the death of Ho Chi Minh in 1969.

Born in 1908 to a peasant family in Quang Tri province, Le Duan (pronounced Lay Zwan) grew up to become a railway clerk and a political agitator. In 1931 he was jailed by the French for 20 years for subversive activities, but was released in 1936 and resumed his work in the Indochinese Communist Party. When the party was outlawed in 1940, Le Duan was arrested again and sentenced to ten years. But when the Communist Viet Minh seized power temporarily in 1945, Le Duan was released. Subsequently he became the organizer and leader of guerrilla forces in what is now South Viet Nam. "In a real sense," says one U.S. expert, "he is the father of the present war."

■

In 1954, at the time of the Geneva conference that ended with the partition of Viet Nam, Le Duan argued with Ho that the Communists should continue the fight for total victory. According to P.J. Honey, a British specialist on Viet Nam, Le Duan even predicted to Ho that the U.S. would help South Viet Nam and that another war would eventually have to be fought. After the Geneva agreement, 90,000 Viet Minh guerrillas were moved to the North, but Le Duan ordered the other Communists of South Viet Nam to go underground and hide their arms. He told Ho that when war broke out again, there would be an armed Communist force intact in the South as well as the 90,000 available guerrillas in the North. Says Honey: "What Le Duan did was lay the foundations for the Viet Cong at the time of the Geneva agreement."

In some ways, Le Duan's career has been advanced as much by luck as by leadership. In his early years of political activism, he managed, like the young Nikita Khrushchev, to be absent during periods of party turmoil. Between 1954 and 1956, he began to organize political subversion against the regime of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem. Le Duan was thus preoccupied with other matters at the time of the North Vietnamese land-reform debacle of 1956, which ended with the summoning of troops to put down a peasant revolt in Nghe An province. The crisis led to the fall of the party's secretary-general, Truong Chinh. President Ho Chi Minh then assumed the title of secretary-general himself, but he assigned Le Duan to run the party for him. Le Duan was officially confirmed as first secretary in 1960.

■

Though North Viet Nam is one of the few Communist states that are run by a genuinely collective leadership, Le Duan is clearly the *primus inter pares*. The party's eleven-member Politburo, whose average age is 63, has worked together since World War II in notable harmony. But it has traditionally been divided over how to achieve unification: one group has pressed for military victory, while another has favored protracted guerrilla action. Le Duan, like Giap, has always been identified with the first faction. In July 1971, he characteristically admonished the North Vietnamese army to "shatter the U.S. imperialist plan of Vietnamizing the war" and to "fight for the greatest victory."



UPI

NORTH VIET NAM'S LE DUAN

Khrushchev once said that Le Duan "talks, thinks and acts like a Chinese." In truth, Le Duan has leaned slightly toward the Soviets while adroitly threading his way between Moscow and Peking. The dispute between the Communist titans has helped North Viet Nam to solve the problem of how to wage war against the sophisticated weaponry of the U.S.-backed South with no armaments industry of its own. Because of Le Duan's clever exploitation of the Sino-Soviet schism, notes U.S. Vietnamologist Douglas Pike, "there are virtually no strings attached to the aid given to the North Vietnamese today."

rest. The North Vietnamese have been welcomed in some areas, notably Viet Cong-infested Binh Dinh province east of Kontum. Generally, though, the "revolutionary administrations" that they have set up in towns and villages have been fearfully ruthless; the Communists have executed police and local officials, confiscated property and turned schoolchildren into armed "liberators." The indigenous Viet Cong, who have been vastly overshadowed by the Northerners during the present campaign, could be quietly preparing for the "spontaneous uprising" that the Communists —if captured documents are to be taken at face value—have scheduled for May 30, but so far they have been strangely inactive. As for civilian opponents of the war, not even the Buddhists, the students or the perennially restless veterans' groups have taken to the streets.

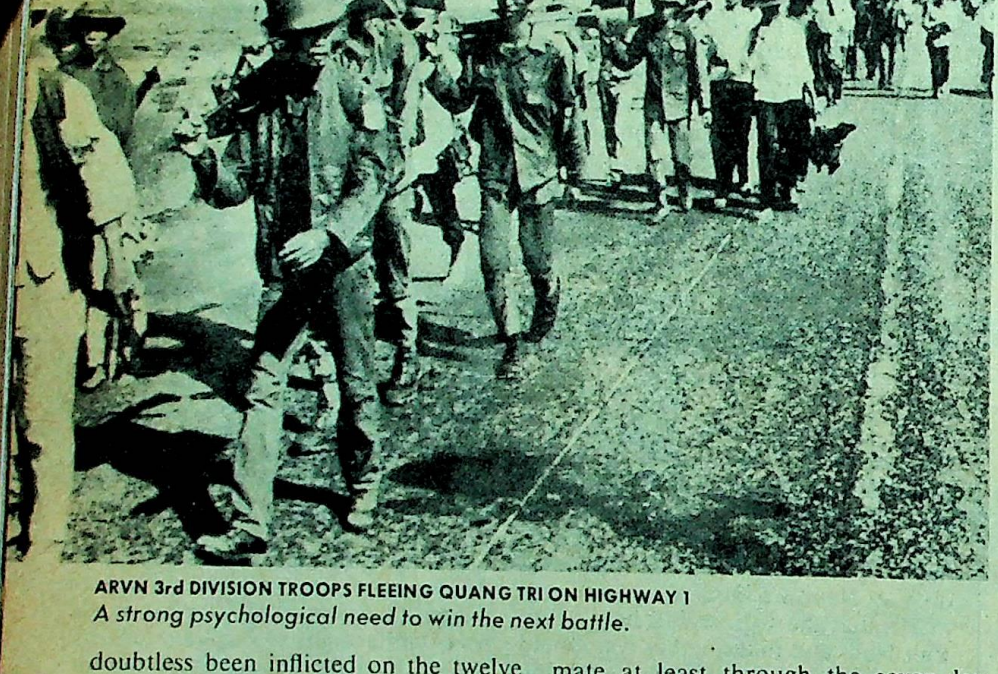
So far, enormous casualties have doubtless been inflicted on the twelve North Vietnamese divisions committed to the fighting (two others are waiting in the wings above the DMZ and across the Cambodian border in the Mekong Delta region; two more are far away in Laos). But South Viet Nam's 13 divisions have also suffered. As of last week, one infantry division and an armored brigade were "no longer effective," and many other units had been mauled.

With Giap's strategy of "annihilation" obviously having its effect, the U.S. last week pressed a new strategy on Saigon. The day after Quang Tri fell, Abrams and U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker visited Thieu. They reportedly brought a message of support from Nixon—and some advice. Thieu had been ordering just about everything to be held "at all costs." But with ARVN forces already spread thin on three fronts, that is too costly.

Henceforth, the first ARVN priority will be to ARVN, not to small towns or unimportant stretches of territory. U.S. air and naval power, it was promised, would deal with the North Vietnamese —perhaps harshly enough to prevent another onslaught for years. ARVN would try to avoid bloody set battles. The idea is to give the North Vietnamese the same problem faced by U.S. troops back in an earlier era of the war, when American generals were forever complaining that "the enemy won't stand up and fight."

Within the U.S. Administration, where the private evaluations of Vietnamization have never quite matched the public expressions of confidence in it, there were new worries about ARVN's staying power. No one really expects Saigon to be able even to attempt to reverse the battlefield situation very soon. The immediate hope is that with U.S. air and naval power, the South Vietnamese will be able to maintain a stalemate at least through the seven-day Moscow summit, still scheduled to begin on May 22. Meanwhile, pacification programs and other nonmilitary matters are being quietly set aside. "What good is it?" asks a top pacification official in Saigon. "If you lose the battle, the game is over anyway. All our concern now is with the war."

AP



ARVN 3rd DIVISION TROOPS FLEEING QUANG TRI ON HIGHWAY 1
A strong psychological need to win the next battle.

The arrival in Saigon early last week of a Pentagon team headed by Assistant Defense Secretary Barry Shillito increased speculation that President Nixon was casting about for a dramatic way to help regain the initiative and buck up South Vietnamese morale. That could be anything from bombing Hanoi and Haiphong again to an ARVN offensive (*see* THE U.S.). U.S. military men pondered the possibility of an ARVN end-around play to strike at the Communist columns in Quang Tri province—a move perhaps combined with a raid on Dong Hoi in the North, thus presenting the Communists with trouble on two fronts. Schemes like that hinge on two commodities that are both in short supply: ARVN manpower and spirited leadership.

The North Vietnamese have decisions of their own to make, regardless of how Nixon reacts. By now, it is universally recognized that the Communists are able to keep fighting at a brisk pace for many months. But will they? CIA forecasters, who have been remarkably accurate on Viet Nam in the past, reckon that Hanoi will make a fundamental decision some time this month. The choice is between a "high-risk, quick-payoff" campaign and a "low-risk, slow-payoff" strategy. Under a low-risk plan, the Communists would keep up pressure (perhaps by rocketing cities) while husbanding their manpower for a second big push in the fall. If the North Vietnamese believe they are making progress, however, they would pursue a high-risk strategy, with frontal assaults on cities and troops, in the hope of destroying ARVN's will to fight by midsummer. The goals: to crumble ARVN and to topple the Thieu regime, perhaps in favor of a new nationalist figure who would be willing to settle the war along the lines of the seven-point plan that Hanoi has pushed in Paris.

The Model. There are indications that Hanoi will opt for the high-risk road. The Communists' tough stand in Paris could only mean, as one State Department hand puts it, that "they were smelling blood in South Viet Nam." John Vann, the veteran U.S. pacification adviser, agrees. Says Vann: "The willingness to sacrifice exhibited by the enemy exceeds anything in the past." Concedes a U.S. general in Saigon: "I'm sure they're convinced that they're going to win."

Short of the total collapse of the Saigon regime, the eventual goal of the Communists is to win control of South Viet Nam at the bargaining table in Paris. That scheme is under the direction of the Hanoi Politburo and its steely first secretary, Le Duan (*see box, page 15*). One of Le Duan's contributions to the war is the "fighting-negotiating" strategy now unfolding in Paris and in South Viet Nam. In a 20-page letter captured in South Viet Nam in 1967, Le Duan explained to the Viet Cong command that Hanoi had studied all major international negotiations conducted over the past 100 years and had decided that the Communists could find no better model than the long Korean negotiations. As at Panmunjom, the Communist negotiators' task would be to drag out the talks, while the military's job would be to take what it could get on the battlefield. The goal, Le Duan concluded, was to build such a strong position on the battlefield that the other side would have nothing to negotiate with at the bargaining table. It is up to Giap to make that strategy work on the battlefield. Whether he can do so will depend, in all likelihood, on the outcome of the battle of Hué.

The Mood of Hanoi: Lonely and Alert

From Hanoi, a city generally closed to American journalists, Correspondent Jacques Henri of Agence France-Presse last week cabled the following report for TIME:

ON several occasions in the last few days, the B-52s could be heard "at work" south of the capital. The earth trembled for a few seconds [in Hanoi], houses shuddered. Then silence; even the crickets ceased to chirp. But then MIGs, returning from their mission, swept over the rooftops wing to wing, with jet engines screaming, and disappeared toward their airfields and underground shelters. At first, Hanoians stopped to look up at the sky, listened and wondered, "Are they ours or the Americans'?" Now they just carry on. Ears have become attuned to MIGs, Phantoms and B-52s, even when the B-52s are far off, invisible at over 30,000 feet. "They cheer you up, those MIGs," the Vietnamese say.

Hanoians are not awed by the giant eight-engine B-52s with their 30 tons of bombs. People who spent several years in the vicinity of Vinh Linh, near the 17th parallel, where B-52s were operating practically every day, explain to us: "Of course, if you're just underneath, you haven't much of a chance. But when you get used to them, you know how not to be underneath. Just look at Quang Tri. With their thousands of tons of bombs, they didn't stop our troops." And they add matter-of-factly: "Do you have a flashlight?" You reply, "No, why?" And they explain: "It's important at night when you have to get away." That suggests that you can get hurt more readily by falling than by being hit by a B-52 bomb.

Future Plans. Pham Van Dong, the Premier, who has stayed on in Hanoi, told a journalist: "Of course they can blow all of this up [meaning his office]. And then what? That's not what's going to change the course of history." Then he talks about the future: plans for travel abroad to establish ties for cooperation with all those who showed understanding for [North] Viet Nam during these terrible, decisive hours. In ministry files, partly evacuated to caves in high plateaus, are plans for the Viet Nam of tomorrow, "reunited by the Vietnamese alone," as Pham Van Dong puts it. Joke or political gesture, some people here claim: "The Premier is quite ready to organize a 'political tea party' with a President Nixon who has finally understood the wisdom of the seven points of the P.R.G. [Provisional Revolutionary Government]." Peking, Moscow, why not Hanoi?

The [North] Vietnamese are no kamikazes. They have carefully weighed the risks, and they are taking precautions to avoid human and material losses to the maximum if Nixon should decide to punish Hanoi. Metal helmets have reappeared, hanging from bicycle handlebars in every variety, from French 1914-18 and Dien Bien Phu vintage to Japanese, Soviet and American. The day after the April 16 bombings of Hanoi and Haiphong, unexploded bombs were being defused. The next job was to clear away the debris. Human chains of girls and boys carrying small baskets, swaying at the ends of long poles, piled up the bricks that could still be used, and reinforced shelters with rubble. Metal from burned-out trucks and railroad cars was deposited on dumps. In Hanoi, where material damage was slight, youths fixed up a kind of "pop" shelter using the burned body of a car; they half buried it and covered it over with earth. Temporary houses were erected in a day. Ten bamboo poles, some thatch, and life can go on.

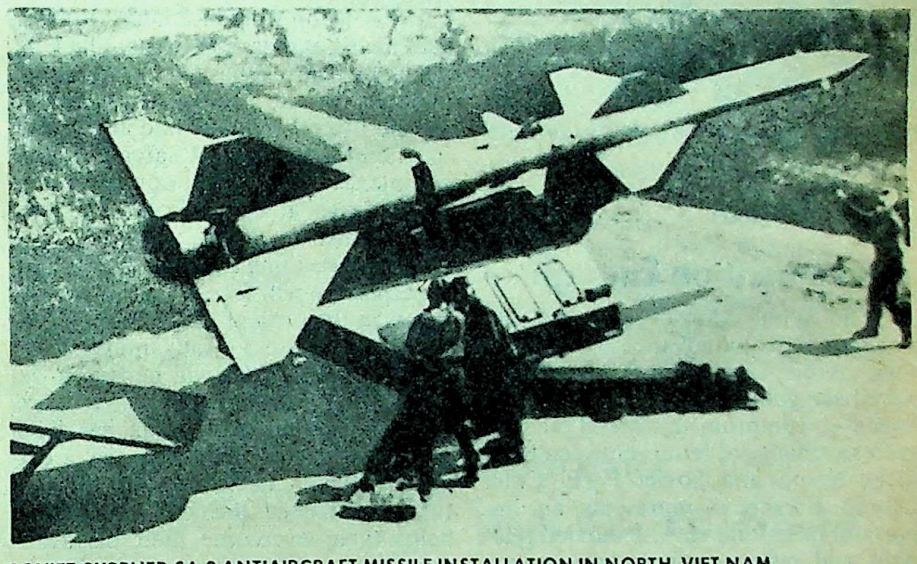
Nearly half the population of the city of 500,000 people has been evacuated in recent years and Hanoi today is ready to face another war of destruction from the air. Ten exhausting days have just been spent completing the latest evacuation program. First of all, people had to be convinced. In every street there was always one family which absolutely refused to budge. To cope with this situation, party members, usually women, went from door to door to explain the situation. Salary advances were granted so people could be equipped with mosquito nets, nylon fabrics and oil stoves. Departures took place generally at dawn, since American planes prowl later in the day. Families assembled under trees with their bundles. Old aunts invariably insisted upon bringing along bric-a-brac—absolutely essential for this kind of adventure. They brought the most extraordinary packages, held together with ingenious stringwork and fastened to the roof of a bus or to the back of a bike. Then off they went. Newspapers published advice: "Warning: in the country don't drink just any water. And here's what to do in case of fever."

The capital seems a little empty, especially without children; the little kings of the street, full of pranks and gaiety, curious and friendly. Poetically named streets around the central market—Silk Street, Money Changers Street, Weights Street—are deserted. The old trolley car, with its long pole, ambles on undisturbed, no longer obliged to sound its bell to clear the way of pedestrians. The tiny "pho" shops selling Chinese soup (which is not Chinese at all but Tonkinese) are closed. The Hanoi Chinese have all abandoned the city, the restaurant owners gone who knows where, perhaps to their cousins in China.

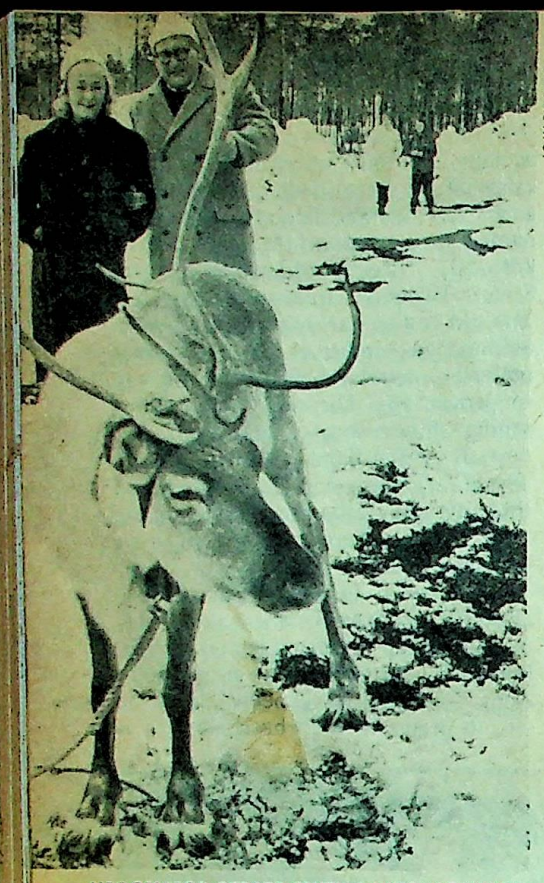
It is lonely in Hanoi. Cinemas are closed. There is a permanent alert. Antiaircraft defenses have been reinforced, but daily life goes on as usual. Sufficient personnel have been left in the city to maintain such basic services as electricity, drugstores, hospitals. Brewers send around small vans that stop under trees at street corners and everyone has his glass of beer. Factory restaurants keep serving meals. Shelters have been dug near by for those who have stayed on. The cost of living is relatively stable, and chicken still sells for about 50¢ a pound.

There is a friendly colony of pro-Vietnamese foreigners in Hanoi, among them a Swedish diplomat, Algerian, French, Italian and Cuban journalists, the reserved and solitary Chinese, some English and Canadians, and some Muscovites who never comment on any situation until they have read *Pravda*.

Last month there were important visitors like Konstantin Katushev, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., and Nikolai Firiubin of the Soviet Foreign Ministry. They were courteously received and left convinced that the Vietnamese were determined to settle their affair with Mr. Nixon by themselves, a reliable source told me.



SOVIET-SUPPLIED SA-2 ANTIAIRCRAFT MISSILE INSTALLATION IN NORTH VIET NAM
"They have weighed the risks and they are taking precautions."



LEHTIKUVA OY

NEGOTIATOR GERARD SMITH & WIFE IN FINLAND

ARMS CONTROL

Agreement on Enough

The White House last week announced a "major advance" in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, which have been going on since 1969. The advance—a compromise worked out in a secret exchange of letters between President Nixon and Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev—represents an important milestone in U.S.-Soviet relations and reflects a long-term change in Washington's policy. Where once the U.S. sought to maintain overall nuclear superiority, Washington has now settled for what Nixon has called "sufficiency" —that is, enough arms to deter any Russian attack by promising a devastating retaliatory strike.

Though many difficult details must still be worked out by SALT negotiators, now meeting in Helsinki, the overall shape of the nuclear accommodation between the superpowers was beginning to emerge. The U.S. and the Soviet Union agreed to a series of ceilings and freezes in which Washington has consented to Soviet parity—and in several cases numerical superiority—in every major category of defensive and offensive strategic nuclear weaponry (*see chart*). In return, the Soviets made two important concessions. They agreed to place limits on the number of missile subs. But more important, they agreed to exclude from the present freeze U.S. tactical nuclear weapons in Europe and aboard the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. Hence the U.S. was able to avoid unnerving its European NATO allies, who would look askance at any unilateral dealing with the Soviets over American weaponry that is committed to the defense of Western Europe.

The compromise virtually ensures that Nixon and Brezhnev will be able to have a historic signing ceremony if and when the President visits Moscow later this month. They will probably have two documents to sign. One is a full-fledged treaty, already agreed upon, limiting the number of defensive ABMs, or anti-ballistic missiles, that each side may install. The second, barring any last-minute snag, will be an executive agreement setting informal ceilings on offensive strategic missiles until the SALT negotiators can come up with a formal pact. The major points of the two documents:

ABMs. The U.S. and the Soviet Union will each be permitted to maintain only two ABM complexes of 100 missiles each. The Soviets, who have chosen to defend populated areas, will probably add new missiles to the 64 ABMs that now ring Moscow. They may also convert the Tallin Line of antiaircraft missiles near Leningrad to ABMs. The U.S., which by contrast has chosen to use the allotted ABMs to protect its land-based missile force, originally had announced its intention to build 14 Safeguard ABM complexes. Now it will complete only the two sites at Grand Forks, N. Dak., and Malmstrom, Mont.

ICBMs. Pending a formal treaty, both superpowers will freeze the number of ICBMs at the present level, which leaves the U.S. at a 2-to-3 disadvantage (1,054 *v.* 1,550). Both sides will be free to replace older missiles with newer ones. More important, no ceiling has been placed on nuclear megatonnage, a category in which the Soviets already have far outdistanced the U.S. and which helps them overcome their disadvantage of having less accurate missiles. In fact, some Pentagon experts expect the Russians to install new monster ICBMs in the big empty silos that have recently been detected by U.S. surveillance satellites. The U.S. has more warheads on its missiles—5,700 to the Soviets' 2,500, though Moscow will be allowed to draw even on that score. At present, the U.S. has a considerable technological lead. Its MIRV (multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle) warheads can be steered to widely separated targets. By comparison, the Russian MRVs (multiple re-entry vehicles) simply fall in a prearranged cluster.

MISSILE SUBS. Under the ceiling, the Soviets, who have lagged far behind the U.S. in the development of undersea nuclear missiles, will be permitted to complete the 17 submarines now abuilding within the next couple of years. Moscow's missile-packing submarine force will outnumber by one the 41-ship U.S. undersea missile fleet.

Even though the compromise on offensive weapons allows for technological improvement—the U.S., for instance, may eventually replace its missile submarines with the undersea long-range missile system (ULMS), at $165 million per sub without armament —it nevertheless promises to bring the nuclear numbers race to a halt. It also, it is hoped, will serve as a guideline for a full-fledged treaty that will regulate offensive missiles in the same manner in which the ABMs have been brought under control. When, and if, that happens, the strategic arms pact will rank historically with the nuclear test-ban treaty (1963) and the nuclear nonproliferation treaty (1968).

U.S.	NUCLEAR LIMITS	U.S.S.R.
200	ABM	200
1,054	ICBM	1,550
5,700 (MIRV)	WARHEADS	5,700 (MRV)
41	NUCLEAR SUBS	42

TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

WEST GERMANY

Toward the Showdown

Who were those two men quaffing a friendly beer together in the Bundestag cafeteria? They were, as it happened, none other than West Germany's two foremost political rivals. Only the week before, Opposition Leader Rainer Barzel had tried and failed by a bare margin of two votes to overthrow Chancellor Willy Brandt. But over beer and in countless hurried conferences, the two men were seeking to find a mutual way out of a severe parliamentary crisis that threatened to have grave repercussions far beyond the borders of the Federal Republic.

The crisis centered on the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, which Brandt negotiated in 1970 as part of his famed *Ostpolitik*. The treaties have become keystones to further progress in East-West *détente;* other major diplomatic initiatives, including the Big Four agreement that seeks to eliminate Berlin as a source of cold war tensions, will go into effect only after the ratification of those two pacts.

Soviet Word. Brandt had originally intended to submit the treaties to the Bundestag for ratification last week. But in the wake of the narrowly won no-confidence test and a subsequent tie vote in the Bundestag on a budget appropriation, he feared that the coalition of his Social Democratic Party and the Free Democrats would no longer command the necessary majority to pass the treaties. Rather than risk a defeat, Brandt postponed balloting for one week so that he and Christian Democrat Leader Barzel could have an

portunity to work out a solution. The Christian Democrats are in a undary. They are publicly opposed the treaties, but do not want the re- nsibility of rejecting them. They ow that they would then be regarded th in East and West as unreliable rtners in the search for *détente*. In eir meetings, Barzel and Brandt ught a compromise in a joint decla- tion that would overcome the reser- tions of the Christian Democratic nion. Among other things, the decla- tion would state that the treaties hich recognize the Communist sei- re of former German lands after orld War II—do not preclude the entual reunification of Germany and e right to self-determination of all rmans, including those in East Ger- ny. In a gesture aimed at helping the ssage of the treaties, Moscow's am- ssador in Bonn, Valentin Falin, ssed the word that the Soviets would ke note" of such a declaration—pro- ded the language was not too harsh.

Heated Quibbling. Unfortunate- neither Brandt nor Barzel could get their party members to go along with e declaration. There was still heated bbling over the declaration's word- g. There was also great pressure on th men from their own parties to re- st compromise. But Brandt, who is ger to have the treaties passed before esident Nixon goes to Moscow later is month, decided that he could wait longer. He scheduled the showdown te for this week.

The outcome may well be decided the struggles within the C.D.U. lead- ship. If Barzel and other members of e party executive feel sufficiently re- sured by the final draft of the dec- ration and are satisfied by the Soviet sponse to the West German state- ent, they may allow Christian Dem- rat deputies to vote according to the ctates of their consciences. In that ent, there would be more than enough .D.U. cross-overs or abstentions to rat- the treaties with a slim but none- eless decisive majority. But if the ristian Democrat leaders order their mbers to vote no, the treaties are vir- ally certain to go down to defeat.

MIDDLE EAST

Mission to Bucharest

Never before had an Israeli Premier en able to worship with fellow Jews a Communist country. Last week, ring an official visit to Rumania, Pre- er Golda Meir took time out to at- d a synagogue service with 1,500 of charest's 50,000 Jews. "We have oblems in Israel," she told them in ddish, "but it is better to have prob- ms in your own land than to be with- t a land of your own." After the 2½- service, Mrs. Meir broke away mentarily from her Rumanian body- ard outside the synagogue to ex-



UPI

RUMANIAN PREMIER ION GHEORGHE MAURER WELCOMING GOLDA MEIR TO BUCHAREST
Less than met the eye, perhaps, but only fools make prophecies.

change Sabbath greetings with some of the thousands of Jews who had gathered behind police lines to catch a glimpse of her.

It was also the first time that an Israeli Premier had ventured into the East bloc for official meetings with Communist leaders. Mrs. Meir, who celebrated her 74th birthday last week, had begun the trip in an exuberant mood, fending off newsmen's questions about the prospects for her visit with a Jewish proverb: "The power of prophecy is given to children and fools." Under leaden Bucharest skies, she reviewed a goose-stepping honor guard. Rumanian girls in peasant costume presented her with flowers and then lustily kissed her startled coterie of three male aides.

The Rumanians, however, were obviously intent on keeping the visit on a low key. Mrs. Meir was greeted by Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer instead of President Nicolae Ceausescu, and quickly driven off in a Mercedes limousine for an afternoon of preliminary discussions. At a state banquet given by Maurer, she openly pressed her hosts to arrange face-to-face talks between Israel and Egypt—a request that was pointedly ignored by the Rumanian press next day. At a return banquet that she gave for the Rumanians, Mrs. Meir served up fresh strawberries and avocados flown in for the occasion. They were tasty examples of Israel's flourishing fruit and vegetable exports and a subtle bid to increase her country's trade with Rumania, which now runs at a yearly rate of nearly $40 million, mostly in Rumanian meat, lumber and chemicals exchanged for Israeli potash, citrus fruits and textiles.

When they invited her to Bucharest, Rumanian diplomats had explained that President Ceausescu had had a promising conversation with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat during a recent visit to Cairo—and wanted to share his thoughts with Mrs. Meir. But after Ceausescu and Mrs. Meir talked twice for a total of nine hours, aides strove to convey the impression that there was less to the meetings than met the eye. The conversation was said to be largely exploratory, as Mrs. Meir pressed for direct talks with Egypt and Ceausescu avoided any role as mediator. Still, there was always the chance that they might just be keeping more substantial discussions secret.

SOUTH AFRICA

High-Rise *Apartheid*

South Africa's expanding economy has given nearly every white householder the means to afford black domestic servants. In Johannesburg, the nation's largest city, the demand for black maids, nannies, cooks, chauffeurs and gardeners has increased so sharply that blacks now outnumber whites by nearly two to one. But South Africa's white *apartheid* government does not want the domestic workers to live in the city. Reason: too many blacks on the street at night. Thus it has decided to force the servants to move into a complex of high-rise "hostels" on the outskirts of Johannesburg. The plan has set off a hot racial debate.

The barracks-style quarters, says Gerhardus van der Merwe, who is in charge of the project, are designed "to ensure that inmates will live and relax together under pleasant conditions" —and inmates is precisely the word. According to the government's plan, the twelve-building complex will provide accommodations (strictly segregated according to sex) for some 60,000 blacks, most of whom are married.

So far, two five-story structures have been completed. They have no el-

evators, no electrical outlets ("these people would just abuse them," said an official) and no heating ("to keep costs down"). The bathtubs—five for every 100 people—are not even full size. The government made sure, however, that the buildings included police offices and cells for potential troublemakers, as well as electronically controlled doors that can be used to seal off any part of the building "in case of unrest." The black workers, who earn between $20 and $50 a month, will have to pay $8 a month for the privilege of sharing a room with three other people.

Orwellian Horror. By last week, when the first two hostels were scheduled to open, the proposed living conditions had raised a storm of protest. Progressive Party M.P. Helen Suzman called the hostels an "Orwellian horror." White women, churchmen and students staged placard protests. Some of the shock felt by chic matrons over the city's "white by night" policy, as it is called, was undoubtedly at the prospect of having no servants to wait on candlelit dinner parties—but by no means all of it was. At a jampacked citizens' meeting, Anglican Bishop John Carter condemned the hostels as the work of "morally sick" people. Said one white housewife: "My maid, who is 66 years old, just wept and said to me: 'Madam, we are people, not cattle.' "

The government did its best to defend the scheme. "It compares favorably with white migrant laborers' accommodations overseas," said Van der Merwe. Nonetheless, mindful perhaps that a similar attempt at a "white by night" policy aroused such concern in the nearby town of Randburg that the ruling National Party suffered seriously in local elections, the Johannesburg city council decided to postpone the hostel opening for another two months. "We are putting in an open-air cinema, and the women's block will get a basketball court," explained an official. "We are also considering putting in heating."

SOVIET UNION

Avtomobilizatsia

In Moscow last week, the 150,000 or so citizens who are privileged to own private cars were engaged in an annual spring ritual. First, they stripped the tarpaulins from their autos, most of which had been left under wraps all winter because of the ferocious frosts. Then the cars were carefully polished (a dirty auto can bring a $1 fine), and inspected by police. Only after that could Moscow's motorists stream out of the city for the budding birch woods and the May Day weekend, the first three-day holiday of the spring season.

They encountered few traffic jams, but that idyllic situation may not last long. For the first time in history, the Soviet government is making a massive, long-term investment in order to meet consumer demand. A main part of that drive is aimed at satisfying Russia's growing auto mania, or *avtomobilizatsia*, which is now rampant from Tallin to Tomsk. Russians are stampeding to buy the $5,600 Italian-designed Zhiguli cars, adapted from the Fiat 124, that are rolling off the new assembly line at Togliatti at the rate of 1,000 per day.

Social Impact. The auto age is already beginning to affect Soviet manners and morals in ways that the regime may not have entirely foreseen. TIME Correspondent John Shaw cables from Moscow: "The new mobility provided by the auto is bound to make Russians more individualistic as it frees them from the disciplines of communal life. In this vast country, where many Soviet citizens live in apartments not much bigger than the cars they hope to buy, the most important thing the auto offers is transport to solitude."

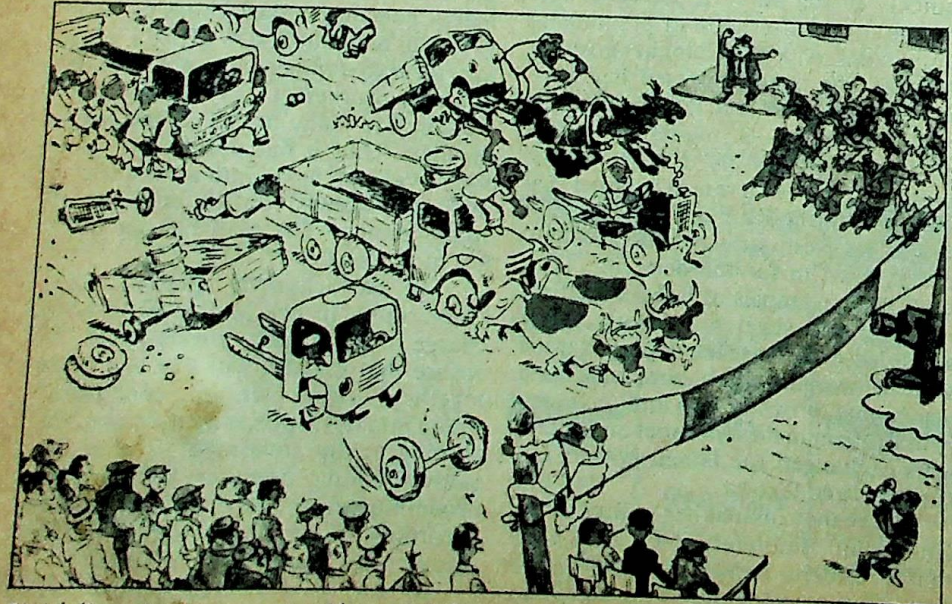
Russia's modest advance into the automotive age is also having an incalculable economic impact. The investment to meet consumer demand requires reallocation of steel, rubber and gasoline from the Soviet defense establishment. A gigantic highway construction program is needed, and so is a network of gas stations and repair shops, both of which are woefully scarce.

Some of the problems of *avtomobilizatsia* are all too familiar to Americans. In spite of the most stringent laws against drunken driving, half the traffic accidents in the Soviet Union, exactly as in the U.S., are caused by overimbibers. Other problems are peculiarly Russian. Most roads remain primitive in the extreme, and besides the perils of potholes, motorists must cope with farmers who thresh their wheat and build their log cabins right on the highways so that they can reach them more easily.

Symbolic Value. In spite of such aggravations, there is no more potent symbol of prestige than the auto in the Soviet Union today. The Communist state has paradoxically chosen not to produce "people's cars," but to build medium-sized vehicles that range in price from $4,000 to $11,000. Workers who make an average wage of $180 a month can scarcely afford them. Even bureaucrats and professionals often have to save up for years to buy them, then have to wait as long as a year and a half for delivery.

Russian auto owners must defend themselves from a new breed of criminal—car thieves. Before leaving a parked car, the Soviet owner customarily removes the windshield wipers, gas tank cap and aerial, and locks them inside, out of the reach of pilferers. Some of the cleverest car thieves have now been thwarted for the summer. During the winter a thief will often steal a car off the street and substitute it for a similar model that has been put up for the season under a tarpaulin. The police are left to hunt for a car that is hidden away —at least until spring, when the owner discovers that the shape under the tarp is not his own. By then, his car may have found a home 2,000 miles away in Samarkand.

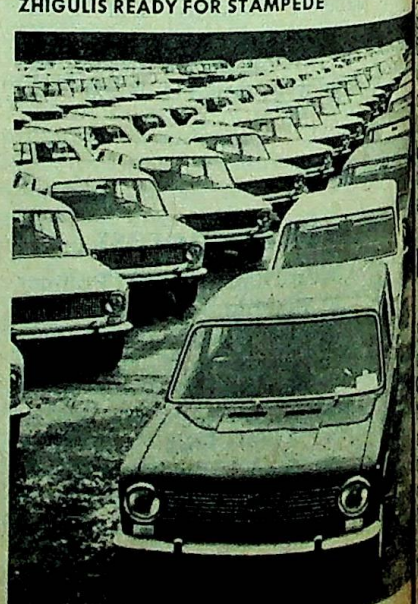
SOVIET CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF AUTO MANIA



VDEENIKIN/KROKODIL

Finish line at race organized by repair factories.

ZHIGULIS READY FOR STAMPEDE



AMERICAN NOTES

The Welcome (Wrestling) Mat

There was a time in American life when a city bloomed with pride to host a national political convention. The 1968 debacle in Chicago changed all that. San Diego never wanted the Republicans this year in the first place. At the news last week that the G.O.P., faced with myriad logistical problems and the taint of the ITT brouhaha, was joining the Democrats in Miami Beach this summer, San Diego's mayor, police chief and a number of other city notables happily gathered "to toast the convention out of town."

Miami Beach—an island that can easily be closed off against mischief—thus becomes the first city since Chicago in 1952 to play host to both party conventions. The city is not exactly ecstatic over the honor. Only some vestige of civic duty (and whiff of profit) carried the motion in the city council by a scant 4-3 vote to invite the Republicans. The loyal opposition included the Chamber of Commerce and the Community Relations Board, who fear a seven-week encampment of antiwar protesters spanning the time from the Democratic opening on July 10 to the scheduled Republican closing on Aug. 24.

Easily the most splenetic protest was voiced by Miami's Police Benevolent Association. In an extraordinary telegram, the association warned the Miami Beach Tourist Development Authority (which had promoted the Republican invitation): "You are now put on notice that civil action suits will be filed against your organization and individual members of the executive board on behalf of each and every Miami police officer and Miami citizen that is killed, injured or indicted as a result of the Republican National Convention and Democratic National Convention."

Night Encounter

It was 9 p.m., and night shrouded the Southern California coast. There was no sound but the rush of the surf as 80 Camp Pendleton Marines, their faces blackened, huddled in the brush in night ambush position. They kept their weapons at the ready in preparation for a night assault by "aggressors"—fellow Marines engaged in landing exercises. Suddenly the stillness was broken by deep grunts as silhouettes appeared scaling a nearby fence. The silhouettes advanced, and so did the Marines, blasting away with blanks. Finally a Spanish-speaking sergeant understood the frightened shouts and curses of the ambushed platoon. In fact, it was a band of Mexican migrant workers trying to enter the country illegally for the harvest season. They had made their way close to 80 miles north of the border.

The Marines turned the 20 terrified men over to the border patrol, which shipped them back to Mexico. Noting that 2,261 such immigrants were picked up in a recent week, one border patrolman commented: "If those guys tell their buddies about their experiences, we may see a slight decrease in the number of illegal aliens for a few days."

Regulating the Dream . . .

"A chicken in every pot and a car in every garage" once signaled the worldly limits of the American dream. Now many U.S. families can hardly function without at least two cars, and so overfulfilled is the dream that at least one community has found it necessary to regulate it. To ease the four-wheel clutter in the streets, the Cincinnati suburb of Green Township now requires all new houses to be built with two-car garages.

. . . And Paying for It

Such upward mobility comes high. In a study released last week, the Government estimates that the average American motorist will spend $13,552.95 to operate his 1972 car over the next ten years and/or 100,000 miles. That assumes he buys a standard-size sedan for about $4,400. Where does all the money go? It includes gas ($2,787), maintenance ($2,147), insurance ($1,350), parking and tolls ($1,800) and taxes ($1,319). And that does not include the average eleven new tires an owner is likely to buy on what the report calls a car's "100,000-mile, ten-year trip from the assembly line to the junkyard."

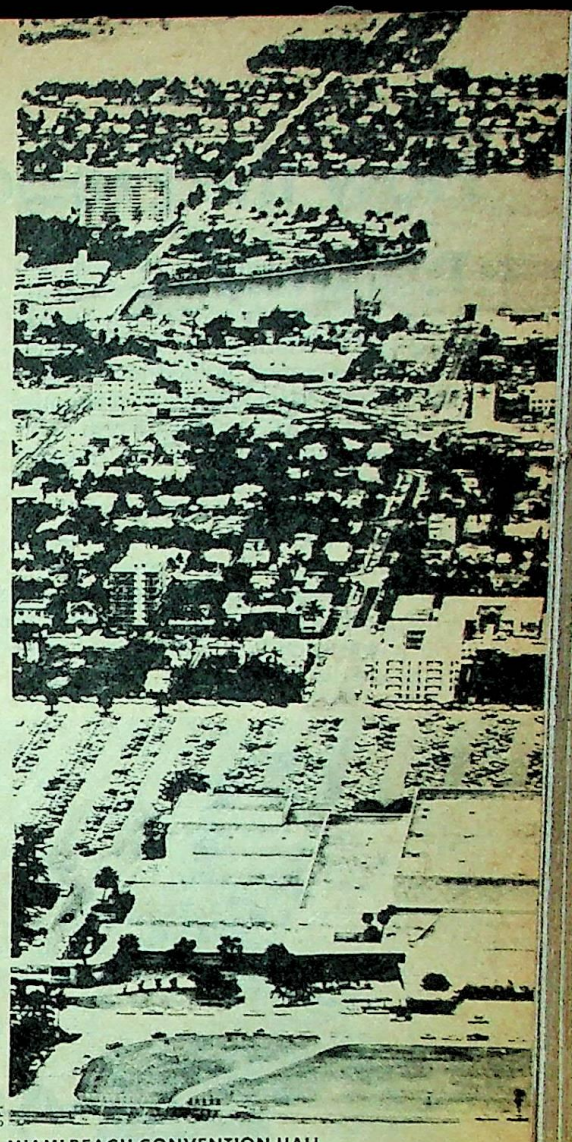
Stone Soul Wonder

Black families quail in terror as Rodent, the dread giant rat, stalks the streets of the ghetto. No one seems to be a match for the evil Rodent; the ghetto dwellers are condemned to die an agonizing, verminous death. But wait! Look, up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's . . . Black Man!!!

So you better hat up, Rodent, because it looks like Black Man is here to stay. Thanks to Tom Floyd, a Gary, Ind., commercial artist, young blacks can look up to an authentic soul hero. The first edition of Black Man Comics will shortly hit the newsstands with a very soulful twist on the requisite introductory issue: like Superman, Batman and Captain Marvel, Black Man is born of the transformation of a clean-cut young man into a creature possessed of superhuman powers.

In this case, the power is conferred by Scientist P.T. Jones (read: George Washington Carver) on a young black student-athlete named Steve Thomas with peanuts soaked in the mysterious chemical X. Wearing a slave-chain medallion, a cloth suit with the curse of Nat Turner upon it, and special boots that will enable him to fly by "lifting yourself by your own bootstraps," Black Man, the Soul Wonder of the World, sets out to "rid the universe of poverty, crime and racial bigotry." His arch enemies are Rodent, who breeds on filth and spreads disease; Riot, an immense black gone mad with the craving for destruction; and Narcotics, a heinous figure with hypodermic needles in place of fingers.

Floyd came by the idea because he saw the need to give black children their own hero to supplant those of his boyhood. As he puts it: "I got turned off of Tarzan because he was white and was always swinging out of trees and beating up black natives."



UPI

MIAMI BEACH CONVENTION HALL
Not exactly ecstatic.

How the President Sees His Options

THE U.S. was rapidly assembling one of history's most powerful naval armadas in the Gulf of Tonkin. It was shipping M-48 tanks into Danang, landing tank-destroying, guided-missile helicopters from West Germany, reopening a bomber base in Thailand. Fresh fighter-bombers winged into the theater, bringing to 1,000 the number of U.S. planes poised to strike North Viet Nam. The gathering force had been ordered into place by a U.S. President who seemed determined either to blunt the Communist offensive that threatened to overpower such key South Vietnamese cities as Hué and Kontum, or to punish the North Vietnamese for succeeding.

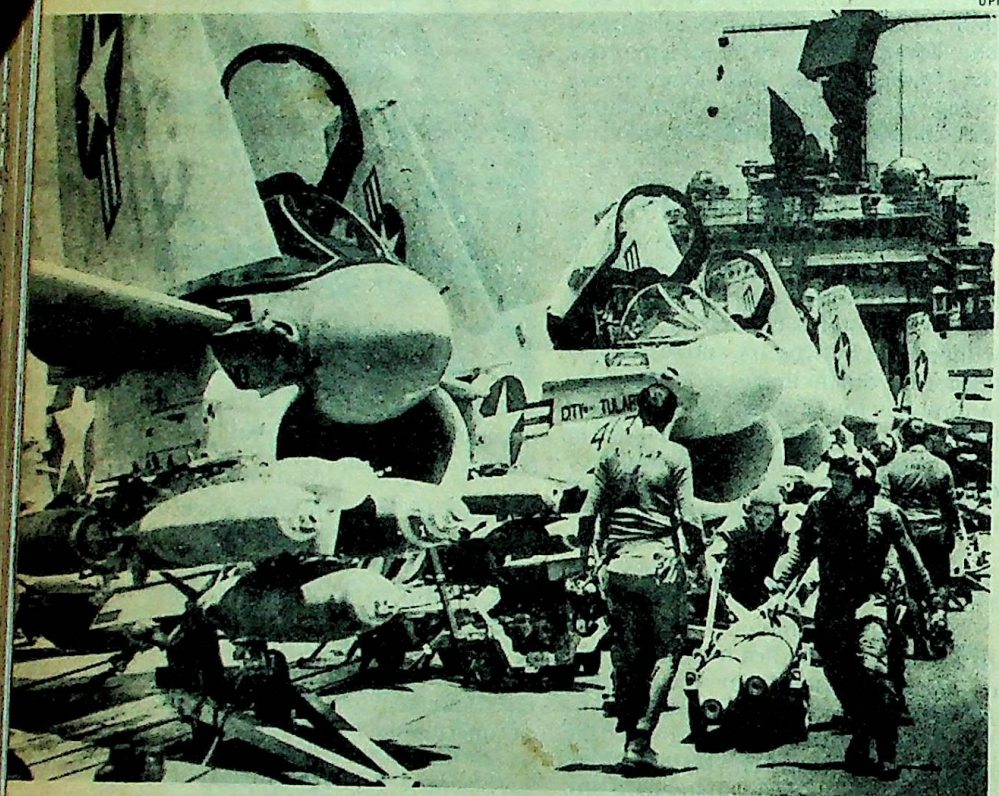
Even as the buildup proceeded apace, a relative lull descended on the fighting, and there was muted optimism that the Communists might not after all succeed in taking Hué. But that would probably only mean a strike elsewhere. The prospect remained for more bloodshed in a war in which more deaths seemed pointless—and it cried out for negotiation. Yet, as so often in this agonizing conflict, there would obviously be no bargaining until the latest phase of escalation was felt on the battlefield. A tantalizing hope of a diplomatic breakthrough that might have avoided the showdown had flamed briefly, then flickered out.

The brief moment of optimism arose when Moscow, through Presidential Aide Henry Kissinger, had encouraged the U.S. to reopen the suspended Paris peace talks. President Nixon had expressed "the firm expectation that productive talks leading to rapid progress will follow." Arriving in Paris, Hanoi's top negotiator, Le Duc Tho, announced encouragingly that "we do not, in any way, want to impose a Communist regime in South Viet Nam." He met with Kissinger, who had once more slipped secretly into Paris. But after a few meetings, public and private, the U.S. and South Viet Nam again broke off the negotiations, claiming "a lack of progress in every available channel."

Washington was deeply disappointed. Said a State Department spokesman: "We are exceptionally frustrated." There was a feeling that Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev had misled Kissinger by exaggerating Hanoi's willingness to negotiate. "It was deception," snapped a senior U.S. official. Brezhnev's motive may have been to embarrass the U.S. before Nixon's visit to Moscow by making it look as though the new Communist offensive had pressured Nixon into suing for peace. Washington, on the other hand, had thought that the North's military gains had given Hanoi a new incentive to bargain.

Actually, any likelihood of Communist concessions was dimmed by the very success of the massive new attacks and the resulting panic among some South Vietnamese units (*see* THE WORLD). Hanoi doubtless was stalling until it could perceive the outcome at Hué and Kontum, where Communist victories could demoralize the South's military and civil authority and perhaps achieve the goal of toppling the Saigon government of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Thus Hanoi stuck to its past bargaining positions in Paris. The U.S., while proclaiming flexibility on its negotiating points, remained firmly behind Thieu. Said Kissinger: "The only thing we have refused to do is to end the war by imposing a Communist government on South Viet Nam."

UPI



DECK OF CARRIER "CONSTELLATION" OFF SOUTH VIET NAM
The need was negotiation, the prospect bloodshed.

Impasse. The diplomatic impasse still centered upon the Communist insistence that Thieu's government must be replaced by a broader, but undetailed, "government of national concord" while the U.S. continues to equate Thieu with the principle of elective government in South Viet Nam. So far Hanoi has shown no interest in the one concession on the Thieu government—Thieu's offer to resign one month before the holding of an election in which the National Liberation Front could help supervise the electoral machinery and also campaign for office. The Communists demand that creation of a broad-based government, including representatives of the N.L.F., precede any election.

The U.S. has also offered a military-only package: a fixed and early date for withdrawal of all U.S. ground forces in exchange for a cease-fire and the return of all prisoners. The political settlement would then be left either to further negotiations or to whatever the Vietnamese factions can work out among themselves. Hanoi has spurned that, presumably on the theory that Nixon is committed to getting all U.S. troops out anyway and that Hanoi can achieve its goals only through continued military pressure on the South.

The grim mood in Washington thus centered upon the military options open to the President. For a leader bent on pulling out his forces, Nixon was still talking pugnaciously. At a political outing on Treasury Secretary John Connally's Texas ranch, Nixon warned: "The North Vietnamese are taking a very great risk if they continue their offensive in the South." There seemed little doubt that the offensive would continue and that the military choices open to Nixon are limited—and dangerous. Among them:

▸ Resuming massive bombing of North Viet Nam, including military installations and supplies near Hanoi and Haiphong. The permissible targets could conceivably be expanded to almost any kind of large building and anything that moves. Less likely targets would be railroad lines carrying supplies out of China.

▸ Blockading the ports of Haiphong and other entry points for seaborne munitions and supplies. This could be done by massing U.S. ships as well as by mining the waters. It would risk direct conflict with Soviet and Chinese vessels.

▸ Supplying the landing ships for a diversionary hit-and-run strike into North Viet Nam by South Vietnamese troops. This would have to be at a coastal target like Dong Hoi, just north of the Demilitarized Zone. It could bolster ARVN morale and draw some NVA troops back North. But it would require some 10,000 troops and the South cannot readily spare that number. A similar raid could be conducted by ARVN paratroopers, but they hold key defensive positions in the South.

▸ Encouraging the South Vietnamese to counterattack near Hué, hoping to encircle the NVA forces threatening that capital. But this would require a swift turnabout by South Vietnamese troops in the area and before that could happen, the Communists seem likely to strike—or melt away.

Nixon has ruled out most of the other military possibilities, including the reentry into combat of U.S. troops and the use of nuclear weapons.

As Kissinger and Nixon weighed the situation on the presidential yacht *Sequoia* on the Potomac, and the Kissinger-chaired Washington Special Action Group met repeatedly to organize options, the President once again seemed cornered, angry—and unpredictable. His Vietnamization policy, his desire for a Moscow summit meeting, even his re-election, all seemed threatened by the Communist military drive. The U.S. emphasized its willingness to return to the negotiating table at any time. But the odds seemed to be that nothing much would happen there until the present phase of the North Vietnamese invasion had run its course—and both sides stood back from the ruins to reassess their positions in view of the outcome.

TIME ESSAY

Why Be Afraid of Americans?

As a new and potentially climactic crisis approaches in the fitful fever of Viet Nam, a beleaguered U.S. President seems a captive of his repeated assertions of the past and his personal passions of the moment. As he has done so often, Richard Nixon spoke again last week of how "the position of the United States as the strongest nation in the world" was at stake in Viet Nam. A defeat for the U.S. might be "repeated in the Middle East, in Asia and in Europe," he warned. He feared that the world might "lose respect" for the office of the President and he vowed: "I will not let that happen."

That is puzzlingly belligerent rhetoric for a leader who is actually withdrawing his nation's troops from a war it has not won. By all logic, if so much is at stake in Viet Nam, his disengagement could be considered grossly negligent. He ought to be pouring U.S. troops into the conflict, rather than pulling them out of it. This mysterious dichotomy between act and word cannot be explained as an attempt to deceive the enemy; the Communists watched the U.S. troopships leave, coolly ignored Nixon's warnings and attacked more massively than ever. The Nixonian rhetoric seems to reveal a misplaced fear that the American psyche cannot handle any tinge of "defeat" or abandonment of professed "principle" in Viet Nam. The President appears to be fighting the phantom of a mythical constituency on the American political right, a spectre perhaps shaped by his own past and never severely examined.

■

Yet samplings of U.S. opinion show that the public is overwhelmingly weary of the war. Even George Wallace concedes that he is. Americans want their troops back home, the prisoners released and the killing stopped. To be sure, they do not want to see U.S. forces humiliated in a panicky flight for the beaches or watch Communist troops seize immediate control of a Saigon government that the U.S. has supported at such a high price for so long. But they are certainly in the mood for reasonable compromise. Moreover, even most military men feel frustrated by the futility of the conflict, especially the prolonged demonstration of the limits of U.S. power in a restrictive situation. And they cannot help but be apprehensive when so much American naval and air power is concentrated in a far corner of the Pacific, leaving other areas weakened. The handful of remaining hawks who want to bomb Hanoi into dust pose no political threat to the President. And the Democrats who oppose his re-election could only applaud a lowering of U.S. sights in Viet Nam; it is what they advocate.

All of the tired talk of fading U.S. prestige, of nations falling like dominoes, of a massive Communist-inflicted bloodbath, form a self-made trap that only exacerbates the very public reaction that seems to so obsess the President. It could lead him, in turn, to drastic measures that would endanger that "generation of peace" which Nixon so often cites as his prime presidential goal.

It is time to break out of that trap, to take a more detached and longer perspective. If he did so, Nixon could perhaps develop and articulate a policy for Southeast Asia that fits logically with his constructive overtures to China and the Soviet Union and his grand design for peace. At present, even the most sophisticated young anti-Communist in Asia must be totally confused at the thought of mighty air and naval armadas massed against an apparently independent little Communist nation while the President negotiates cordially with the two major Communist powers.

The abandonment of apocalyptic rhetoric might even lead to the realization that the practical negotiating positions of Washington and Hanoi are not hopelessly different. While Communist oratory cannot be taken at face value, Hanoi does regard its public pronouncements seriously. North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho professes that Hanoi does not demand "a Communist takeover" in South Viet Nam as part of a settlement, will not attack withdrawing U.S. troops and will return the P.O.W.s. But he does demand the removal of South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu. For its part, the U.S. can hardly abandon Thieu in the present circumstances. If Hué should fall, his position could become academic. If Thieu's troops hold, then he probably would remain a strong national leader. Thus military events in Viet Nam, rather than any action by Washington, will probably determine Thieu's fate. This is part of the test of Vietnamization, although it is also a probable script for continued deadlock and a prolonged war.

■

There is in short a vast difference between humiliation and the reality that Nixon's oratory only beclouds. His own deeds in the realm of constructive negotiating offers in fact belie the narrow negativism of his public words.

It will inevitably be difficult for Americans to accept the proposition that so many of their young men died or were maimed without achieving the full goals for which three U.S. Presidents sent them to Viet Nam. But there is a sensible, minimum American goal in Viet Nam that can yet be achieved: the restoration of peace without imposing any Communist government on South Viet Nam. That would not be defeat. Practically, the U.S. can hope for little more.

By shedding his preoccupation with false fears of the psychological damage that an unhappy end to the Viet Nam War might wreak on America, Richard Nixon would be free to exercise the immense power that every President has to influence public reaction in his special preserve of foreign relations. And by putting Viet Nam into its proper perspective on the grand scale of global affairs, the U.S. might well gain rather than lose credibility as a world power —and grow in moral stature as well.

A Tale of Two Georges

Halfway from the snows of New Hampshire to the sands of Miami Beach, the Democratic presidential action is now with the two Georges, McGovern and Wallace, who have done far better than any of the experts expected when the campaigning began. From either side, they are eroding the center occupied by Hubert Humphrey. Last week the story was not that Humphrey won the primaries in Ohio and Indiana —which he did—but that in each of these states one of the two Georges almost did him in.

Humphrey remains very much alive, however, unlike Edmund Muskie of Maine, the most spectacular casualty of the crowded campaign. The list of dead and wounded grew last week; after a disappointing 8% showing in Ohio, where he had expected to do well among more conservative Democrats, Washington's Henry ("Scoop") Jackson announced that he too would retire from campaigning. Despite an unbecoming retreat on civil rights to make capital of the busing issue and a last-minute attack on McGovern's radical-left backers, Jackson never succeeded in getting his name, much less his message, across.

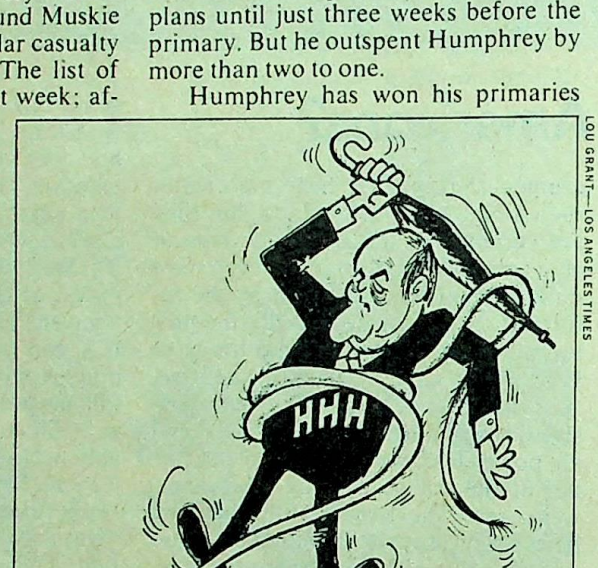
INDIANA. One high point of Wallace's characteristically helter-skelter campaign in Indiana was a $25-a-plate lunch at the Indianapolis Hilton, which drew, among others, Grand Dragon William Chaney of the state Ku Klux Klan and Frank Thompson, head of a local John Birch Society chapter, who listed Wallace's credentials: "He's American, he's Christian, he's experienced." Humphrey did not start campaigning in Indiana until seven days before last week's primary, and at that he had to divide his time between Indiana and neighboring Ohio. Humphrey squeaked through, winning 47% of the vote to Wallace's 42%. Wallace was helped by a heavy Republican crossover vote. Humphrey had a 38,000-vote margin in the popular vote, with most of his edge coming from Indianapolis and Gary, which have the state's heaviest concentrations of blacks.

OHIO. In an entirely different situation next door in Ohio, blacks also gave Humphrey the crucial push over George McGovern, who got 39.6% of the total to Humphrey's 41.2%. McGovern got half of the white votes, but Humphrey took four out of every five black votes. There were murmurings of some dirty work in Cleveland's black precincts, one of which split 54 to 25 for Humphrey, while another next door went to Humphrey 115 to 0. That was only one confusion in a grotesquely botched election. Voting machines failed to operate, could not be unlocked, were not reprogrammed from last year's municipal elections, even never appeared at polling places. In the Cleveland area, 16 precincts never opened. One out-of-stater snarled: "I don't think Ohio is ready for self-government."

Nevertheless, the results proved that McGovern had very nearly beaten Humphrey in a state that should have been natural Humphrey terrain. Unlike Wisconsin, where McGovern's organizers began working months ago, Ohio was not even important to McGovern's plans until just three weeks before the primary. But he outspent Humphrey by more than two to one.

Humphrey has won his primaries narrowly, but as he noted succinctly last week, "Winning is winning." He has taken on George Wallace head to head and beaten him, and when he meets Wallace again in West Virginia this week, he is expected to win handily. Nebraska, which was once taken for granted as McGovern territory, is also up this week and Humphrey seemed to be leading at the end. Farther down the road, though, the McGovern people are looking for a fast finish in Oregon, California and New York.

At the moment both McGovern and Humphrey look likely to go all the way to the convention, with neither man in firm command of the nomination. Ohio suggests that neither campaign will collapse soon; the climax may well come in California's winner-take-all primary on June 6. Says Gary Hart, McGovern's campaign manager: "California is Armageddon."



LOU GRANT—LOS ANGELES TIMES

"I've heard of grass roots, but this is ridiculous!"

The Republocrats

President Nixon seldom makes house calls. But last week he boarded Air Force One at his Key Biscayne retreat to fly 1,500 miles for a Texas hoedown at the ranch of his treasured Treasury Secretary, John Connally. For the President even to consider such an odyssey is firm reinforcement of Connally's towering stature in Washington. Indeed, it was Connally who carried the President's wreath of carnations and cornflowers to the Abraham Lincoln catafalque on which J. Edgar Hoover lay in state last week. That and the splashy Texas party left no doubt as to where nominal Democrat Connally stands in Nixon's affections.

Even if Nixon's visit had underlying political significance, its surface was just easygoing Texas sociability. Conservative Texas is a place where Nixon is comfortable, and he was relaxed and smiling as he and Pat arrived before a cheering crowd of thousands at Randolph Air Force Base. A helicopter whisked Nixon and the First Lady to the Connally ranch 35 miles south, where Nixon greeted a casually clad Connally with an immediate apology. "I'm sorry we scared your cattle," he said.

Top of Texas. Toward dusk the wind picked up and the skies around the ranch rattled with thunder—not from rain, but from the engines of executive jets that put down on the ranch's 4,100-ft. landing strip. On the spacious lawn in front of the Connallys' elegant two-story ranch house, workmen put the finishing touches on baskets of Texas wild flowers hung from the limbs of live oak trees. Bouquets of chrysanthemums floated in the 40-ft. swimming pool behind the house. Cooks hovered over charcoal broilers, tending to some 200 lbs. of home-grown beef tenderloin; others monitored the huge vats where corn-on-the-cob was steaming.

Arriving guests were introduced to Nixon by Connally in a formal reception in the ranch's high-ceilinged living room. The guest list was compiled from the very top of the Texas power pyramid: Dallas Billionaire H. Ross Perot, H.L. Hunt's son Nelson, John Murchison, former Dallas Mayor Erik Jonsson, Houston Millionairess Ima Hogg, construction Magnate George Brown and Fort Worth's Perry Bass, who helped hoist Connally to political power. Publicly, most of the guests were Democrats; in the eccentricities of Texas politics even the most hidebound conservatives pay lip service to traditional ties to the Democratic Party.

Still, there was no doubt that these were Nixon people; many had quietly financed Republican candidates in the past. One wag dubbed the shindig "the Republocrat Convention." As Connally greeted Fort Worth Oilman W.A. Moncrief, he said to Nixon: "This man is a big giver, Mr. President, and he never asks for anything in return."

But the mood of the party was gen-

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Which very often means they don't tell the time as well as they should.

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We've won nearly half the chronometer certificates ever awarded, even though we're responsible for a mere fraction of the annual production of Swiss watches.

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Then, after 162 separate operations have made this seamless case complete, we fit into it a Rolex-Patented Twinlock Winding Crown.

The Twinlock Crown functions rather like a submarine hatch; it actually screws down onto the Oyster case. To make this possible, we have to carry out no less than 38 minutely precise operations.

Apart from allowing us to guarantee our watches waterproof to incredible depths, the formidable combination of seamless Oyster case and Twinlock Crown have also kept Oyster Perpetual movements safe under the most trying circumstances.

Here, for example, is a quote from just one of the hundreds of letters we have on file in Geneva. "...recently an accident happened and my Rolex fell into a gas furnace in our factory.

The average temperature in that oven was about 650° Celsius. I did not expect very much of the watch when I managed to get it out of the furnace. To my great surprise, however, it was still running and the only damage done was a slight deformation of the glass window."

Letters like this make our craftsmen feel very proud.

They're also rather proud of the fact that Rolex watches are worn by many of the world's leading Heads of State, and by men like World Champion Jackie Stewart, Sir Francis Chichester and explorer Haroun Tazieff.

These men get a great deal of satisfaction out of owning what they consider to be the best watch in the world.

Almost as much as our craftsmen get out of making one.

Owning one is almost as satisfying as making one.

ROLEX
of Geneva



Pictured: The Rolex Day-Date, available only in 18ct. gold or platinum with matching bracelet and a choice of 23 languages



Sometimes it's more elegant not to use an elegant decanter.

erally light. When Nixon asked 82-year-old W.W. McAllister, former mayor of San Antonio, his secret of youth, the peppery McAllister replied: "If I knew that I'd keep it to myself and sell it." The Nixons and the Connallys moved out to an open meadow to watch the show every visitor to Texas must eventually see: a demonstration of quarter-horse agility. The President timidly patted one of the animals and admitted: "I've never been on a horse." Nellie Connally took the President's hand and said: "I haven't either."

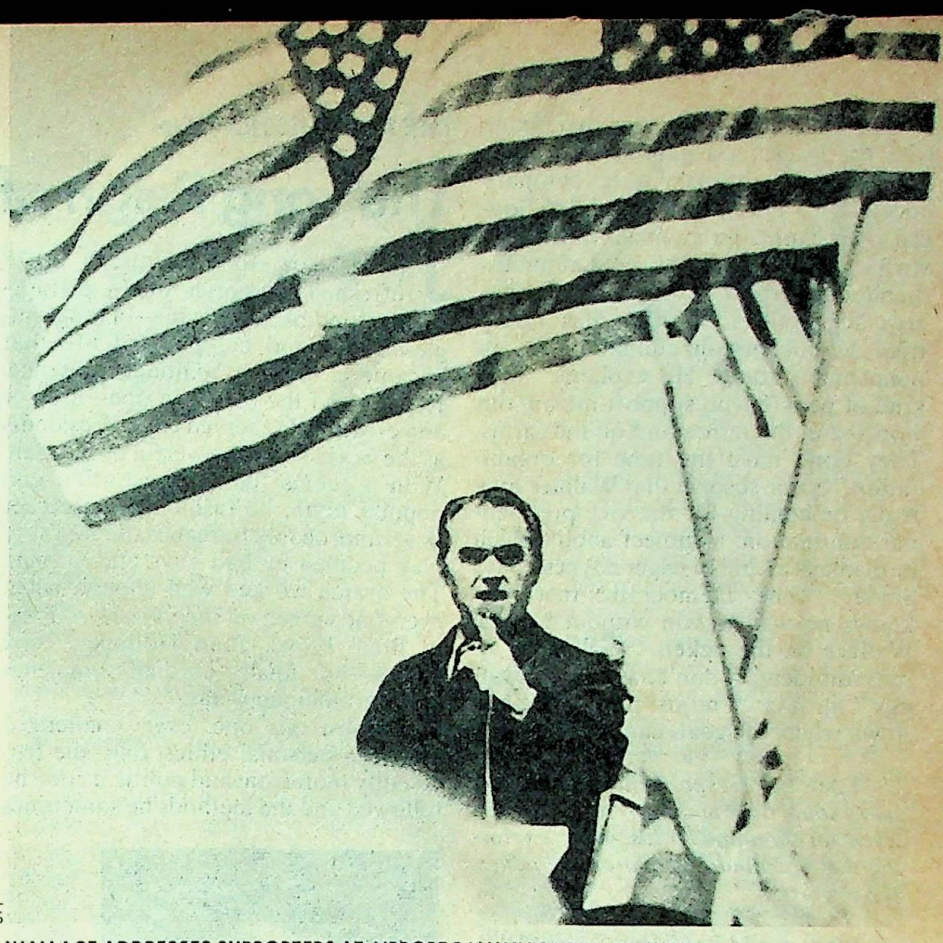
After a buffet dinner, the President told the guests just the things they wanted to hear: up with the oil-depletion allowance, down with busing, and hard-line talk on Viet Nam. Then he and Connally went into their mutual-admiration-society routine. Connally said of Nixon: "I respect this particular President of the United States for the manner in which he conducts himself." Nixon responded: "John Connally . . . is in my view, a man who has demonstrated he is capable of holding any job in the U.S. that he would like to pursue. I am just glad he is not seeking the Democratic nomination."

The last line was pure political politesse, but it was the "any job in the U.S." that stirred fresh speculation that Connally would be invited to bolt the Democratic Party and replace Spiro Agnew as Nixon's running mate.

Dumping Agnew? There are influential Republicans who have privately urged Nixon to dump the Vice President in Connally's favor. They argue that Connally can draw the same conservative support that Agnew can —with the guaranteed addition of Texas' electoral votes, which Hubert Humphrey took in 1968. As a personality and quick-study administrator, Connally has an edge on Agnew; the Vice President tends to be a hit only with those of his particular persuasion, while Connally jabs and feints his way through congressional hearings and news conferences with a downhome panache that charms even his opponents.

Nixon has quietly told the pro-Connally Republicans that he will keep his options open—which plainly means that he has plenty of time to test opinion and size up the Democratic presidential nominee before making his choice. However, Agnew's chances of remaining with the President have steadily improved over the past few months, and it is generally assumed in Washington these days that Agnew will be on the slate again. He serves to hold Nixon's right flank in place.

Still, these are precarious times for the President, and Agnew has been known to blunder into the doghouse before. Said one White House aide: "I'd have to put odds on Agnew being renominated. But of course, if the boss is down ten points to the Democrats in August, then all bets are off. Anybody's expendable then."



UPI

WALLACE ADDRESSES SUPPORTERS AT AIRPORT RALLY IN SAGINAW, MICH.

Hay for the Goats

George Corley Wallace's double-knit-clad workers do not talk about alienation. Their current word for the mood of the voters is "disenchantment." Another term at the Alabama Governor's Montgomery headquarters is "protracted politics"—not a bad description of Wallace's dogged, divisive presidential candidacy, now making its third appearance in eight years. Whatever it is, it is working: Hubert Humphrey edged him by a scant 5% margin in Indiana; George McGovern has carefully ducked him in Florida and Michigan, where busing is a hot issue; Scoop Jackson could never catch fire once Wallace got going. Wallace won last week's Tennessee primary two to one, and at week's end looked like a big winner over moderate ex-Governor Terry Sanford in North Carolina.

"It's either Wallace, Humphrey or McGovern—one of us three," Wallace proclaimed cheerfully after a screaming, stomping, Confederate-flag-waving rally last week at Houston's jammed Convention Center Music Hall. After the Indiana primary, Wallace proudly noted that Theodore White (*The Making of the President*) had observed on TV: "This means they'll have to deal with George Wallace at the convention." Says Wallace: "I think we surely have the balance of power, but I think I have an excellent chance of getting the nomination." Really? "Or a good chance." Sure? "I mean a chance."

He now has more than 200 delegates committed or leaning to him, and nobody is looking forward more gleefully to next week's primaries in Michigan and Maryland. Michigan is the Northern state most affected by court-ordered busing, and its restless voters could well make it George Wallace's kind of country. Maryland is friendly Border state country where he polled a solid 42% in the 1964 primary. After Michigan and Maryland, the strategy will shift toward coddling delegates from nonprimary states. He is ready to edify conventions large or small with a half-hour film and pep-talk program, and delegates will also get a pictorial biography of the candidate showing him getting an honorary degree from Troy State University, snuggling Girl Scouts, shooting skeet, chatting with cops, and even posing as Santa Claus.

On the Beach. Wallace is determined to arrive at Miami Beach with enough delegates to elbow his way into the top Democratic councils. For one thing, he wants to insist on platform planks that could include reconfirmation of Supreme Court Justices every six years and local election of U.S. district court judges. "They're going to treat me with deference," he says, "not as an individual but because of the people I represent. They better think about that, because they can't win without those folks." He still has his cutting humor, too: "I want some hotel rooms on the beach. They've given people hotel rooms on the beach who don't have a delegate."

Charles Snider, Wallace's campaign manager, offers a scenario of a deadlocked convention that turns to Wallace in an access of patriotic fervor. But there are plenty of signs that Wallace does not take his presidential candidacy all that seriously. He failed to file in Cal-

ifornia and New York, the two states with the largest delegations. His organizations in the primary states compare poorly with Humphrey's and McGovern's; his campaign manager in Indiana works nights as a freight agent at the Indianapolis airport, so he had little energy for politics. Wallace has rarely tried all-out organizational drives in nonprimary states. He explains: "The kind of people who support me are out working in the mines and on the farms. They don't have the time for organization." Some suspect that Wallace may really be angling for the vice-presidential nomination, a subject about which he displays a kind of eager coyness. Says Snider: "The Democratic hierarchy knows no way to win without George Wallace on the tickets." Wallace is almost diffident. "I don't have much strategy," he says. "I'm just putting the hay down where the goats can get it."

■

TIME *Correspondent Jess Cook spent some time aboard Wallace's chartered Jet Commander last week, exploring the Alabaman's stand on the issues. His report:*

What would President George Wallace do in his first 100 days in the White House? "Well," he begins, "I'd hope the war would be over by then. If not, I'd try and wind it down. I'd go to Congress with a tax-relief bill. I'd institute a program to start screening welfare recipients. I'd start talking to our NATO allies about sharing more of the costs." The voice trails off, then brightens: "What did you think about Pennsylvania? I just made one speech." A sharp nudge. Getting down to cases with the Governor of Alabama is about as easy as getting the seeds out of cotton without a gin. On some subjects the answers come, such as they are, but for the most part—whether out of political shrewdness or intellectual boredom—Wallace is as diffuse as the clouds outside.

He would tax foundations and church commercial property, raise the personal exemption to $1,200, reduce the oil depletion allowance. Would he redistribute the wealth? "I'm not for sharing the wealth, leveling everybody. I just want everybody to pay their share." He would take the $40 billion that he claims is in the foreign aid pipeline and put it into rapid transit and superhighways. Farm price parities would go to 85%, even 90%. He is vague about his program for defense: "I'm not warlike at all. I just don't believe in gambling with American security."

If elected, says Wallace, he would put together a top staff of advisers —maybe even from Harvard. "I'm not against intellectuals, just pseudo intellectuals," he says. His campaign staff now includes three researchers and many bright aides, but he makes little use of experts. Says Wallace triumphantly: "Who's been advising Kennedy and all these Presidents? None of their advice has been any good."

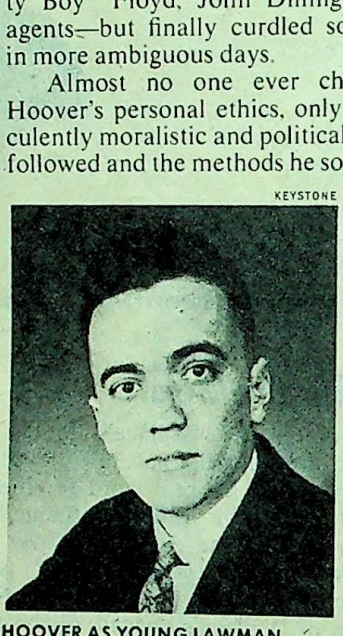
THE ADMINISTRATION

The Long Reign of J. Edgar Hoover

JOHN EDGAR HOOVER'S death at 77 refreshed memories of an extraordinary fund of Americana—a long, single-minded and complicated life that became a unique national presence. Hoover and the FBI were one—creator and creation. He served eight Presidents as the world's most powerful policeman. With a genius for administration and popular myth, he fashioned his career as an improbable bureaucratic morality play peopled by bad guys and G-men. The drama worked well enough when everyone agreed on the villains—"Pretty Boy" Floyd, John Dillinger, Nazi agents—but finally curdled somewhat in more ambiguous days.

Almost no one ever challenged Hoover's personal ethics, only the truculently moralistic and political code he followed and the methods he sometimes used to enforce it. Even at the end, he was a difficult target, for the vast police organization that he built almost singlehanded, which today has 19,401 employees, including 8,586 special agents, has over the years been astonishingly uncontaminated by outside political influence. The number of FBI agents convicted of a crime: none. Hoover's bureau set the standard and wrote the rules for effective law enforcement throughout the world. No criticism could detract from his extraordinary achievement—the difficult establishment in a turbulent democracy of a national law-enforcement agency that was honest, expert and free from partisan taint.

KEYSTONE



HOOVER AS YOUNG LAWMAN



DEMONSTRATING SUBMACHINE GUN (1935)

Hoover once considered becoming a Presbyterian minister, but he obviously had a vocation elsewhere. The son of a Washington civil servant, he worked as a Library of Congress clerk while taking night courses at George Washington University. He earned a law degree in 1916 and a master's a year later.

His bureaucratic rise was rapid. He joined the Justice Department in 1917, and two years later was head of a new general intelligence division ordered to study subversives during the "Palmer Raids," an anti-Bolshevist dragnet that made McCarthyism a generation later seem a model of tolerance. It was Hoover's first encounter with Communism, which all of his life he regarded as "the greatest menace free civilization has ever known."

Vintage Year. In 1924, Attorney General (later Supreme Court Justice) Harlan Fiske Stone offered to make Hoover director of the department's Bureau of Investigation, then a slovenly, corrupt outfit. Though only 29, Hoover insisted that he would take the job only if the bureau were divorced from politics and the civil service. He established an absolute authority at the beginning. He demanded that his agents have either a law or an accounting degree, resisted any and all political pressures. Hoover turned the bureau into the world's most efficient crime-fighting apparatus, with an elaborate fingerprint library and crime laboratory. In 1930, the FBI became the clearinghouse for national crime statistics, reported by state and local authorities.

But it was not until 1932 that Hoover and the FBI took hold of the national imagination. Kidnaping had grown to something of an epidemic, most notoriously dramatized by the Lindbergh affair. Hoover's men broke that case, and with the help of the Lindbergh Act, which made kidnaping a federal crime punishable by death, eventually curbed that particular vogue. Two years later, gangsters mowed down an FBI agent and several policemen in the "Kansas City Massacre," and the FBI won the right to bear firearms and make arrests.

The vintage year was 1934. John Dillinger fell to the FBI on a Chicago

street (this death mask was to survive as a tourist attraction at headquarters in Washington). "Baby Face" Nelson dropped on an Illinois highway. Not long after, Russell Gibson of the Barker-Karpis gang was killed resisting arrest in a Chicago alley. Then "Ma" Barker and her son Fred were killed fighting agents in Florida. Tennessee Senator Kenneth D. McKellar was incautious enough in 1936 to sniff that Hoover himself had never made an arrest, so less than a month later Hoover personally presided over the collaring of Alvin (Old Creepy") Karpis, whom the FBI called "Public Enemy No. 1." (Karpis got the last word by insisting later that Hoover cowered in the background and waited for agents to put on the cuffs before he appeared to pose for pictures.)

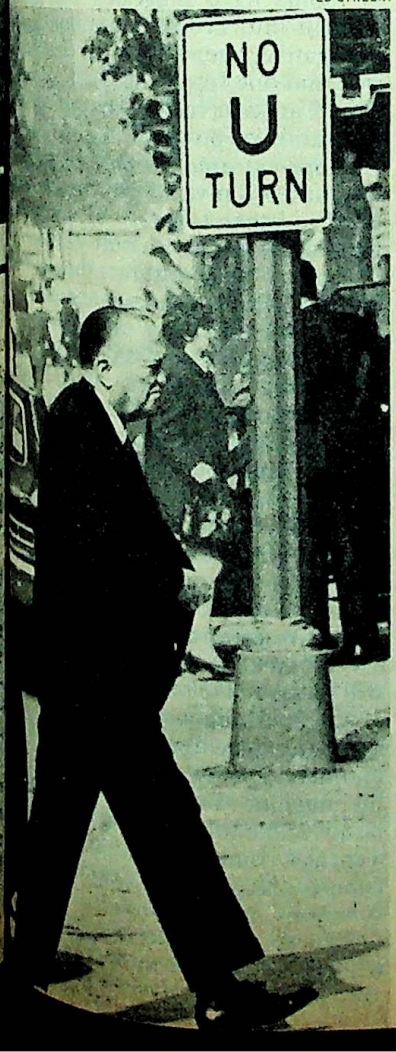
A kind of comic-strip hero worship began. At his arrest in 1933, "Machine Gun" Kelly supposedly pleaded: "Don't shoot, G-men; don't shoot!" The coinage was to appear on G-man pajamas, G-man toy submachine guns, and the lips of a generation of radio actors. *The FBI in Peace and War*, introduced by the somber, implacable kettledrums of Prokofiev, fostered the image of relentless baritones in service to the general good. Much later, Hoover reserved his Sunday nights for watching TV's *FBI*, starring Efrem Zimbalist Jr., a paragon of rectitude specifically approved by the director himself.

During the '30s, Hoover's agents were mainly preoccupied with kidnapers, robbers and murderers. During the war, F.D.R. commissioned Hoover to search out Nazi spies and saboteurs. The FBI took 33 German agents on one weekend in 1941. But Hoover protested strongly when thousands of innocent Japanese-Americans were interned as part of the spy scare. After the war, the FBI focused increasingly on the pursuit of Communists, including Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. "There is little choice," he once said, "between Communism and Fascism. Both are totalitarian, antidemocratic and godless."

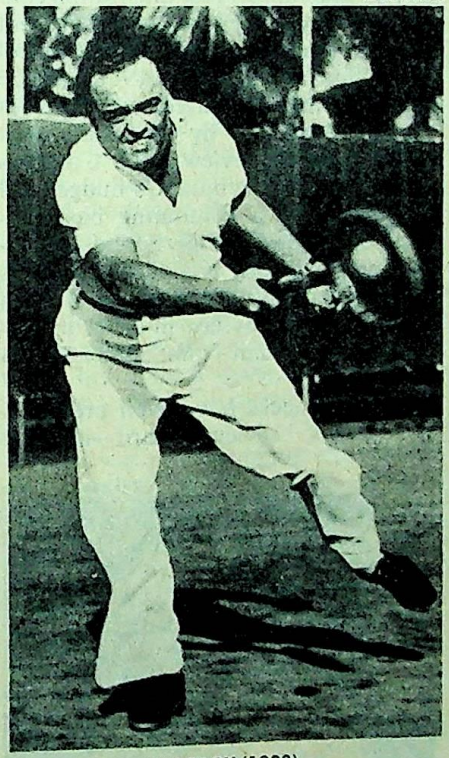
His prides and prejudices were strong, especially where the autonomy of his bureau was concerned. With Attorney General Robert Kennedy he fought a long battle of wills over FBI operations and their animosity was obvious. It was in a curt call from Hoover that R.F.K. learned of John Kennedy's assassination. Though Robert remained Attorney General for ten more months, they never spoke again after Nov. 22.

For several decades, Hoover was a figure of heroic probity—another generation's pistol-packing version of Ralph Nader. Unmarried to the end, he lived with his mother until her death in 1938. For recreation, he went to the racetrack, usually with his lifelong friend Clyde Tolson, who became Associate Deputy Director of the bureau; Hoover always cautiously restricted himself to the $2 window. In the '30s and '40s, he began to appear in New York nightclubs, such as the Stork Club, with cronies, notably Walter Winchell, but he would have only one drink, or two at most. Columnist Jack Anderson, whose agents assiduously went through Hoover's trash cans recently in an exercise of exceptionally personal journalism, confirmed that he liked to drink Jack Daniels.

ED STREEKY



WIDE WORLD



TENNIS IN MIAMI BEACH (1938)

Hoover ultimately came to his police work with a vision of national destiny. If his FBI was incorruptible, it became at the same time an instrument of his zealotry. He exaggerated the domestic Communist menace while for years curiously neglecting organized crime. His men were swift to find the bodies of Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner after they were killed in Philadelphia, Miss., and to solve the Klan killing of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo in Alabama; yet they seemed slow otherwise to enforce the cause of civil rights. When Martin Luther King Jr. suggested that Southern FBI offices were unsympathetic to blacks, Hoover called him "the most notorious liar in the country."

Embattled End. Perhaps the '60s, with their extravagances of assassinations and riots and accelerating crime, were more than his stern and orderly mind could accommodate. He had become a legend whose own sense of discipline and integrity prevented many of the abuses that his vast power made him capable of. Yet toward the end the myth had begun to deteriorate. There were charges that the FBI was tapping Congressmen's phones. Even if that claim was never proved, it did suggest the critics' general theme: J. Edgar Hoover's FBI was in his last days dangerously turning its resources to ideological purposes—harassing political radicals and even liberals, accumulating a frightening inventory of dossiers. And even within Hoover's granitically disciplined bureau, the cracks were showing. Morale had deteriorated. Last fall Hoover forced out one of his top deputies, William Sullivan, in a feud that jarred the bureau's highest ranks.

For J. Edgar Hoover, it was an unhappy, embattled end. After nearly half a century of his masterful, autocratic reign, the word senility was loudly whispered about. President Nixon's highest advisers counseled him to find a dignified moment to ease Hoover out, and although the President resisted, he undoubtedly would have done so as soon as the criticism had sufficiently faded. Instead, the moment was chosen for him. One night last week in his neo-Georgian house at the edge of Washington's Rock Creek Park, John Edgar Hoover died of hypertensive cardiovascular disease.

His body lay in state in the Capitol rotunda—the first civil servant ever to be so honored. The next day, in Washington's National Presbyterian Church, not far from the house where Hoover was born, Richard Nixon did him the additional honor of delivering the funeral eulogy. The two men had had a mutual admiration ever since the days when Nixon, a freshman Congressman from California, had begun his pursuit of Alger Hiss and "the Communist conspiracy." Hoover, said Nixon, "was one of the giants, a man who helped keep steel in America's backbone and the flame of freedom in America's soul."

The FBI After the Hoover Era

FOR the present, President Nixon has chosen not to try to fill J. Edgar Hoover's shoes. In order to avoid turning the succession into a political issue during an election year, he named only an acting director. If Nixon wins reelection, he will settle on a permanent successor after November. If he loses, White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler suggested last week, he will leave the selection to the new President.

His interim choice is 55-year-old L. Patrick Gray III, a burly former Navy captain who has been a Nixon friend since they met at a Washington cocktail party in 1947. A graduate of George Washington University Law School, he served for a time as a legislative and legal assistant to the Secretary of Defense. Gray left the Navy in 1960 and worked in Nixon's presidential campaign against J.F.K., then joined the Administration in 1969 as an executive assistant in HEW. In 1970 he moved to the Justice Department as Assistant Attorney General. Gray, who bears something of a resemblance to Hoover, insisted that his relationship with Nixon—and his mandate as acting director—is strictly nonpolitical.

Awesome Power. Others were not so sure. For all the guise of a basically noncontroversial interim appointment, an Administration had succeeded for the first time in almost 50 years in gaining political control of the FBI. Had Nixon selected a strong, less politically active permanent director—such as Supreme Court Justice Byron White or the Army Chief of Staff, General William Westmoreland—the new man might have preserved a measure of Hooverian independence. But by settling on a temporary director who has such close personal ties to the President, Nixon opened the way, in theory at least, for remote-control direction of the FBI by the White House.

Because Hoover was unique—and because the problem of succession has never arisen before—his death posed the most fundamental questions about the nature of the FBI. What is its role in American society? Who should control it? How should its awesome power be checked and balanced?

In theory, the FBI has always functioned as the Justice Department's investigative agency. The director is charged with investigating all violations of federal laws except those assigned to other federal agencies, such as postal cases and narcotics crimes. The bureau has jurisdiction over some 180 investigative matters, including espionage, sabotage, treason, kidnaping, extortion, bank robbery and civil rights, and of course has powers of arrest for violations. As Hoover saw it, "The FBI is strictly a fact-finding agency, responsible in turn to the Attorney General, the President, the Congress and in the last analysis, the American people."

But Hoover exercised a broad and crucial discretion. It is ironic that contrary to the general impression, he often served as a restraining influence in internal-security cases. One of the Nixon Administration's chief complaints about him was that he was not sufficiently aggressive in the use of wiretaps, electronic eavesdropping and the other "dirty tricks" of the trade in cases involving campus disorders, racial unrest and leftists in the antiwar movement. Hoover's standard in such cases was protective of his institution: he hesitated to undertake any investigation that would not be supported by popular opinion.

So the first crucial question is how the bureau should be controlled: by a czar like Hoover running a virtually autonomous agency within the Justice Department? Or by a director under closer supervision of the Attorney General? The question is complicated by the fact that the office of Attorney General has recently become an increasingly political appointment (*e.g.*, Robert Kennedy, John Mitchell).

On balance, it seems wiser to have an FBI under direct Administration control. Certain safeguards could prevent political abuses. The Omnibus Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 already stipulates that new directors of the FBI must be confirmed by the Senate, thus providing one review. But Congress should inspect the bureau's budget and operations on a continuing basis, instead of unquestioningly rubber-stamping appropriations as it did in Hoover's time. Certainly the director's term should be fixed by law in order to prevent another man from establishing a life tenure.

Other checks have been proposed. A citizens' review board—lawyers, judges and other experts appointed by the President—might be established as a kind of public watchdog over intelligence investigations. Or as is done with the CIA, a special congressional committee could oversee the FBI.

The Democratic Policy Council, a group organized to formulate party policies, has some recommendations. Says Courtney Evans, a council member who is a former assistant director of the FBI: "Some way must be found to maintain the integrity of the FBI, at the same time providing policy guidance and direction in security and intelligence investigations, particularly in areas where there is likely to be a legitimate difference between freedom for individual citizens and security for the Government itself."

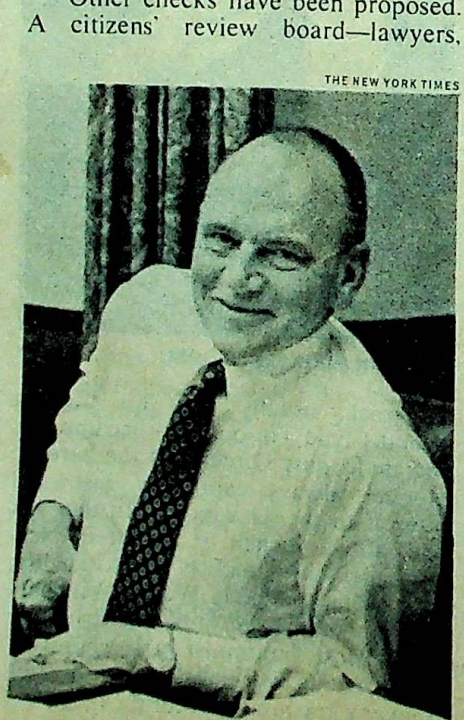
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Whether Nixon or any President will be moved to revamp the system that J. Edgar Hoover built remains to be seen. An FBI without Hoover seems an anomaly, so entwined were the man and his machine. For this reason, it might be advisable for the President to appoint a special commission of lawyers, policy experts and judges to examine the FBI's functions and its future.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES



ACTING DIRECTOR L. PATRICK GRAY III
A question of control.

LABOR

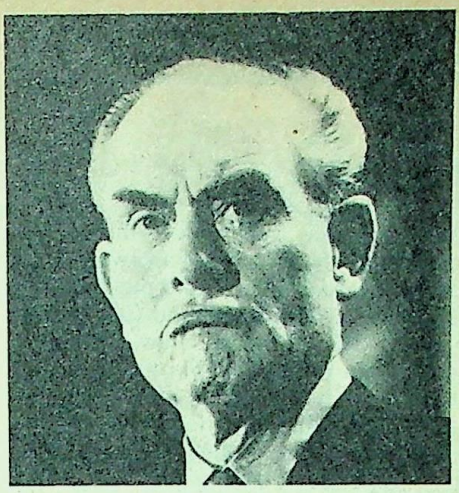
The Yablonski Contract

"Murder is as institutionalized with the United Mine Workers as it is in the Mafia. The order to kill—to kill your whole family if necessary—was as routinely transmitted and carried out as an order to call a strike or settle a grievance." Thus Kenneth and Chip Yablonski gave vent to their anguish last week when they learned more of the gruesome details of why their father had been killed. Pleading guilty to murder, a minor U.M.W. official named Silous Huddleston confessed that the union had arranged the assassination of Rebel Miner Joseph Yablonski, along with his wife and daughter; only the sons escaped. It was a story that had all the elements of an Appalachian blood feud: robbery, violence, revenge and no remorse.

As Huddleston, 63, unraveled his story, he appeared to be an unlikely killer. A white-haired, gentle-looking Tennessean who is suffering from emphysema and has been given only a year to live, he claimed that he had taken part in the brutal scheme only out of loyalty to his union. Word had gone round that the U.M.W. was threatened by Yablonski's campaign to unseat President W.A. ("Tony") Boyle in 1969. Yablonski had promised to take union voting rights away from all the U.M.W. pensioners, who were the major source of Boyle's power. Said Huddleston: "I believed that Yablonski was controlled by outsiders who wanted to destroy the union."

Soggy Cigar. The plot, said Huddleston, was hatched in Washington, site of the union headquarters, where a special $20,000 "research and information fund" was set up to pay for the murder. Albert Pass, a Kentucky official who is a member of the U.M.W.'s international executive board, was in charge of the operation. He contacted Huddleston, who recruited his son-in-law Paul Gilly, 38, a gaunt, sallow-faced house painter who was only too eager to do the job. Gilly, in turn, hired two other lean and lethal Appalachians who had been in and out of scrapes with the law for most of their lives.

Strictly amateur assassins, "the boys," as Huddleston called them, wondered whether to blow up Yablonski's house with dynamite or put arsenic in his food or cigars. They even experimented with injecting rat poison into a cigar with a hypodermic needle, "the kind you use to vaccinate hogs." But, as Huddleston reported, the cigar "got all wet and soggy." Albert Pass nixed those schemes. Said Huddleston: "Albert said not to use dynamite because it would probably kill the family and only give Yablonski a headache. He said not to use arsenic because Yablonski would only get sick and the family would die. He said that the only way to kill Yablonski was to shoot him."



U.M.W. PRESIDENT TONY BOYLE

At first, the order was to murder Yablonski before the election, but then, said Huddleston, the union brass had second thoughts: it would surely look as if someone was trying to keep Yablonski from getting elected. The job would have to wait until the election was over. It was just as well. Even with their marching orders, the boys bungled just about everything they had to do. They went to Washington to stalk their man, but they could not even find the union's national headquarters, where they were supposed to shoot him. They drove to Yablonski's home in Clarksville, Pa. When they went to the door, however, they found more people at home than they expected. Instead of firing, they asked Yablonski if he could find them jobs. They visited the house once again; this time finding nobody home, they made themselves a sandwich. "I told them that was dumb," said Huddleston. "But they said they put everything back." Following Yablonski another time, they found him with a Congressman and a Senator—and considered killing all three.

Pass was getting impatient, Huddleston recalled. While the boys marked time, they robbed a few houses to keep in shape. Finally, they accomplished their mission, entering the Clarksville house at night and shooting the family as they slept—but so sloppily that they left fingerprints around. Within days, police had identified them. On top of that, said Huddleston, the boys did not even get all the money they had been promised. As was the custom, various officials had taken their cut as the money was passed down the line from headquarters. As Prosecutor Richard Sprague observed, "you had a kind of discount price for murder."

Huddleston's confession exploded the U.M.W.'s claim that it had nothing to do with the killing. Although Boyle's name was not mentioned by Huddleston, Sprague said there was "certain information" that the "research" fund had been set up in a conference between the president and Pass. For Sprague, it was a gratifying development in a case that he is determined to pursue to the upper reaches



UPI

SILOUS HUDDLESTON IN COURT
All the elements of a blood feud.

of the U.M.W. hierarchy. A dogged, methodical assistant district attorney in Philadelphia who has sought a first-degree conviction in 66 murder cases and won it in 65 of them, Sprague devised a "game plan" to smoke out all the conspirators.

He nabbed and isolated the little men first. When he won a first-degree murder conviction against one of the gunmen, he used it as a weapon to frighten others into talking. Faced with the possibility of the electric chair, three of the conspirators confessed, implicating officials higher up the union ladder. It was Huddleston's own daughter, Annette Gilly, a stooped and sad-faced housewife, who fingered him in the killing. In exchange she received a deal for a life sentence instead of death for her role as an accomplice. Huddleston was prompted to confess for the same self-serving reason. "I am a firm advocate of the death penalty," says Sprague. "If you did away with the chair, you would lose your bargaining position. Maybe these people would not be willing to talk."

The martyred Yablonski was vindicated last week when a U.S. District Court set aside the 1969 election won against him by Boyle. Citing the mass of irregularities that had occurred during the voting, the court instructed the U.S. Justice Department to order another election. Despite all the convictions, it will still be an uphill battle for the dissident miners to unseat Boyle's entrenched minions. But the fight will be led by men with a mission: Yablonski's two sons.

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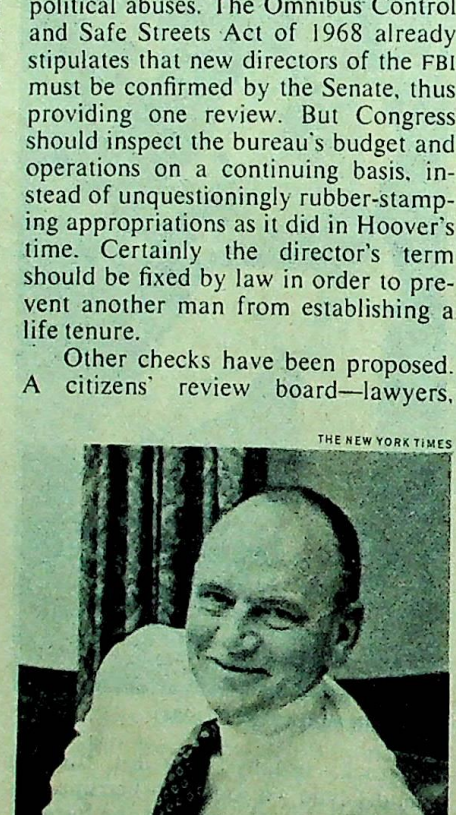
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LABOR

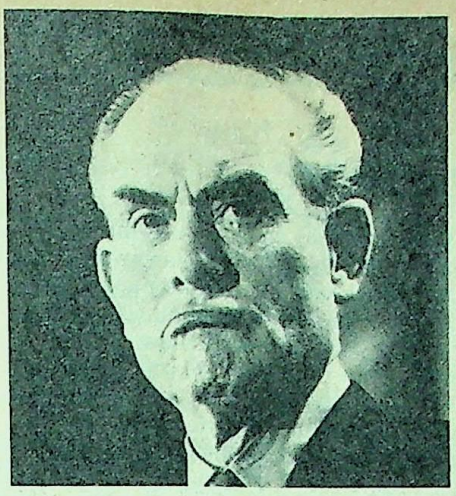
The Yablonski Contract

"Murder is as institutionalized with the United Mine Workers as it is in the Mafia. The order to kill—to kill the whole family if necessary—was as routinely transmitted and carried out as an order to call a strike or settle a grievance." Thus Kenneth and Chip Yablonski gave vent to their anguish last week when they learned more of the gruesome details of why their father had been killed. Pleading guilty to murder, a minor U.M.W. official named Silous Huddleston confessed that the union had arranged the assassination of Rebel Miner Joseph Yablonski, along with his wife and daughter; only the sons escaped. It was a story that had all the elements of an Appalachian blood feud: robbery, violence, revenge and no remorse.

As Huddleston, 63, unraveled his story, he appeared to be an unlikely killer. A white-haired, gentle-looking Tennessean who is suffering from emphysema and has been given only a year to live, he claimed that he had taken part in the brutal scheme only out of loyalty to his union. Word had gone round that the U.M.W. was threatened by Yablonski's campaign to unseat President W.A. ("Tony") Boyle in 1969. Yablonski had promised to take union voting rights away from all the U.M.W. pensioners, who were the major source of Boyle's power. Said Huddleston: "I believed that Yablonski was controlled by outsiders who wanted to destroy the union."

Soggy Cigar. The plot, said Huddleston, was hatched in Washington, site of the union headquarters, where a special $20,000 "research and information fund" was set up to pay for the murder. Albert Pass, a Kentucky official who is a member of the U.M.W.'s international executive board, was in charge of the operation. He contacted Huddleston, who recruited his son-in-law Paul Gilly, 38, a gaunt, sallow-faced house painter who was only too eager to do the job. Gilly, in turn, hired two other lean and lethal Appalachians who had been in and out of scrapes with the law for most of their lives.

Strictly amateur assassins, "the boys," as Huddleston called them, wondered whether to blow up Yablonski's house with dynamite or put arsenic in his food or cigars. They even experimented with injecting rat poison into a cigar with a hypodermic needle, "the kind you use to vaccinate hogs." But, as Huddleston reported, the cigar "got all wet and soggy." Albert Pass nixed those schemes. Said Huddleston: "Albert said not to use dynamite because it would probably kill the family and only give Yablonski a headache. He said not to use arsenic because Yablonski would only get sick and the family would die. He said that the only way to get Yablonski was to shoot him."



U.M.W. PRESIDENT TONY BOYLE

At first, the order was to murder Yablonski before the election, but then, said Huddleston, the union brass had second thoughts: it would surely look as if someone was trying to keep Yablonski from getting elected. The job would have to wait until the election was over. It was just as well. Even with their marching orders, the boys bungled just about everything they had to do. They went to Washington to stalk their man, but they could not even find the union's national headquarters, where they were supposed to shoot him. They drove to Yablonski's home in Clarksville, Pa. When they went to the door, however, they found more people at home than they expected. Instead of firing, they asked Yablonski if he could find them jobs. They visited the house once again; this time finding nobody home, they made themselves a sandwich. "I told them that was dumb," said Huddleston. "But they said they put everything back." Following Yablonski another time, they found him with a Congressman and a Senator—and considered killing all three.

Pass was getting impatient, Huddleston recalled. While the boys marked time, they robbed a few houses to keep in shape. Finally, they accomplished their mission, entering the Clarksville house at night and shooting the family as they slept—but so sloppily that they left fingerprints around. Within days, police had identified them. On top of that, said Huddleston, the boys did not even get all the money they had been promised. As was the custom, various officials had taken their cut as the money was passed down the line from headquarters. As Prosecutor Richard Sprague observed, "you had a kind of discount price for murder."

Huddleston's confession exploded the U.M.W.'s claim that it had nothing to do with the killing. Although Boyle's name was not mentioned by Huddleston, Sprague said there was "certain information" that the "research" fund had been set up in a conference between the president and Pass. For Sprague, it was a gratifying development in a case that he is determined to pursue to the upper reaches of the U.M.W. hierarchy. A dogged, methodical assistant district attorney in Philadelphia who has sought a first-degree conviction in 66 murder cases and won it in 65 of them, Sprague devised a "game plan" to smoke out all the conspirators.



UPI

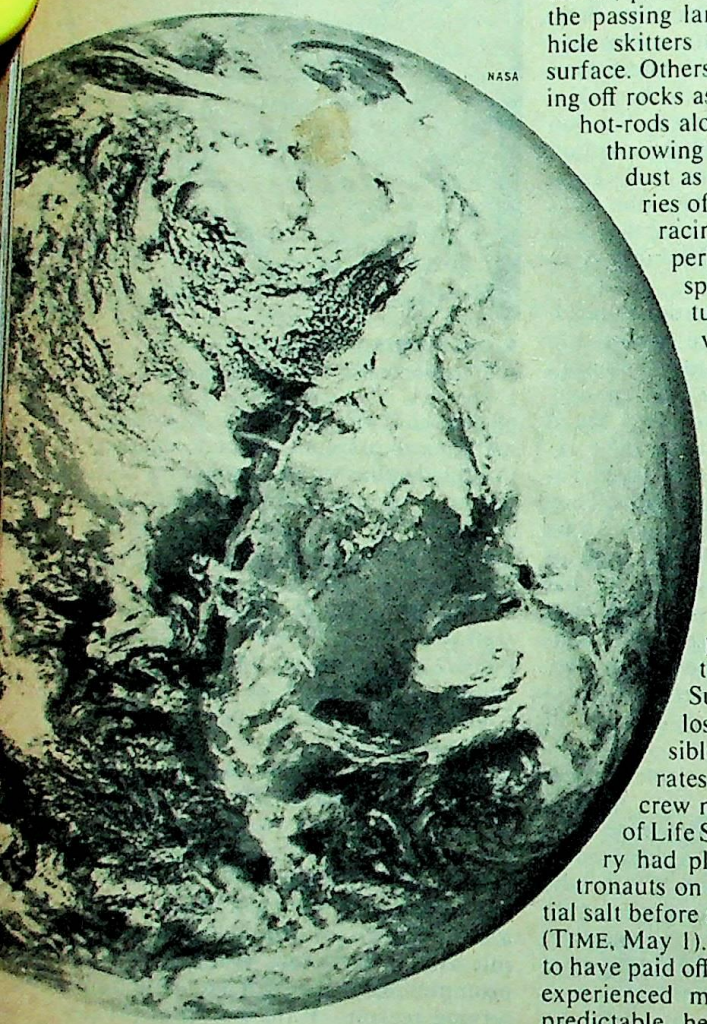
SILOUS HUDDLESTON IN COURT
All the elements of a blood feud.

He nabbed and isolated the little men first. When he won a first-degree murder conviction against one of the gunmen, he used it as a weapon to frighten others into talking. Faced with the possibility of the electric chair, three of the conspirators confessed, implicating officials higher up the union ladder. It was Huddleston's own daughter, Annette Gilly, a stooped and sad-faced housewife, who fingered him in the killing. In exchange she received a deal for a life sentence instead of death for her role as an accomplice. Huddleston was prompted to confess for the same self-serving reason. "I am a firm advocate of the death penalty," says Sprague. "If you did away with the chair, you would lose your bargaining position. Maybe these people would not be willing to talk."

The martyred Yablonski was vindicated last week when a U.S. District Court set aside the 1969 election won against him by Boyle. Citing the mass of irregularities that had occurred during the voting, the court instructed the U.S. Justice Department to order another election. Despite all the convictions, it will still be an uphill battle for the dissident miners to unseat Boyle's entrenched minions. But the fight will be led by men with a mission: Yablonski's two sons.

Mysteries from the Moon

IN Houston last week, Apollo 16 Astronauts John Young, Charles Duke and Tom Mattingly took time out from their debriefings to hold a news conference at which they showed off their lunar camera work. "No picture can do justice to the beauty of the scene," said Mattingly as he pointed to one moonscape, "and this is no exception." Nonetheless the films shot by the Apollo 16 astronauts are among the best ever taken in space; they provide an extraordinarily realistic sense of what it is like to land, walk and ride on the moon.



THE EARTH SEEN FROM APOLLO 16
Surprise for the scientists.

Movie footage taken through a window of the descending lunar module *Orion* offers a panoramic view of the rubbled Cayley Plains, the craters looming ever larger. Then a black speck appears on the approaching surface, expanding rapidly until it is recognizable as *Orion's* sharp, spidery shadow, and finally disappearing in a swirl of gray dust as the lander touches on the surface. There are also still shots that strikingly convey the eerie desolation of lunar distances. None is more dramatic than one that shows the Lunar Rover parked on the far edge of a yawning crater while Astronaut Duke picks up soil samples in the foreground (*see picture page*). One alarming view of *Orion*, shot from *Casper* by Mattingly, shows mysteriously damaged panels on the side of the lunar module as it returns from the surface of the moon.

Some of the most exciting film involves the electric-powered Lunar Rover. One sequence, shot from the Rover, provides a driver's-eye view of the passing landscape as the little vehicle skitters across the rock-littered surface. Others show the Rover bouncing off rocks as Astronaut John Young hot-rods along the Cayley Plains or throwing up rooster tails of moon dust as he puts it through a series of skidding, Le Mans-type racing turns. "It's simply a superb vehicle," said the high-spirited Duke after his return to Houston. The vehicle's designers could only agree. NASA engineers announced that they were delighted with the moon buggy and said that they planned no changes in it for December's Apollo 17 mission.

The NASA medical men were equally impressed with the functioning of the astronauts. Suspecting that potassium loss may have been responsible for abnormal heart rates in two of Apollo 15's crew members, NASA Director of Life Sciences Dr. Charles Berry had placed the Apollo 16 astronauts on a diet rich in the essential salt before and during their mission (TIME, May 1). The precaution appears to have paid off. None of the astronauts experienced more than minimal and predictable heart irregularities. Furthermore, post-flight examinations revealed that their potassium levels were normal and that no other physical problems had arisen.

But the mission did produce its share of mysteries. Among them:

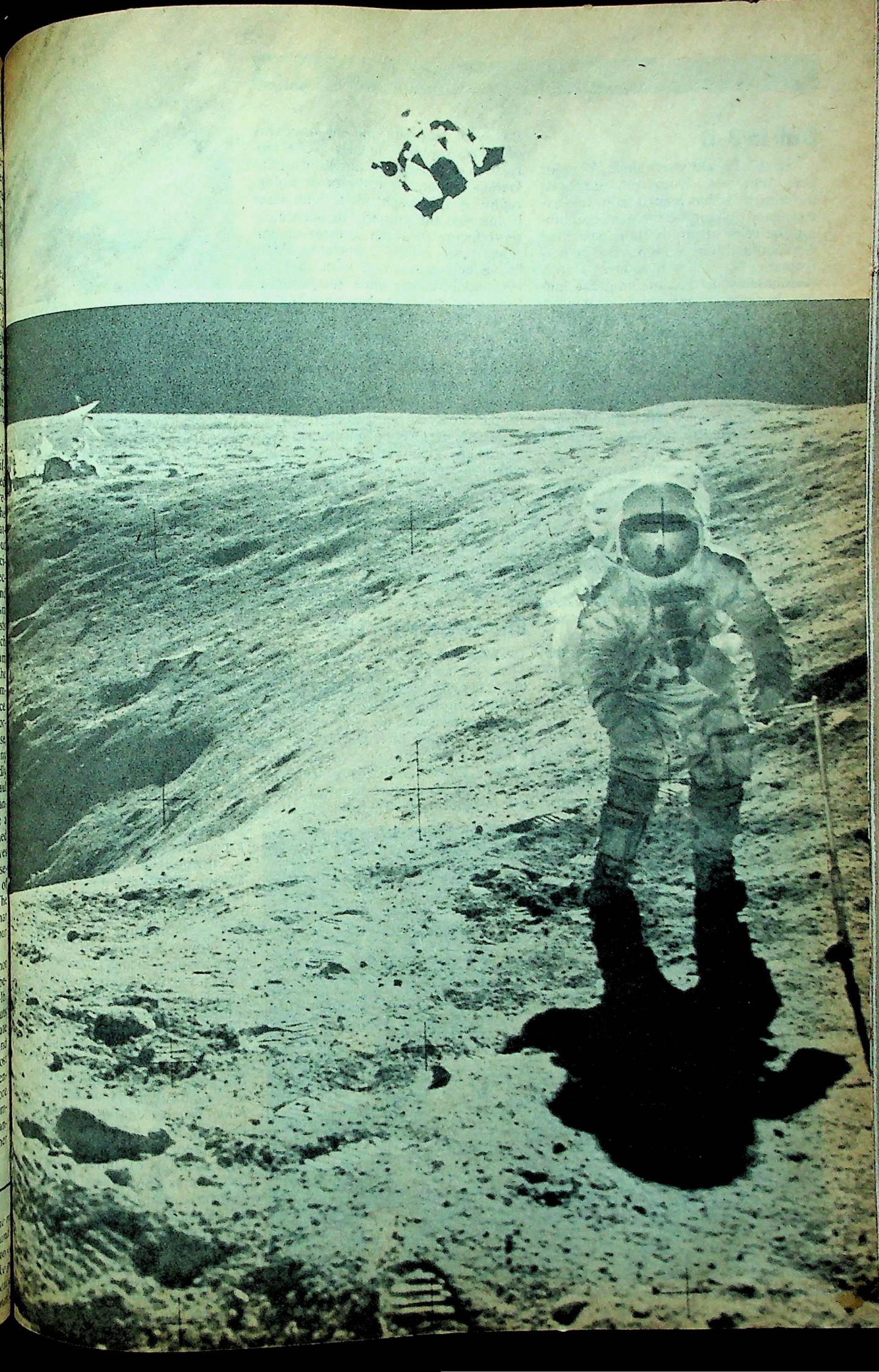
▸ The Cayley Plains have an unexpectedly strong magnetic field by lunar standards. An orbiting magnetometer hinted during the Apollo 15 mission that the moon's ancient highlands had stronger magnetic fields than the low-lying lunar seas. A magnetometer at the Apollo 16's Descartes landing site confirmed that suspicion; it showed that Cayley was five to ten times more magnetic than the lowlands. The discovery has led scientists to surmise that the moon's magnetic field was much stronger early in lunar history. It has also strengthened the belief of geologists like Dr. Palmer Dyall, one of the investigators in the magnetometer experiments, that the moon spun faster in its youth and had a molten iron core similar to the earth's; movements within the liquid core of the rotating earth are believed to generate the terrestrial magnetic field.

▸ One rock from the Descartes area was four or five times as radioactive as those picked up in the lowlands by Apollo 15, though less than those found by Apollo 14. The reason for this high radioactivity is unknown, but Dr. Farouk El-Baz, a geologist, believes the rock "must be a foreign piece which is not representative of the landing site. The only way it can have gotten there is by being thrown in by impact."

▸ Rock samples picked up by Apollo 16's astronauts were dramatically different from what scientists expected them to find at the site. It had been predicted that the Cayley Plains and the surrounding mountains would be scattered with igneous, or volcanic rock, but all the stones unpacked so far by scientists seem to be fragments called breccias—a mélange of chips, crystals and soil welded together either by volcanism or the impact of a meteor. Geologists believe that some of the samples, rich in aluminum, may represent the scum that formed on the lunar surface as the moon cooled; the lighter, aluminum-rich material would float to the surface. But they have no explanation for the origins of another sample that is a dense, almost basaltic rock peppered with tiny glasslike crystals. "It could be a rapidly crystallized igneous rock," says Dr. Paul Gast, chief of NASA's earth and planetary division, "or it could also be a high-grade metamorphic rock formed by impact." Whatever it is, Gast believes that the rock collection could prove useful in unlocking some of the secrets of the moon's formation. Said he: "The amount of information about the lunar highlands in these rocks far exceeds our hopes."

Extracting that information will not be easy. NASA's scientists have only begun the task of uncrating the 213-lb. geological treasure trove the astronauts brought back with them; they estimate that it will take weeks just to weigh and catalogue each sample. Even the most optimistic of the space agency's scientists figure that months will pass before all of the rocks have been fully examined, and many feel it could take another Apollo mission to help decipher their messages.

Lunar module's ascent stage leaves the... behind as it rises to rejoin the command... service module for the return flight to... (above right). *Astronaut Charles Duke... es near a huge crater* (right) *at the De... landing site to collect samples of lu...*



Dali in 3-D

In the 30-odd years since Salvador Dali separated from the surrealist movement, he has leaped from one extravagant triviality to the next, combining the roles of circus freak, spangled elephant and Barnum himself. The performance is tinted with sadness. Dali is undoubtedly the last of the great dandies, but nobody accepts his own belief that he is the last of the great artists, heir to Vermeer and Velásquez. The baroque costume jewelry, the monarchist-Catholic oratory, the worn stock of crutches and soft watches—all have dust on them. Even the trembling antennas of that fabled mustache have apparently ceased to receive or transmit anything.

Dali's latest attempt at a comeback is his current show at Knoedler's in Manhattan. It is a lugubrious event, more rummage sale than exhibition. Though it was not conceived as a retrospective, it spans about four decades of his output and so gives some sense of the appalling decline that his talent has suffered. To see some of Dali's best early work, like the tiny *Specter of Sex Appeal* (1934), is almost to confront a different painter: somewhere along the line that nightmarish distinctness and mystery of image, in which every speck of paint possessed a tension like the casing of a grenade that was about to explode, vanished. What replaced it was ornamental theater.

In recent years, Dali has tried to give his work a quasiscientific dimension by toying with such themes as Einstein's theory of relativity and the discovery of the DNA spiral. The latest Nobel laureate to experience his attentions is Dr. Dennis Gabor, the inventor of holography. A holograph, made with laser beams, has the property of accurately reproducing an object in three dimensions. "All artists," proclaims Dali, "have been concerned with three-dimensional reality since the time of Velásquez, and in modern times the analytic Cubism of Picasso tried again to capture the three dimensions of Velásquez. Now, with the genius of Gabor, the possibility of a new Renaissance in art has been realized with the use of holography. The doors have been opened for me into a new house of creation."

The house may be new, but its cupboards are rather bare. The images are banal—a Yale basketball player leaping upward "in the process of becoming an angel"; card players at a table, in homage to Cézanne, superimposed on fragments of a Velásquez as background. Dali has simply made use of a different medium for all his old and familiar mannerisms. ■ Robert Hughes

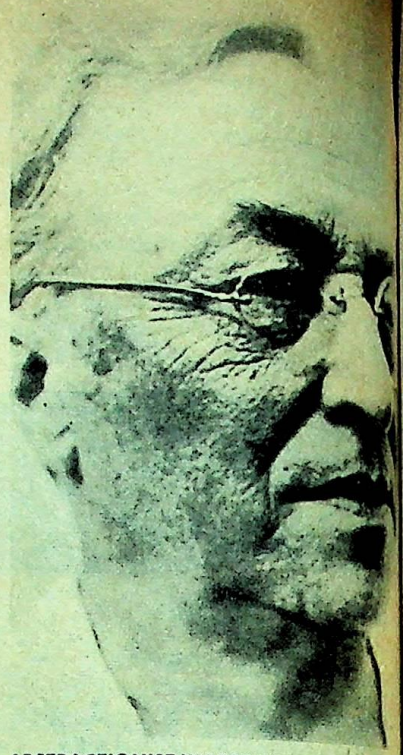
Endowed with Life

Who was the first abstract artist? There are many claimants, from Picabia to the obscure Lithuanian Ciurlionis. But if one angles the question a little and asks who was the first painter to produce a major life's work from systematic abstraction, there is only one answer: Wassily Kandinsky, who was born in Moscow more than a century ago, in 1866, and died in France in 1944.

WALTER JACKSON



HOLOGRAM OF BASKETBALL PLAYER "IN THE PROCESS OF BECOMING AN ANGEL"
An extravagant new leap from the last of the great dandies.



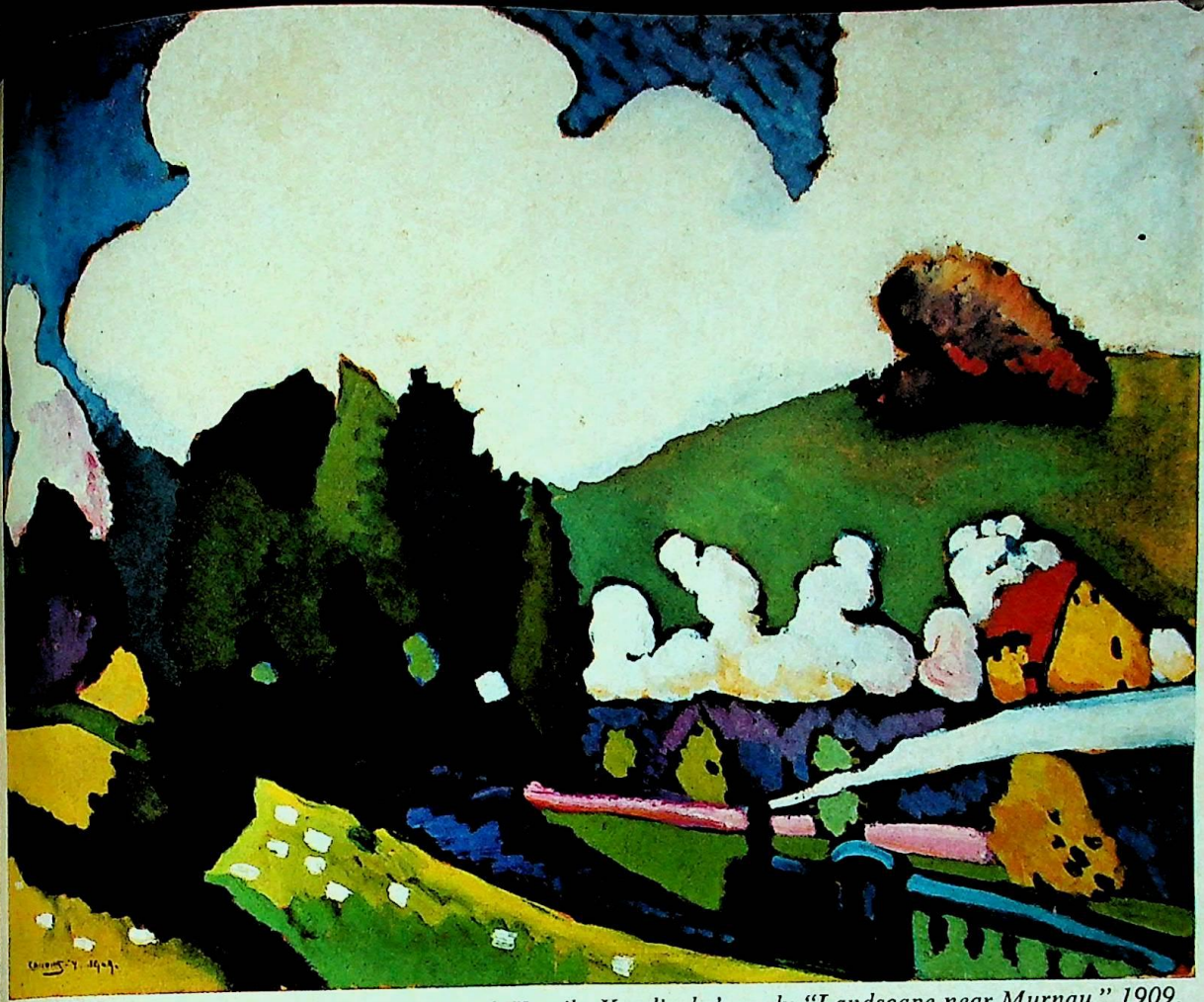
ABSTRACTIONIST WASSILY KANDINSKY
Hallucinatory images.

"I really believe," Kandinsky wrote toward the end of his life, "that I am the first and only artist to throw not just the 'subject' out of my paintings, but every 'object' as well."

Thanks to the Guggenheim Museum, whose founder bought more than 100 Kandinskys during the 1930s, there has always been a special relationship between the artist and a city he never visited, New York. Next week a major Kandinsky retrospective opens at the Guggenheim, giving New Yorkers and others a further chance to assess this curious, prophetic and rather aloof figure and to see how close to the core of modernism his visions lay.

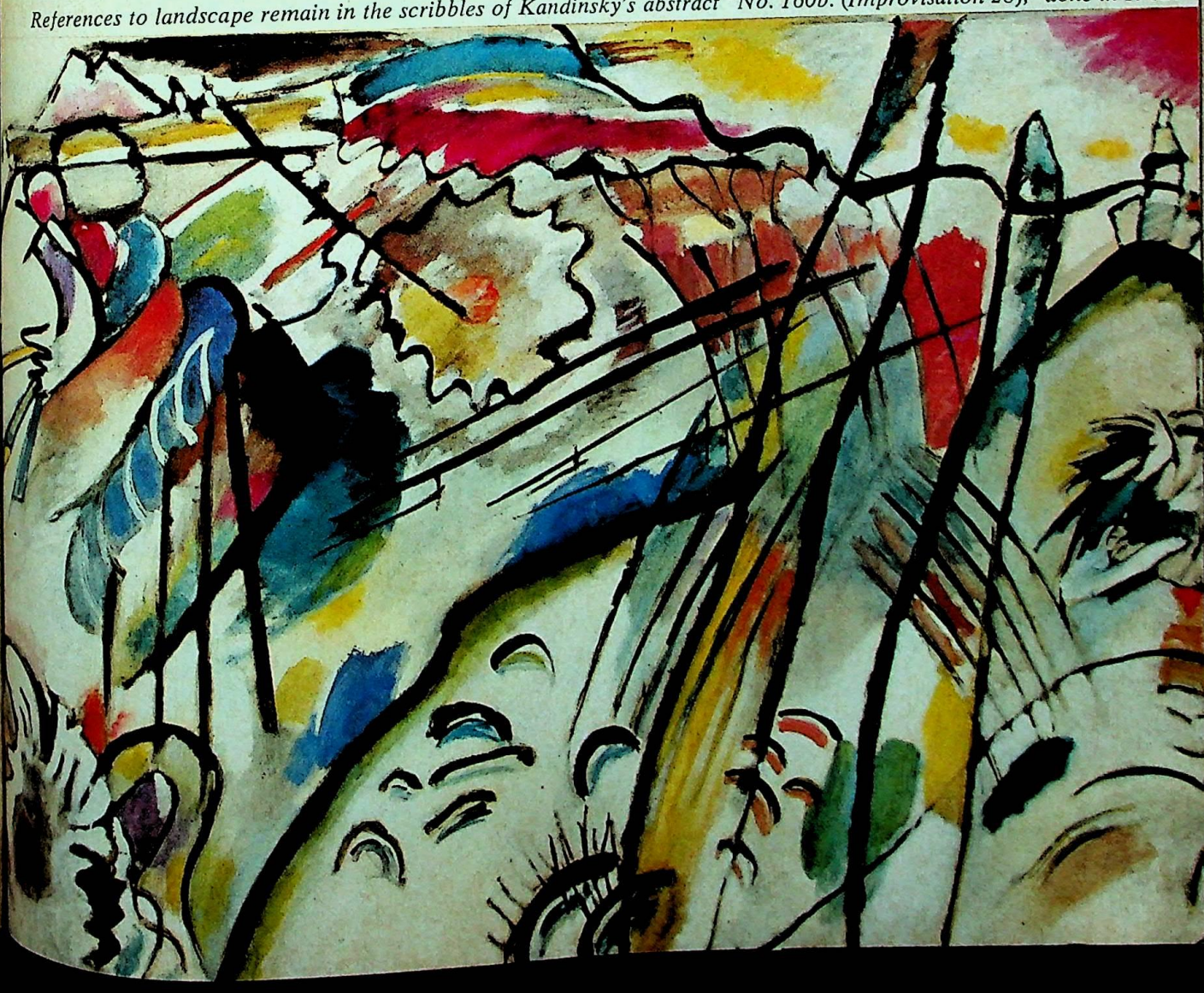
Influences. Kandinsky was a late starter. He painted nothing serious until he was 30, and his seminal work hardly began until he had turned his 40th year. But the influences were already being laid down. A student of law and political economy at the University of Moscow, he visited rural Russia on an ethnological survey in 1889 and there saw a lot of folk art. Its rigid iconography and flamboyant patterns made a vast impression on him; the ceremonious detail of his later abstractions, with their tiny squares, circles and triangles "turning" each other like embroidery—as in *Pink Sweet, No. 481*, 1929—is very Russian. Even Kandinsky's subsequent color theory, his belief in the character and meaning of different colors and their use as a structured language, may well have stemmed from the symbolic use of color in Russian popular art.

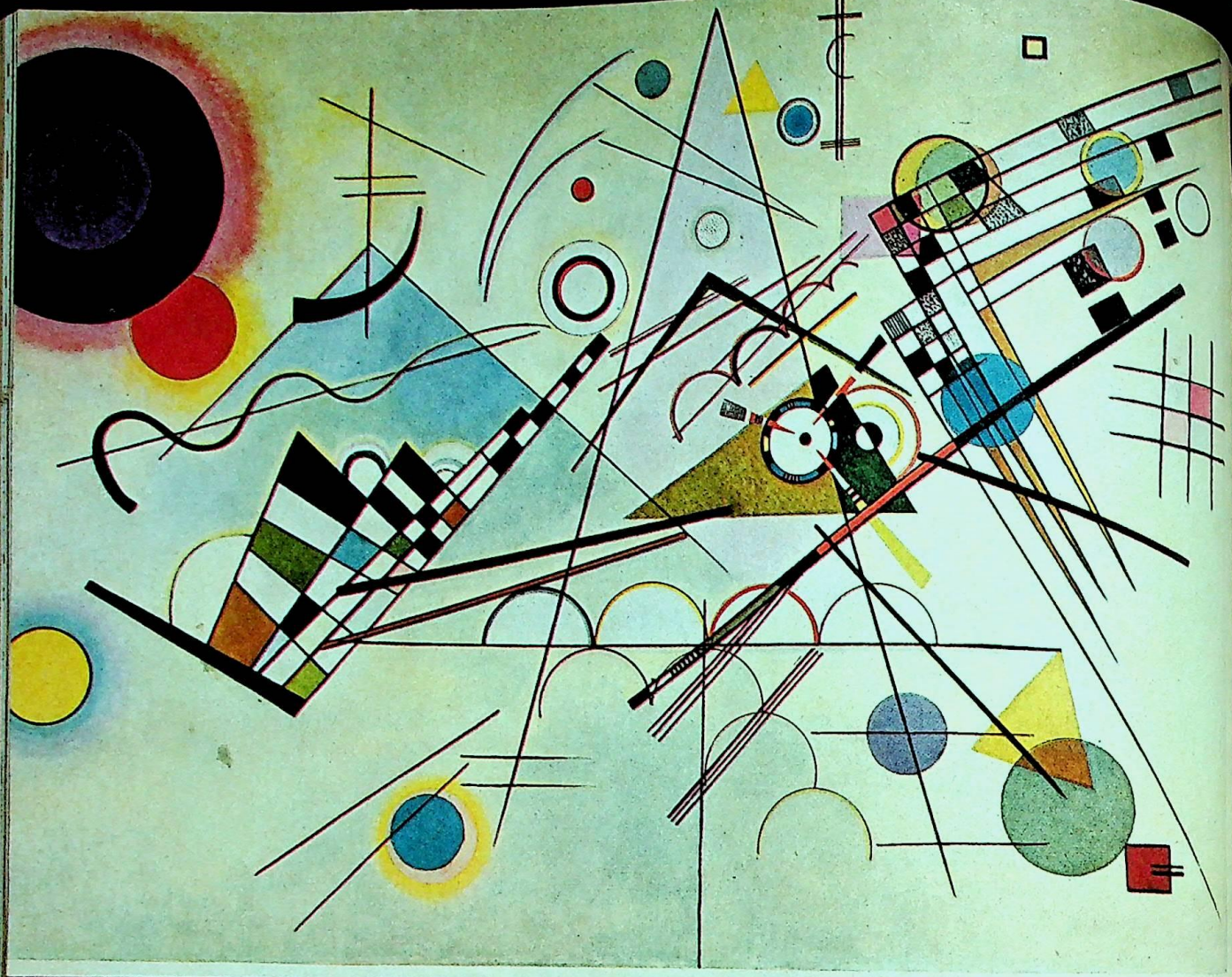
When he decided to abandon his academic career and paint, Kandinsky moved to Munich and studied there. After the provincialism of Russia, the artists' colony of Schwabing absorbed him. He called it "a spiritual island in the great world." This was in 1897, at the

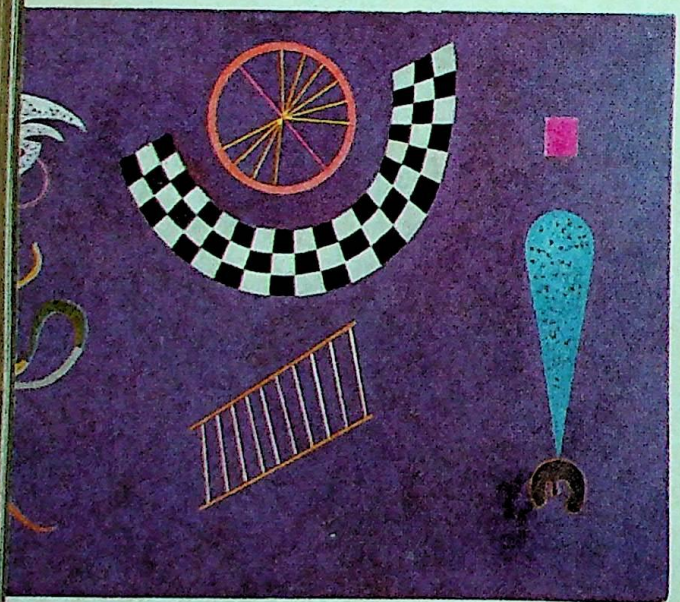


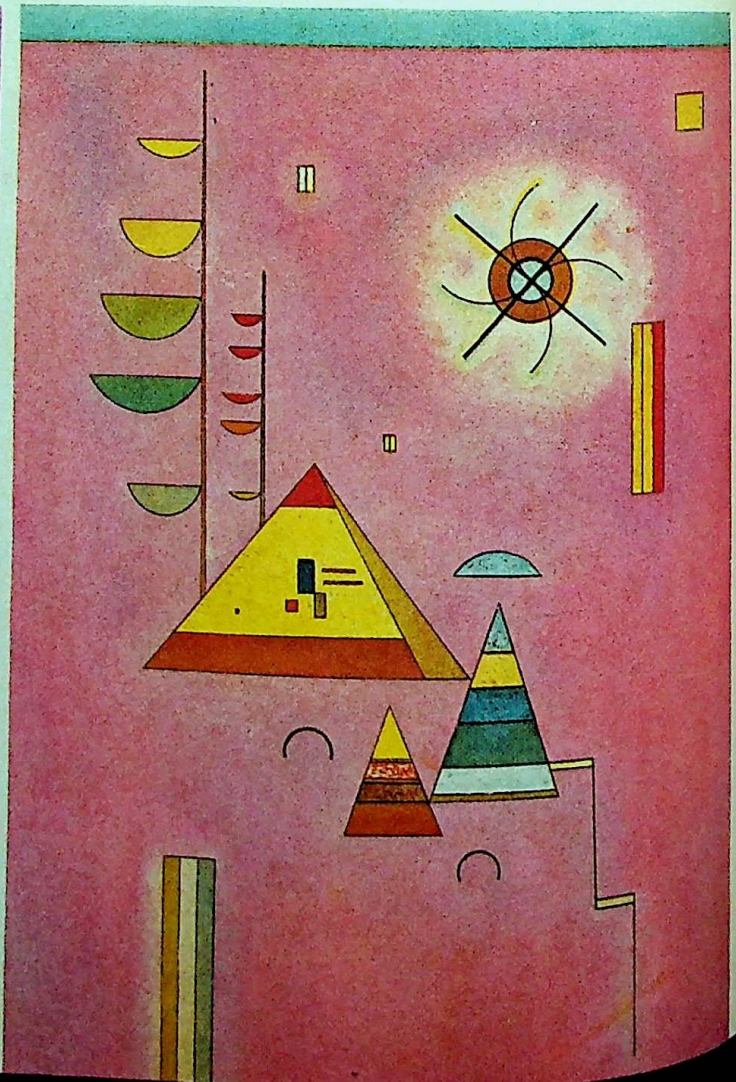
Fauve influence dominates the strong color of Wassily Kandinsky's early "Landscape near Murnau," 1909.

References to landscape remain in the scribbles of Kandinsky's abstract "No. 160b. (Improvisation 28)," done in 1912.









Throughout his career Kandinsky based his art on geometrical motifs, using titles for classification purposes only. At top, "Composition 8, No. 260," done in 1923. Right, "Pink Sweet, No. 481," painted in 1929. Above, "Ribbon with Squares, No. 731," dating from 1944, the year of his death.

...of the *Jugendstil*, or Art Nou... movement. What Kandinsky got ... Art Nouveau was not so much its ... sinuous quality as its decorative ... of filling space: a painting like ... *Landscape near Murnau*, as late as ... is full of references to the style, ... its slow, thick contour of white ... its carefully silhouetted forms of ... hill and pink road.

Secret Souls. Yet the crucial issue ... Kandinsky was not style but vision. ... is something hallucinatory about ... richness of Kandinsky's stock of in... images. Of his way of seeing, he ... that "everything 'dead' trembled. ... only the stars, moon, woods, flow... ... which the poets sing, but also a ... butt lying in the ashtray, a pa... white trouser button looking up ... a puddle in the street, a submis... bit of bark that an ant drags ... the high grass in its strong jaws ... certain but important destinations. ... shows me its face, its inner... being, its secret soul, which is more ... than silent than heard."

For Kandinsky, all objects were en... with life (an animistic idea that ... later developed brilliantly). This ...eness, as English Critic Paul Overy ... it in a recent study of Kandinsky, ...eracted with our own aliveness, ... creating reality." One can feel its ...ssure, vivid and tremulous, in the ...ting lines and patches of color be... which a landscape is forming in ... *160b. (Improvisation 28)*, 1912, no ... than in the cooler, more architec... forms of the great demonstration ...es, like *Composition 8, No. 260*, ...3, painted after he moved to the ...haus in Weimar to teach.

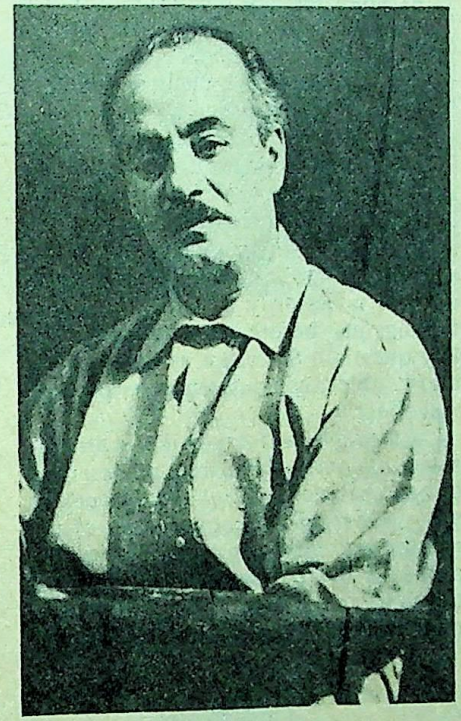
Not the least of Kandinsky's ...ievements is that he worked out the ... viable alternative to Cubist space ... did it as early as 1915. He was not ...cerned with what exercised the Cub... and later became an absolute fetish ... American painting, the "problem" of ...ing the picture plane. In fact he strove ...destroy the illusion of a unified, com...hensible surface, which representa... art had gained by means of per...ctive and which Cubism achieved ...ough its multiplicity of facets. The ...ms of *Ribbon with Squares, No. ...*, 1944, simply hover in an illimitable ...d of color, whose depth cannot be ...essed; they evoke what Kandinsky ...ed "floating sensations," whose only ...ncern is with thrust and counter... ...rust, disembodied, in free fall.

Kandinsky's sensitivity to color was ...extreme that, had he not been an art..., it might have been a neurosis; and ...e action of one color on its neighbor ...s the object of study in this weight... ...laboratory. He was sometimes too ...aden with theory, sometimes tangled ...the impossible web of his own tiny ...torial decisions. But there has never ...en a modern painter in whom idea, ...pose and act ran more harmoniously ...an in Kandinsky at his best. Perhaps ...ere never will be. ■ R.H.

Profits from *The Prophet*

. . . Unless the exchange be in love and kindly justice, it will but lead some to greed and others to hunger.

Kahlil Gibran's 1923 view of money matters, as spelled out in *The Prophet*, may have had some roots in his memories of the rough-and-tumble commerce practiced in his native village of Bsharri, Lebanon. Eight years later, when the author lay dying of tuberculosis in St. Vincent's Hospital in New York, he scribbled a one-page will in which he bequeathed the royalties from seven books to the people of Bsharri. After all, the books were not selling very well; they would bring a few thousand dollars a year to the relatively poor town. It was a generous gesture, made in love and kindly justice.



KAHLIL GIBRAN

At first the villagers reacted in kind, but as Gibran became a cult hero of the young, royalty income mounted to a current $300,000 a year. The town dissolved into political, legal and physical fighting for control of the money.

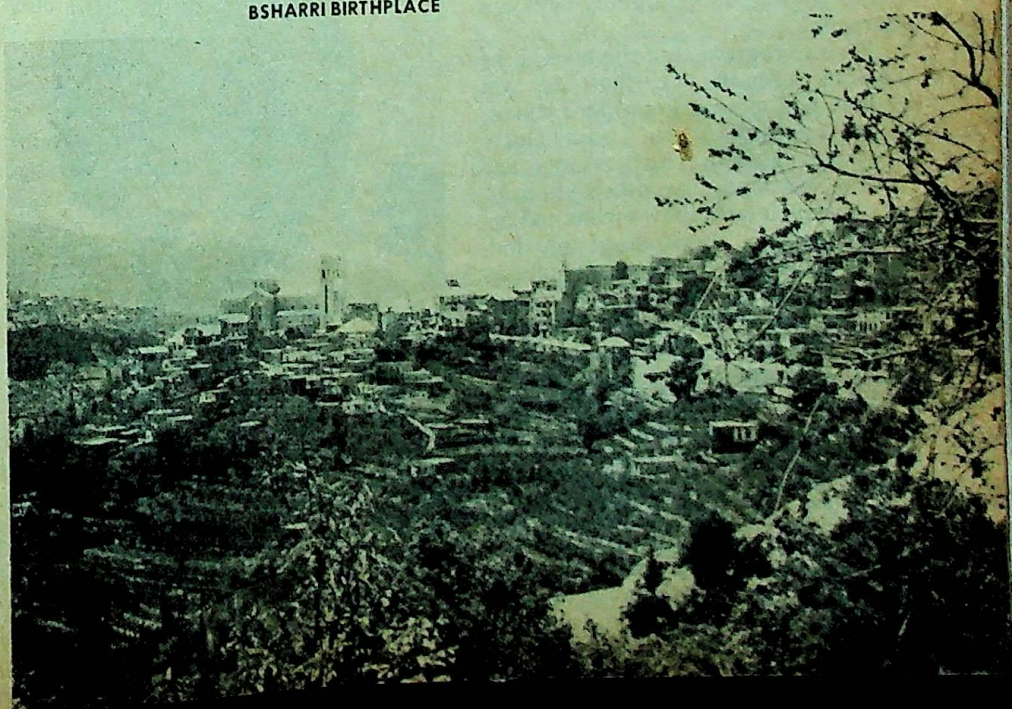
Like most of Lebanon's mountain villages, Bsharri (population about 10,000) is run by the leading members of its major families. Each of those seven families named one member to a committee that quietly administered the Gibran estate. When the Gibran boom started in the '50s, however, committee membership suddenly became a source of political power. Any goatherd who sought assistance from the estate became politically indebted to the member who sponsored him. And financial kickbacks were not unheard of either. Soon families split apart in the clamor to win a committee position. Age-old feuds gained new fury, and at least two deaths resulted. Ultimately the two largest families—each with about 1,500 members—set up rival committees.

To add to the confusion, Gibran's sister Marianna, who lived in Boston until her death last month at 94, sought to win control of the copyrights as each one came due for renewal. In defense of their inheritance, the villagers of Bsharri retained New York Lawyer George Shiya, a Lebanese-American, and Shiya won the long legal battle for them. Then he claimed his agreed-upon fee—25% of all royalties from the renewed copyrights, a sum that could amount to perhaps $1,000,000. At a cost of still more legal fees, the Bsharri villagers fought Shiya all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. They lost that scrap four years ago.

Meanwhile, the Lebanese government was in despair at the waste caused by all the fighting. Though the village

BSHARRI BIRTHPLACE

WILLIAM TRACY—ARAMCO WORLD



had received an estimated $1,000,000, it had little to show for the money except $200,000 worth of investments in real estate. The bulk of the money had simply disappeared. Almost no records had been kept. In 1967 the government finally threw out both competing committees and took over management of the estate itself.

The effect was surprisingly salutary. After glumly watching from the sidelines for four years, Bsharri's warring elements made peace. Last year, with governmental agreement, a new committee was elected, this time with two members from each family and one additional member to represent residents who belong to no major family. One hundred Bsharri students have received scholarships or interest-free loans to study at various schools and universities. A music academy for Bsharri children has been opened. Two new schools and a mobile medical clinic are planned. "We have learned a great deal from the troubles we have had in the past," says Committee President Emile Geagea. Last week he was en route to the U.S. —to get a new lawyer and check on current negotiations to promote Gibran's books in a series of TV specials.

A Motive in a Diary?

Was Angela Davis, avowed Communist and former instructor in philosophy at U.C.L.A., an integral part of the wild and bloody struggle to rescue the Soledad Brothers?

For nearly two months now Prosecutor Albert Harris Jr. has been trying to persuade a jury that Miss Davis provided the guns and is just as guilty as if she had pulled a trigger. Harris does not claim that he can prove Miss Davis' involvement directly. Instead, he is trying to provide the classic ingredients of a successful prosecution based on circumstantial evidence: that she wanted to commit the crime (motive), that she could have done it (means and opportunity) and that she then acted as if she had done it (guilty behavior afterward).

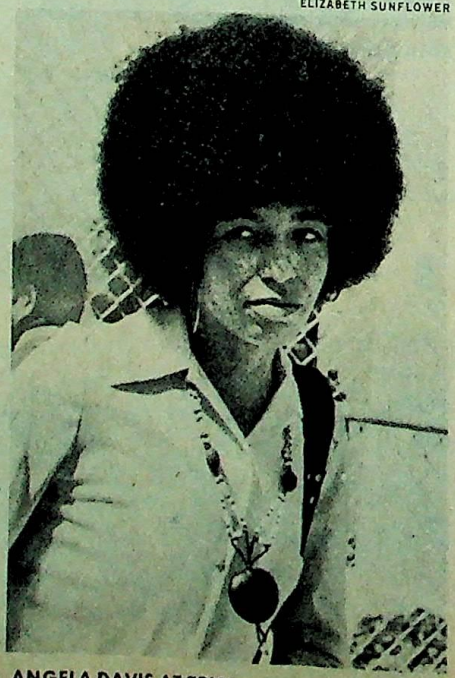
No one contests that she bought the shootout weapons. Or that she was friendly with young Jonathan Jackson, perpetrator of the Marin County courtroom kidnaping in which a judge and three others died. The prosecution argues that such facts show means and opportunity. Miss Davis' flight into hiding after the plot failed will be offered as proof of guilty behavior.

Pulse Beats. But without proof of motive, the rest of the case is inadequate. Prosecutor Harris contends that the hostages were to be traded for the freedom of the Soledad defendants, particularly Jonathan Jackson's older brother George, and that Miss Davis took part in the plot out of her love for him. Miss Davis, who actually met George Jackson only once, has said that she became interested in the Soledad case for political reasons and that she felt "affection" for Jackson. But Prosecutor Harris has emphasized passion rather than politics. To back his allegation, he produced three letters Miss Davis sent to Jackson, including one that states, "I have come to love you very deeply." And there is an 18-page "diary"—made up of other writings to Jackson—that goes considerably further. Composed exactly one year after her meeting with Jackson, the diary ranges over "the many things I planned to tell you for which there just wasn't enough time." She recalls seeing him at an earlier courtroom hearing: "As I re-experience this now, my pulse beats faster, I begin to breathe harder, and I see myself tearing down this steel door, fighting my way to you, ripping down your cell door and letting you go free." The prosecution obviously hopes to show that she had tried to carry out that vision.

It will not be easy. The Davis authorship of the unsigned typescript was verified by prison officials who did not get a warrant before checking her typewriter; the defense objected and lost, but it will again charge an invasion of privacy if an appeal becomes necessary. Even more complications arise from the fact that the diary was written eleven months after the shootout, when Miss Davis was already in jail. The jury might well forget that the diary's strong words are not necessarily a reflection of her feelings just before the kidnaping. The key question, therefore, is whether the diary's relevance outweighs its prejudicial effect.

Judge Richard Arnason has already ruled that parts of the diary are too rambling to be relevant. But all last week he was pondering the complexities of admitting into evidence an edited version prepared by the prosecution. Without the diary, says Prosecutor Harris, "we might as well all pack up and go home."

ELIZABETH SUNFLOWER



ANGELA DAVIS AT TRIAL
Rip down the door.

MILESTONES

Married. William F. Knowland, [illegible] Republican Senate leader during the [illegible] senhower Administration and publis[illegible] of the Oakland *Tribune*; and Ann D[illegible] son, 38, a former model who met K[illegible] land two years ago; both for the [illegible] ond time; in Oakland, Calif.

■

Married. Lord Shinwell, 87, form[illegible] Defense Minister and irascible Labo[illegible] spokesman during 42 years in the B[illegible] ish Parliament; and Sarah Hurst, 7[illegible] neighbor and lifelong friend; he for[illegible] third time, she for the second; [illegible] London.

■

Divorced. Christina Onassis B[illegible] er, 21, Greek shipping heiress who [illegible] pleased Papa Aristotle by marrying [illegible] man more than twice her age; and [illegible] seph R. Bolker, 48, prosperous Los A[illegible] geles real estate developer; after n[illegible] months of marriage; in Los Angeles.

■

Died. Peter Morland Churchill, [illegible] top British agent with the French Res[illegible] tance during World War II; of spin[illegible] cancer; in Cannes, France. Church[illegible] made four clandestine trips (two by su[illegible] marine, two by parachute) into G[illegible] man-occupied France. On his fou[illegible] mission, he and his aide, Odette Sansc[illegible] were captured by the Gestapo and to[illegible] tured. They were spared from executi[illegible] because the Germans believed th[illegible] were married and related to Winst[illegible] Churchill (they were neither). Reunit[illegible] at war's end, they did marry, and th[illegible] wartime exploits were made the subj[illegible] of the 1951 movie *Odette*.

■

Died. Bruce Cabot, 68, who save[illegible] Fay Wray from her simian captor [illegible] the 1933 film classic *King Kong*, of lu[illegible] cancer; in Woodland Hills, Ca[illegible] Though he alternated between playi[illegible] heroes and heavies during the early pe[illegible] of his 40-year film career, Cabot ev[illegible] tually settled down to a routine of ba[illegible] guy supporting roles in shoot-'em-up[illegible]

■

Died. J. (for John) Edgar Hoov[illegible] 77, director of the Federal Bureau of I[illegible] vestigation for nearly half a century (s[illegible] THE U.S.).

■

Died. Edward C. Kendall, 86, bio[illegible] chemist who, with two colleagues, shared a 1950 Nobel Prize for the di[illegible] covery of cortisone; in Rahway, N.J. After joining the Mayo Clinic in 1914 Kendall succeeded in isolating thyro[illegible] ine from the thyroid glands of cattle, development of importance to patients whose growth had been stunted by hor[illegible] monal deficiencies. In 1930 he began re[illegible] search into the secretions of the adre[illegible] nal cortex, and during eight years isolated six hormones, including corti[illegible] sone, a substance effective in the treat[illegible] ment of rheumatoid arthritis. Addison's disease and other ailments.

KEYSTONE



THE REUNITED GOONS WITH PETER SELLERS' FOUR FRIENDS
The prince turned green and his hair fell out.

Back in the 1950s, before the telly really took over, all England seemed addicted to a BBC radio program called *The Goon Show*, which was the making of Actor **Peter Sellers,** among others. When the Goons got together again to do a special program for the BBC's 50th birthday, Sellers brought four "friends": Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon and Princess Anne. Another royal Goon fan, serving with the navy in the Mediterranean, sent his regrets: "Last night my hair fell out, my knees dropped off, and I turned green with envy at the thought of my father and sister being there. Charles."

■

After its two-week tour of the U.S., the Chinese table tennis team had plenty to tell the home folks about the ways of the mysterious West. In Ann Arbor, Mich., for instance, the visitors scurried for shelter as a welcoming group of radicals bellowed in Chinese, "Down with American imperialism!" And at a ballet performance in Manhattan, they listened sympathetically as Actor **Dustin Hoffman** observed: "It must be very difficult for you to come from China, where the spirit is so high, to here where the spirit is so low."

■

Melvin Belli, 64, the dapper and oroticized lawyer who has had a lifelong love affair with the public eye, was visiting Washington's Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts when a hostess singled him out. "You're a very famous lawyer, aren't you?" asked pretty Lia Triff, 23, a student at the University of Maryland. Belli beamed. "Your name begins with a B," said Miss Triff. Belli swelled with such pleasure that, as Lia put it later, "I couldn't resist. I said: 'I've got it —you're F. Lee Bailey!' We had lunch the next day, and the rest is history." They will be married (he for the fifth time, she for the first) on June 3.

■

First he demanded $115,000. Then $92,500. Then $70,000. Then, Pitcher **Vida Blue** announced that he was retiring from baseball at the age of 22 to sell bathroom and kitchen fixtures. Nobody believed him, least of all Oakland A's Owner **Charles O. Finley,** who paid Blue a cut-rate $14,750 last year. Finally, after four months of haggling, Blue signed for $50,000 plus $8,000 for his college education and a $5,000 bonus for winning 24 games last season. "I'll be lucky if I win ten games this season," said Vida. How did he keep in shape during his layoff? "I chased a girl around the lake the other day."

■

Hollywood's dark-haired onetime sex symbol, doe-eyed **Hedy Lamarr,** claims that the book billed as her "autobiography," *Ecstasy and Me, My Life as a Woman,* is "an obscene, shocking, scandalous, naughty, wanton, fleshy, sensual, lecherous, lustful and scarlet" treatment of her life. So for the second time she slapped a libel suit on its publisher and two co-authors, whom she accuses of distorting interviews with her —this time for $21 million. Still no cigar. The New York Court of Appeals has dismissed the case—not because the book isn't obscene, shocking, scandalous, etc., but because her lawyers failed to prove that the actions leading to publication had occurred in New York.

UPI



HEDY LAMARR AS A SEX SYMBOL
"Naughty, wanton, fleshy."

■

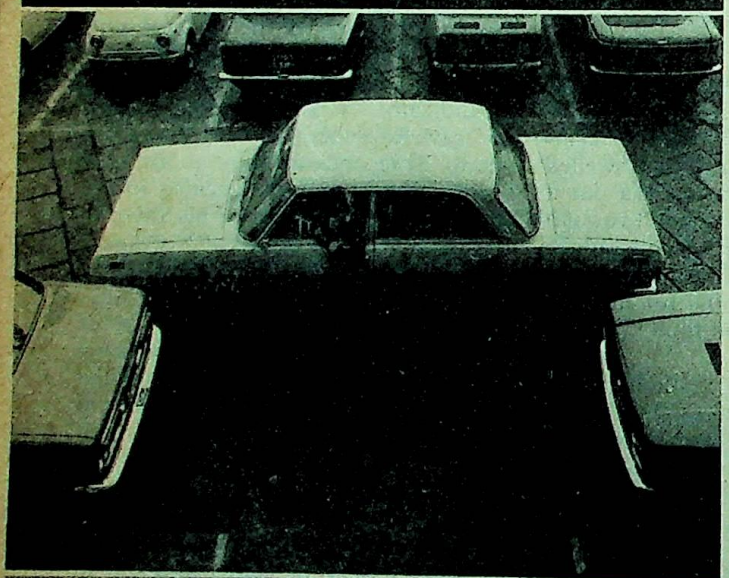
Seattle Attorney Edward Rauscher was vacationing at Vancouver's Bayshore Inn where the elevator doesn't stop at the 19th and 20th floors because **Howard Hughes** lives there. One day, though, somebody in the elevator with Rauscher playfully pushed 20. By some electronic glitch the number lit up on the indicator. "When I saw that 20 light up," says Rauscher, "I knew I had from one to 20 seconds to think about what I was going to do." He decided to ask Hughes for a donation to his favorite charity, PONCHO (Patrons of Northwest Civic, Cultural and Charitable Organizations), which raises money by auctioning donated items. Rauscher never saw the Invisible Man, but he did see a guard, who sent him to a man on the 19th floor, who sent him to a third man on the 20th floor, who gave him an address in Los Angeles, and five weeks later PONCHO received four round-trip tickets on Hughes Airwest between Seattle and Las Vegas ($664), plus $300 worth of rooms and entertainment at Hughes' hotel, the Sands. Moral: Even if you don't think you'll get there, push the button anyway.

■

Crowned heads have saved themselves more than once by deploying their secret weapon, the Royal Glare. A case in point was what Australia's former Prime Minister **John Gorton** describes as "one of the greatest fun evenings I can remember." On a cruise off Queensland on the royal yacht *Britannia,* "people decided that everyone else ought to be thrown in the water," says Gorton. **Prince Philip** was thrown in, and then **Princess Anne.** I was sitting beside the **Queen.** I was about to throw her in, but I looked at her and there was something in the way she looked back . . ."

What happen
is causing mor







Europe's streets are being strangled by car. Traffic jams on many major roads are com place. Parking in major cities is hopeless. The dent rates and death tolls are unacceptable. P tion has become so bad in some cities that there days when the air is unsafe to breathe.

The simplest solution is to say, "Let's ge of the car." And that wouldn't be a bad idea if were something better to replace it. But the fa that there isn't any other form of transport w can take us from one place to another nearl conveniently, or give us nearly the same degre personal freedom.

The car is going to stay with us. So someth must be done about it. The car will have to changed to take into account the new demands society has placed upon it.

It will have to solve some of the problems now creating.

This is what we're now attempting to d Fiat.

A smaller car.

Common sense would seem to dictate that only way to make our parking problems smaller our traffic jams smaller is to make our cars sm

However, there has been a trend in re years for European cars to become larger. (No the sudden appearance of big American-type crowding our streets.) The trend is mainly du the fact that many Europeans can now afford m room and more comfort in a car than they coul fore. And traditionally, the way that motor m facturers have made a car big and comfortabl side is by making it big and clumsy outside.

Well, at Fiat we've been working on a d ent principle. Our idea has been to make cars bi on the inside while keeping them small on the side. The idea seems paradoxical, but with a ingenuity we've managed to do it.

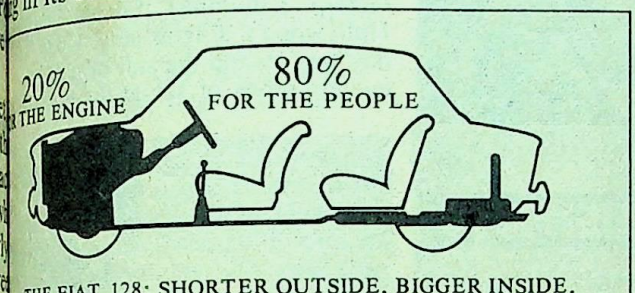
We've drastically reduced the space taken by the engine and the overhang and used that s to give more comfort and room to the passengers.

The new Fiat 128, for example, uses 80% its space for passengers and luggage and only 20 for the engine. As a result, it's enormous inside as roomy as some medium-sized American c And shorter than any European car in its class.

The Fiat 127 is 26 cm shorter than the

...now that the car ...problems than it solves?

remarkably, from the front of the dashboard to front of the back seat it's even longer than the ! Needless to say, it's roomier inside than anyg in its class.



THE FIAT 128: SHORTER OUTSIDE, BIGGER INSIDE.

Of course, there'll be some people who insist a larger car than the 127 or 128. For them we e the Fiat 124 and 125. Neither car is particuly huge. In fact, each is shorter outside than alst every car in its class. Yet both cars are huge ide. The Fiat 124 is roomier inside than many of ope's "luxury cars." The 125 is as large inside ome full-sized American cars.

A more manoeuvrable car.

If we're to reduce the accident rate, cars are ply going to have to do a better job of getting out ach other's way.

Obviously, the small car is a step in this direc-. Because a small car, on the basis of size alone, a distinct handling advantage over a large one.

However, at Fiat there are other things that e done to our cars which would make any size ar more manoeuvrable.

The Fiat 127 and 128 have front wheel drive. 've read enough about that to know how it imves handling. They have all-independent suspens which are unheard of in cars of their price. d they have a list of other handling features as as your arm.

The most convincing argument, though, is ely to drive them and then drive your own car. difference in handling is almost alarming.

The Fiat 128 won 7 Car of the Year awards ughout Europe, and a good part of the reason it them was its handling.

A more efficient car.

Many of today's larger cars are costing us both as individuals and as members of society.

The larger and heavier a car is, the more fuel it has to burn to move itself from one place to another. And the more fuel it burns, the more pollution it creates.

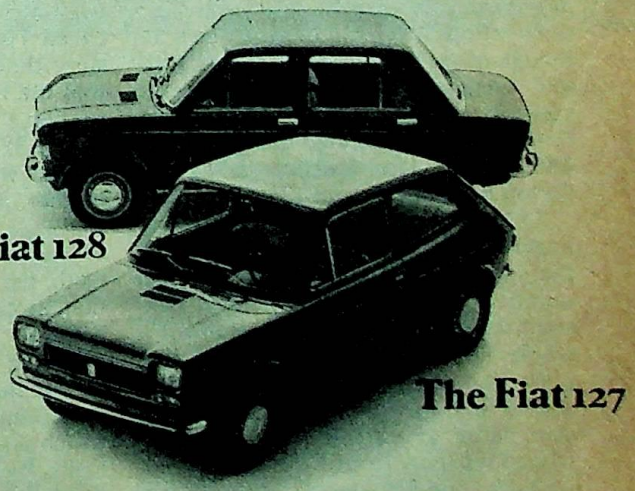
Similarly, the bigger an engine is, the more costly it is to run. It's especially costly when you consider how rarely, if ever, you use a big engine to anywhere near its full capacity.

More important perhaps, is that big engines aren't only costly, they're potentially dangerous. The bigger an engine is, the more likely you are to have an accident with it. Not because of the engine itself but because of the way you tend to use it.

What people really seem to be asking for, however, is not big engines themselves. What they want is the ability to accelerate quickly and cruise easily at motorway speeds.

At Fiat, we've found a way to give you that. Without giving you a big engine.

The Fiat 128, for example, runs away from almost every car in its class. It will even outaccelerate cars that are several hundred cm^3 larger. It has a top speed of 140 kmh and it will cruise at 120 or 125 kmh without strain. Yet despite all this, the engine displaces only 1116 cm^3.



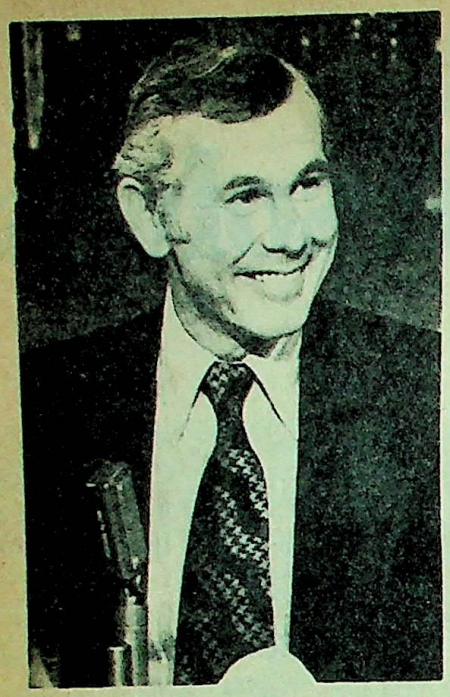
A more intelligent car.

From what you've read so far, we're convinced that you can only draw one conclusion about Fiat cars. They are among the very few cars today that make any sense. They're good for the individual. And they're good for society.

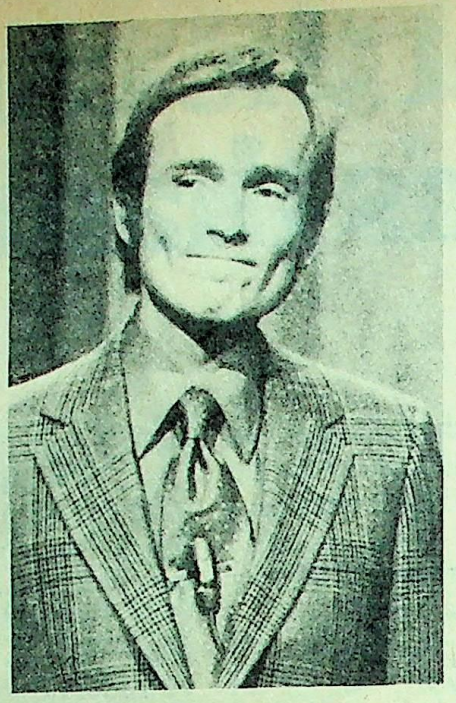
A rare combination these days.

FIAT

ANN LIMONGELLO



NBC'S JOHNNY CARSON



ABC'S DICK CAVETT

SHOW BUSINESS

Racing for Midnight

For nearly ten years NBC's Johnny Carson has monopolized TV's late hours with his facile, funny and cool show-biz chatter. ABC hoped to cut into his audience with Dick Cavett and a more intellectual approach. CBS aimed to bring him down with that old Beverly Hillbilly Merv Griffin. But neither even approached his ratings, and Carson remained undisputed king of the insomniacs. No longer. Since CBS replaced Griffin with a lineup of late movies twelve weeks ago, Carson, for the first time in a decade, has found himself in a ratings race.

It is a race he often loses. Since the movies began, they have topped Carson's ratings seven out of nine times, although in the latest Nielsen report, Carson averaged a 32.5% share of the viewing audience *v.* CBS's 31%. (CBS's Griffin, by contrast, had drawn around 16% of the late watchers and ABC's Cavett has drawn about 13%.)

NBC argues—and has the figures to prove it—that though Carson's share of the audience has gone down, his total number of viewers has remained constant. CBS, it contends, has grabbed a whole new audience of diehard film buffs that was not watching the talk shows. Still, the film phenomenon must give pause to Carson, who last week moved his show from New York to Los Angeles, hoping, among other things, that he will be able to attract more show business guests on the West Coast. What makes it all the worse is that Carson's competition comes mostly from B-grade flicks.

The other talk shows are having problems as well—and not just from the late movie. It was announced last week that David Frost's syndicated talk show would die at the end of June, and ABC has warned Dick Cavett that unless his ratings are improved in the next three months, the show would be dropped in the fall. Cavett counters that ABC has been "lazy, inept and incompetent" in promoting his show. What would take his place? ABC talks grandly of a "major program development effort" to find something new. So long as its ratings keep up, CBS will be happy with its own "development effort"—dusting off cans of old movies.

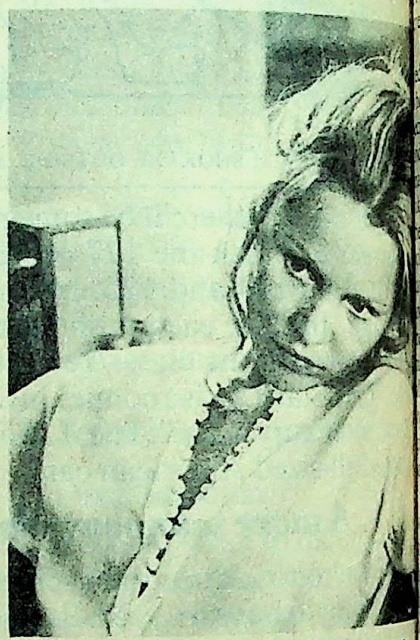
The Survival of Tuesday

Despite her name, Tuesday Weld was born on a Friday. Then why is she called Tuesday? There is no telling for sure, though in the past she has said that the name was 1) a childhood corruption ("Tu-Tu") of Susan, her given name, 2) derived from the day when all the worst things happened to her mother, and 3) a mispronunciation of *two-days*, the length of time her mother was in labor with her. Whatever the truth, the world is beginning to realize that, at 28, Tuesday Weld is a first-rate actress.

Weld film festivals have been held in Manhattan, and there is already something of a Tuesday Weld cult, which was partially inspired, paradoxically, by the fact that she has been so good in so many bad films. "She was undervalued year after year," says Roddy McDowall, who starred with her in *Lord Love a Duck*, one of her less awful movies. As a drum majorette in *Pretty Poison*, a fine but little-publicized 1968 film, she mixed innocence with evil to chilling effect, etching her character with acid and honey.

Now at long last she may have found a script that fits her talents. In *Play It As It Lays*, a movie currently being adapted from Joan Didion's novel, Tuesday portrays Maria, an actress in search of a breakdown in the vacuous emptiness of Southern California. "She knows the role so well she could phone it in," says Director Frank Perry (*Diary of a Mad Housewife*). "I tested hundreds of girls for the part, but I always knew it had to be Tuesday."

Like Maria, Tuesday has always had the reputation of being a difficult performer to work with. Like Maria, she has had a troubled private life that has made her something of an untouchable flower in lotus land. "Miss Weld is not a very good representative for the motion-picture industry," complained Gossip Columnist Louella Parsons, Hollywood's dragon lady, when Tuesday was 16 and the star of a seemingly endless series of sex-at-the-beach type



TUESDAY WELD ON LOCATION FOR NEW FILM
Untouchable flower in lotus land.

minipics. Actually, Tuesday's sins—odd clothing, bare feet and open love affairs—would have seemed quite normal a decade later. Her chief offense was to be hip too soon.

Tuesday has been too soon in almost everything she has done. Born in New York's Greenwich Village, she was supporting her family—her mother and an older brother and sister—as a child model when she was four. Her father had died when she was three. When she was twelve, she appeared in her first movie, *Rock, Rock, Rock*, a cheapie made in Brooklyn to cash in on the rock-'n'-roll craze of the '50s. Whatever its demerits, the film projected Tuesday as the archetypal nymphet, Shirley Temple with a leer. "The girl I generally played was a little whorish teen-ager who would sleep with anybody, and yet has a childlike quality," says Tuesday.

Even in her teens she had a reputation for wildness. "I used to say I

going to school," she remembers, ead for the Village and get drunk d. But then I wasn't a little girl at that age—I never had been." 16, she was bounced from TV's *Gillis* because a sponsor thought was out of place on a family show. took on an early importance (she ms she had her "first real affair" en she was eleven), and her succession of boy friends ranged from Alt Finney and John Barrymore Jr. Terence Stamp and the ubiquitous rge Hamilton.

She often brawled publicly with rymore, and she once tried to run n Actor Gary Lockwood with her When he jumped on the hood, she down Sunset Boulevard trying to e him off while he pleaded with her ugh the windshield. "Tuesday did e wild, wild things and screwed up y, many guys," says Ryan O'Neal, ngtime friend. "She's highly sexual. what makes her interesting on the een."

War Hero. At 22, Tuesday married Claude Harz, a young screenwriter who was working as Roddy McDowall's secretary. Though it lasted for five years and produced a daughter, Natasha, the marriage was one of her bigger mistakes, according to Tuesday. "It seems the brighter you are, the deeper the e you get into," she says. "How people endure pain for so long d let it ride by?" She declares about men: "It's never satisfactory. Either the man is able to keep you happy sexually, and he has no intellectual quali- or he's very intellectual and not good at carrying on a satisfactory sexual relationship."

Woe and perturbation! But don't worry too much about Tuesday. She still goes on an occasional bender, and talks openly about drugs. "I enjoy getting high on anything," she says. "No, not anything. Not drugs like acid. The pot I smoke has to be very good quality—and I love it. It gives you a terrific feeling."

Today she is thinking—or says she is thinking—of things other than films. She writes verse in a loose, prosy style ("You be a Nubian, you be a sheep chained to death's tow rope," begins one of her poems—and she plans to write a screenplay. She even talks about writing a novel, which if it follows her own life would read like a collaboration between Louisa May Alcott and Harold Robbins.

But above all, Tuesday Weld has survived. She has lived down her name, her image and her reputation. Says Ryan O'Neal: "She's held in very high esteem because of her survival and because she's good. She's like a war hero, and she deserves the Congressional Medal." The only thing that bothers her is—what next?—success. "If I find myself a commercial success, I'll probably go into a state of shock," she says. "If I get out of this underground thing and become commercial, I don't know what I'll do."

Time for a New G.I. Bill?

When Johnny came marching home from the second World War, he could march straight into college—or finish high school—with considerable financial help. A grateful nation had passed the G.I. Bill of Rights, which paid for tuition and books (up to $500 a year for four years) and kicked in $50 and up per month for living expenses. Today's Viet Nam veteran gets just $1,575 a year to cover everything—and only for 36 months. That figure represents an increase of 6.7% over what was paid in the 1940s, but it hardly matches the 350% increase in education costs since then.

In an effort to ease their financial strain, some 350 veterans converged on Duluth last week to plan a campaign of political action. Why Duluth? "Because," said one vet, "the hotels offered to put us up for four dollars a head a night, that's why. We're all broke." Arriving by bus, motorcycle and thumb, delegates of the National Association of Collegiate Veterans (N.A.C.V.), which claims 500 chapters representing 250,000 veterans, began efforts to revise and update the obsolete G.I. Bill.

"Many veterans are forced to work now in order to stay in school," says N.A.C.V. Board Member Patrick M. McLaughlin, 25, once a staff sergeant in the 1st Infantry and now a prelaw student at Ohio University. Work cuts down on study time to such an extent, claims McLaughlin, that the 36 months of aid are almost sure to be exhausted before the student has earned enough credits for graduation.

To change an outdated system, N.A.C.V. is organizing vets both on and off campus in hopes of electing local and state officials sympathetic to their needs. N.A.C.V.'s major objectives: a 20% increase in the subsistence allowance; payments of up to $1,000 per year for books, fees and tuition; extension of studies from 36 to 48 months; two months' advance payment to enable veterans to meet registration costs.

"It would be another question if we were asking for more than the Government offered other vets in other wars," says Bill Cunningham, 28-year-old vice president of N.A.C.V., "but that's not the case. Listen, there were a million guys discharged in 1971. This year there'll be more. You've got to do something for these guys; they know full well what their fathers got when they came home."

GERALD BRIMACOMBE



VIET NAM WAR VETERANS ORGANIZING FOR POLITICAL ACTION IN DULUTH
"You've got to do something for these guys."

What Is Taboo?

Does "academic freedom" mean that a university professor has the right to say anything he chooses? Even if he strays outside his field of expert knowledge? Even if what he teaches is generally considered wrong? Or if it leads to extremism and violence?

The Stanford University authorities struggled with these questions last fall during their protracted investigation of radical Professor of Literature H. Bruce Franklin; they concluded that he had "urged others to violence" during an outbreak of student demonstrations, and so they dismissed him (TIME, Jan. 17). Last week they had to deal with the no less touchy case of William Shockley, 62, a Nobel prizewinner and distinguished professor of engineering

science. Once again, they decided that academic freedom must have limits.

Shockley won his Nobel Prize in 1956 as a co-inventor of the transistor, but what he wants to teach is a subject that he calls "dysgenics." He defines the term as "retrogressive evolution through the disproportionate reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged." More simply stated, Shockley's argument is that blacks are genetically inferior to whites in intellectual capacity, and that in violation of the law of survival of the fittest, society encourages blacks to pass on their inferiority to their children. In a series of writings over the past decade, Shockley has called this process "downbreeding the poor" and warned that it will lead to "genetic enslavement." He has even proposed that bonuses be paid for the voluntary sterilization of those with less than average IQs.

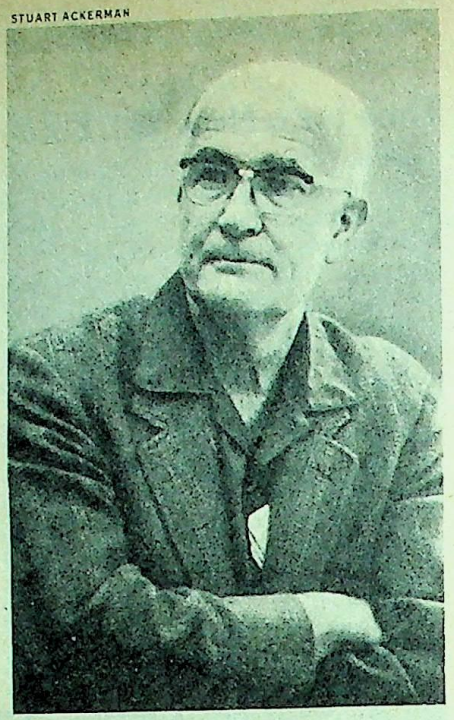
Protests. Virtually all scientists reject these views, of course, arguing that there is no sound evidence of intellectual differences based on race or of intellectual decline based on genetics. Nor has Shockley, a physicist, done any important research in biology or genetics. Presumably nobody would object very strongly if a noted physicist wanted to teach heretical theories about the origins of Shakespeare's plays, but the racist implications of Shockley's views have aroused fierce protests (as have the similar but more scholarly views of Psychologists Richard Herrnstein at Harvard and Arthur Jensen at Berkeley). Graffiti on Stanford walls have urged, "Sterilize Shockley." He has been burned in effigy. On two occasions his classes were broken up by hostile students, some flaunting the sheets of the Ku Klux Klan.

To settle the matter, Graduate School Dean Lincoln Moses asked the advice of a five-man faculty committee, including experts in biology, physiology, psychology, statistics and communications. After much agonizing over both Shockley's qualifications and his views—which one committeeman called "essentially genocidal [and] abhorrent to all decent people"—a majority of 3-2 urged that he be permitted to teach his course for only one quarter and without credit.

Dean Moses then overruled his own committee. Although he declared that the university had an "obligation to encourage . . . heterodox 'dangerous' thoughts," he decided that Shockley's course would be "polemical" and his qualifications to teach it "subject to doubts." Moses therefore ruled: "I will not authorize the course."

But universities have wondrously diplomatic ways of achieving compromises. Although Stanford would not authorize Shockley's teaching, Moses observed that if the professor wanted to give his lectures anyway, "you may do so without special permission from anyone." Shockley declined to say whether he would go ahead, but, in contrast to his troubled colleagues, he declared that the whole issue of academic freedom was "trivial" compared with the subject he wanted to teach—namely, the "illusion" of human equality.

STUART ACKERMAN



STANFORD'S PROFESSOR WILLIAM SHOCKLEY
Academic freedom has its limits.

Sonic Safeguard

Violence and vandalism used to plague Sacramento's racially mixed John F. Kennedy High School. "It is a fantastic mixture of haves and have-nots," says Principal Frank Schimandle, "and that is the problem."

Schimandle assumed his job after the school's former principal was felled by a heart attack in the midst of a 1968 student riot. Determined to stop the troubles, he worked with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on a $1,300,000 project that produced an ultrasonic system to monitor the sprawling 44-acre campus.

Each student is assigned a four-digit number that is recorded in classrooms by the teacher and fed into a computer, which checks the roll call and notifies the principal of any absentees. "Then we find him real quick," says Schimandle. "When kids are out of class, they're usually in trouble."

To remedy actual trouble, each teacher, administrator and employee now carries a pencil-size ultrasonic transmitter. When triggered, the "pencils" spark a light on a wall map in Schimandle's office; a horn honks for the principal's attention. Help can be dispatched within 30 seconds. So far this year, Schimandle reports, the number of major incidents has dropped to zero.

"Racial disturbances usually stem from some dispute between two students, and only become racial when other students take sides," he says. "By getting teachers on the scene quickly, we can solve problems before they grow into something bigger."

Garner Ted Armstrong, Where Are You?

Until last fall, lean, gray-temple Garner Ted Armstrong was the quin essential religious soft-sell artist. H program called *The World Tomorro* was carried on some 400 radio and TV stations. His slick, free monthl called *The Plain Truth* went to 2,10 000 subscribers. To the millions Americans who followed him, Garne Ted dispensed glib solutions to suc problems as drugs, crime, broken ma riages and delinquent children—all im plicitly in the name of the Worldwid Church of God. This is a stern, bizarre sect founded in 1934 as the Radi Church of God by Garner Ted's fathe Herbert W. Armstrong, a Quaker-bor ad salesman turned preacher, and st ruled by the elder Armstrong fro headquarters in Pasadena, Calif. Ga ner Ted, 42, was the heir apparent n only to the W.C.G. but also to a church run institution called Ambassador Col lege: three campuses (in Pasadena; Bi Sandy, Texas; and St. Albans, England where the buildings are expensive an the tuition cheap, the boys' sideburn high and the girls' skirts low.

Then, last October, Garner Ted wa suddenly relieved of duties as executiv vice president of the church and vic chancellor of Ambassador College. La er his name was expunged from th masthead of *The Plain Truth*. His ra dio programs were replaced by ten year-old tapes made by his father.

Bonds of Satan. At first, Herbe told W.C.G. members that Garner Te was simply taking a long overdue leav of absence. Then, in February, the ir ner church membership—about 75,00 people—heard a letter from Pasaden so secret that their ministers were or dered to burn it after reading. Its me sage: Garner Ted was "in the bonds o Satan." At the end of April, the sena Armstrong made a more public state ment to the broader church membe ship—the "co-worker" category, whic includes such sympathizers as Ches Grandmaster Bobby Fischer—explai ing that Garner Ted had confessed t some kind of transgression agains "God, against his church and his apo tle, against the wife God gave me in m youth, against all my closest friends."

What sort of transgression? The Correspondent Sandra Burton pose the question to Herbert Armstrong in a rare interview last week. "Look at *I Timothy*, Chapter 3, first five or s verses," replied Armstrong, "and Tit Chapter 1, verse 6." Both passages mak two points in common: that a bisho or church elder must be faithful to h wife and rule strictly over believing chil dren. Had handsome Garner Ted suc cumbed to an old and common temp

...tion? His father was cryptic: "The ...fault was spiritual, not moral."

In the heterodox, rigidly disciplined ...Christianity of the Worldwide Church ...of God, that could mean anything. In ...Herbert Armstrong's theology, un...known to much of his public, the British ...and the Americans are among the ten ...lost Hebrew tribes, destined to fight ...and succumb to—a renewed Holy ...Roman Empire probably led by Germa... Then a Chinese-Russian alliance ...will fight the battle of Armageddon with ...the victor. At first, Herbert Armstrong ...predicted the beginning of the end for ...the late 1930s. The most recent Apoca...pse was due on Jan. 7, 1972. When it ...did not arrive, Armstrong acknowl...ged in a convoluted letter to his fol...wers that he was not infallible.

In other departures from traditional ...Christianity, Armstrong and his faithful ...worship on Saturday, not Sunday; they ...observe kosher laws set forth in the Old ...Testament. They celebrate Passover but ...not Christmas or Easter. They deny the ...Trinity. But they believe steadfastly in ...the tithe—so much so that each mem...ber is expected to set aside three tithes, ...or tenths, of his gross income. One-tenth ...is for church headquarters. One-tenth ...is for the member's travel expenses to ...church festivals. And, every few years, ...yet another tenth is required for "wid...ows and orphans." The church moni...tors the tithes by computer; one mem...ber caught cheating was sentenced to tithe double for the rest of his life.

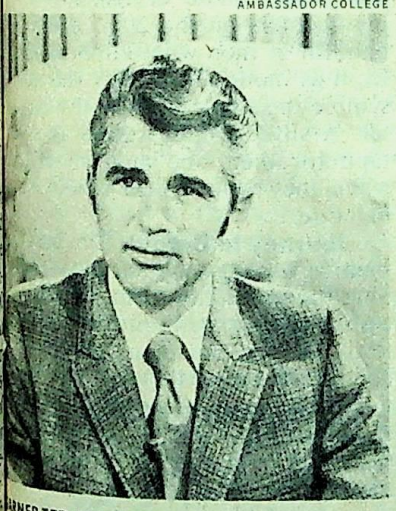
Small wonder that the church's an...nual income is estimated at around $55 million. Or that Founder Armstrong zips round the world to visit such lead...ers as Japan's Prime Minister Eisaku Sato or India's Indira Gandhi in a Grumman Gulfstream jet that gobbles up at least $1.5 million a year. Former W.C.G. members charge that the Arm...strongs live like kings while members often live in poverty in order to pay their tithes. They maintain that each of the two Armstrongs has elegant homes in Texas, California and England; that Herbert sports a $1,000 watch and bought a $2,000 set of cuff links and tie tack for a Jerusalem trip.

But far worse, others say, is the hav...oc wreaked on families by Armstrong's unyielding doctrines. One of those doc...trines forbids members to undergo any medical treatment. According to ex-El...der John Judy of Akron, a 40-year-old Ohio woman with a history of heart dis...ease died a few months after her min...ister put her on a diet consisting only of grape juice; the minister did not ob...ject when she substituted grape soda. Mrs. Henry W. Peterson of Seattle re...lates that the W.C.G. broke up her sec...ond marriage, of 24 years' standing, be...cause it does not recognize civil divorce. Severe punishment of children is taken as a sign of loyalty to the church, says Judy, who recalls seeing one father spanking his child at a church meeting as if he were "whipping a horse."

If such charges are true, Garner Ted Armstrong might have had any num...ber of reasons to disagree with his fa...ther. Indeed, reports one insider, much of the trouble may stem from three ser...mons Garner Ted gave at Big Sandy, Texas. In one, he wondered aloud why church members did not experience more healings. In another, he empha...sized the Apostle Paul—a nearly for...gotten man in W.C.G. theology because he talked of a New Covenant replacing the old. During a third, Garner Ted questioned whether the church had the proper presence of the Holy Spirit.

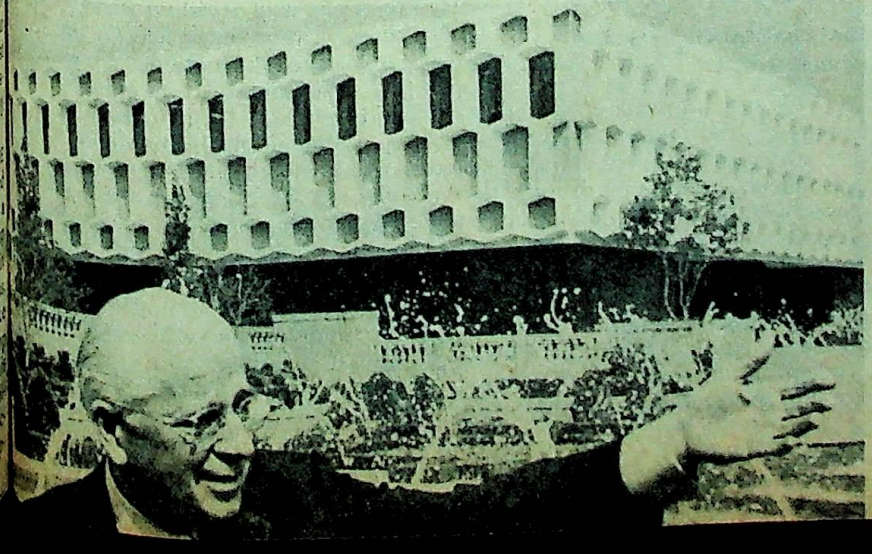
Whatever the cause of Garner Ted's disappearance, his father smilingly in...sisted last week that the errant lad was in Colorado, making the best of his ex...ile. If so, he was not at a favorite re...treat on a former sheep ranch near Oak Creek. When Correspondent Burton trekked out to the ranch, she found it de...serted, with its electric meter padlocked. It had not been used all winter.

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE

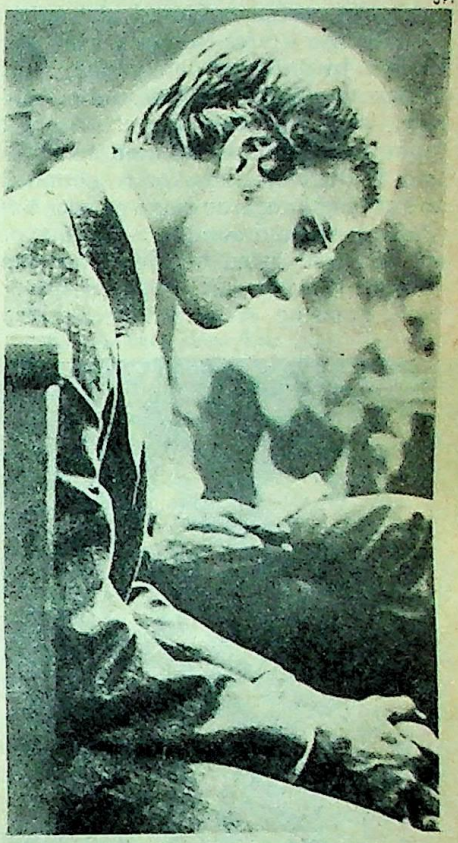


...ARNER TED ARMSTRONG

LOS ANGELES TIMES



UPI



WILLIAM JOHNSON AWAITING DECISION

Better Than Lying

It was an unusual inquisition for a young ministerial candidate. But then William Johnson, 25, was an unusual candidate—an admitted homosexual. Some 96 delegates from 19 United Churches of Christ in the San Francis...co area met in nearby San Carlos last week to decide whether Johnson should be ordained. How did he regard his sex...uality? Johnson was asked. "I regard all sexuality as a gift from God and a good gift," he replied. Might he have a con...taminating effect on church youth? "There is a mythology that homosex...uals prey on children," said Johnson, "when 98 percent of all pedophiles are heterosexuals." Could he be a good min...ister without a wife? "I don't really feel I need a wife," Johnson said. "I hope some day to share a deep love relation...ship with another man."

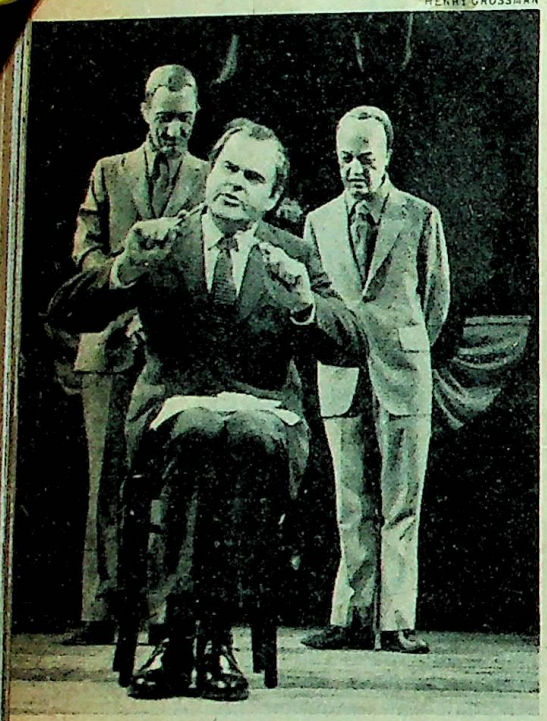
Johnson's mother had written a let...ter to the delegates saying that "it isn't easy to accept that your son is a ho...mosexual—but it's far better than hav...ing him lie about it. Maybe God is work...ing through him so that all people will be accepted by his church." The del...egates apparently agreed, voting 62 to 34 to allow Johnson's ordination in June.

Small Favor

AN EVENING WITH RICHARD NIXON AND . . .
by GORE VIDAL

In this non-play, Gore Vidal rather hysterically strafes some of his pet skunks. In order of defamation, their names are Richard Nixon, John Kennedy, Dwight Eisenhower, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson and William F. Buckley Jr. Nixon is submitted to a kind of kangaroo court-martial, but Vidal is not interested in a dialogue of viewpoints. Instead, he offers a nonstop diatribe, vitriolic and at times caustically amusing. *Nixon* is so one-sided

HENRY GROSSMAN



IRVING WITH "L.B.J." & "HUMPHREY"
Kangaroo court-martial.

that it has the curious effect of creating a certain sympathy for its leading character.

The words are the President's own, but to parody Nixon's prose is to try to beat a master at his own trade. George S. Irving does a superb imitation in the role. Vidal vows that he will now abandon playwrighting. Thanks for small favors. ■ T.E. Kalem

The Ethos of Courage

THE CRUCIBLE
by ARTHUR MILLER

The name of every virtue at its apex is courage.

—Winston Churchill

This is Arthur Miller's play about courage. In quality, it ranks second only to his finest play, *Death of a Salesman*, a drama concerned with the lack of courage. Both plays stress the cost of personal integrity, the price one pays for having it, and for losing it.

In plot and action *The Crucible* revolves around the trials for witchcraft in 17th century Salem. When first produced in 1953, it was lauded as an attack on the Communist witch hunts of Joe McCarthy. We can see in retrospect that the play was interpreted in too narrow a political sense. It deals with the universally recurring question of the individual conscience *v.* tyranny, whether it be the tyranny of the state, of economic or military power, of religion, or of the moment's public opinion.

Miller's answer is as strong as it is stark; the currency of conscience has only one backing—a man's lifeblood. Miller astutely recognizes that the purpose of tyranny is not to scourge the guilty but to crush the free. A tyranny must wipe out its most dangerous enemy—one man who will not save his life by confessing to a lie. Building to a powerful crescendo, *The Crucible* makes its hero (Robert Foxworth) face just that terrible choice. It is so easy to confess and not have to leave his wife (Martha Henry) a widow, his children fatherless. For a long moment he is tempted, and then he looks into an abyss darker than the loss of his life: the death of his soul.

This is the finest production of a play ever mounted at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater. The cast has been infected with the playwright's ethical fervor, and all its members deserve praise. In addition to Foxworth and Henry, three others win special laurels: Stephen Elliott as a pitiless magistrate, Pamela Payton-Wright as Foxworth's seductress, and Philip Bosco as a deeply troubled Christian minister.

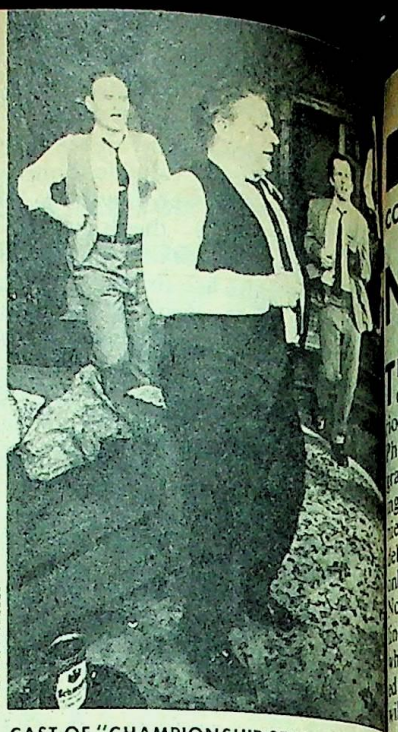
Nowadays, the young often speak soberly of making "statements" with their lives. They might well learn from Arthur Miller, as from Churchill, that without personal moral courage, all other statements are meaningless. ■ T.E.K.

The Dust of Glory

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON
by JASON MILLER

A vital and effective theater group is more than a random assembly of actors, directors, designers, composers and a producer. To succeed, it must be the closest of families, bound by a common purpose and a consistent vision. This is the basic strength of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater. Prolific in quantity and distinguished in quality, the Public Theater's productions are linked by one theme: a running critique of U.S. life today.

Like a Socratic questioner, Papp wants to know what has happened to the American dream. What are the prevailing values, hopes and desires? Do they



FRIEDMAN-ABELES

CAST OF "CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON"
Dead behind the eyes.

ennoble or corrupt the people who ho them? What has been the psychic cost Viet Nam? Do Americans believe in t brotherhood of man, or do the wo merely camouflage a stubborn resid of racial and ethnic bigotry?

Most of these questions are rais with subtlety and without polemics *That Championship Season*, a drama searing intensity, agonized compassi and consummate craftsmanship. T play centers on the 20th reunion of handful of men whose lives were on fresh as mountain springs and now s semble the sooty detritus of a city g ter. A silver trophy stands as a cen taph for their one moment of glo when they won a high school bask ball title.

Journey to Defeat. Life has rec them as a pudgy, crooked mayor gra bing for re-election (Charles Durnin a philandering, strip-mining moneyba (Paul Sorvino), an amusingly cynical a coholic (Walter McGinn), and his f ter school superintendent of a broth (Michael McGuire). Their old coa (Richard A. Dysart) is a whiplash of man embalmed in the Vince Lombar philosophy. But these men have lost th game of life, and in their rasping re elations à la *Virginia Woolf* and the boozy camaraderie à la *The Boys in Band*, the playgoer finds out why.

They are all dead behind the eyes but vividly, wincingly alive in the the ater. Playwright Jason Miller, 33, who only previous full-length play, *No* *Hears a Broken Drum*, was a quick flop has chiseled out each role to give it pr clean profile of humanity and of pla The actors do him proud, seeming to have traveled every step of the way from adolescent victory to middle-age defeat, laughing and crying together Director A.J. Antoon, who directed *Cymbeline* in Central Park last summe has wrung a triumph of ensemble act ing from these splendid players. To Jo seph Papp, "Bravo!" once again. S ous drama has no finer friend. ■ T.E.

CONTROLS

Now, On to Phase II ½

THE Phase II wage-price curbs have changed so much lately that the period now beginning might be called Phase II½. The inflation-fighting program started six months ago as a sweeping attempt to put controls on companies of all sizes, down to side-street delicatessens and hand laundries, with only a small enforcement mechanism. Now the operation has been streamlined into something much closer to what most economists had recommended all along. The Nixon Administration will restrict controls to the major companies that set the pace for the economy, and back the controls by tougher policing and the threat of well-publicized punishment.

The biggest change came last week, when the Cost of Living Council exempted from controls some 5,000,000 companies that have 60 or fewer employees each (small companies in the inflation-ridden fields of health care and construction are still controlled). COLC Director Donald Rumsfeld said: "It appears to us that competition will exert pay and price control on these small businesses."

More Rollbacks. The small companies that were liberated account for about one-fourth of U.S. industry's sales and jobs. Some 900 Internal Revenue Service agents will be freed from the job of poring over the books of these firms and shifted to the more productive task of investigating complaints against larger corporations. In all, nearly 2,000 IRS men will be policing the big companies. As Herbert Stein, head of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, put it: "We can watch many more billions of Gross National Product by watching General Motors than by watching the corner grocer."

Simultaneously, the Price Commission continued to toughen its regulation of the companies with annual sales of $50 million or more that must report price and profit data. The commission ordered more rollbacks involving major companies, though relatively minor products. Textron Inc., for example, must rescind a price increase on snowmobiles, and Armco Steel will have to cancel hikes on such merchandise as soap and hammers sold in its oilfield supply stores, which account for less than 1% of Armco's sales. Both companies were also ordered to refund money to customers who were charged the higher prices. Associated Wholesale Grocers, which has sales of $240 million a year, became the second company to be assessed triple damages for raising prices. The commission ordered it in effect to pay these damages to customers by severely cutting prices.

The commission also cracked down on the distressingly large number of companies that, it says, have been supplying it with suspicious-looking data or none at all. Under its complex rules, price boosts must not increase a company's profit margin—its ratio of earnings to sales—above that of a pre-control base period. To enforce that rule, the commission had ordered that 2,954 companies file profit-margin reports by last week. Nearly 1,600 failed to do so. Chairman C. Jackson Grayson ordered them to come up with the figures by this week or else roll back all price increases previously granted and face fines of $2,500 each.

Grayson's hard line has frightened Wall Street and helped to knock the Dow Jones industrial average down 28 points in the past three weeks, to a Friday close of 941. Investors fear that Grayson will block all large profit gains by ordering wide-ranging price cuts. Some Administration officials worry that nervous businessmen might react by holding back on investments and expansion plans, hindering the economic recovery. Grayson has been warned about this concern, but the Price Commission acted anyway.

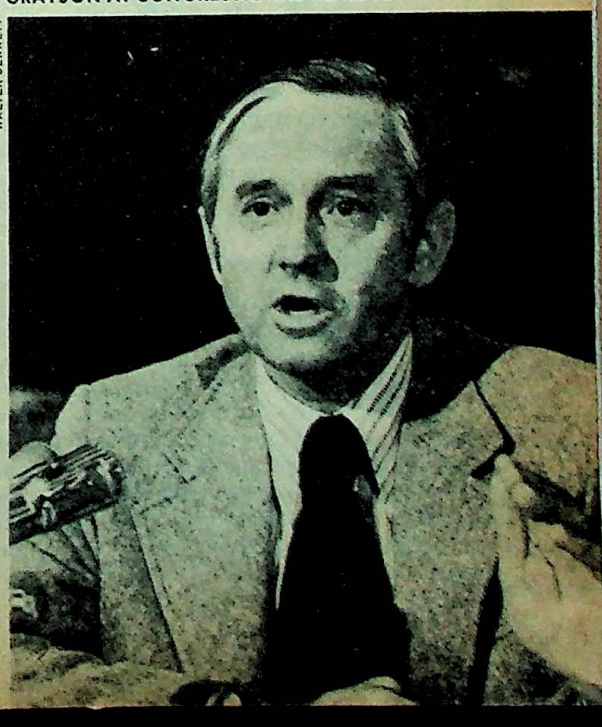
Overdone Worries. The fears are vastly exaggerated. Companies that have profit margins below the Commission's ceilings, and thus can boost prices, greatly outnumber those that are above the ceilings. Eastman Dillon, a leading investment-banking house, calculates that pre-tax profits of all manufacturers could average 8.2% of sales without violating the Commission's ceilings—but that they actually were only 6.9% in last year's fourth quarter, leaving plenty of room for price-increase requests. Even companies that are close to their margin ceilings can raise profits without limit as long as they do it by increasing sales or improving productivity rather than by raising prices. The Price Commission last week specifically reaffirmed its policy of not ordering such firms to cut prices, no matter how much their profit increases. Phase II½ is thus not a war on profits—which would be inconceivable in a Nixon Administration—but the most thorough test yet of the idea that inflation can be checked by monitoring large corporations.

RUMSFELD AT WASHINGTON NEWS CONFERENCE



WALTER BENNETT AP

GRAYSON AT CONGRESSIONAL HEARING



Deficits Decline

Things were looking up last week for the nation's two most important deficits:

▸ The U.S. balance of payments deficit in April was the lowest in nearly a year—little more than $100 million according to estimates by Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists. That figure was way down from $1.3 billion in March and $1.6 billion in February, let alone the $8.8 billion payments gap last August. The biggest boon last month was that more U.S. investment funds stayed home instead of seeking a higher return abroad. Some European interest rates have fallen lately. Meanwhile, short-term rates in the U.S. have risen as a result of growing loan demand and a somewhat tighter Federal Reserve monetary policy. Since February, rates of 91-day Treasury bills have climbed from 3.07% to 3.51%, and bank prime rates have gone from a low of 4⅛% to as high as 5¼%. Short-term interest rates are likely to show a slow upturn for the rest of the year, which should continue to aid the balance of payments.

▸ The U.S. budget deficit for this fiscal year will fall well short of the $38.8 billion projected by President Nixon last January. It will be anywhere from less than $30 billion to $32 billion. The overwithholding of income taxes (TIME, Jan. 24) will reduce the deficit by $6 billion in fiscal 1972. In addition, the President wanted to spend a lot of federal money in a hurry to help lift the economy, but Government agencies simply could not speed up payments and new orders that fast. Much of the spending that Nixon had hoped for this year will be delayed until fiscal 1973, which begins in July. As a result, the fiscal 1973 deficit is likely to be higher than Nixon's originally projected $25.5 billion. Economist Maurice Mann, formerly Nixon's assistant budget chief, predicts that 1973's deficit will "significantly exceed $30 billion." That larger deficit should help the economy accelerate after midyear, but perhaps too much so, heightening the danger of renewed inflation.

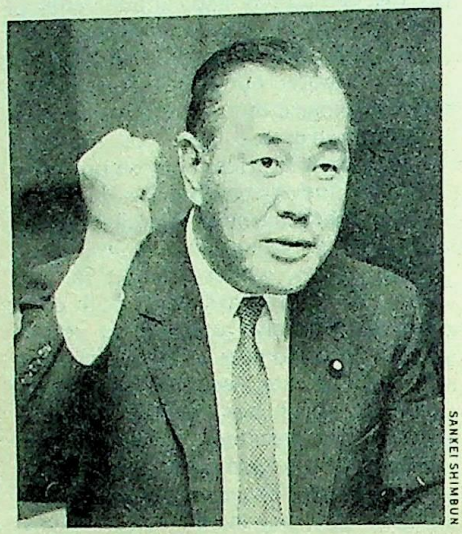
Japan: Big New Lender

Willie ("The Actor") Sutton used to say that he robbed banks "because that's where the money is." The same reasoning—though not the same *modus operandi*—is prodding foreign businessmen and government representatives toward Tokyo in quest of loans and investment money. They get a warm welcome from Japanese bankers, businessmen and government officials, who face the unusual problem of reducing an embarrassingly enormous pile of cash.

In less than a year, Japan's foreign reserves more than doubled, to almost $17 billion. The money has been attracted by the nation's solid success at selling goods abroad, and even more by its having what is perhaps the world's strongest currency, the yen. Many Japanese fear that the money flood will bring intense new foreign pressure for still another upward revaluation of the yen. They also believe that it is high time to export not only merchandise but also money.



HITACHI'S KOMAI, VIRGINIA GOVERNOR HOLTON & MITSUI'S IWANAGA IN TOKYO



TRADE MINISTER KAKUEI TANAKA
Brother, can you spare some yen?

Japanese companies' investments in overseas factories, mines, bank branches and the like now are only $3.6 billion but are rising rapidly. Leaders of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) predict that by 1980 the total may reach $26 billion. In the U.S., the Japanese are investing in everything from noodle making to home building. A partial list: Sony is building a $1,000,000 color-TV plant in San Diego, and Nisshin Food Products Co. has put up a noodle factory in Gardena, Calif. Matsushita Electric is about to begin producing color-TV sets in Puerto Rico, and Toyota Motor is considering building an auto assembly plant there. Last month Mitsubishi Estate formed a joint venture with Morgan Stanley & Co. to build new communities in the U.S. The first will probably be a 1,000-home, $30 million development near Williamsburg, Va. Several states have sent delegations to Tokyo seeking more investment. Governor Linwood Holton of Virginia visited recently and conferred with Kenichiro Komai, chairman of Hitachi, and Iwao Iwanaga, chairman of Mitsui Petrochemical, among others.

Japanese loans and stock investments are also flowing more freely to foreigners. Five Japanese banks recently joined with Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. in lending $13 million to a Gulf Oil subsidiary in the U.S. Last month the Tokyo government granted permission to three Japanese securities houses to underwrite bond issues totaling $90 million for three U.S. firms: North American Rockwell, International Utilities Overseas Capital Corp., and General Cable Overseas Inc. Canada's Hydro-Quebec and the governments of Australia and Mexico are shopping in Tokyo for bond loans.

On the stock side, a group of Japanese banks last month put up $5,000,000 to buy a 90,000-share block, or 2% of the stock, in First National City Corp., parent company of Manhattan's First National City Bank. Chrysler Corp. is considering selling to Japanese investors a million shares of its stock—worth about $35 million—to raise money for a joint automaking venture with Mitsubishi Motors Corp.

Government Help. The Tokyo government is spurring these trends. Last month it repealed the key measure in the maze of exchange controls that have kept Tokyo from developing an international capital market. For the first time in 40 years, private bankers and other capitalists in Japan can keep, spend or lend any foreign currencies that they accumulate, rather than being compelled in most cases to sell them to the government for yen. In addition, at the urging of MITI Minister Kakuei Tanaka, government technicians are now working out details of a plan to shift from $5 billion to $9 billion of the government's foreign-exchange reserves into a fund for making long-term loans to Japanese companies investing overseas.

The rise of Japan as a global lender and investor seems healthy. Asia's richest country certainly has the financial power to play a far larger role in the world economy than that of exporter. Many foreign companies and governments could use a new source of capital. Direct Japanese investment could create needed jobs in quite a few countries, not least the U.S.

EAL ESTATE

Florida's Sunshine State

ONCE upon a time, a band of grown-up boys set out to build the world's iest place in the fantasy realm of rida. So they went to their money-ers and their architects and they ated a warm-weather wonderland of aceships and riverboats, of wilderness ggrounds, turreted castles and la-ons. People came from far and wide Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio—to this playland. And the builders, came from the Walt Disney World made millions happily ever after.

That modern fable is being enacted entral Florida, where the new Dis-World is exceeding the most op-istic expectations of its promoters. success is also a major force behind usiness surge that is sweeping Flor-especially its central area and east-coast. The state is in the midst of a rist and real estate boom, as visitors new residents pour in by plane, bus, and camper. Many tourists who e to see the Disney show go on to Daytona Beach, Tampa, Miami, e Kennedy and other places—to the ght of hoteliers, restaurateurs, boat ers and other businessmen.

Newly Rich. Disney World alone acts 1,000,000 visitors a month to 27,000 acres of fun and games—and ool is not even out yet. "It's great rma, man," noted one long-haired lifornia youth as he emerged from Mickey Mouse Review. During the anksgiving and Christmas holidays, ffic was backed up as much as 25 es on the expressways leading into lando, site of Disney World.

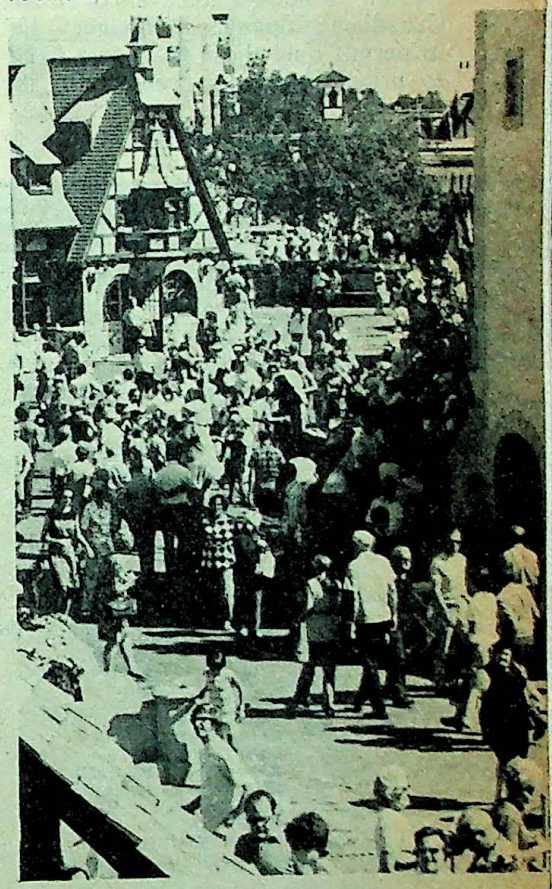
Since it opened last October, Dis-World has had to increase its staff m 5,500 to more than 10,000. In at used to be swamp country, the Dis-Co. has put up two big, convention-nted hotels with golf course and ling facilities. The number of motel oms in the Orlando area has dou-ed to 8,000 in the past seven months, d current and planned construction ll raise the total to 24,000 in the xt years. One would-be Orlando meowner laments that construction his house has been postponed in-nitely because bigger builders have rned the entire supply of concrete ck. Orange growers and ranchers o bought land before the current al estate boom have become newly h. Property on the highway in sleepy ring, which is 90 miles south of Or-do, has jumped to $25,000 an acre. motel owner in Vero Beach, 102 es away, recently paid $150,000 for e-third of an acre fronting on the lantic.

Ed Skinner, manager of Vero Beach's Driftwood Inn, has a happy complaint: "Our business is up 20% from last year, and our rear ends are really dragging." Miami Beach's Hotel Fontainebleau posted a record 90% occupancy rate from November through April. This month it has booked an unprecedented five conventions—each taking up 1,000 rooms—and recently it turned down a booking for October 1977—because all rooms are already sold out. Earlier this year some hoteliers overbooked so egregiously that they had to turn away irate tourists who had confirmed reservations. In February, 150 people waited in vain for a whole day to get into the fully occupied Castaways motel at the north end of Miami Beach.

Housing Rise. On top of this, 3,300 new residents are crowding into Florida each week. Housing starts in the nation's second fastest growing state (after Nevada) have gone from 66,000 six years ago to 166,000 last year, and are expected to rise still higher this year. Condominium apartments are by far the most popular type of new building; for prices ranging from $12,000 to $125,000, owners often get such extras as pools, saunas and tennis courts. One of the thickest concentrations of condominiums is in Dade County, which includes Miami and Key Biscayne, vacation home of the nation's No. 1 tourist, but they have also spread fast in central Florida and many other areas.

The development surge is straining the state's social and environmental resources, especially its limited water supply. Recently passed laws give the state government firmer control of future land and water use and bar any development in areas where wildlife would be disturbed or natural resources threatened. Yet state officials do not really want to discourage population growth and new building. For all the glitter of its resorts, many parts of Florida—particularly in the Northern Panhandle and interior rural areas—are poor. Fully 37% of the state's families live on an income below the poverty line. The new rush of development should help to lift many of them.

TOURISTS AT DISNEY WORLD NEAR ORLANDO



HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUM APARTMENTS IN MIAMI BEACH



KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5

CANADA

A Modest Response

We are coming out with a foreign-investment policy that is going to be the weakest of any industrialized nation's. If I were an American, I would be amazed by the sweet reasonableness of it.

—A Canadian Cabinet Minister

When that long-awaited policy statement was finally released last week, U.S. investors were indeed pleasantly surprised. After two years of intense study by a task force under Canadian Revenue Minister Herbert Gray, the Ottawa government decided merely to "review" proposed takeovers of sizable Canadian companies by foreigners and to permit only those that seem likely to bring "significant benefit" to the country.

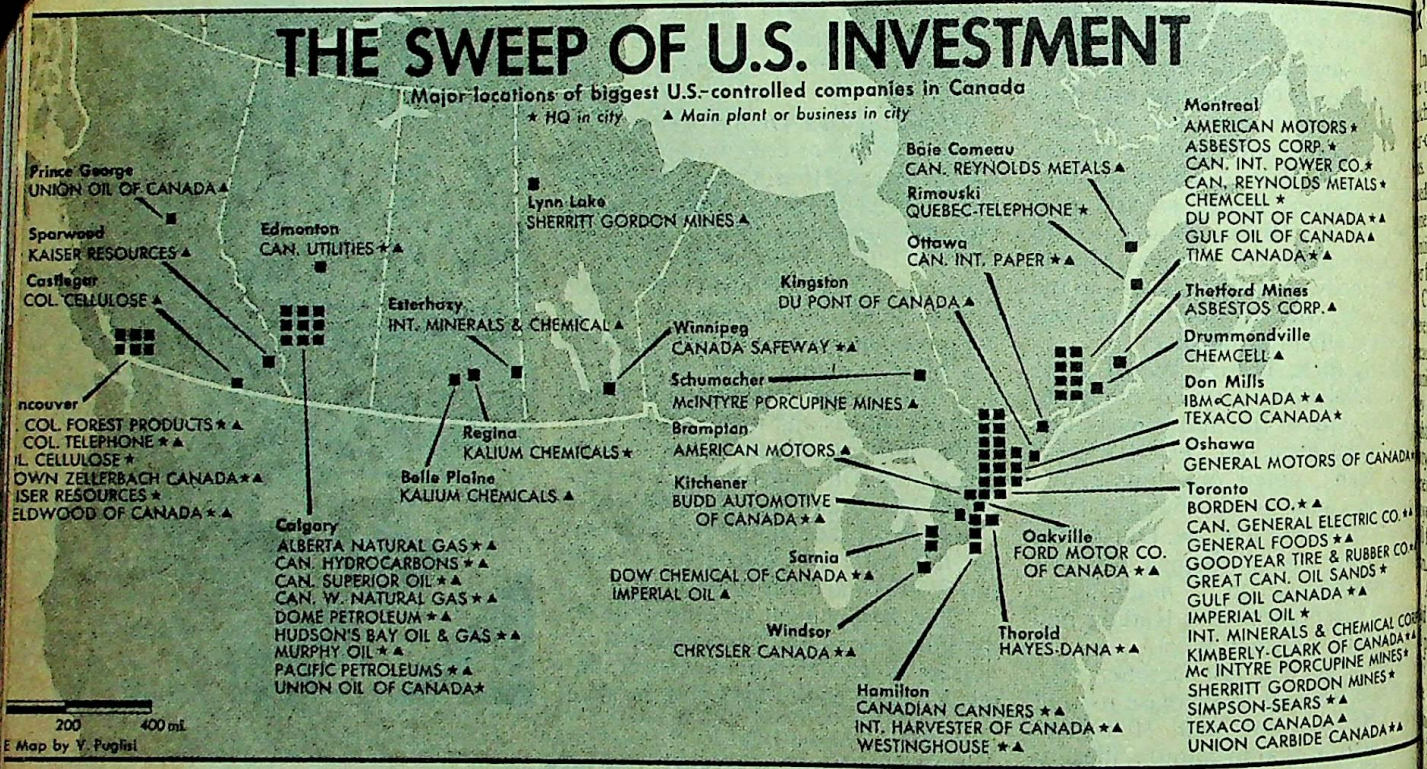
That was a modest response to hot issue in the forthcoming Canadian election campaign. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau may well beat them because he has taken aim at an unpopular form of investment. Takeovers, mostly by U.S. firms, account for only 17% of the flow of foreign investment money into Canada, but they are especially noxious to many Canadians because they do nothing directly to expand production or jobs but only transfer ownership to outsiders. Whatever happens in the next election, it would be a grave mistake for U.S. executives to underestimate the deep worry that their operations north of the border cause among many Canadians.

U.S. companies own 99% of Canada's oil refineries, 85% of its primary metal smelters, 84% of its rubber factories, 78% of its chemical industry, 77% of its electrical-apparatus business and 73% of the transportation-equipment industry—indeed, 90% of all Canadian plants that employ 5,000 or

to R. and D. is among the lowest of dustrialized nations.

Most important, many Canad worry that their country cannot co its own economy. Walter Stewa well-known author, sums up the w held nationalist viewpoint: "The d sions to expand or retract, to open plants or close old ones, to conduct search here or buy it elsewhere, made in the U.S." In response to criticism, some U.S. companies have cruited more Canadian directors their subsidiaries and have given C dian managers top jobs. But U.S.-b chiefs of many companies still see Canada only as an extension of U.S. Douglas Aircraft last year ref its Canadian workers a wage incre contending that it was bound by Pr dent Nixon's U.S. wage freeze.

On the other hand, Canadians g erally appreciate the fact that, in T deau's words, "it is because of Am ican capital investment, and



the smoldering nationalist resentment against "domination" of the Canadian economy by U.S. business. The Canadian Cabinet had considered much tougher proposals, which would have given Ottawa control over the flow of investment to start plants in Canada or expand subsidiaries already operating there. But the Cabinet rejected those ideas. Executives of U.S. companies that have poured $28 billion into Canada—mostly by setting up wholly owned subsidiaries instead of buying out Canadian companies—noted that the new policy will have no direct effect on their operations, or on the $1.8 billion in earnings that they bring back home each year.

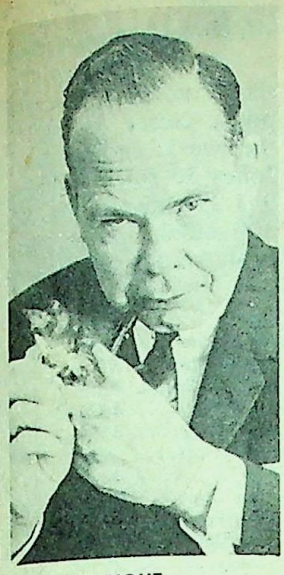
Nationalists denounced the new policy as a "sellout," "hoax" and "one big zero" and threatened to make it a more workers. Many a Canadian suburbanite begins his day by brushing his teeth with Crest, grabbing a cup of Maxwell House instant coffee, hopping into a Mustang and heading for work at, say, Du Pont of Canada Ltd.

U.S. investment has unquestionably enabled these industries to grow larger than they would have if they had been dependent solely on Canadian capital. In many a provincial town, U.S.-owned factories are almost the only source of employment and prosperity. Still, Canadians commonly complain that U.S. parent companies (known in Canada as "American mothers") treat the country like one gigantic branch plant. The "mothers" are accused, for example, of concentrating research and development in the U.S.; the percentage of Canadian gross national product devoted

technology that came with it, that enjoy one of the highest standards of ing in the world." Even some nati alists concede that U.S. companies h largely filled a vacuum left by the luctance of some Canadian capitali to invest in their own country. Such c siderations clearly have won in sh ing the government's policy.

□ □ □

In Australia, too, the welcome is being pulled back a bit. National suspicion was brought to a head w ITT, internationally somewhat not ous because of its political trouble home, tried to buy Frozen Foods Ind tries of Australia Ltd. The Australi Cabinet last week hurriedly decided principle to restrict foreign takeove though formal rules are unlikely to framed for months.



JOSEPH WRIGHT

PERSONALITIES

...'s Shining Promise

In the airline industry, which has se... ups and downs, no executive can ...ch the record of Robert Six, the 64-...old president of Continental Air... Since starting the Los Angeles-...d line 34 years ago, Six has lost ...ey in only one year—1958, when ...tinental made the costly change-...from prop planes to jets.

Continental, fourth smallest of the ...en U.S. trunk lines, has prospered ...se it has mostly long-haul routes, ...ing westward from Chicago, and ... are cheaper to service than short ...s. Six also gets so much produc... from his workers that Continental ...erates $33,600 in revenues per em...ee, compared with an average $29,... for the domestic Big Four of Amer...: Eastern, TWA and United.

At last week's annual meeting, Six ...that a profitable first quarter seems ...promise 1972 earnings better than ...'s figure of $8.4 million. Some of ...gain will surely come from his ex...ding jet cargo business, up last year ...7% (in part because of the West ...st dock strike). To handle the new ...me, Continental has placed $202 ...llion in orders for four McDonnell ...uglas DC-10 airbuses and 15 ...ched Boeing 727s.

...right's Winning Fight

As chairman of Zenith Radio Corp., ...eph Wright has long been his in...stry's Jeremiah, warning congression... committees and many other audi...es that U.S. electronics companies ...uld not meet Japanese competition. ...er domestic television manufactur... began to buy components from ...an or move their plants to the Far ... Wright, too, shifted most of Ze...'s black-and-white set production ... Chicago to Taiwan, and in mid-... he sadly announced that he would ...fer color-set production as well. But he saw a much brighter picture as soon as the U.S. devalued the dollar, pressured Japan into revaluing its yen and took a sterner stand against Japanese dumping.

Encouraged, Wright decided to stay in the U.S. To reduce costs, Wright trimmed Zenith's payroll in the past year by nearly 8%. He also got much help from John Nevin, an innovative cost cutter who left a Ford Motor vice-presidency to become Zenith's president last May. Together, Wright and Nevin sold off marginally profitable lines in order to concentrate on consumer electronics. Last week Wright added to that line by acquiring the U.S. distributor of electronic watches made by Switzerland's Movado, a firm that Zenith already controls.

Most important, Zenith lowered its unit profit margin on color-TV sets, enabling it to cut the retail prices of color sets by $30; now a medium-sized set costs about $300. That greatly increased sales—the company has again inched ahead of RCA as the nation's largest seller of color-TV sets. Last month Wright announced that first-quarter sales had risen 22% and net profits had jumped 28%, to $10 million.

CONGLOMERATES

Godfather's Godfather

What is better than a good businessman? Answer: a good *lucky* businessman. Charles Bluhdorn, the highly creative and sometimes abrasive chairman of Gulf & Western Industries, is just that. In the 1960s he built G. & W. into a prosperous conglomerate, piling one acquisition atop another, from auto parts to zinc mining. But along with many other conglomerates, G. & W. foundered when tight money and recession struck a couple of years ago. Now Bluhdorn is making a comeback, lifted by a business where luck is a necessity: motion pictures. In his palmier days, Bluhdorn bought Paramount Pictures, lately the producer of *The Godfather*, which will probably be the biggest moneymaker in cinema history.

Bluhdorn is fortunate, because five years ago his Paramount executives bankrolled an obscure author, Mario Puzo, while he wrote *The Godfather*. Paramount got the rights to the screen version for a mere $80,000 plus 2½% of the net profit for Puzo. Thanks to fine scripting, directing and acting, the picture stunned both critics and commoners (TIME, March 13). Only eight weeks after release, it has grossed nearly $50 million.* By the end of G. & W.'s fiscal year in July, *The Godfather* is expected to show a pretax profit of $10 million. According to industry experts, the movie may eventually earn $80 million in profits for G. & W. At the same time, G. & W. has another smash, *Love Story*, that will bring in an additional $16 million this fiscal year. Other promising films are in the works: a sequel to *The Godfather*, *The Great Gatsby* with Ali MacGraw, and, improbable as it seems, Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*.

Vienna-born Bluhdorn, now 45 and a bit thinner and grayer than when he was the wunderkind of conglomerates several years ago, expects that *The Godfather* will lift G. & W. earnings close to their alltime record set in 1968. The company is likely to report sales of around $1.6 billion and net operating profits of slightly under $68 million, up $13 million from last year.

The Godfather will make G. & W.'s Leisure Time Group its second most profitable arm. The company's top moneymaker is Associates Corp. of North America, a finance and insurance subsidiary that brings in some 47% of the profits. Like other conglomerates, G. & W. in the past propped up reported profits by taking advantage of liberal accounting rules. For example, in 1967-68 G. & W. sold many of Paramount's old films and recorded earnings from the deal as straight operating profits, instead of nonrecurring gains. But G. & W. has not made such sales lately, and outside accountants who have read its recent financial statements say that the "quality" of its earnings is higher than in past years.

To revitalize the company, Bluhdorn has sold off unprofitable plants and cut staff. In addition, he says, "We brought in new top managers in almost every division." G. & W. is doing considerably better than several still troubled conglomerates, including LTV, Litton and Teledyne. Wall Street is taking notice. Last week G. & W. stock was selling in the mid-40s, way up from its 1970 low of $9.

CHARLES BLUHDORN IN MANHATTAN OFFICE



DAVID GAHR

*IRS agents are checking into the prices of tickets to *The Godfather*. In Washington, price controllers are debating whether theaters can legally raise prices for a smash hit. Tickets in Manhattan cost $4, *v.* $3 for previous movies.

CORPORATIONS

See How They Grow

FORTUNE's annual compilation of figures for the nation's 500 largest industrial companies, published this week, serves as a kind of X ray of the corporate sector of the U.S. economy: it illuminates trends that can be discerned only dimly in individual company reports. Among last year's notable tendencies were a somewhat disconcerting ability of the big companies to cut employment while increasing sales, a continued sharp decline in merger activity and what looks like the beginning of a turn away from diversification.

Overall, 1971 was a middling-good year for the 500. They increased total sales 8.4%, to nearly $503 billion, and profits 8%, to $23.4 billion. The figures, however, are considerably distorted by the standout performance of General Motors, which benefited from a banner year for auto sales. By itself, G.M. accounted for three-quarters of the profit gain posted by the entire group. Other giants got bigger, too. Seven companies joined the once-exclusive billion-dollar-sales club, raising membership to 127. The newcomers: Philip Morris, Nabisco, Bristol-Myers, Combustion Engineering, Campbell Soup, Iowa Beef Processors and CBS. Meanwhile, Standard Oil of California became the twelfth U.S. company to register sales of more than $5 billion a year.

The 500 also slightly increased their leverage in the U.S. economy—though in such a way as to raise questions about their efficiency. Last year they accounted for 66% of all sales by industrial companies, up from 65% in 1970 and little more than 50% a decade earlier. Their share of industrial profits, however, stayed put at 75%, almost unchanged from 1970. Obviously, smaller companies have been increasing their profitability more rapidly than the large corporations, suggesting perhaps that some of the 500—G.M. excluded—have pushed past their optimum size.

In one respect, the 500 demonstrated a pointed kind of efficiency: they sliced employment by 2%, to 14.3 million, while increasing sales. As a result, their average sales per employee rose 10%, to $35,166. G.M., Ford and ITT, the three biggest employers, all added to their payrolls. But General Electric, the fourth largest, chopped its work force 8.5%, letting 33,600 people go.

Other highlights:

▸ Only two mergers occurred among the 500 last year: National Steel acquired Granite City Steel, and General Host took over Cudahy. That was the smallest number since 1958; it compared with a recent peak of 23 in 1968. Apparently, the Justice Department's opposition to big mergers is helping to hold them down.

▸ Twenty-four companies wrote off a startling total of $1.5 billion in various losses last year, and some of the largest represented the cost of unwinding profitless diversification. RCA wrote off $490 million as the expected loss on liquidation of its computer business. American-Standard has shucked its mining-equipment and air-conditioning divisions, and is getting out of recreational-land development, mobile-home parks and foreign housing. Write-off: $122 million.

ADVERTISING

Living Bras—of Sorts

Bra makers have long chafed under the advertising restrictions imposed by the National Association of Broadcasters Code Authority, which must approve all television commercials. The Code Authority decrees that a live model in a bra commercial must be fully clothed and if a mannequin is used, it must be headless or armless—preferably both. In an era of explicitness—and occasionally bralessness—some bra makers are eager to push the product beyond a plastic torso or levitating apparition. Lately they have been pressing the code to its literal limit, with some strange results.

A new commercial for Playtex Living Bras opens with the announcement: "And now—introducing a new way of living in comfort." It certainly is. Striding on to the home screen is a fully clothed model, smiling serenely—and wearing her bra over her dress. An ad for Maidenform uses boards painted with a series of life-size figures; the figures have bras—but no heads. A live model pops from figure to figure while making the sales appeal. Her pitch: "Maidenform's Rated X bra makes you look beautiful."

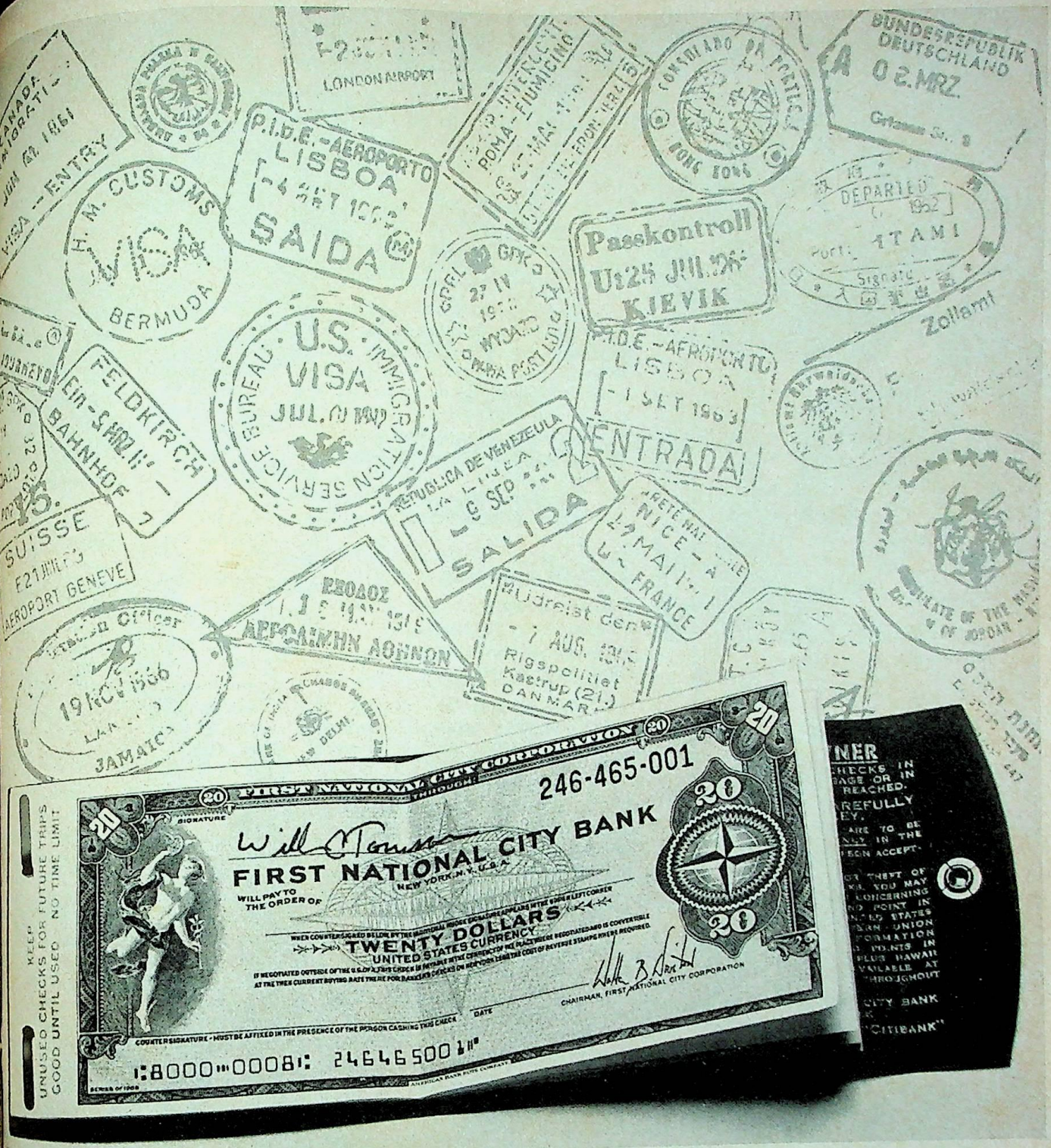


MAIDENFORM'S HEADY COMMERCIAL
She says it's Rated X.

MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 72,176,860 shares the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 59.30, down .70 for the week ending May 5. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 941.23, down 12.94. Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 106.63, down 1.04. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Net Chg.
Allied Chem	33⅝	31⅞	32⅝	–
Alum Co Am	55	50⅞	50⅞	–
Amer Airlines	46½	44⅜	46⅛	+1
Am Brands	46¾	45⅜	45¾	–
Am Can	31⅜	30½	30⅞	–
Am Motors	9⅜	8	9⅛	+
AT&T	43⅛	42⅝	42⅝	–
Anac Cop	20	19¼	19¾	–
Avon Prod	117½	113½	116½	–
Beth Steel	31⅞	30⅞	31⅞	+
Boeing	22⅜	20	20⅜	–
Burlington Ind	37⅜	34	34¼	–
Burroughs	170⅜	166½	169¾	–
Cater Trac	54⅜	52⅜	52½	–
Chrysler	35¼	33¾	35⅛	+
Clark Equip	55½	54	55¼	+
Control Data	64¾	59½	61¾	–
Corn Gl Wks	233⅜	222	225½	–
Dow Chem	92	89¼	89¼	–
DuPont	167¼	162¾	163½	–
Eastern Air	27⅜	25⅝	26⅜	–
East Kodak	119⅞	115¼	117¾	–
El Paso N G	18⅜	18	18¼	+
Ford Motor	71⅝	67⅛	70¾	–
Gen Dynam	32⅞	30¾	31¼	–
Gen Elec	68¼	64⅝	66½	–
Gen Foods	29¾	28⅛	28⅜	–
Gen Motors	80	77⅛	79	–
Gen Tel & El	30⅞	30	30⅞	+
Ga. Pac	46⅝	44	44¾	–
Goodyear	31¾	30½	31½	New
Great A & P	19⅜	18⅞	18¾	–
Greyhound	18⅞	18⅜	18¾	–
Gulf Oil	25¼	24½	24¾	–
IBM	389¾	376¾	388¾	+
Int Harv	31⅞	30½	30⅝	–
Int Nickel	32⅞	31	31⅜	–
Int Paper	38⅞	36⅛	36¾	–
Int Tel & Tel	55½	53	54⅜	–
Johns Man	36⅜	34⅞	35	–
Kraftco	46	44½	44½	–
Kresge SS	111¾	108½	110⅝	+
LTV	11¼	9¾	10⅛	–
Litton Ind	18⅜	16¾	16⅞	–
Lockheed	12⅝	12	12	–
McD Doug	41¼	40¼	40⅞	–
Merck Co	144¾	137¼	141	–
3M	142	138	142	+
Mobil Oil	52⅜	50⅜	51¼	–
Nat Cash Reg	31⅝	30	30¼	–
N Amer Rock	32	31	31⅜	–
Occid Pet	12¾	11⅝	12	–
Owens Ill	52	48¾	49	–
Pac Gas & El	28⅜	27¾	28	New
Pan Am	15	13⅞	14⅜	–
Penn Cen	4¾	4⅜	4⅜	New
Penney J. C.	75⅜	70¼	71¾	–
Philip Morris	92¾	89	91½	New
Polaroid	141½	136⅛	139	–
Proc Gam	95¾	90¾	95⅜	+
RCA	38	36¼	36⅝	–
Reyn Ind	75¾	71¾	71¾	–
Sears Roe	112⅜	108¼	112⅜	+
Shell Oil	44⅜	42	43	–
Sou Cal Ed	25	24½	24¾	New
Std Oil Cal	57¾	56	57½	+
Std Oil N J	71¾	69½	71½	+
Swift Co	32⅛	30¼	30¾	–
Tenneco	24⅞	24⅛	24½	–
Texaco Inc	30¾	30	30	+
Textron	33⅝	33	33⅛	–
Time Inc	57	55¼	56¼	+
TWA	51⅛	47⅜	49¼	–
UAL Inc	51	48⅜	50½	+
Union Car	49	48⅜	48½	+
Utd Aircraft	38⅜	36¼	38⅜	–
US Ply Cham	26	23⅞	24	–
US Steel	31⅞	30⅞	31⅜	+
Westing	52⅞	49¼	50	–
Woolworth	40½	38⅝	38⅝	–
Xerox	137⅞	134	137¾	–



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ALLEN & KEATON IN "SAM"

Advice to the Loveworn

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM
Directed by HERBERT ROSS
Screenplay by WOODY ALLEN

The joke here, as frequently with Woody Allen, is Woody and women. It remains a fairly fertile field of inquiry. But although there are some random laughs in *Play It Again, Sam*, there are also signs of strain and thinness. Allen's tilting matches with the opposite sex, for all their manic frenzy, are becoming mechanical and familiar. Sam isn't the only one who plays it again.

The source of the somewhat dispirited fun is Allen's play of the same title: standard long-running Broadway stuff about the romantic tribulations of daffy film critic Allan Felix (Allen), whose wife (Susan Anspach) has just left him. Felix also worries a lot about his sex life, which, because of congenital clumsiness, is virtually nonexistent.

From time to time the slouch-hatted and trench-coated shade of Humphrey Bogart (Jerry Lacy) appears and dispenses bits of hard-boiled advice to the lovelorn and loveworn Felix. With such expert assistance, Felix finally beds a kindly but dedicated neurotic (splendidly played by Diane Keaton of *The Godfather*, who spins something funny and touching from the script's few scattered remnants).

His lust quieted, Felix is promptly besieged by a battalion of guilts. The girl is the wife of his best friend (Tony Roberts), who was too busy with financial wheeling and dealing to pay proper attention to her. Remorse. Anguish. What would Bogie have done? The ectoplasmic Bogart steers Felix through an honorable leave-taking at foggy San Francisco airport—*Casablanca* come true.

The dialogue is mostly stand-up comic patter, and the movie is virtually bereft of visual humor. Herbert Ross, who was also responsible for *T.R. Baskin* and the musical remake of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, continues to direct as if he were dressing a window at Bloomingdale's. Everything looks terribly fussy and sterile. *Play It Again, Sam* badly needs the headlong energy and comic chaos that Allen worked into *Take the Money and Run* and, especially, *Bananas*, both of which he directed himself. Allen's comedy is at its best when it is loose and utterly crazy, untouched by human hands. ■ Jay Cocks

Out of Control

TEN DAYS' WONDER
Directed by CLAUDE CHABROL
Screenplay by PAUL GARDNER and EUGENE ARCHER

"This wonder, as wonders last, lasted nine days," intones Orson Welles in his best Eastern Airlines Wings-of-Man voice. The image cuts abruptly from a black screen to Tony Perkins thrashing and twitching in bed. He is in the last throes, we learn later, of an uncongenial drug experience. His hands are drenched in blood—"my blood," Perkins sobs, although he does not seem to have even a minor contusion.

Claude Chabrol, who excels at tightly disciplined exercises in suspense (*This Man Must Die, Le Boucher*), seems himself to be going momentarily delirious in *Ten Days' Wonder*, where tension and insight are subordinated to sorry stylistic flamboyance. Chabrol's camera swoops about like a dizzy f mingo, descending from great altitu to light on such still lifes as a garde pond or two naked lovers entwined the green leaves.

The lovers are Charles and He (Perkins and Marlene Jobert), adopted children of a dotty millionai tyrant named Theo Van Horn (Wei Papa has used his fortune to re-cre meticulously the year 1925. "It was exciting time to be alive," he expla over his nightly gourmet repast, gl ing balefully around the table at a one who might offer a contradict Charles has to romp about the estate knickers, but takes some solace sculpting huge, brooding Olympian f ures. Helene is something of a stiff quality convincingly conveyed by M Jobert, who shuffles through the film a state of saucer-eyed *rigor mortis*.

Also on hand is an intellectu friend of Charles called Paul Reg (Michel Piccoli), who lacks the brai to get out while the going is goo Charles and Helene confess their pa sion to him, and Regis receives the new with equanimity. He even helps the lo ers deal with a blackmailer and ge erally tries to ease a situation furth complicated by the fact that Helene also Papa's wife. It all leads to murde which is only to be expected from film that is adapted from an Elle Queen novel.

There is also a great deal of cosm chatter about guilt, punishment and re demption. *Ten Days' Wonder* exudes sort of occluded Catholicism, a quali that the young Chabrol detected in th work of Hitchcock, who has been heavy and not entirely salutary influ ence on him. Everything is rather u interestingly out of control here, includ ing Orson Welles. When Welles archi an eyebrow he undergoes such convu sions that it appears he is trying launch a great hairy boomerang off h face and into the stratosphere. ■ J.C



PERKINS, WELLES & JOBERT HOLD FAMILY CONCLAVE IN "WONDER"
A camera swooping from altitudes like a dizzy flamingo.



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Berlin Diary

BEFORE THE DELUGE: A PORTRAIT OF BERLIN IN THE 1920'S
by OTTO FRIEDRICH
418 pages. Harper & Row. $10.

The Weimar Republic sort of happened about lunchtime, Nov. 9, 1918. Philipp Scheidemann, the Social Democratic Party's deputy leader, was having a bowl of potato soup in the Reichstag dining room when he was told that the Kaiser had abdicated and that Karl Liebknecht, the left-wing firebrand, was about to proclaim Germany a Soviet republic. To head him off, Scheidemann hurried to a balcony and shouted to the crowd below: "Workers and soldiers. The cursed war is at an end. The Emperor has abdicated . . . Long live the German Republic!" That night, over a secret line from GHQ in Belgium, came a message for the Socialist leaders from the chief of staff: "The officer corps expects the government will fight against Bolshevism and places itself at the disposal of the government."

So the revolution of 1918 was not a revolution but a maneuver. The Socialists took over the government and created the Weimar Republic. The real power, however, remained with the conservative army and the career bureaucrats in Berlin. It was later handed over to the political right and to Adolf Hitler. But before that happened, Berliners lived through one of history's extraordinary decades. Rid of its tasteless Hohenzollern constraints, and at the same time having avoided the constricting new dogmas of Marxist revolution, Germany blossomed intellectually. In the liberal, democratic '20s, Berlin was feverish with new ideas in atonal music, Einsteinian physics, Freudian psychoanalysis, expressionist art, Bauhaus architecture, Brechtian theater, not to mention kinky sex and despairing occultism, all pursued against a counterpoint of political riot and assassination.

Vivid Portrait. The city and the decade provide a nostalgic paradox that has fascinated novelists, scholars and citizens from Christopher Isherwood and Hannah Arendt to the long lines currently waiting to see Liza Minnelli in *Cabaret*. Otto Friedrich has combined history and cultural journalism to produce the most vivid portrait of the period yet written. Weaving back and forth in time and place between Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Goebbels, between Berlin and Hollywood, between 1920 memoirs and 1971 interviews, the author, who is a former managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and now a TIME senior editor, has re-created Berlin, and his city moves.

The culture is plentiful and the gossip spicy. Yet Friedrich is never far away from the presentiment of the horror to come. What turns out to be most significant about the era is not its spectacular vulgarity and lust, or the brilliance of its art, but its sheer inattention to what was really happening—the long struggle between Communists, Socialists and Nazis. The popular stance in politics was a traditionally stolid German *"Ohne mich"*—"Include me out." Friedrich describes a night when, despite fighting in the streets, U.F.A., Germany's giant movie company, went ahead with its press preview for *Carmen*, starring Pola Negri and directed by Ernst Lubitsch. "The champagne was chilled to perfection," Miss Negri recalled. "We sat down and the film began. I heard a faint sound in the distance . . . gunfire." Had he heard it too? Miss Negri asked Lubitsch. "Shh," said Lubitsch. "There's nothing anybody can do. Watch the picture."

Most men of culture and science wore blinders. When the Nazis eventually forced Conductor Bruno Walter to flee Germany in 1933, he was nonplused: Why him? "I had never taken an active part in politics." In his *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*, written in 1918, Thomas Mann proclaimed that he was unpolitical and proud of it. He changed his mind later. The pit of politics was left to ambitious drones or dregs. In the end it was a couple of well-born smart-alecks, General Kurt von Schleicher and ex-Lieut. Colonel Franz von Papen, both conservatives, both of good regiments, who delivered Weimar over to the Nazis. They were also both favorites of the republic's beloved 85-year-old President Paul von Hindenburg (who at least had the excuse of senility), and cronies of his incompetent, corruptible son Oskar. Confidently they set out to grab power and outflummox that ex-Corporal Adolf Hitler.

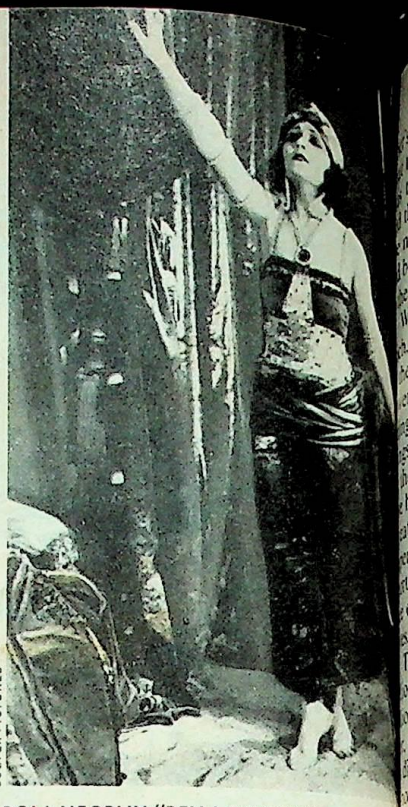
First the two got Hindenburg to fire the incumbent Chancellor and replace him with Von Papen. The delighted Hindenburg beamed: "Now I can have a Cabinet of my friends." Then, in a double-cross, Schleicher had Von Papen ousted and became Chancellor himself, planning to rule Germany by splitting the Nazi Party and taking over a third of Hitler's Reichstag deputies. The plan had some merit; large numbers of Nazis, including at one time Berlin Party Chief Joseph Goebbels, thought Hitler had sold out to the capitalists.

But Von Papen contrived Schlei-



AP

HINDENBURG IN WORLD WAR I



CULVER PICTURES

POLA NEGRI IN "BELLA DONNA" (1923)



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM STILLS ARCHIVES

DIETRICH IN "THE BLUE ANGEL" (1929)
Time for "Include me out."

fall and convinced Hindenburg
the way to neutralize Nazi power
to give Hitler the chancellorship
then surround him with conserva-
ministers. Within a year Schleicher
been killed and Germany belonged
the Führer.

Was it all inevitable? No, says Frie-
, "it could have been avoided up
the very day on which Hitler took
er," and his book creates an ago-
ng, step-by-step awareness of how
gs might have gone differently. Hit-
thought so too; just two months be-
he came to power in 1933 he was
tening suicide in despair over an
ending split in the Nazi Party.
tly before that, in Germany's last
election, the Nazis lost 2,000,000
, and dropped 34 Reichstag seats.
This ground has been gone over a
on times, with a billion tears and a
on regrets. But it is still fascinating,
, in its foolishness, its richness and
disorder. Weimar haunts our times
ow more than ever. ■ Sam Halper

eautiful and Be Damned

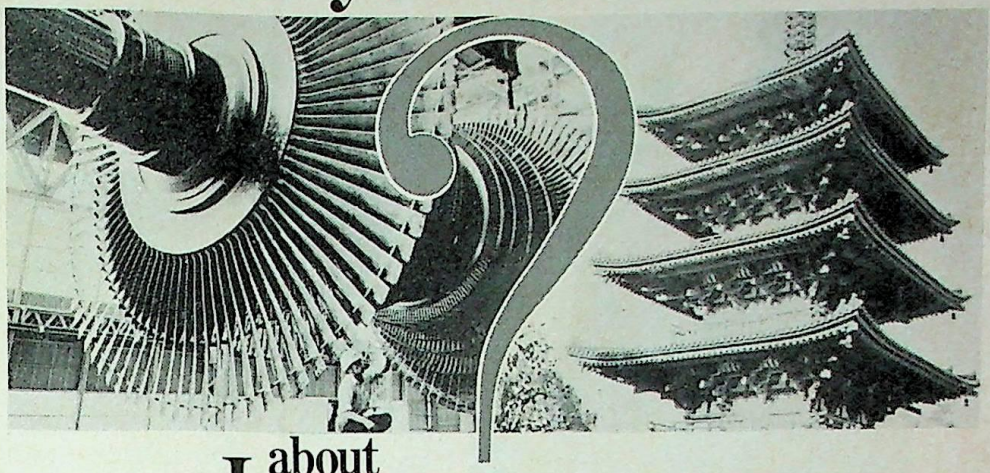
E UNCROWNED QUEEN
SIEGEL ROSS
pages. Harper & Row. $8.95.

"The splendour of her breasts,"
e an early biographer, "made mad-
everywhere." He might also have
tioned her energy, ambition, cour-
cunning, charm, wit and wardrobe.
ook all those things, and plenty of
besides, to turn Eliza Gilbert into
Montez, famous dancer, mistress
Franz Liszt and Alexandre Dumas
, intimate of kings and prime min-
s, *de facto* ruler of Bavaria during
dwig I's declining years, and belle of
California gold rush.

Who was Lola? Rumor had it (prob-
from Lola's own lips) that she was
daughter of Lord Byron . . . or may-
of a matador. In fact, as this per-
ly sober biography with a plot like
chambermaid's dream shows, Lola
born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1818,
daughter of an 18-year-old lieuten-
and a 13-year-old chorine. When
was seven, Eliza's father died of
era in India. Shipped home to Scot-
, the child appalled her stepfather's
sbyterian parents by running naked
ough the streets. Hustled off to school
Paris, she perfected a homicidal tem-
and a gift for languages. At 19, she
ed to Ireland with a lieutenant
ed Thomas James, who soon ran
with a captain's wife. Eliza changed
name to Lola Montez, and under
protection of two great and good
nds, Lord Malmesbury and Lord
ugham, made her stage debut in
don as a Spanish dancer. The show
ed, but a star was born.

At 25, Lola was what the Victori-
called "a superb piece." She had skin
a Dresden shepherdess, hair like a
k velvet shawl, eyes that flashed and
ered like sapphires in firelight.

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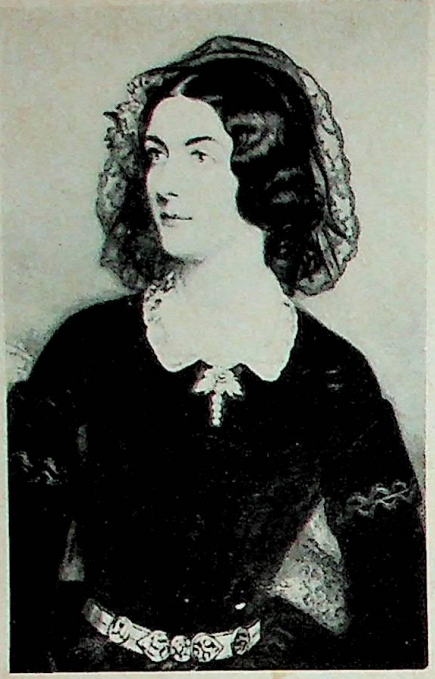
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The Weekly Newsmagazine

TIME

RALPH CRANE—LIFE



LOLA MONTEZ (1847)
Liszt was all played out.

When a man got her Irish up, she cut him across the face with a riding whip. She once fired a pistol at a disappointing lover. What Lola wanted, Lola got.

In St. Petersburg, Lola got a "private audience" with the Czar, who gave her 1,000 rubles for services rendered. In Dresden, she got Liszt, the great lover of the age, and so wore him out that one night he locked her in a hotel room and fled, leaving a substantial sum to pay for the furniture he knew she would break. In Paris, she got culture and a taste for liberal politics in the company of Balzac, Lamartine, George Sand, Victor Hugo, and especially Dumas *père*. She found the great love of her life, however, with a talented radical editor named Alexandre Dujarier.

He was soon killed in a duel, but he had somehow refined Lola's primitive hunger for sex and power. In Munich, a year after Dujarier's death, she opened the climactic episode of her career by striding unannounced into the study of King Ludwig I of Bavaria, an aging aesthete who had transformed his dowdy Munich into the Florence of the north. When the King asked the lady if her figure was a work of nature or of art, the story goes, Lola snatched up a pair of scissors and ripped open her bodice. "I am bewitched," the King later told his council, "I know not how."

Lola ruled Ludwig's kingdom as well as his imagination, and to the dismay of Prince Metternich, the Austrian archconservative who was master of Europe between the two Napoleons, her rule was quite liberal—she harassed the Jesuits and introduced the Code Napoléon. In 1847 Metternich offered Lola $250,000 if she would quietly go away; Lola threw the money in his emissary's face. Then Metternich organized a student riot, and Lola fell into his trap. Haughtily, she got Ludwig to close the university. The students rioted again, and now the riot was swollen by thousands of tradespeople who stood to lose the students' business. Barricades went up all over town; revolution was pending. "I will never abandon Lola!" the King shouted. "She is the most noble of creatures. My crown for Lola!" Persuaded at last that the mob would kill her if he did not banish her, Ludwig yielded. Lola made the next train out of town, a casualty of her own political incompetence.

Gold Rush. Lola never altogether recovered from the double loss of Dujarier and Bavaria. But at 35, after severe bouts of sickness and marriage, she rallied enough to join the California gold rush. She opened a frontier salon in a mining camp called Grass Valley and stocked it with Ludwig's jewels, Louis Seize cabinets, ormolu mirrors, Kanaka houseboys, a swan bed, a pet bear and every Senator, Governor or millionaire she could find. In the back of her mind, as letters discovered after her death made clear, was a plot to capture California from the U.S. and set herself up as Queen of Lolaland.

Weirder fantasies soon set in. Lola took refuge in astrology and nature mysticism. She revived briefly to write a book of beauty secrets (to prevent wrinkles, she suggested binding thin slivers of raw beef tightly around the face) and made some lecture tours ("Let historical justice be done to the intellect of woman," she implored. "I am content to leave the history of her heart and moral life, without comment, to defend itself by contrast with that of the other sex"). But at 41, she had a schizophrenic collapse. She spent the last two years of her life shuffling along the sidewalks of New York, imploring God to forgive her "wicked" life. She died at 43 after a stroke. "In the 18th century," wrote Augustin Thierry, "she would have played a great Pompadour role, with taste in small things and courage in big ones . . . She was born a hundred years too late." Or a hundred years too soon. ■ Brad Darrach

Mercurial God

THE DINOSAUR FUND
by VARTANIG G. VARTAN
391 pages. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

A football game reminds Mutual-Fund Manager Denver Milliken of the stock market: anyone who hopes to succeed must have a plan. The lines that stock prices trace on a chart suggest to Milliken the curves of a woman's body —and, the reader suspects, vice versa. For Milliken, a 29-year-old fictional prototype of the "gunslingers" who rode high on Wall Street in the late '60s, the market is everything: father, mother, wife and mistress; food, drink and recreation; be-all and end-all.

Which makes him a rather dull fellow to be the protagonist of a novel. Accordingly, the author, a veteran financial reporter who now writes the New York *Times* daily stock market report, has also written into his story a kind of primer on mutual-fund management. Sample advice: "Buy the stocks of dominant companies in small but growing industries with a low profile." Vartan also offers a collection of anecdotes about bulls and bears of the past, which his characters recount with the fervor of Hot Stove League fanatics swapping memories about Willie Mays' catches or Curt Flood's legal problems. Vartan has also unwisely included some love affairs and a subplot about Milliken's revenge on the ex-basketball player who stole his first girl. Alas, it is all too obvious that to Milliken and colleagues, such matters are distractions; the excitement of sex can never equal the blood-pounding tension of making a killing on a big short sale.

But *The Dinosaur Fund* succeeds as well as anything in print at conveying the atmosphere of that strange world where life is infused into new fortunes with a few beats of the stock ticker. It is a man's world. It is a world of immense wealth, of private airplanes equipped with tiled showers and Roman baths in inner offices, all described with goggle-eyed wonder. The book's main plot is a conflict in investment strategy between Milliken, who thinks that prices can go only up, and his boss, Choate Cavendish, who lives for the day when such whippersnappers find out what happens in a crash. In the end, though, neither man is the protagonist. Vartan's real hero is the market itself —a kind of mercurial god that exalts its worshipers one moment, devours them the next, and demands single-minded devotion always. ■ George J. Church

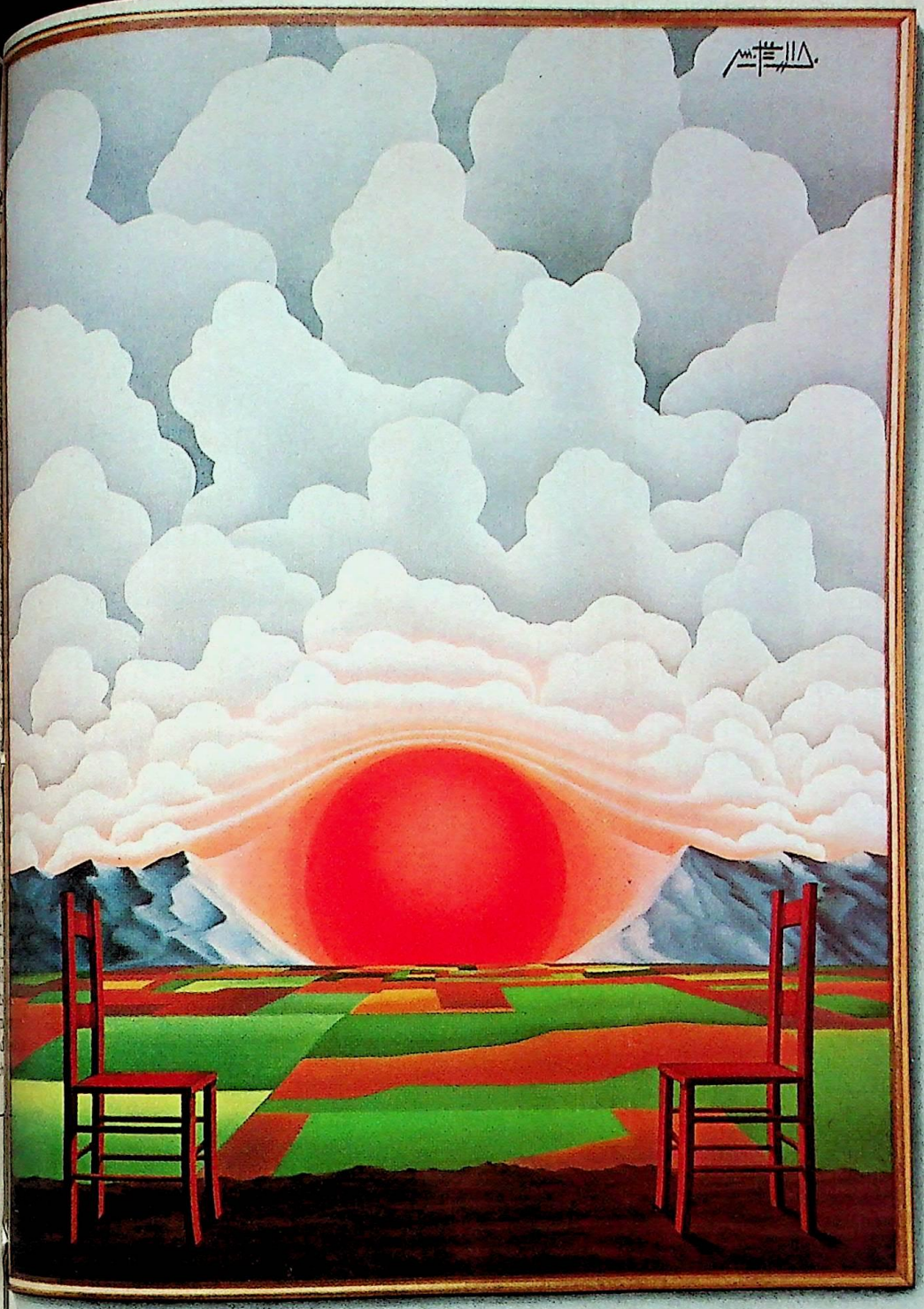
Best Sellers

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1—The Word, *Wallace* (2 *last week*)
2—The Winds of War, *Wouk* (1)
3—The Blue Knight, *Wambaugh* (3)
4—The Day of the Jackal, *Forsyth* (8)
5—The Exorcist, *Blatty* (4)
6—Captains and the Kings, *Caldwell*
7—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, *Higgins*
8—Wheels, *Hailey* (5)
9—The Assassins, *Kazan* (6)
10—11 Harrowhouse, *Browne* (10)

NONFICTION

1—The Game of the Foxes, *Farago* (1)
2—Open Marriage, *Nena and George O'Neill* (4)
3—The Boys of Summer, *Kahn* (10)
4—Tracy and Hepburn, *Kanin* (2)
5—The Moon's a Balloon, *Niven* (5)
6—The Truth About Weight Control, *Dr. Neil Solomon with Sally Sheppard*
7—The Defense Never Rests, *Bailey with Aronson* (9)
8—The Savage God, *Alvarez*
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– MANUEL TRINIDAD, VENEZUELAN ARTIST

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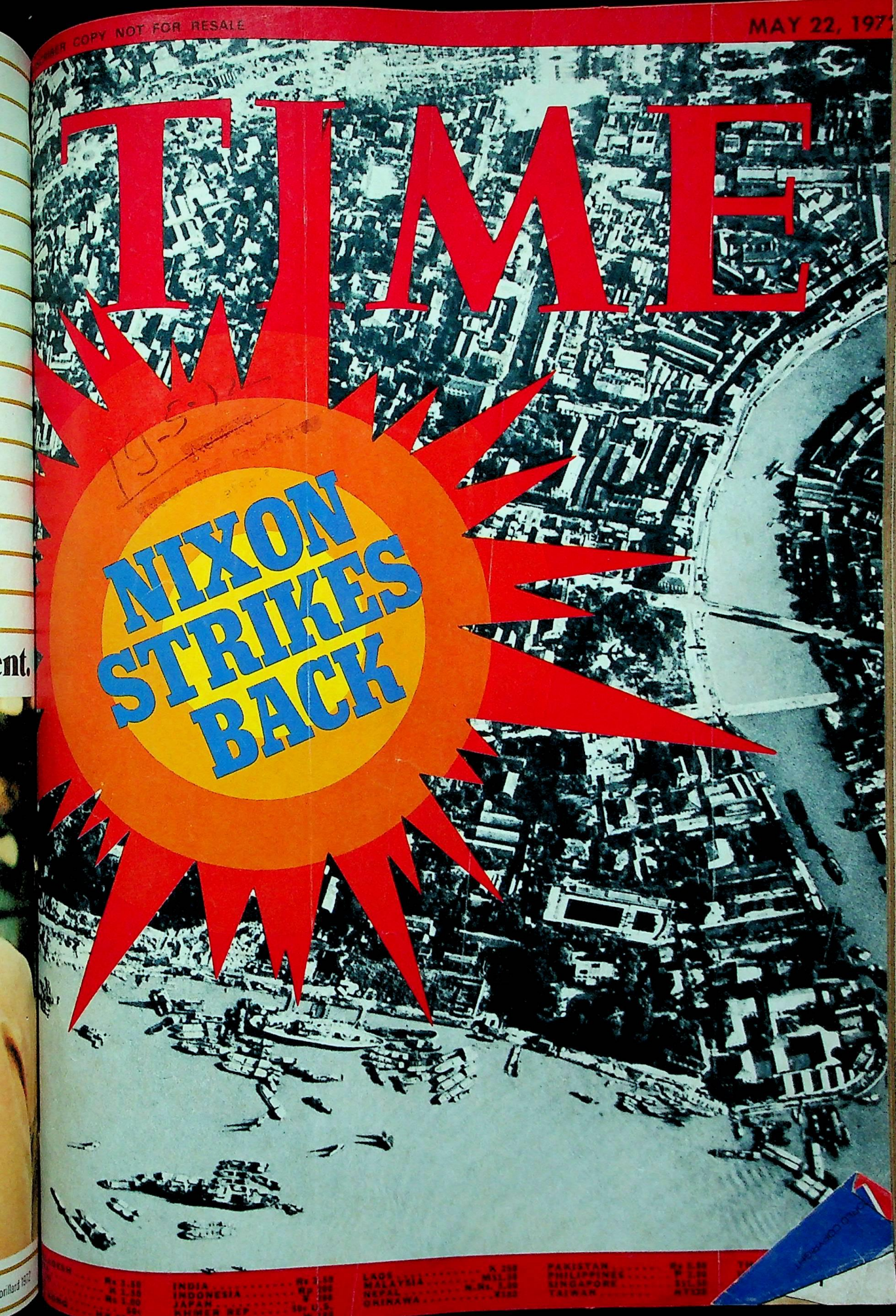
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Who's Who for Whom

Sir / I'm all choked up about that list of "Show Business Who's Who for Whom" [May 1]. Of all the inanities! What am I supposed to do with this helpful guide to picking a candidate? Do I look at McGovern's list, note that it is longer, and vote for him because he has more show-biz appeal? Am I supposed to like that Cyd Charisse, whose legs I admire, is for Nixon, and opt for him on that basis? Is Muskie my man because "Little Caesar" is on? Do I pass up Hubert Humphrey because I'm not turned on by Percy Faith's music?

I guess the electorate gets what it deserves from your publication of such a list doesn't raise the level of campaigning.

RICHARD F. BURNS
North Wilbraham, Mass.

Sir / Someone has made a terrible mistake! That wasn't the list of show-business supporters of Richard Nixon. Not that collection of forgotten Hollywood has-beens.

Somebody crossed you up. What you printed is actually the complete cast of *Broadway Melody of 1938*!

ROBERT A. JURAN
San Diego

Sir / George McGovern certainly has an impressive field of celebrities backing him. It is too bad for him that President Nixon has the backing of millions of less impressive working Americans.

JAMES STAFFORD
Fort Smith, Ark.

Jews in Russia

Sir / In your article "The Jews" [April 10] you say: "Some critics have felt that in pressuring Moscow to allow Jews to emigrate to Israel a privilege of free movement is being sought for Russian Jews that no other citizens enjoy." Certainly the Soviet government unjustifiably denies all its citizens the rights of free movement. But your readers should understand the difference between the situation of Jews and non-Jews in the Soviet Union. That difference entitles Jews to claim the right to emigrate.

The Soviet Jew lives in a country where the newspapers, magazines and broadcasting service daily cast sickening aspersions on Jewish people, Jewish traditions and Jewish religion. (To cite a recent example, a Moscow radio commentator, speaking about expulsion of Israelis from Uganda, claimed that Israelis had robbed Uganda in the same way that their ancestors had robbed trustful Egyptians.) Here recognition of Jewish nationality exists merely as an entry in a passport.

Moreover, today young Jews are finding increasingly difficult, sometimes impossible, to get decent jobs. And this year the quota for students has again been reduced—instead of 3% at Moscow University, it is now 1%. And most recently, on the first evening of Passover, Jews who gathered outside the Moscow Synagogue after the service were violently dispersed and beaten by police.

Also, in seeking the right to emigrate, many Soviet Jews feel they are helping in the wider issue of human rights for all Soviet citizens.

VITALI RUBIN
Moscow

Beyond Redemption?

Sir / In the article "Proportions of War" [May 1], you describe Viet Nam as having "long since reached the point that no future—win, lose or stalemate—can redeem the present." I agree. As for America, no future will redeem its past, but we can hope that the future is what the present ought to be.

L. LAMONT WILTSE JR.
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir / The trouble with Richard Nixon is that he stubbornly remains a cold warrior in a world that has drastically changed. It may well sink him as it sank Lyndon Johnson. Such is the price of rigidity and lack of vision.

JACQUELINE PELLATON
Princeton, N.J.

Sir / As one who has felt for a long time that we should get out of Nam but leave it able to defend itself, I resent the hypocrisy of the North Viet Nam "peacemakers," who harangue us at the peace table and attack when we withdraw.

What we should now do is give North Viet Nam 48 hours to withdraw to the DMZ or suffer the complete destruction of its industry in all its cities by saturation bombing. I'm tired of being dovish.

GEORGE R. CLIPNER
Kansas City, Kans.

Sir / I agree with the position President Nixon took on the recent invasion of South Viet Nam by the North Vietnamese. There was no other decision to be made but to bomb the Hanoi-Haiphong area instead of the U.S. sending troops to push them back into North Viet Nam.

JOE JURKENS
Albuquerque

Sir / Who is the U.S. trying to kid? Even we, the people of Papua and New Guinea, who are barely ready for self-government, can see that the U.S. is a beaten country.

If your country was as powerful as you Americans claim, then you would not have taken any notice of demonstrations at home and abroad. The U.S. should have seen this business through to victory. My grandfather was a cannibal, my father is a subsistence gardener, and I am of the first generation of educated New Guineans. If a person like me can analyze your grave blunders, just imagine the image of today's U.S. in other peoples' minds.

People of the U.S., please, please change your methods, change your attitudes and get back on top before we all perish with you.

WISARAMBU KAIWANATU
Wau
Territory of Papua and New Guinea

Sir / TIME quotes Americans in Viet Nam as saying, "If things get too bad, we'll just bomb the hell out of them," then labels as "impassioned overreaction" Anthony Lewis' statement that "the U.S. is the most dangerous and destructive power in the world."

If the U.S. doesn't hold first place in that category, just who in hell does?

HERBERT R. COURSEN JR.
Brunswick, Me.

Sir / If the betrayal of the people of Viet Nam is what the U.S. means by Vietnamization, then only time will disclose the fate of Taiwan and South Korea. The successful multipronged thrust into South Viet Nam by North Vietnamese infantry points to two ominous facts—the failure of the Vietnamization policy and the inability of capitalism to hold its own in the face of a determined Communist push.

OKECHUKU OBONNA
Port Harcourt, Nigeria

Important Ally

Sir / TIME has painted a totally unfair and wrong picture of my colleague and friend Harry Dent in the May 1 piece entitled "Dirty Harry." As a black in the Administration, I can tell you that Harry Dent has been in the forefront of opening Republican Party organizations to blacks, has played a major role in the recruitment of blacks for top-level jobs in this Administration, and has led the way in seeing to it that the resources of the Government are equally shared by all Americans. In fact, Harry has long been considered by black Nixon appointees as an important ally and supporter.

ROBERT J. BROWN
Special Assistant
to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

What Monsters?

Sir / With absorbing interest and deepening wonder, I read your story of ITT [May 1].

It left me with a creeping sensation of fear. What complete dedication to the almighty dollar! What price success? What monsters possess us?

I can now better appreciate the revolt of young people against the Establishment.

MATTHEW A. VANCE
Dexter, Me.

Sir / Could Mr. Geneen hold his next management meeting at my home in Puerto Rico, where ITT owns the telephone company? They might then solve the difficult problem of repairing my telephone, which has been out of order since December.

T.F. GEARY
Rio Piedras, P.R.

Sir / In your article about ITT, you state that I took part in a meeting with Connecticut Insurance Commissioner William Cotter, Mr. Geneen, local politicians, and others prior to Mr. Cotter's approval of the acquisition of Hartford Fire by ITT.

This is to tell you that I have never attended any meetings with Commissioner Cotter in Hartford or any other place. I have never met Commissioner Cotter, and, to my knowledge, I have never met any Hartford politicians in Hartford or anywhere else.

FELIX G. ROHATYN
New York City

■ TIME *erred in placing ITT Director Rohatyn at the Hartford meeting.*

Sunday Gangster Show

Sir / Only in America could the plot of a best-selling novel and an enormously successful motion picture be the subject of lengthy in-depth coverage by a national newsmagazine, which continues to fascinate the reading public [April 24] with reams of morbid figures and future plans of the Mafia.

It can only be a matter of time before we have live Sunday afternoon coverage of the Manhattan gang wars with commentary by Howard Cosell.

STEVE R. HARRIS
Lakewood, Colo.

Sir / You Americans know the criminals. You know where they are and what they do. It is very difficult to believe that you could not do anything against them if you really wanted to. You may accuse somebody of "associating with known criminals," yet you let the criminals run loose. You convict them for income tax evasion or let them die of old age, unless they kill each other. You even seem to glorify them.

CHARLOTTE PEDERGNANA
Winterthur, Switzerland

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

IF Omaha's grade school children made the final selection of TIME's next Man (or Woman) of the Year, Richard Nixon would be the choice, but he would have some competition from Wife Pat, Adviser Henry Kissinger, the astronauts and an assortment of surprise contenders including Elvis Presley, Howard Hughes, Willie Mays and the Tooth Fairy. These were among the picks of youngsters in grades one through eight who participated in an unusual exercise in art and opinion sampling. We invited pupils who visited the recent TIME Cover Art Show in Omaha to submit their candidates. Each child was required to illustrate his choice and to write a brief nominating statement; 650 entries were received before the exhibit moved on to the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery in Memphis, where youngsters are now casting their pictorial ballots.

The President was depicted in many guises: as SuperNixon, as a globe-trotting ambassador in a basketball uniform, as a missile rocketing to fame. "He has helped the world a lot," said one sixth-grader. "One way is through friendship with China. If China wasn't friendly, President Nixon would probably be dead."

One seventh-grader nominated India's Indira Gandhi because "she has done more for the welfare of her people than any other leader before her." Several opted for Brooklyn's Shirley Chisholm ("she has helped history by running, or trying to run, for President"), and a fourth-grader picked Angela Davis "because she has affected us so much."

Local loyalties were an important factor, and the most popular nonpolitical Man of the Year was Bob Devaney, coach of the University of Nebraska's championship football team. "He taught his team to play football the right way," explained one second-grade gridiron fan. Another contender not in public office was John Wayne ("He is one of the few actors who has not appeared on the screen in his birthday suit. As a minor I protest against all these R and X movies"). There was even evidence of Women's Lib on the grammar school level. A fifth-grader drew Gloria Steinem "because she made me feel proud that I am a woman." Another girl, three years younger, was even more certain of women's rightful status. Her choice? God, wearing a maxi dress.



CHISHOLM (LINDA BARNES, 8TH GRADE)



NIXON (RICHARD CONSENTINO, 8TH)



ASTRONAUTS (SUE DONELAN, 1ST)



HUGHES (CHARLES GIPE, 4TH)

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The Cover: *Aerial photograph of Haiphong Harbor by the Associated Press.*



CIP/PICTORIAL PARADE

SOVIET PARTY CHIEF BREZHNEV ON VISIT TO PARIS LAST YEAR



DEFENSE MINISTER GRECHKO

SOVIET UNION

Why the Russians Do What They Do

AS he sat through one long emergency session of the 15-man Politburo after another, Leonid Brezhnev may well have felt a twinge of envy at Richard Nixon's evident power to make quick foreign policy decisions on his own. Despite his pre-eminence as Secretary General of the Soviet Communist Party, Brezhnev is a member of a collective leadership whose decisions are reached only by consensus. Last week those deliberations were especially arduous, as Russia's ruling council coped with its most complex challenge in a decade: how to respond to the U.S.'s mining of North Vietnamese harbors.

Nixon's move forced the U.S.S.R. to choose between ideological commitment and pragmatic self-interest—and self-interest, apparently, determined that the initial response be a comparatively mild one. The U.S. action had threatened an ally of the Soviet Union that claims to be embarked upon that purest of Communist crusades, a national war of liberation. On ideological grounds, Hanoi clearly qualifies for an extraordinary amount of comradely assistance, and has received it partly because Russia wants to keep North Viet Nam out of Peking's orbit of influence. But an overly harsh Soviet reaction would imperil its more important prospects of improving relations with the capitalist West—and might lead to a military showdown with the U.S. in a part of the world where geography does not work to Russian advantage.

Still another problem facing the Soviet leadership was how Russia, as a world superpower, could give a measured response to the crisis without seeming to be indecisive or impotent. A decade ago, the Soviet Union was compelled by the threat of vastly superior U.S. arms to back down in Cuba. Russia has now reached parity with the U.S. in weaponry, but it has also built up a network of global obligations and offsetting commitments that serve as a check on any adventuristic impulses.

Peacetime Policy. For Brezhnev and the other Russian leaders, the latest Viet Nam crisis could hardly have come at a more crucial moment. Under his guidance, the Soviet Union has begun the broadest peacetime policy of accommodation and conciliation with Western Europe and the U.S. since the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917. Brezhnev's own prestige, and perhaps his position as party leader, is linked to the success of that policy. Within the next few days, two important diplomatic developments are scheduled to take place. One is the visit of Nixon to Moscow; the other, or so the Kremlin hopes, is West Germany's ratification of the treaties of Warsaw and Moscow, which acknowledge Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe (*see following story*).

Despite the worries in Washington about how the Kremlin would react to the mining, some Sovietologists were not surprised that the initial Russian reaction was a relatively moderate statement of disapproval that jeopardized neither the West German vote nor Nixon's visit. The Soviets did their best to maintain a business-as-usual attitude. For example, Marshal Andrei Grechko, the Defense Minister, flew to Syria for a four-day visit. The reason is that the past three years, Moscow's foreign policy has been based on three major considerations:

FEAR OF CHINA. The Russians, who keep 44 divisions backed by nuclear missiles near the Sino-Soviet border, have been obsessed by fear of the Chinese threat since the border battles along the Ussuri River in 1969. They are even more alarmed by the prospect of a Washington-Peking alliance that would leave Russia isolated. Hence the Russians are reluctant to undertake any action that could either completely alienate the U.S. or give the U.S. and China a common cause.

CONCERN FOR DÉTENTE. The Soviets apparently believe that their own position, both economic and political, will ultimately be strengthened by improving relations with Western Europe —provided that those relations do not cause an erosion of Soviet power at home and in the East bloc. According, the Russians are seeking to present the image of a benign and reliable neighbor to Western Europeans, who fear the eventual U.S. military pullout and are eager to strike as favorable a deal as possible with the Russians while Moscow is still willing to bargain. The underlying Soviet political motive, however, is not exactly benign. It is to stabilize Europe along its present borders and create an atmosphere of relaxed tensions that would accelerate U.S. military withdrawals, thus leaving Moscow the dominant superpower in Europe. Moscow is therefore much interested in the proposed Conference on European Secu-

...at which the nations of Europe, plus the U.S. and Canada, would—if the Russians have their way—agree to recognize the present borders in Central and Eastern Europe that were carved out by the Red Army in World War II.

BETTER U.S. RELATIONS. The Russians still suffer from a deep-seated ambivalence toward the U.S. They do not mind seeing the U.S. bled in Viet Nam, but they also want to create a new basis for doing business with Washington. In any crunch, the Soviets are almost certain to opt for better relations. In addition to their fears of U.S.-Chinese collusion, the Soviets are motivated by economic self-interest in wanting to bring the nuclear arms race under control via the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, now under way in Helsinki. A first-phase pact covering anti-ballistic missiles and an agreement setting ceilings on the number of offensive missiles could be signed at the Moscow summit. The Russians would also like to have U.S. economic and technological help.

To a greater degree than in most other countries, Soviet foreign policy claims arise from domestic needs. One reason for Nikita Khrushchev's fall from power was his boundless, and groundless, belief in the Soviet ability to overtake the U.S. economically. By contrast, Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and other party leaders are aware that their country is falling ever further behind the West in technology. The Soviet leaders realize that they need Western technology and long-term credit to help overcome their country's backwardness and to open up the rich petroleum and other mineral deposits in Siberia. Russia has an even more basic reason for turning westward: food. Because of frost damage in the Ukraine and other areas, the U.S.S.R. expects an exceptionally poor harvest of winter wheat this year. It needs the pending wheat sales from the U.S., the largest since the cold war began, to help feed its people during the next year.

Marxist Vision. Aside from such considerations, the Soviet response to Viet Nam is likely to be tempered by Moscow's conviction that its side is winning in Southeast Asia. In all likelihood, the Kremlin regards Nixon's quarantine of North Viet Nam as a last-ditch effort that will have no decisive effect on the outcome of the war. Hence the Soviets can afford to be patient; they are confident that Hanoi possesses sufficient equipment and will power to win such decisive victories on the ground that Nixon will have no choice except to keep up his mines and go home.

Such a scenario fits in nicely for propaganda purposes with Marxist tenets about the death throes of imperialism and the inevitable victory of Communism. Yet even if the situation does not work out exactly that way, it would be quite unlikely that the Soviets would use their own military might in Viet Nam to try to prove the correctness of the Marxist dogma.

WEST GERMANY

The Crisis Continues

The lengthy, tension-ridden debate over Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has faced West Germany's Christian Democratic Union with an unhappy dilemma. For nearly two years they have been saying that they would never vote for the Treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, which are essential to Brandt's hopes of easing tensions with Bonn's Communist neighbors. Now that the treaties have been put forward for ratification, however, the C.D.U. does not want to bear the onus of killing them, since the pacts have become the keys to further progress in East-West détente. But Brandt's coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats no longer has a clear majority in the Bundestag—which means that passage of the treaties is up to the C.D.U.

In search of a solution, Christian Democrat Leader Rainer Barzel two weeks ago agreed to a government proposal that appeared to be a reasonable compromise: a joint interpretation of treaties by the four parliamentary parties that would overcome the objections of the C.D.U. and those of its Bavarian allies, the Christian Social Union. Rather than see his *Ostpolitik* go down to almost certain defeat, Brandt postponed the vote for a week to enable all sides to work out a joint declaration.

Last week, on the day before the vote, Barzel and a C.S.U. representative met with Brandt and Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, the leader of the Free Democrats, in the Chancellor's home on Venusberg. Also present was Soviet Ambassador Valentin Falin.

Over tea and coffee, the four German leaders agreed to a ten-point declaration, which Falin tentatively approved pending final confirmation from Moscow. The declaration reassured the opposition by stating, among other things, that the treaties, even though they renounce Bonn's claims to former German territories now held by Poland and Russia, do not prejudice the German right to a peaceful reunification and do not establish a legal basis for the present borders.

Later that day, however, while Barzel was trying to swing C.D.U. hard-liners behind the declaration, a message came from Brandt's office that the Soviets had raised objections to the statement. Barzel, who has a reputation for being a cool operator, was visibly shaken. Ashen-faced, he left the caucus, muttering, "I don't understand." In his absence, a rumor raced through the opposition ranks that the Soviets had rejected the declaration out of hand.

Further Delay. By midnight Ambassador Falin had cleared up Moscow's legalistic objections. But by then most of West Germany's morning newspapers had gone to press with headlines telling of the supposed Soviet intransigence. As the Bundestag assembled for the vote the next morning, it was evident that Barzel had lost control of his party, which was lining up against the treaties. Taking the floor, Barzel pleaded for a delay. Brandt imprudently pressed for a vote, but after balloting on a procedural issue ended in a deadlock, he agreed to yet another postponement and set the vote on the treaties for this week. That respite would presumably give Barzel, who at week's end was collecting support from the C.D.U.'s conservatives, enough time to reassert his control over the party. If he succeeds, the treaties will surely be passed.

Even so, Bonn's parliamentary crisis still will not be solved. Though the Christian Democrats may help ratify the pacts, they intend to seek the overthrow of the Brandt coalition on the next order of government business—the passage of a new budget.

BARZEL ADDRESSING BUNDESTAG AS BRANDT & SCHEEL (LEFT) LISTEN



EDO KOENIG/BLACK STAR



ANDREOTTI CASTING BALLOT
The voters decided nothing.

ITALY

Forward to the Past

Designer Emilio Pucci, who is as earnest about politics as he is about fashion, lost his Liberal seat in the Chamber of Deputies in spite of a campaign in which he averaged four speeches a day. Communist Novelist-Painter Carlo Levi (*Christ Stopped at Eboli*) was dropped from the Senate. On the other hand, Franco Maria Malfatti, a former president of the Common Market Commission, was easily re-elected a Christian Democratic Deputy. Admiral Gino Birindelli, until recently commander of NATO's Mediterranean naval forces and now the darling of Italy's right, also won a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, representing the neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano.

Those were a few of the gains and losses recorded last week as 37 million Italian voters—93.1% of the eligible electorate—went to the polls. It was the first time since 1924 that the nation had been called to an election before the end of a five-year parliamentary term —and essentially it decided nothing. Disgusted by a decade of ineffective revolving-door Cabinets, most Italians nevertheless fell back on old allegiances once they went into voting booths. As a result, most of the ten major parties emerged from the campaign much as they had entered it—and Italy faced the prospect of another round of shaky coalition governments.

The Christian Democrats, Italy's most powerful party for a quarter-century, remain exactly that. At one point, the party had been expected to lose anywhere from 10 to 30 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, largely because of the vociferous law-and-order campaign put forward by the M.S.I. But Interior Minister Mario Rumor, a former Christian Democratic Premier, mounted a shrewd law-and-order campaign of his own, with some well-publicized roundups of political troublemakers and seizures of gun, bomb and ammunition caches. Another former Premier, Amintore Fanfani, barnstormed across Italy plugging his party's less-than-catchy slogan "Forward to the Center!" The Christian Democrats lost only fractionally in their share of the total popular vote (38.8%, down .3% from 1968), held all their 135 seats in the Senate and raised their total in the Chamber of Deputies from 266 to 267.

The Communists, Italy's second largest party, gained slightly in the popular vote and picked up two seats in the Chamber, raising their total to 179. But their close ideological allies, the Proletarian Socialists, lost all 23 of their seats. Proportionately, the big winners were the slightly left-of-center Republicans, who now have 14 seats in the Chamber (a gain of five) and five in the Senate (a gain of three), and the right-wing M.S.I. and Monarchists, who running together doubled their Senate Representation (from 13 to 26) and did almost as well in the Chamber (from 30 to 56).

The major problem facing Italy is how to create a viable government from such inconclusive results. The man most likely to get the first chance at tackling it is Giulio Andreotti, 53, Premier since February and head of the caretaker government that has run the country, so to speak, since early elections were called two months ago. Andreotti will probably first try to shape a center-left coalition of Christian Democrats, Republicans, Social Democrats and Socialists. If that fails, Andreotti may ask the Chamber to accept a *monocolore* (one-party) government of Christian Democrats, or turn the task of Cabinet-building over to another potential Premier —which would be clear proof that Italy was politically no better off than it had been before the elections.

IRELAND

Yes to Europe

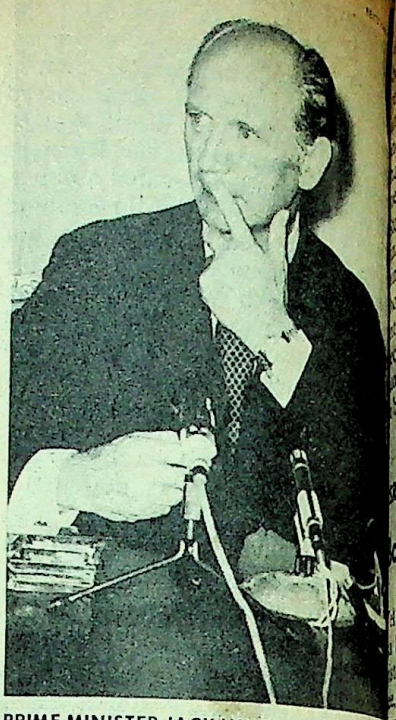
Ireland last week voted overwhelmingly to join the European Common Market. The more than 4-to-1 margin of approval in a national referendum was a considerable triumph for Prime Minister Jack Lynch, who had campaigned aggressively for a yes vote —and a defeat for Sinn Féin, the political wing of the Irish Republican Army, which opposed entry. The vote ensures that Ireland will become a member of the enlarged European Economic Community next Jan. 1, and will not, as Lynch had warned, face a future "lost in the mists of a Celtic twilight."

The voters put economic reality before nationalist rhetoric. In a high-emotional anti-Market campaign, Sinn Féin (Gaelic for "We Ourselves") distributed almost 1,000,000 pamphlets urging voters "once and for all to break the link with England by voting no for England's interests." One anti-Market billboard showed an ugly, cigar-chomping German industrialist saying "We need your little daughter in the Ruhr," a reference to the prospect that unemployed Irish workers might have to seek jobs on the Continent. Labor unions worried about "the oppressive open competition of European industrial society."

Despite those fears, the hard facts remained that Ireland outside the EEC would have to "plow the lonely furrow of the Atlantic," as one pro-Marketeer put it. Nearly two-thirds of Irish exports go to Britain, and they would face a prohibitive tariff wall if that country, as now expected, joined the EEC. Irishmen stand to benefit from higher Continental prices for their beef and lamb, and from an influx of industries, mostly American, seeking a European base. More than 200 companies indicated that they would invest in Ireland if the referendum was favorable.

The large majority was a mass expression of public confidence in Lynch. The Prime Minister, who is a friend of the I.R.A., might now use his added political stature to clamp down on the organization, whose officers in Dublin direct the terror campaign in Northern Ireland. That could conceivably lead to closer cooperation between Dublin and London in seeking a long-range political solution to the trouble of Ulster.

As the first of three scheduled referendums in countries that have applied to join the Common Market, Ireland's



PRIME MINISTER JACK LYNCH
Farewell to a Celtic twilight.

...e last week may carry influence far ...yond its borders. Norway will have a ...ferendum in September. Its farmers ...d fishermen feel sufficiently threat... ...ed by Common Market competition ...t recent polls show a majority against ...embership—though the Norwegian ...orting, or Parliament, will make the ...al decision. Denmark will hold a ...ding referendum in October; polls ...w 48% of the population favoring ...ry, only 28% opposed, and 24% un... ...ided. The ringing yes from Ireland ...only hearten pro-Market politicians ...both countries.

ISRAEL

...ttle of Flight 517

Sabena Flight 517 from Brussels to ...l Aviv was 20 minutes out of Vien... ...t week when two Arabs waving ...tols rushed the cockpit. "As you can ... " Captain Reginald Levy calmly in... ...rmed his 90 passengers, "we have ...iends aboard." The friends—the men ...d two women, who produced explo... ...es from under their skirts—were ...mbers of a Palestinian guerrilla or... ...ization called Black September.* ...eir audacious plan: to land the Boe... ...g 707 at Tel Aviv and embarrass Is... ...el by threatening to blow up the plane ...a Lod Airport runway unless 317 im... ...soned fedayeen were released.

Levy's radioed alert that his plane ...d been commandeered rang top-lev... ...e alarms in Israel. Defense Minister ...oshe Dayan and Chief of Staff Gen... ...al David Elazar hurried to the air... ...rt to supervise the troops mustered ...meet the jet. As soon as Levy touched ...wn in the Tel Aviv dusk and rolled ...o an isolated runway, mechanics at Da... ...n's orders immobilized the plane by ...flating its tires and draining the hy... ...raulic system.

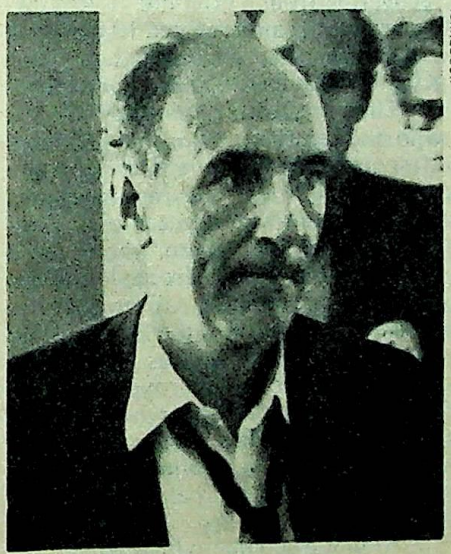
After presenting their demands for the prisoners' release to Lod's control tower, the skyjackers were alarmed to discover that they could not take off again. Emotionally, they kissed one another goodbye and prepared to detonate the explosives. Levy started a conversation to calm them down, and kept on chatting through the night. "I talked about everything under the sun," he said later, "from navigation to sex."

Next morning, in response to Levy's plea, Dayan promised to prepare the plane for takeoff and produce the fedayeen. A group of bogus prisoners were shown to the skyjackers from a distance and Dayan had an airplane taken out to a runway, supposedly to fly the released fedayeen to Cairo. From the control tower, one of the "prisoners"—actually an Arabic-speaking Israeli soldier—lulled the skyjackers: "They tell me I'm being sent to Cairo. Is that true? Praised be Allah." Meanwhile, out of sight, commandos were practicing assault tactics on a 707. When they were able to force the doors, swing aboard and start shooting in 90 seconds, Elazar deemed them ready. His "ground crew" approached the jet, allowed themselves to be frisked by Red Cross negotiators who had been called in at Arab request. No pistols turned up in the search; they had been hidden in boots or tool boxes. Suddenly the "mechanics" burst into the plane with guns blazing. The two male skyjackers died from bullets in the head and one of the two women was wounded. In all, the action took precisely 90 seconds.

Israelis hailed the jet's recapture as a military victory—and as an example of how other nations ought to handle skyjacking. Dayan himself was host at a dinner for Levy, a British citizen with a Jewish father and a Christian mother who was celebrating his 50th birthday. Prime Minister Golda Meir later threw a second dinner for all the participants. She kissed Levy and cried, "We love you." Publicly, Mrs. Meir justified the recapture, citing "the terrible significance of submission" to terrorism.

Elsewhere the response was less enthusiastic. The International Air Line Pilots Association protested the danger to passengers in such go-for-broke shootouts. As it happened, three aboard Flight 517 had been wounded. One 22-year-old Israeli was in critical condition; she had leaped up in panic when the firing started and was shot in the head by a commando who mistook her for one of the Arabs. The International Red Cross angrily cried that it had been duped by the Israelis. Arabs nevertheless accused the agency of complicity. In Beirut, where Red Cross week was in progress, volunteers soliciting donations were attacked on the street by Black September supporters.

PILOT LEVY AFTER RELEASE



ISRAEL SUN

*The leader of the group, who called himself Captain Rafat, was later identified as Ali Taha, 34, a ...ecume Jerusalem tour guide and seasoned sky... ...cker. In 1968 he helped divert an El Al jet to Al... ...ria, and two years later participated in one of ...e fedayeen's most spectacular feats: the simul... ...eous skyjacking of three jets to the Jordanian ...ert.

ISRAELI COMMANDOS DRESSED IN MECHANICS' UNIFORMS FORCING DOORS OF SABENA JET TO BATTLE SKYJACKERS



DAVID RUBINGER

AUSTRIA

Kidnaping at the Border

Four years ago, toward the end of the liberal regime of Alexander Dubček in Prague, a Czechoslovak electrician named Jaromir Masaryk, then 24, emigrated to South Africa. Last month Masaryk (no kin to Founding Father Tomáš Masaryk) returned to Europe on a holiday, hoping to introduce his South African wife Patty, 22, to his parents, who still live in Brno.

When the Masaryks applied for visas at the Czechoslovak legation in Vienna, however, only Patty was granted



CZECHOSLOVAK GUARDS DRAG MASARYK ACROSS BORDER, AS HIS WIFE (RIGHT) FOLLOWS

KAMILLO K

permission to enter the country. The couple decided that Patty should go alone to Brno, where she would pick up her mother-in-law, then drive her to the Austrian-Czechoslovak border post near Drasenhofen, 40 miles north of Vienna. At least, the Masaryks reasoned, mother and son would be able to see each other from a distance and perhaps shout a few words of greeting.

Two weeks ago, Masaryk was at the Austrian frontier post scanning the horizon for an approaching car. While he waited, he walked into the no man's land and across a short bridge over a stream that separates the two nations and spoke briefly to a Communist sentry. But then, as he turned and ran back across the bridge in sudden fright, he was shot and wounded by Czechoslovak guards. Austrian customs officials—and, by chance, a passing photographer (*see cut*)—watched in horror as the guards chased Masaryk into Austria, beat him and dragged him bleeding into Czechoslovak territory. Just at that moment, Patty Masaryk arrived by car at the border post. Realizing what was happening, she grabbed her husband by the legs and tried to free him. Neither Jaromir nor Patty Masaryk has been seen since.

Huffy Reply. The Austrian Foreign Ministry protested the incident and demanded that the Masaryks be returned. The Czechoslovaks admitted to a "slight" infringement of Austrian territory but justified Masaryk's seizure on the grounds that he had tried to talk a guard into defecting and had been guilty of other "provocations" at the border post. When the Foreign Ministry in Vienna rejected the explanation as "unsatisfactory," Czechoslovak Party Boss Gustáv Husák huffily upbraided the Austrians for their "incredible hysteria over an incident without importance." The Austrians, who have rarely been so enraged over a border incident, were considering recalling their ambassador from Prague. They were also repeating a bitter joke, imported from Czechoslovakia, about a man who committed suicide. His last words were: "Don't shoot, comrades!"

BURUNDI

Revolt of the Hutu

For all its verdant, mountainous beauty, the tiny African nation of Burundi (pop. 4,000,000) has a bloodied and tragic history. Untold thousands have been killed in both Burundi and its neighboring sister-state of Rwanda during periodic tribal wars involving the Hutu majority and the tall, legendary Tutsi overlords. Last week Burundi was recovering from a brief but violent civil war that left an estimated 10,000 dead —including the country's last Tutsi King—and at least 500,000 homeless.

The King was 25-year-old Ntare V, who had returned to Burundi in March after spending six years in exile. Ntare came home after receiving assurances from the man who deposed him, President Michel Micombero, who is also a Tutsi, that he would be free to live in Burundi "as an ordinary citizen." But as soon as Ntare reached the Burundi capital of Bujumbura, he was whisked off by helicopter to the old royal capital of Kitega and placed under house arrest in his former palace. When thousands of Hutu tribesmen revolted a month later, they stormed the palace and killed the trapped Tutsi King.

At first Micombero insisted that the uprising was a plot by Tutsi royalists who were trying to free the King. Soon, though, it became clear that the rebels were Hutu revolutionaries whose real aim was to overthrow the Micombero government.

Savage fighting spread throughout the country. In the south, armed bands of Hutus seized control of the towns of Bururi and Rumonge and killed hundreds of Tutsi. On the shore of Lake Tanganyika, a force of 600 rebels occupied the town of Nyanza-Lac and drove off low-flying military planes with cascades of fire. "Everywhere," reported one pilot, "you see dead bodies."

At that point, President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaïre (formerly known as the Congo) decided to help Micombero by airlifting to Burundi a planeload of veterans from his own army. Among other things, Mobutu wanted to get rid of a handful of onetime Congolese rebels—the notorious Simbas—who had paddled across Lake Tanganyika and joined in the fighting on the Hutu side. Mobutu's tough troops enabled the Tutsi royalist forces to put down the rebellion. Last week the Burundi radio announced that all leaders of the aborted coup had been captured—and appealed to the world for food and medical supplies.

OKINAWA

Liberation with a Qual

To many Americans over 40, a ... ple ceremony in Tokyo this week ... perhaps serve as a strange and vague reassuring reminder of how shallow ... the tracks of former wars. During ... savage and bloody spring days in 19... 12,300 American servicemen died ... the closing months of the Pacific ... for the control of Okinawa, a 60-mi... long island in the East China Sea. Ea... this week, in the gardens of the Imp... rial Palace, Vice President Spiro Agne... is to read a presidential proclamati... signed by Richard Nixon, that will e... the U.S. military occupation of Oki... wa and 140 other islands of the Ry... kyu chain. For both nations this reve... sion to Japanese control will resol... what Agnew describes as "the last m... jor issue of the war."

On Okinawa (pop. 1,000,000), wa... shipers at a memorial service in fro... of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldi... in Naha, the island capital, will g... thanks to the spirits of the dead for t... return of sovereignty to the motherla... But there will probably not be a rep... tition of the dancing in the streets or ... plays of fireworks that accompanied ... first reports in late 1969 that the U... was getting ready to return politi... control to Tokyo. Even though mo... Okinawans welcome the change, th... have had time enough for uneasy se... ond thoughts about their island's futu... "After all," Okinawan Banker Hiro... Senaga told TIME Correspondent Fra... Iwama, "the younger generation w... brought up under U.S. administrati... and the older generation knows only ... discriminatory policies of Tokyo ... made prewar Okinawa a second-cl... prefecture of Japan."

Raising Income. The change ... will affect almost every aspect of is... life. Pay telephones are being fitted ... take ten-yen coins instead of nick... price tags and taximeters are being ... justed. Road signs will soon be chan... from miles to kilometers, and even... ally drivers will have to learn to ... the left-hand side of the street. In ... the Bank of Japan describes as the ... gest shipment of money in histor... cargo of 54 billion yen (about $1... million) in bank notes and coins re... Okinawa secretly last month in p... aration for a massive conversion of ...

...rency. The islanders are being permitted to exchange most of their U.S. money at the pre-revaluation rate of 360 yen to the dollar (*v.* 302 at the current rate).

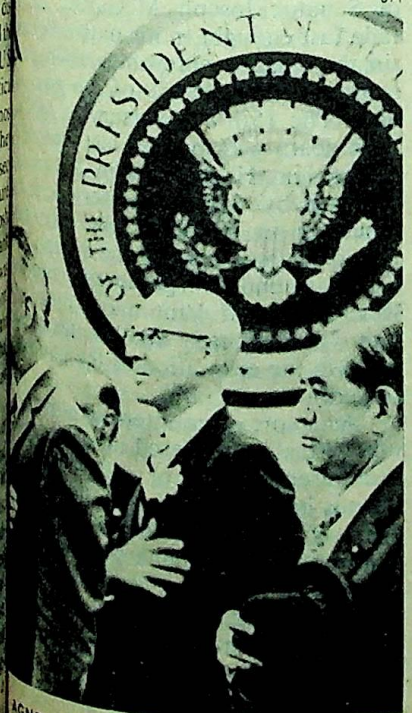
One major problem for the Japanese is how to strengthen Okinawa's economy, which is still heavily dependent on U.S. military spending. To improve the island's unfavorable trade balance ($102 million in exports last year, $424 million in imports), the government has urged Japanese firms to open Okinawan branches. Most U.S. firms now on the island expect to remain. As an additional boost, the government plans to hold a huge International Ocean Exposition in 1975 and expects to spend about $1 billion on roads, buildings and other facilities that will continue to help the economy when the exposition is over.

Despite the political changeover, the U.S. military presence—which includes 43,000 servicemen and 24,000 dependents at 88 installations—will remain for the foreseeable future. The Okinawan response to this fact is somewhat paradoxical. Island workers at the U.S. bases have joined in protests against the continuing American presence, while complaining at the same time about cuts in the labor forces at the bases. One union leader explained that the workers favor a military-free Okinawa. "But in the meantime," he argued, "we have to eat, you know."

Under terms of the U.S.-Japan Security Pact, the U.S. will no longer be able to use its Okinawa bases to house nuclear weapons or for supplying U.S. forces in Viet Nam. In practice, however, the Japanese are resigned to the fact that the bases will still be used in an indirect way for Viet Nam operations. While B-52 flights out of Okinawa were moved to airstrips on Guam last year, the big KC-135 tankers that refuel Viet Nam-bound bombers still operate out of giant Kadena Airbase, twelve miles north of Naha.

From now on, the Japanese Self-Defense Force will assume the principal responsibility for defending the island. Some 2,900 S.D.F. troops will be on duty there by the end of the year, including an antisubmarine unit and an F-104 fighter squadron stationed at an airbase in Naha. The Tokyo government is moving cautiously, but already it too has become the target of Okinawa's antiwar fervor. "The heat is off the U.S. military," says Seishiro Hokama, editor of Naha's *Ryukyu Shimpo* newspaper. "It has been transferred to the Japanese forces. The S.D.F. will not be popular here." Adds Ryoshin Nakayoshi, head of the Government Workers Union: "We are going to fight against turning Okinawa into the advance base for Japanese militarism."

UPI



AGNEW ARRIVING IN TOKYO*
Resolving the last issue.

*With U.S. Ambassador Robert Ingersoll and Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

No More Inönü

As war hero, Premier and President, Ismet Inönü has occupied center stage in Turkish politics for more than half a century. He helped modern Turkey's founding father, Kemal Atatürk, win the country's battle for independence in 1923, and succeeded him as President in 1938. After 1950, when he was defeated for the presidency, Inönü continued to rule the Republican People's Party with an iron hand. Last week, at the age of 87, Turkey's elder statesman was finally forced into retirement.

The revolt against Inönü was led by his protégé and heir apparent, Bülent Ecevit. When Turkey's elected government was toppled last year by a military coup, Inönü and Ecevit disagreed over the future course of party policy. Ecevit resigned as the Republican People's secretary-general, and Inönü, perhaps unwisely, called the party to an extraordinary congress last week for a vote of confidence. "Either you choose me or him," Inönü told members. By a vote of 709 to 503, they chose Ecevit.

Even though he is deaf and almost blind, Inönü will be missed in the corridors of power. Because of his vast prestige as a national hero, Inönü was probably the only Turkish politician with enough stature to apply a moderating pressure on the generals, who may now be tempted to take an even greater role in the country's internal affairs in order to crack down on leftist dissent.

A Massive Rejection

"Our analysis will be entirely impartial," said Lord Pearce, the retired British jurist, when the 20-member Pearce Commission ended its eight-week fact-finding mission in Rhodesia in March. The commission's task was to determine whether or not Rhodesians favored an agreement worked out by Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith and British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home to end the seven-year-old dispute over independence. The agreement called for British recognition of Smith's white-supremacist government and a snail's-pace apportionment of political power to Rhodesia's 5,000,000 blacks.

Two weeks ago, the Pearce Commission turned its completed report over to Douglas-Home. Though it will not be officially released until the end of the month, the word is already out that the commission found that "the people of Rhodesia as a whole" reject the settlement, and that black Africans "massively reject" it.

The report's conclusions constitute a rebuke to Smith, whose popularity among Rhodesia's whites has been declining recently. Last week in Salisbury he called a press conference to denounce the Pearce Commission as "a complete and utter farce." The findings also present a dilemma for Britain. Conceivably, Prime Minister Edward Heath could ignore the report and go ahead with the proposed settlement—thereby risking a violent reaction from Rhodesia's black majority as well as a bitter parliamentary debate. The only alternative would be to go back to the drawing board in search of a new settlement.

Samba Over the Waters

When the U.S. and Brazil began their latest round of talks on American fishing rights in Brazilian coastal waters three months ago, Brazil's Minister Ronaldo Costa hummed a few bars of a popular samba for U.S. Ambassador Donald McKernan:

Take your boat off my sea
Go throw your net over there
Fisherman with green eyes
Go fish somewhere else
This sea is mine!

"Is that the tune we're going to hear?" asked McKernan. It was indeed. Last week, when the two nations announced a territorial waters agreement, it was clear that Brazil had sambaed away with the talks.

Under the terms of the pact, the U.S. maintains in principle that it does not recognize Brazil's claim to 200-mile offshore sovereignty, but in fact it did just that. Up to 160 American-owned vessels at a time will be allowed to fish the rich shrimp waters along Brazil's coast. The U.S. accepted Brazil's right to board, search and seize shrimp boats that have committed infractions. Furthermore the U.S. will pay the Brazilian government $200,000 to help defray the costs of surveillance.

AMERICAN NOTES

Mother of the Year

It has been decades since Mrs. Esther Hunt Moore of Hickory, N.C., has been actively engaged in rearing her three children. Nonetheless, her devotion to the young has continued unabated through most of her 75 years. An elementary school teacher for 40 years, she was the first black woman to register to vote in her county. After her children had graduated from college, she went on to earn her master's degree from Columbia University at age 64 and to teach mentally retarded children. Last week the American Mothers Committee named Mrs. Moore, a widow, Mother of the Year. She is the second black to receive the award since it was initiated 37 years ago. Mrs. Moore's reaction: "Hallelujah!"

"The reason I feel humbly proud," she said at a luncheon in her honor at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria hotel last week, "is that my immediate family were descendants of slaves. They were actually the persons who instilled faith, faith in God. They believed faith could remove any obstacle to success."

Reverse Discrimination

The outline of the case was the same as hundreds of others that are processed by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission: worker says boss gives preferential treatment to fellow worker, charges job discrimination based on sex and race. The details, however, were unusual. First, the complaining worker was a white male, the boss a white female and the fellow worker a black female. Second, the employer named in the complaint was the EEOC itself.

Allen Sachsel, a commission attorney, claimed that his supervisor, Evangeline Swift, treated a black female lawyer as second-in-command even though he had seniority in the same civil service grade. Swift swiftly fired him. When Sachsel took the case to court, the EEOC accused him of, among other things, causing a morale problem. Last week a spirit of equal opportunity prevailed and both sides dropped charges. Who won? Well, Sachsel is moving on to another job where, coincidentally of course, his boss is a white male. Though the court ruled that he is owed the 40 hours' leave he used to prepare his case, there was no clear victory for either side. As they say at EEOC, chalk up another blow for brotherhood.

Security in Numbers

Americans feeling dehumanized by having their names replaced by numbers can take heart. They too can play the numbers game—and all in the name of law and order. Police in Scarsdale, N.Y., have just instituted an antiburglary campaign called Project Theft Guard in which residents may borrow an electric engraving pen and etch their Social Security numbers on such stealable items as TV sets, record players, typewriters, jewelry and bicycles. The home owners are also given stickers declaring THIS HOUSE HAS JOINED PROJECT THEFT GUARD to paste on the front and back doors. The safety measures, say police, will not only act as a deterrent to burglars but also aid in the identification of stolen goods and make them more difficult to sell. The practice of engraving identification numbers originated in Monterey Park, Calif., and has since been adopted in more than 150 U.S. communities. In Monterey Park, at least, the results have been dramatic: over a given period 6,000 nonparticipating homes were burglarized a total of 2,000 times while 5,000 participating homes were hit only 20 times.

Meanwhile, back in the city, parents alarmed about the increasing number of muggings of schoolchildren on Manhattan's Upper East Side have formed a vigilante group to patrol the streets. The climate of terror suggests that, taking their lead from their neighbors in Scarsdale, the vigilantes may find that the best way to stamp out mugging is to stamp the muggers, possibly across the forehead, so that victims can tell police: "I was just mugged by 056-28-9964!"

Point of Order

For many Americans, the memory of Senator Joseph McCarthy cannot fade fast enough. In his native Wisconsin, though, a loyal few meet each spring in fond remembrance of the good old days. The 15th anniversary of McCarthy's death was marked last week with a Requiem High Mass in Milwaukee, followed by a graveside service and a luncheon in Appleton the next day. About 40 members of the Joseph McCarthy Foundation gathered to hear the Rev. Raymond Vint avow that "history will unerringly find him his proper place in the estimation of the nation he served."

As a sort of counter-memorial, another Mass was offered in Appleton by a different group of 125 McCarthy friends headed by the Senator's widow, Jean, now Mrs. G. Joseph Minetti of Washington, D.C. She disavowed any connection with the McCarthy Foundation, sniffing: "Who are they? Birchers?" A more intriguing question: What would the old Red-baiter say if he knew that his memorial fell between a presidential visit to China and a summit meeting in Russia—and nearly coincided with a U.S. assault on a Communist enemy in North Viet Nam? "Point of order, Mr. Chairman," no doubt.



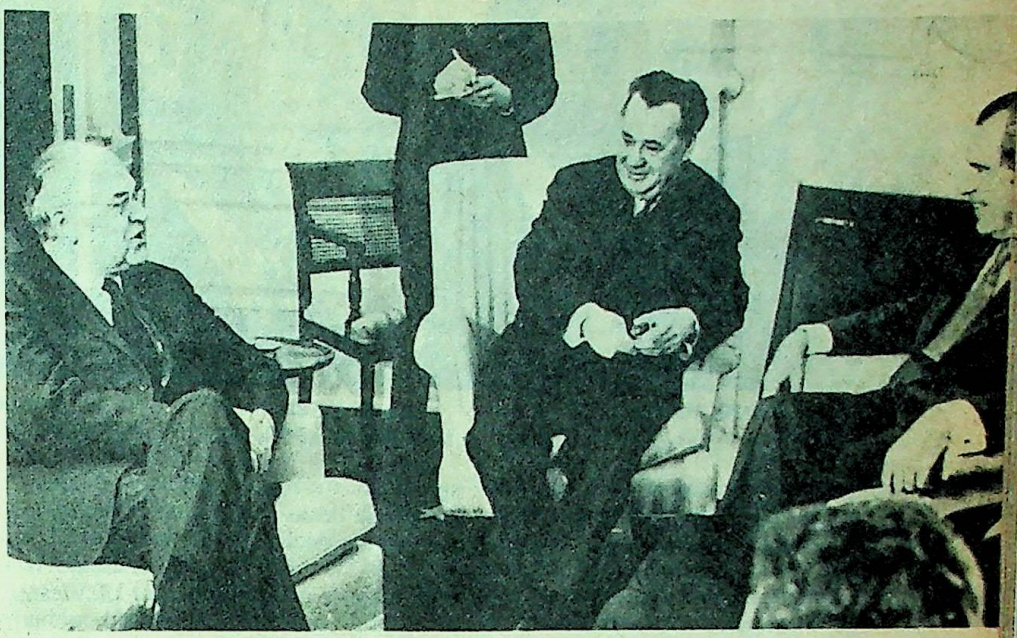
AP

MRS. MOORE AT WALDORF LUNCHEON



RICHARD C. GREENAWALT JR.

Nixon at the Brink over Viet Nam



UPI

DOBRYNIN, PATOLICHEV & NIXON AT WHITE HOUSE AFTER MINING

Global priorities distorted by the fear of humiliation.

ARELY had so perfunctory an occasion been so raptly watched. ere in the White House to pay a cour- y call on the President and exchange ew ideas about world trade were So- et Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin d Moscow's Foreign Trade Minister, olai Patolichev. Every flicker of otion on the faces of the visitors uld be vastly portentous. Suddenly, smen were invited into the Oval Of- . They were astonished. The Rus- s were grinning and laughing and changing lively banter with the Pres- nt over how to say "friendship" in languages.

Deceptive as that signal might yet ve to be, it relieved the grim tension had enveloped Washington. For the ment, at least, a showdown between two superpowers had been averted. t since the Cuban missile crisis of 62 had the possibility of armed con- t between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. med so large. This time the arena of nflict was half a world away in the lf of Tonkin, rather than 90 miles m the U.S. mainland, and this time, unately, there was no deadline ul- atum requiring immediate response. e feeling that the worst was past was nforced by Patolichev's nonchalant sponse to a newsman's question: Was sident Nixon's May 22 summit visit Moscow still on? "We never had any bts about it. I don't know why you ked." There were ritual denunciations the U.S. from Moscow and Peking. t while the language was harsh, no cific action was threatened. At ek's end Hanoi's negotiators in Paris en seemed willing to talk peace some re, although still on their own restric- e terms.

Ready to Settle. The crisis had en created by the most momentous litary decision Richard Nixon had yet ade in his presidency: to mine the har- rs of North Viet Nam and cut off e flow of all military supplies to Ha- n from any other nation, by almost y means. He had acted because his ole Vietnamization policy and his pe for an honorable U.S. withdrawal m the war seemed threatened by a assive, two-month-old North Viet- ese offensive, armed and fueled by e Soviet Union. His decision, made tually alone and in the face of grave ension within his Administration, d grew out of an almost obsessive ar of national and personal humili- ion in Viet Nam.

The way that decision was reached ustrates with disturbing clarity the esident's total domination of the vital ena of war and peace—and the total k of effective checks and balances der a Constitution that is in other pects so careful to prevent arbitrary action (*see* TIME ESSAY, *page 18*).

The President began considering new military moves soon after Communist troops swept across the DMZ with tanks and heavy artillery on Easter Sunday, and too many South Vietnamese units crumpled with alarming speed. His choices included the resumption of massive bombing of the North, including possible air strikes against Hanoi itself, and the destruction of flood-preventing dikes. He could even send U.S. Marines into a hit-and-run attack above the DMZ to divert Hanoi's troops. He considered urging the South Vietnamese to stage a similar raid or to counterattack across the zone.

Always, the mining or blockade of North Vietnamese ports remained a possibility. But most of his advisers considered it both too risky and too ineffectual to be given top priority. Past CIA studies had concluded that cargo could be diverted to rail lines, roads or an airlift, at a high cost in manpower, but still effectively enough to blunt a blockade. Moreover, all-out bombing in the past had failed to knock out all rail and road shipments. Even the sea routes might be kept open by enemy use of small vessels to unload freighters in unmined waters.

The most likely Nixon action seemed to be to employ massive airpower in the North. But even the extension of this option to include targets as far north as Hanoi and Haiphong was resisted by two key advisers: Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird and Secretary of State William Rogers. An inviting alternative to all such military measures seemed to be available when Henry

SOVIET CARGO SHIP "NIKOLAI OGAREV" AT DOCKSIDE IN HAIPHONG

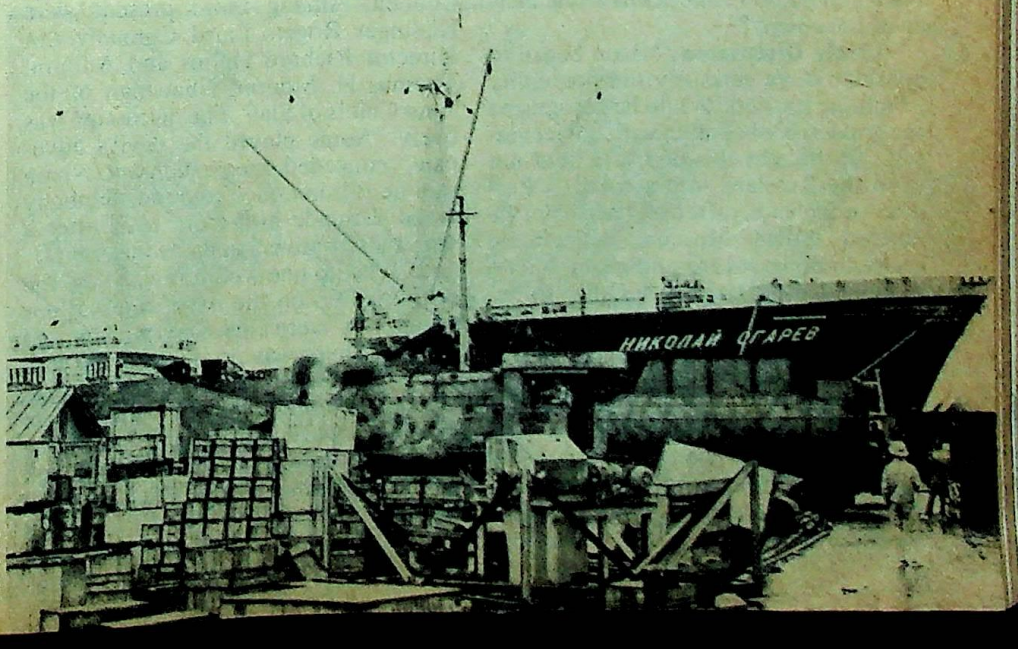


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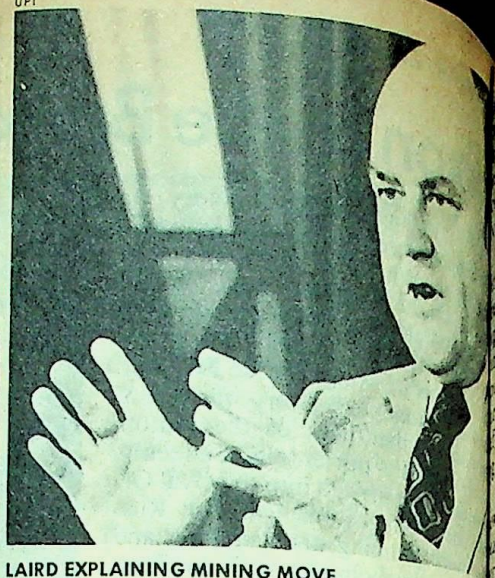


CONNALLY & NIXON IN ROSE GARDEN



KISSINGER BRIEFING

UPI



LAIRD EXPLAINING MINING MOVE

Some played devil's advocate, but none could dissuade the President from his course.

Kissinger, the President's ubiquitous National Security Adviser, flew to Moscow in April for secret talks with Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev, ostensibly to discuss plans for the summit. Kissinger returned, convinced that Brezhnev had conveyed more than just a sign that Hanoi was finally ready for fruitful negotiations in Paris.

Nixon's mood changed to cold anger when Kissinger arrived home from further secret talks in Paris with Hanoi Negotiator Le Duc Tho and reported absolutely no progress. Both Kissinger and Nixon felt that they had been deceived by Brezhnev. An aide said that Nixon "had had it with the North Vietnamese." Nixon explained: "I am ready to settle with them; they should know that. But they're not going to push me into the sea."

Nixon also worried about his trip to Moscow. He feared that he could be caught trading toasts in the Kremlin as the Communists took Hué, an event that could demoralize the entire South Vietnamese military and civil structure. "How could he go to Moscow and sit there and die the death of a thousand cuts?" asked one of his aides. "What would be the situation with the battle reports coming in every day from Viet Nam and 60,000 Americans at the mercy of the enemy?"

Lively Discussion. Nixon began to consider more seriously the possibility of mining harbors. While he recognized the grave risk of conflict with Soviet vessels, he thought this course would not push the Russians into a corner. "Passive" minefields, after all, need not be entered unless Moscow deliberately chose to do so. More and more, Nixon withdrew to his Executive Office Building hideaway to ponder the problem.

Two aides became his chief counselors as he approached his decision: Kissinger and, more surprisingly, Treasury Secretary John Connally. Kissinger outlined the military and diplomatic risks involved in the mining. Connally was consulted on the probable impact on domestic politics. He had no doubts at all. "The American people will respond to strong and decisive leadership," the Texas Democrat advised. The continuing decline in the clout of Secretary of State Rogers became clear. He was off on a pre-summit tour of Western capitals while Nixon worked out his mining plans.

The President hardened his choice in a final weekend at Camp David. "If we turn tail now, America's commitments will be worthless," he told an aide. "The prestige of the presidency would hit rock bottom." On Saturday he ordered Laird to prepare for mining. He began working on a television speech that would explain the move. Writing it almost alone, he paused for telephone calls to his campaign manager, John Mitchell, and New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

The decision was all but final when Kissinger flew to Camp David Sunday morning, got the drift from Nixon, and returned to hold a meeting of his Washington Special Action Group to discuss contingency plans for the mining. The first public tip-off of an impending crisis came when Nixon summoned Rogers home to Washington.

The final chance to change the President's mind came in a meeting Monday morning of the National Security Council. Among those present were Kissinger, Rogers, Laird, Connally, CIA Director Richard Helms and Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The discussion was lively. "Some played the devil's advocate," conceded one participant. Nixon said he still intended to mine. "Nobody could dissuade him from it or offer a better alternative," said one observer.

While no one would reveal how the NSC lined up on the issue, reservations apparently were raised by Rogers and Helms. There was no doubt at all that Laird had fought hard against the proposal. He contended that the course would be particularly risky given the political atmosphere at home. Although Laird later came manfully, even belligerently, to the defense of the President's decision in public, he is frustrated and restive in his job. He wants out, though no one expects him to resign until after the end of Nixon's current term.

When he briefed 18 congressional leaders at 8 p.m. Monday, Nixon made no pretense of asking for advice. "Let me come directly to the point and tell you of a decision I have had to make," he said. He talked for just 15 minutes, took no questions and concluded: "If you can give me your support, I would appreciate it. If you cannot, I will understand." Admiral Moorer continued the briefing, and was told by both Senator J. William Fulbright and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield that they thought the decision was "provocative." Asked Fulbright: "Isn't this a dangerous escalation of the war?" Replied Laird: "You forget that the North Vietnamese invaded last month." As tempers warmed, Rogers interceded. "Let's not go into old arguments," he said. "We understand each other's positions." Given no chance to oppose the decision in advance, the congressional leaders dourly watched the President's speech on White House TV sets.

Grave Threat. Speaking somberly and forcefully, Nixon repeatedly raised the specter of endangered American troops in Viet Nam to justify his decision to mine the ports and bomb the North. The "massive invasion" of South Viet Nam by North Vietnamese troops, he contended, "gravely threatens the lives of 60,000 American troops." Pledged Nixon: "We shall do whatever is required to safeguard American lives and American honor." He claimed that politically it would be "a very easy choice" simply to withdraw all of those troops—"after all I did not send over one-half million Americans to Viet Nam. I have brought 500,000 men home." Precipitate withdrawal, though, would amount to "an American defeat," and such a defeat, he said once more, would "encourage aggression all over the world—aggression in which smaller nations, armed by their major allies, could be tempted to attack neighboring nations at will, in the Mideast, in Europe and other areas." Also, it would mean "turning 17 million South Viet-

...ese over to Communist tyranny and ...". Since the North Vietnamese ...e met every U.S. peace offer "with ...olence and insult," the only U.S. re... course, he said, was to employ "deci... military action to end the war."

That action, Nixon insisted, was not ...ected against the Soviet Union. Ad...ssing Moscow, he explained: "We ...pect you to help your allies, and you ...not expect us to do other than to con...ue to help our allies. But let us help ...r allies only for the purpose of their ...fense—not for the purpose of launch... invasions against their neighbors."

Along with his martial talk and his ...w war measures, Nixon offered a ...ace package that included several im...tant new concessions. If the Com...nists will return all Americans ...w held prisoner and agree to "an ...ternationally supervised cease-fire ...oughout Indochina," he said, the U.S. ...uld agree to stop "all acts of force ...oughout Indochina." Aides later ex...ined that this meant that the U.S., ...the first time, was offering to with...w all its sea and air forces from the ...ea. Moreover, there was no insistence ...at the Communists give up any ter...tory they have seized in South Viet ...am. Nixon also said the U.S. would ...mplete its withdrawal within four ...nths of a cease-fire rather than the ...viously offered six months. This mil...ary-only offer would leave the polit...al future of South Viet Nam to be ...gotiated by the Vietnamese alone if ...y want it that way. Although he ...mised continued support to South ...et Nam, he did not mention the name ...President Thieu.

Intense Drive. The mining of ...orth Vietnamese ports, he said, was al...ady "being implemented," and the ...nes would be activated after "three ...aylight periods." Ignoring the invita...n to leave, fewer than a dozen Soviet ...ssels remained locked inside the ...inefield at Haiphong. By week's end, ...o Soviet vessel had tried to maneuver ...s way through the dangerous waters. ...et about 20 freighters, some of them ...ussian, were still on course toward ...aiphong, as were two Soviet mine...eepers. A symbolic "I dare you" chal...enge of the huge U.S. air and sea arma...a seemed unlikely, but it was still ...ossible.

Defense Secretary Laird warned ...at any Russian attempts to deliver car...o by air rather than by sea also would ...e stopped "by all necessary means." ...he U.S. promptly unleashed the most ...ntense air interdiction drive of the war. ...ombers struck targets within Hai...hong and Hanoi and ranged north...ard to hit rail lines leading to China.

The peace overtures in Nixon's ...omb-but-withdraw policy drew no im...ediate hopeful response. They could ...ell be, as Nixon claimed, "the max...um of what any President of the U.S. ...ould offer." And they might prove ...empting to Hanoi—after the fate of ...os, and possibly of the entire Viet-namization program, is settled on the battlefield. At first, the Communists remained as "insolent" as Nixon had charged. The National Liberation Front's Paris negotiator, Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, scoffed: "While we are in a military situation which is favorable to our struggle, he calls for an immediate cease-fire." Celebrating the 18th anniversary of his victory over the French at Dien Bien Phu, North Viet Nam Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap defiantly declared over Hanoi radio: "We are now defeating and definitely will defeat the Nixon war—defeat completely all the adventurous and cruel escalations of the United States imperialists." But after the initial bluster, Hanoi's Le Duc Tho called again for more talks in Paris.

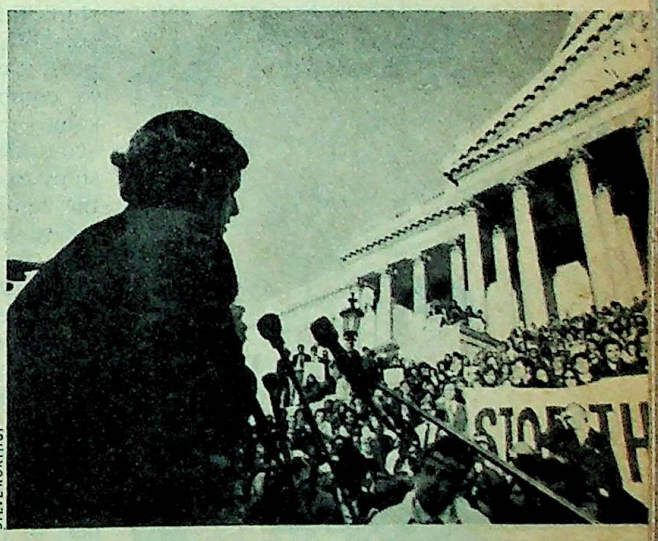
Moscow's only formal response to the mining of the ports was an official statement charging that the U.S. was pursuing "a dangerous and slippery road" that was "fraught with serious consequences for international peace and security." The U.S.S.R. denounced the American actions as "illegal," "inadmissible" and "piratical," and demanded that U.S. disruption of air and land shipping in North Viet Nam "be canceled without delay." Peking charged that the U.S. had taken "a new grave step in escalating its war of aggression against Viet Nam." Its statement scoffed at the idea that the mining was undertaken to safeguard American soldiers. "By continuing to escalate the war in a big way," contended Peking, "the U.S. Government will only cause more American youths to lose their lives."

U.S. allies were notably cool to Nixon's action. Britain's Foreign Office called U.S. countermeasures "inevitable," but Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home noted that "we were not consulted" and said that "this is a situation of danger." In France, where some 20,000 Parisians marched to protest Nixon's action, Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann called it "a brutal worsening of the situation." The French newspaper *Le Monde* said that the Nixon speech, like others made by the President on the war, was "unreal—it is not an ocean which separates the California coast from Indochina but a bottomless political and cultural trench." Japan's Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, offering a rare criticism of the U.S., called the blockade "not a wise move," although he sympathized with Nixon's aims.

The reaction in the U.S. was still too mixed to gauge accurately. The Cabinet closed ranks firmly behind Nixon; as he stopped in the Cabinet Room after his telecast, he was greeted by a standing ovation. "Mr. President, you were determined and resolute, and you made your point well," said HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson. Interior Secretary Rogers Morton assured Nixon that he could expect the support of most of the American public.

White House aides reported a heavy mail and telegram response running 5 to 1 in the President's favor. A Louis Harris survey showed that 59% of

KENNEDY AT CAPITOL PEACE VIGIL



STEVE NORTHUP

MINNEAPOLIS POLICE BEAT DEMONSTRATOR AT UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



UPI

Americans backed Nixon's mining decision, although Harris saw this as more of a rallying reaction in a crisis than a necessarily lasting view. The California Poll reported a sharp rise in popular support after the speech; the previous week only 41% had approved of the way Nixon was handling the war, but after his pronouncement the figure rose to 53%. Yet New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits said his mail showed an overwhelming protest—by 35 to 1—and even his conservative colleague, James Buckley, counted a 2-to-1 margin against the President.

Protesters returned to the streets in the largest numbers since the Cambodian incursion and the Kent State killings two years ago. There was an air of "Here we go again" futility about the demonstrations that made them seem less intense than before. Or perhaps newsmen, too, had become bored by the tactic. Yet across the nation more than 2,000 protesters were arrested and many beaten in clashes with police. Four University of New Mexico students were wounded by police gunfire. National Guardsmen restored order at the University of Minnesota after two days of traffic stopping and window smashing by some 2,000 students, many of whom had been clubbed by cops.

Yet the campus mood was best expressed by Stanford University President Richard W. Lyman, known as a home-front disciplinarian. He warned that the lack of large-scale riots did not mean students and academicians had grown indifferent to the war; rather, there had developed "a dangerous and ever-growing disenchantment with the political system" that cannot end a war that is "immoral at worst, and a failure at best." At Amherst, President John William Ward told some 700 students, "I speak out of frustration and deep despair. I do not think that words will change the minds of the men in power, and I do not care to write letters to the world. What I protest is that there is no way to protest." Ward then joined a sit-down demonstration at Westover Air Force Base and was arrested.

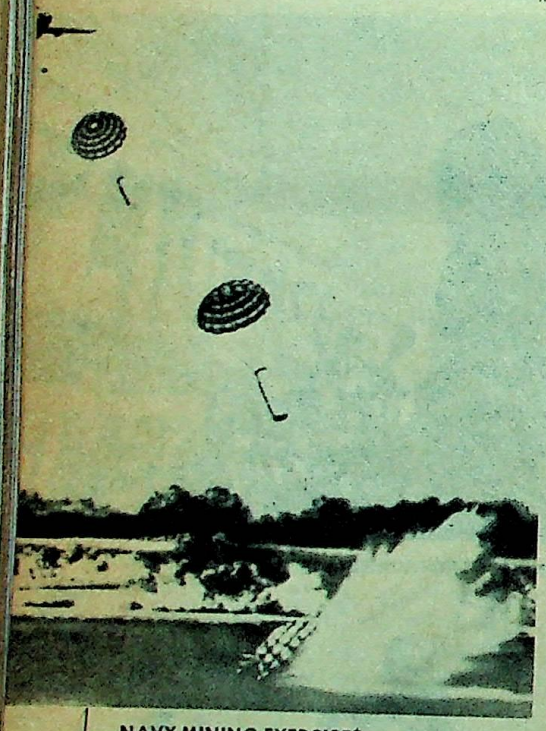
Off campus, some unexpected opposition to presidential policy developed. Chicago's Democratic Mayor Richard Daley, saying he had supported Nixon and past Presidents on the war and that "I think we should stand by our President," nevertheless said he had changed his mind. "I don't think any President has the right, without approval of Congress, to carry on a war—and we've been in a war for ten years." Nine of Henry Kissinger's former staff members wrote to him declaring their admiration for much of what he has done in the past but deploring the mining and the bombing escalation. For this weekend, the National Peace Action Coalition and other antiwar groups have called a mass demonstration in Washington; the turnout may give an indication of how wide and enduring the opposition is.

Reckless. If domestic reaction remained ambiguous, congressional attitudes seemed to turn sharply more partisan. Republicans were under heavy White House pressure to support the President, and the appeal to stand behind him at a moment of crisis—even if it was self-inflicted—was effective. Yet some moderate Republicans seemed to be wavering. Illinois Republican Congressman John Anderson flatly protested: "I am unwilling to take the risk of war with the Soviet Union by engaging in attacks on their ships and planes. I don't think Viet Nam is that important." Vermont Senator George Aiken, a senior Republican who had deplored the North Vietnamese invasion, criticized the mining as ineffective and called it "brinkmanship."

Nixon's Democratic critics felt no need to hold back. As some 1,000 protesters held a dawn prayer vigil on the Capitol steps, timed to coincide with the activation of the mines, Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy declared: "We have a President who says he's interested in the honor of the United States, but he has despoiled that honor." New York Democratic Congressman Jonathan Bingham told the Rules Committee that the mining was "the act of an emperor, a dictator." More than 20 Democratic Congressmen filed suit in fed-

How the Underwater Mines Work

MOST people envision underwater mines as the sort of studded black balls that Cary Grant dodged in *Destination Tokyo*. But the delayed-action mines used to seal off North Vietnamese ports last week are considerably more complex. Sown by low-flying Navy planes, some of them were dropped to the surface by parachute; others, equipped with tail fins, plunged straight to the water. Then they were programmed to settle at various depths in patterns designed to frustrate enemy minesweepers. Some were probably sent to the bottom while others were moored by cables. The mines used last week were not the most sophisticated the U.S. possesses—the risk was too great that one of them, packed with advanced technology, might be recovered and eventually wind up in a Russian ordnance laboratory.



AP

NAVY MINING EXERCISE*

*Composite photo shows deployment of mine parachute and splashdown.

A minefield is generally seeded with a variety of devices. Some explode on contact. Some detonate magnetically when they pick up the magnetic field of a passing ship. Others explode at an acoustical cue, such as a ship's propellers alongside or overhead. Still others go off when a ship's hull increases the water pressure. A mine's relatively simple computer can be programmed to react to combinations of signals. Thus some mines are equipped with "counters." They will allow, say, nine ships to pass by and then blow up the tenth. Such mines greatly increase the dangers of minesweeping, since the sweeper may be the fatal tenth vessel.

Some mines can sit on the bottom for a time, awaiting a coded signal to activate. On signal, they can propel themselves through the water to a different position, or can search for a target.

■

Those who doubt the effectiveness of the mining operation point out that incoming cargo ships might stop outside the minefield and then unload their supplies onto shallow-draft wooden boats that might pass over the field without being detected. As a countermeasure, the Navy might set its mines to go off at extremely faint signals. With such hair triggers, however, the mines could be detonated by a strong current or even by a large passing fish.

Eventually, at some "predetermined time" which the Pentagon of course will not discuss, the mines will deactivate themselves automatically. Meantime, the Soviets may employ some of their surface minesweepers —they have more than 350—to try to clear the ports. If they do so, the U.S. could send in more planes and sow fresh minefields.

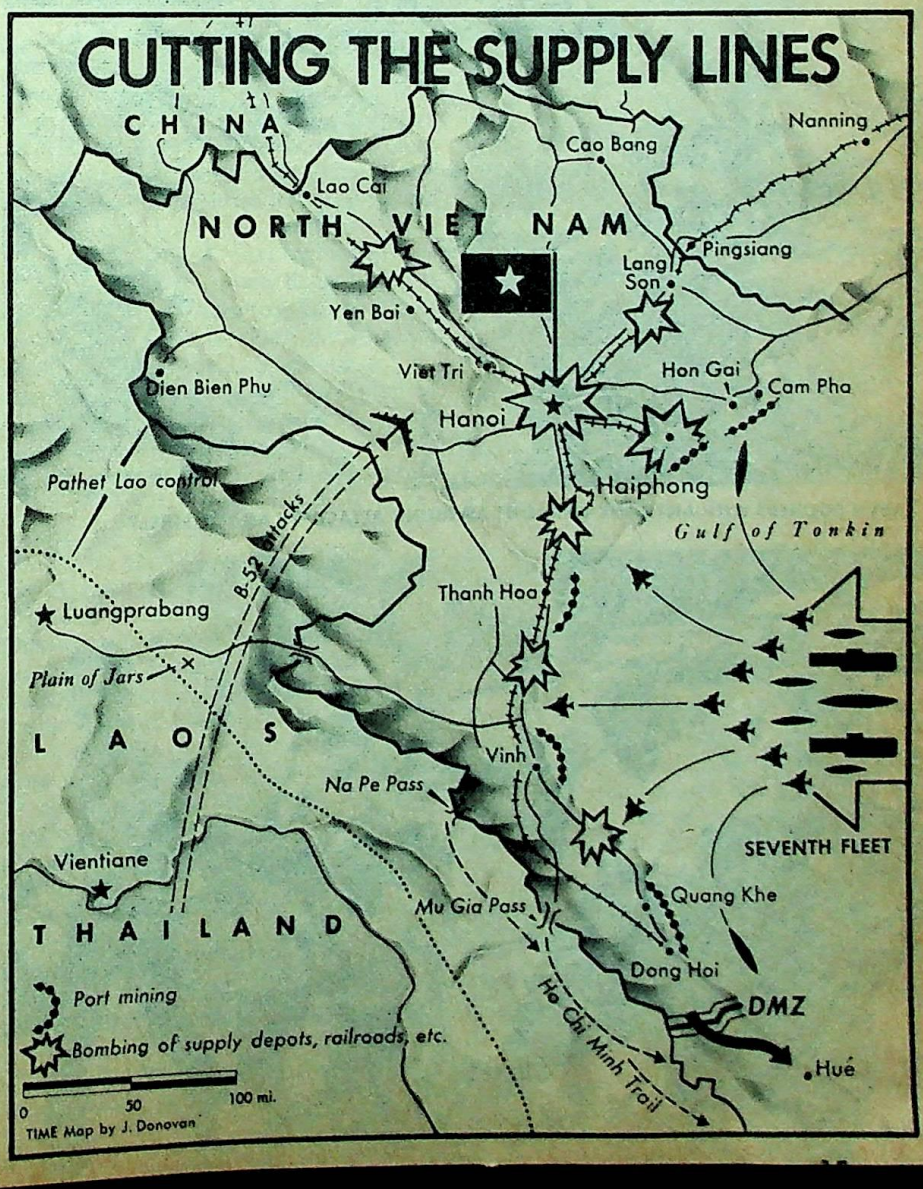
South Viet Nam: Pulling Itself Together

AS the President began speaking to the nation on prime-time evening TV, it was 10 a.m. on Vietnamese clocks. At that hour, Navy jets from carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin dipped low over the narrow, shallow approaches to Haiphong and six smaller ports up and down North Viet Nam's 420 miles of coastline. In a matter of minutes, the pilots splashed hundreds of deadly delayed-action mines into the Communist shipping channels, and the peril and violence of the war in Indochina escalated once again.

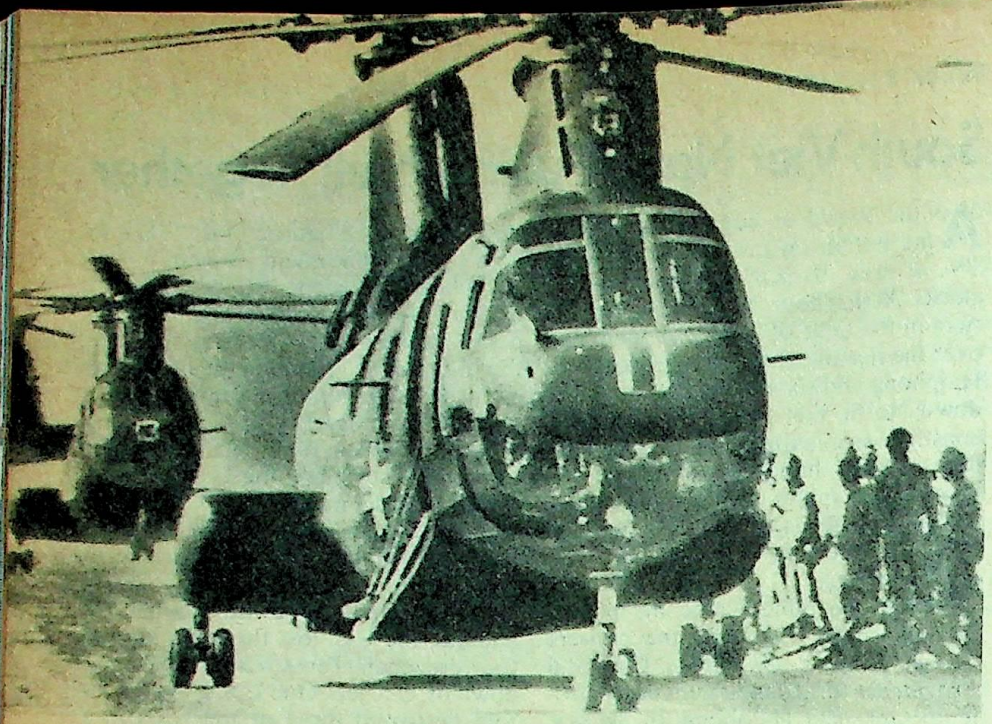
After the mines came the bombs and the shells. Offshore, the cruisers *Newport News, Oklahoma City* and *Providence* turned their guns on a petroleum tank near Haiphong. In the sky, flights of 150 to 175 warplanes, including big B-52 bombers, began a systematic pounding of bridges, barracks, trucks, barges, rail junctions and other military targets in North Viet Nam's Red River Valley heartland. Some of the raids struck within 60 miles of the Chinese border. Daily, sometimes almost hourly, loudspeakers on Hanoi's streets screeched instructions: "Take to your shelters. The enemy is near."

In size and scope, the new air war on the North exceeded the heaviest bombing of Operation Rolling Thunder, the program of gradually escalating air attacks that the Johnson Administration pursued so doggedly for three long years. By March 1968, when Thunder was finally cut back, the U.S. was losing 20 planes a month, and North Vietnamese civilian casualties, by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's estimate, were running as high as 1,000 a week. In the days following Nixon's TV address, the U.S. lost three planes and four crewmen. Ten MIGs were brought down by U.S. jets. One U.S. Navy Phantom destroyed three of the MIGs in a fierce dogfight over Haiphong before it, too, was knocked out of the sky. The Phantom's flyers, Lieut. Randy Cunningham and Lieut. (j.g.) William Driscoll, who were subsequently rescued, thereby became the first American air aces of the Viet Nam War, since they had two previous "kills" to their credit.

Perhaps as Nixon had intended, the



Secretary Laird last week described the South Vietnamese army as "an expansionist ball club." The U.S. mining operation carries the code name



U.S. HELICOPTERS LOADING SOUTH VIETNAMESE FOR OFFENSIVE NEAR QUANG TRI

AP



ARVN SOLDIERS WITH ANTITANK WEAPONS AWAITING ATTACK ON AN LOC STREET

UPI



CIVILIANS FLEEING AN LOC

UPI

strikes had more impact in Saigon
in Hanoi. The tough decision to m
the harbors helped lift the gloom
had settled over President Nguyen
Thieu and his South Vietnamese
eral staff in the wake of the abject
collapses at Quang Tri and in most
the Central Highlands. The disas
had frozen Saigon into a paral
numbness—the sort of debilitat
shock that can quickly translate into
sudden and mortal collapse of mor
In order to boost the sagging spirits
the capital, ARVN set up a display
captured enemy equipment, includ
two huge North Vietnamese tanks
the square outside city hall.

The malaise had apparently infe
ed even Thieu. Except for a few trips
into the field, he had moodily confi
himself to his Saigon palace alm
since the Communist offensive beg
seven weeks ago. Last week, und
prodding from the U.S., Thieu began
take a more visibly vigorous role. To
still a sense of national urgency, he
on TV to ask "the entire nation to do
that can be done, to sacrifice all that
be sacrificed." Nixon's decision to
the mines, he told his Cabinet, ought
"dissipate any rumors that the U
might abandon us." From the Nation
Assembly, he requested a grant
sweeping emergency powers for
months. He also declared a state of m
tial law, thereby giving his governm
the right to take over food supplies, f
bid strikes and demonstrations, cond
unlimited police searches and cl
down everything from universities
race tracks if the need arose. Thieu co
tinued his shake-up of ARVN generals
the inexcusably weak commands of
two northern military regions.

No Static. Last week Thieu fl
north to the imperial city of Hué, wh
is poised for what is widely expected
be the decisive battle of the offensi
There he conferred with Lieut. Gener
Ngo Quang Truong, the newly appoi
ed boss of ARVN's war in Military R
gion I (the northernmost provinces
Truong, who was pulled up from
Mekong Delta after the ARVN 3rd Di
sion broke at Quang Tri, 24 miles no
of Hué, is said to be the most compet
field commander in the South Vietn
ese army. U.S. generals say that "any
uation improves when Truong arriv

Evidently Truong aims to live up
his reputation. Too often, fretful So
Vietnamese commanders have adop
what is generously known as a static d
fense; they have simply sat back a
waited for Communist attacks. At H
Truong has begun to break that patte
He sent a three-battalion infantry pr
into Communist-held territory ne
west of the city. With a lift from 16 h
copters based on a U.S. assault carr
standing at sea off Hué, three mar
battalions were sent north to occupy
town near Quang Tri. The 1,700 m
rines probably would not try to re

Quang Tri, which the 8,000-man ARVN 1st Division had abandoned in terror, leaving behind a shockingly large arsenal of unused weapons: more than 100 tanks and armored cars and nearly 100 artillery pieces. But the appearance of movement was psychologically important to the Vietnamese. As one U.S. adviser in Saigon said: "They need to go out and whip somebody."

Can ARVN pull itself together? Saigon's 492,000-man regular army is suffering from more than battered morale. There are fewer than 150,000 Communist soldiers committed to the invasion; nonetheless they have not only tied up half of ARVN's reserve strength but have also knocked out an ever-growing list of South Vietnamese units—one full infantry division, a third of another division, five infantry regiments, six armored regiments, three artillery battalions, nine ranger battalions, two airborne brigades and three battalions of marines, Saigon's best troops. The South Vietnamese have admitted to heavy casualties: 4,610 dead and 14,093 wounded. U.S. military men hope that, with unstinting American air support and Nixon's morale-boosting moves, ARVN can hold up at least through May, when monsoon rains are expected to dampen ground action in the southern two-thirds of the country.

Medieval War. Despite the promise of Truong's moves around Hué, the military initiative still belonged to the enemy North Vietnamese Defense Minister, General Vo Nguyen Giap. Last week, after a lull of ten days, Giap resumed the offensive. The new Communist thrust was pure Giap—methodical, well-prepared, lavish with firepower, and at an unexpected point. The U.S. and South Vietnamese commands had been awaiting attacks on Kontum or Hué. Instead, Giap once more drove on An Loc, the shell-torn rubber town near the Cambodian border, 60 miles north of Saigon. As usual, Giap's troops fought in almost medieval war of siege and attrition. North Vietnamese artillerymen rained some 7,000 shells and rockets on the ruined city during a 15-hour barrage at a rate of one round every eight seconds. The U.S. Air Force responded in kind by laying on 21 strikes by B-52s, which dropped nearly 2,000 tons of bombs on the city's perimeter. Despite several ground assaults, An Loc's tenacious 6,000-man garrison was still in control of most of the city at week's end.

When the North Vietnamese first launched their offensive, they issued the call for a national "uprising" of South Vietnamese against the Thieu regime. That uprising has not materialized, and the flood of some 600,000 refugees from embattled areas suggests that the NVA soldiers have not been received as liberators. It is doubtful, though, that Hanoi seriously expected the South Vietnamese to revolt. The current campaign is obviously intended to produce a military victory, regardless of the cost in lives to the NVA.

In past offensives, Giap rotated his regiments in and out of the fighting. This year there has been no rotation to rest areas, and units are receiving replacement troops right on the battlefield. At times, Giap's commanders have let 3,000-man regiments fight down to 400 or 500 men before pulling them back to refit. Giap, moreover, has been uncharacteristically reckless in his use of tanks. A U.S. officer in Saigon who saw tank duty in World War II says: "I never saw the Germans or ourselves expend armor at a rate comparable to the North Vietnamese. Last week they moved 25 tanks east of Quang Tri in broad daylight. All of them were destroyed or damaged. That's kind of foolhardy."

Gaping Holes. What are the North Vietnamese after? Ultimately, they would like to wreck ARVN and bring down Thieu. Short of that, their maximum goal could be to seize Hué and the entire top third of the country and use them as a bargaining chip in any peace negotiations. If the battle for Hué occurs, it is universally agreed, it could prove to be crucial—to the shape of a settlement, if there is one, and to the future of Thieu and the Nixon policy in any case. Strategically, the fall of Hué would put Communist artillery within range of nearby Danang and its sprawling U.S. airbase. Psychologically, Hué's loss could lead to demoralization and collapse of South Viet Nam. "The impact would be like that of Dien Bien Phu," a high South Vietnamese official told TIME Correspondent Herman Nickel last week. "It would make clear that not even the best ARVN troops can defend the major cities and population centers. That's why the whole war may be decided in the next two or three weeks." Thieu is known to fear that if the Communists were to take Hué, they would immediately offer an in-place cease-fire—and the U.S. would accept, despite Thieu's opposition. As the Thieu scenario continues, political chaos would follow and the regime would fall.

The U.S. generals rate Hué's chances as only fair, even though it is defended by the esteemed Truong and 30,000 to 35,000 troops, including the highly rated 1st Division, three marine brigades, and airborne and ranger units. Opposing them are three Communist divisions and several independent regiments. When TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud visited Hué last week, Communist guns were not far off. Cabled Cloud: "You can hear artillery in the distance, and from time to time the thunder of B-52 strikes rolls through the city to remind people how close the attackers are. The population —200,000 in normal times—has shrunk to about 100,000, including the troops and 40,000 refugees who were too poor, too tired or too sick to continue the flight south. The imperial palace stands in decaying splendor, surrounded by ancient walls through which gaping holes were blasted in the bloody fighting of 1968. Now the old city sits under a blistering sun and waits for war to come to it again.

"The town was very quiet, as it had been under the French when it was soft and sweet as a tropical fruit. On the main streets the traffic was mostly military. On the side streets there was no traffic at all. Houses were closed and shuttered. Schools were deserted, shops closed, restaurants barricaded. Only a few sampans plied the Perfume River. Some of the buildings of Hué University were used to house refugees. Once a day a dump truck arrived loaded with loaves of fly-specked 'welfare' bread. Each family of five was given one loaf a day, and nothing more. 'All the people with enough money have gone,' one middle-aged refugee told me. 'Only we are left.'

LE MINH



TRUONG & PRESIDENT THIEU
Lifting the gloom.

"Inside the Citadel, American Marine advisers have slung their hammocks in the Hall of the Royal Dancing Virgins. General Truong has his headquarters in the former residence of the Emperor. Outside, South Vietnamese soldiers laugh and eat watermelon under shady trees in the hot afternoon. They seem relaxed and happy. But, as one senior American officer told me, 'Normal indications of high morale can disappear very rapidly in an attack.'

"One day about 1,000 of Truong's local volunteers, wearing everything from black pajamas to sports shirts, marched through the city to the wall of the Citadel. A band was playing, and a few refugees and children gathered to watch. But there were no cheers."

Where's Congress?

CONGRESSIONAL leaders knew something was afoot last Monday, but they did not know what. With all the rumors buzzing of impending presidential action in Viet Nam, Senate Democrats asked at noon for a meeting with the President, but their request went unanswered. Not until late in the afternoon were congressional leaders given notice of an 8 p.m. briefing at the White House. When they arrived, the President gave them a crisp 15 minutes, then left abruptly to get ready for his announcement to the nation of a near-blockade of North Viet Nam. Cabinet members and Pentagon brass stayed behind to answer questions fired at them by the irritated, frustrated Congressmen. "There's no change in the pattern," grumbled Leslie Arends, House Republican whip since 1943. "I've yet to sit in on one of these conferences and hear the President say: 'What do you think we ought to do?' " A presidential aide remarked: "Well, what the hell, I think they're used to it by now."

In many ways they are. They have suffered presidential control of foreign policy so long that they just about take it for granted. Now the President had mounted still another dangerous escalation of the Viet Nam War without so much as asking their opinion. It was the culminating humiliation of years of presidential neglect and indifference. The danger was that Congress had acquiesced in its inferior status. "There are members of Congress who are called 'the President's men,' " says Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. "In their view, everything a President recommends is right. Everything a President does is right. Any time the Congress, a coequal branch of Government, seeks to exercise the equality granted to us under the Constitution, we are accused of engaging in adversary proceedings."

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This imbalance of powers is not the result of a deliberate plot conducted by power-happy Presidents. It more or less just happened, helped along by circumstance. Named the Commander in Chief of the armed forces by the Constitution, partly to ensure civilian control of the military, the President has always had the power to act quickly when he needed to. Congress, a deliberative body, moves more slowly and cautiously. From Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase to Johnson's dispatch of troops to Viet Nam, with rare exceptions the President has taken the lead in foreign and military policy while Congress has tagged along, often grumbling. When an earlier activist President, James K. Polk, sent troops into Mexico and then demanded that Congress approve his action, Senator John C. Calhoun declared that the deed "stripped Congress of the power of making war, and what was more and worse, it gave that power to every officer, nay, to every subaltern commanding a corporal's guard." As before and since, the President got away with it.

Now that the U.S. is embroiled in Viet Nam, Americans may wonder how the President could have acquired so much power. Yet it was only a few short years ago that most liberals in politics and in the academy considered a strong presidency essential to democracy. A good case can be made for presidential power in foreign affairs. Diplomatic negotiations cannot be left to a many-headed Congress with myriad political commitments and conflicting personalities. America had to speak with one voice, not many. As the U.S. role increased in world affairs, the President took charge of an ever-expanding military, diplomatic and intelligence Establishment. With annihilation of the nation a genuine possibility in the nuclear age, only the President could have the power to make quick life-or-death decisions. There seemed to be no other way.

■

But power in such quantity is an ever-present temptation. The line between constitutional and unconstitutional acts became blurred. Congressional power to declare war atrophied; in effect, the President did it on his own—in Korea, in Viet Nam and to a lesser degree in a host of other places, like Lebanon and the Dominican Republic, where the President committed American forces momentarily. The process has a cumulative effect. Once the President has made a certain commitment of troops, he may feel compelled to send still more to protect his original investment. Viet Nam is the tragic outcome of a process that nobody really meant to start and nobody quite knows how to stop.

The question is how to correct the imbalance and restore to Congress its proper role in the conduct of foreign affairs. Congressmen, quite naturally, are not of one mind on the war. Without a working hostile majority, they cannot put up solid opposition to the President's policies, and Nixon conquers partly by dividing. Beyond that, once a war is undertaken and American lives are at stake, the President's men and others, too, are reluctant to jeopardize the war effort. It would be unpatriotic and politically hazardous. Hence the unwillingness of Congress to cut off appropriations for the war.

■

One promising approach is a law that would inhibit the President's warmaking powers by reinforcing the badly eroded constitutional right of Congress to declare and support a war. Several such bills have been introduced that would not apply to Viet Nam but to any future Viet Nams. Most discussed is the proposal of New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits to limit unilateral military action by the President to specific instances where the U.S. or its armed forces have been attacked. The President could also take military action to protect American lives and property abroad or to carry out the terms of a treaty or other agreement ratified by Congress. But unless approved by Congress, hostilities would have to end in 30 days. Obviously such a bill would not completely restrain the President, given his ample resources. But it would bring Congress into the decision-making process as never before.

So far, Nixon has resisted all attempts to rebuild congressional power over foreign policy. Last November, Congress passed a military authorization bill with a watered-down version of the Mansfield amendment, which simply called for setting a date for the withdrawal of American forces from Viet Nam as soon as the prisoners of war are released. The President signed the bill into law while describing the amendment as being "without binding force or effect."

Yet Congress, properly informed, could be as much of a help as a hindrance to the President, particularly in this time of travail over Viet Nam. By being brought into policymaking, Congress could share the responsibility as well as the blame for what happens there. Rather than rebuffing them, the President might welcome congressional efforts to formulate a peace offer to North Viet Nam. The Church-Case amendment omits a cease-fire as a condition for the withdrawal of American forces, but does embody Nixon's offer of a total withdrawal in four months after the P.O.W.s are freed. Though Nixon dislikes congressional interference with his prerogatives, some such congressional resolution would increase his bargaining strength with North Viet Nam. It would demonstrate that Congress, the source of so much antiwar sentiment, is behind him.

■

No less than previous Presidents, Nixon has underestimated what Congress can do for him. It can, under certain circumstances, save him from himself. The Senate, in particular, remains the repository of a worldly-wise skepticism—a quality not always found in the Executive bureaucracy, which defends to the death policies that it has initiated. The Administration has had to keep escalating in Viet Nam to protect its original position. If the President had been required to report regularly to Congress, he might have found alternative strategies. To some degree, the President has become the captive of the huge Establishment that has grown up around him. "A strong President," says Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, "has been regarded as not one who strengthens and upholds our constitutional system as a whole but as one who accumulates and retains as much power as possible in the presidential office itself." It is time not to weaken the President, but to make the U.S. stronger by sharing the redundant power of the presidency with Congress.



RICHARD HOWARD—CAMERA 5

H. KITCHY-COOING IN BALTIMORE

POLITICS

The McGovern Issue

The primaries have begun to blur somewhat, like cities watched from a sidelong cross-country train. But if the cumbling and expensive system has any merit it is that it at least determines which candidates travel well. Last week, as the sheer surprise of George McGovern's early primary successes was wearing off, the central questions of his candidacy emerged more clearly: Can he command a winning national constituency once his stands on the issues become widely known and debated? Can his coalition of the discontented widen to embrace sufficiently to win him a nomination? An election?

Those questions arose crucially in the final days of Nebraska's primary last week. McGovern had depended upon a solid victory in Nebraska, which adjoins his own South Dakota. Hubert Humphrey had all but conceded the state, but then, scenting the possibility of an upset, Humphrey plunged in with a major, if belated, campaign. Humphrey's camp fostered an impression that McGovern was too radical to be taken seriously for the nomination.

No one accused Humphrey of organizing a smear campaign, but he did set the theme: "The McGovern record speaks for itself. A candidate can't be quoted two ways." A more specific formulation: McGovern is pro-marijuana, pro-abortion and pro-amnesty for draft resisters. "This is the McGovern record," said an advertisement in the Roman Catholic archdiocesan newspaper in Omaha. The ad was placed by the Citizens Concerned for Preservation of Life. At the same time, McGovern's promise to cut the defense budget by $2 billion alarmed residents around the Offutt Air Force Base, headquarters of the Strategic Air Command.

McGovern understood the significance of the attack. He repeatedly and specifically explained himself. In doing so, he did not alter the substance of his previous stands, although he may have shifted his emphasis to placate more conservative Democrats. Previously McGovern had said that "abortion is a private matter which should be decided by a pregnant woman and her own doctor. Once the decision is made, I do not feel that the law should stand in the way of its implementation." But on a Nebraska television program he said that there should be some restrictions: "You can't let just anybody walk in and request an abortion."

McGovern has never favored the legalization of marijuana. On the Nebraska TV show he opposed jail sentences for possessors. But he insisted that no penalty was too harsh in dealing with "murderous, unprincipled" drug pushers. On amnesty, he explained that he was merely following the precedents set by Lincoln, Coolidge and Truman, all of whom declared postwar amnesties. "Nobody ever called Calvin Coolidge a dangerous radical," said McGovern. The Senator favors amnesty for conscientious objectors but not for deserters.

McGovern campaigned with former Nebraska Governor Frank Morrison, 66, who was imposingly dressed in white Stetson and cowboy boots. Asked Morrison: "Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than that old Frank Morrison is out advocating a dangerous left-winger?"

The war crisis played a problematic role. President Nixon's TV speech came on election eve, and no one could firmly fix its effect—if any. Though McGovern is well known as an antiwar candidate, the President's speech came so soon before the balloting that it may have made little difference.

In the end, McGovern emerged with 41% and Humphrey with 35%. McGovern scored in the university community of Lincoln, lost among the state's Irish Catholics in Omaha, and held the farmers remarkably well. Humphrey had missed his upset. McGovern's aides comforted themselves, perhaps overoptimistically, with the thought that they had set the "radical issue" to rest in the same way that John Kennedy overcame the Catholicism issue in West Virginia's primary in 1960.



AP

McGOVERN PATTING IN OMAHA

Key questions.

Pollyannaism. Ironically, it was in West Virginia that Humphrey found infinitely greater satisfaction last week. He emerged with 67% of the vote in the preference poll there, against George Wallace, who won 33%. It may have been an important psychological victory for Humphrey, whose loss of the 1960 West Virginia primary to Kennedy has been credited with sending J.F.K. to the White House. In fact, as Humphrey watched the West Virginia returns on TV, he offered a characteristic Pollyannaism about that race twelve years ago: "I personally suffered a political defeat, but the nation gained a great President."

This time Humphrey gained more than just votes. He will take a healthy share of West Virginia's 35 delegates into the convention. In a state with one of the nation's highest per capita union memberships and minimal anxiety about busing (the black population is only 4%), Humphrey's ties to organized labor and the state's Democratic machinery were sufficient to reward him with a handsome victory.

Wallace gave only perfunctory attention to West Virginia, preferring to till more fertile ground in Maryland and Michigan. Both states have primaries this week, and in each his constituency is strong. Humphrey and McGovern, the principal contenders, were looking farther down the calendar, to Oregon on May 23 and, more important, to California on June 6. California, with its 271 delegate votes, winner take all, had become the Democrats' new political grail. Victory there might be enough to propel either McGovern or Humphrey to the nomination.

As of last week, the delegate scorecard stood: 338 for McGovern, 241½ for Humphrey, 213 for Wallace.

The Democratic Rockefeller

Tall, tanned and toothy he moves through the poor farm and hill towns of West Virginia like some cultured country slicker. Striding into one tiny town hall he purposely bypasses the speaker's podium, hikes one shiny size-12 shoe onto a folding chair, unbuttons his navy blue cashmere blazer, loosens his wide striped tie and says with a slight twang: "They say, 'Now you know Jay. He's a carpetbagger. He came down here to use this state.'" He flashes the

neon smile. "Now I criticized my parents because they didn't allow me to be born here." As the titters subside, he turns superserious. "But you know, don't you, just like I know, that it's not important where a man is born but what he loves." When everything goes right, he leaves the impression that, well—old Jay is regular folks.

Gutsy but Risky. Old Jay is anything but, of course. He is John Davison Rockefeller IV, 34, an émigré to Appalachia by way of Exeter, Harvard, Yale, the Peace Corps and the U.S. State Department. He is young, handsome, rich and married to the pretty blonde daughter of Illinois' Republican Senator Charles Percy. So what is a guy like that doing in a place like West Virginia? He is running for Governor and, for all the opportunistic, Johnny-come-lately overtones, his commitment to the state runs deep. He went there eight years ago as a poverty-program worker. After toiling for two years in Emmons, a creek-bed hollow five miles from the nearest road, he decided that "politics was the only way to accomplish anything in West Virginia," where 30% of the people are considered poor. In 1966, he won a race for the state legislature by a record margin and two years later was elected secretary of state. Last week in the West Virginia primary, liberal Democrat Rockefeller won the party's gubernatorial nomination with a thumping 72% of the vote.

Though there are twice as many registered Democrats as Republicans in the state, Jay Rockefeller is far from being a shoo-in. In fact, his gutsy but politically risky call for an end to strip mining in the state "completely and forever" has turned his race against the folksy, foxy Republican incumbent, Arch A. Moore Jr., 49, into one of the nation's tightest and most exciting state-level battles. To many voters, Rockefeller's stand on strip mining, a $200 million industry employing many of the state's 44,000 miners, is somewhat like proposing a ban on oil in Texas or oranges in Florida. Nevertheless, preaching that strip mining is a "cancer of the earth" that mutilates the hills "like a knife slash through a painting," Rockefeller supports the expansion of deep mining, a far less unsightly operation. "When I see one stripper working," he says, "I see three deep miners out of work." So do the mineowners—and that is one reason why they are solidly aligned behind Moore, a native West Virginian and a supporter of strip mining.

With mining money expected to flow to Moore like water in back-hollow creeks, Rockefeller's rich-boy image is not likely to hurt him. He spent $319,000 on his campaign, downplaying TV pitches for fear of coming on as the big-moneyed media candidate. In last week's primary there were signs that the ecological message was getting through: 11 of the 23 candidates who won seats in the House of Delegates had the endorsement of the increasingly popular "Citizens to Abolish Strip Mining Inc." Sweeping out Moore, a savvy campaigner whose vote-pulling power started with the student body presidency at West Virginia University and ran through six terms as a U.S. Congressman, is something else. But Rockefeller has his own tradition to uphold. Harking back to his great-grandfather, the first John D., Jay Rockefeller says matter-of-factly: "Rockefellers always get their way. I don't know if I like that, but that's the way it is, isn't it?" November will tell.

ROCKEFELLER IN APPALACHIA



HODGES—CHARLESTON DAILY MAIL

Spring Cleaning in Texas

There are two things a man should never be forced to see: how the meat packers make sausage and how Texas politicians make their daily bread.

That hill-country heehaw is no longer a laughing matter. After a series of messy political scandals, restive Texans turned out last week for the state primary in record numbers and shook the conservative Democratic establishment from top to bottom. When the spring cleaning was over, the discard pile included Governor Preston Smith, Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes, 78 state legislators and scores of other veteran local officeholders.

Bright, blue-eyed Ben Barnes, 34, was the most astonishing casualty. Once marked as presidential timber by Lyndon Baines Johnson, and a "golden boy" protégé of Treasury Secretary John Connally, Barnes nonetheless was hurt by revelations of high-level wheeling and dealing in the state capital. The most sensational was the implication of Governor Smith and former Texas House Speaker Gus Mutscher, among others, in a stock-fraud case (TIME, Feb. 15, 1971). Barnes was not directly involved, but after subsequent investigations exposed flagrant cases of nepotism (one legislator had five relatives on various payrolls) and misuse of state funds (another bought a pickup truck partly with $1,200 in state-purchased postage stamps), the disenchanted voters were in no mood for quibbling. "They threw the rascals out," moaned Barnes, "and me with them."

IKE BARUCH



FARENTHOLD GREETING SUPPORTERS
Out went the rascals.

That paved the way for Frances ("Sissy") Farenthold, 46, a feisty Corpus Christi lawyer and state legislator to make her bid for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Entering the race just three months before the primary, she finished a surprising second and will face Rancher-Banker Dolph Briscoe, 48, in a June 3 runoff. Unlike Briscoe, a conservative Democrat who has not been politically active since an unsuccessful try for Governor in 19[illegible], Sissy has been on the ramparts. During her two terms in the legislature, she was known as "the den mother of the Dirty Thirty," a coalition of reform-minded legislators who fought against the heavyhanded leadership of Speaker Mutscher. At first glance her candidacy seems hardly promising; a liberal in a conservative country, a Catholic in the Baptist heartland—and an advocate of busing, liberalized abortion and marijuana laws, a state tax on corporate profits, elimination of the Texas Rangers and greater representation for blacks and Chicanos.

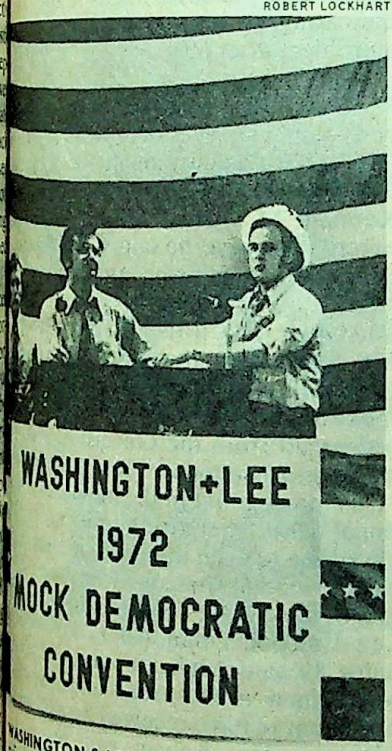
Given the climate for change, however, few political observers are ready to write off the chances of a candidate like sassy Sissy. "The mood for real political reform in Texas is as strong as it has ever been," admits one veteran Democratic leader, "and where it will all end is not yet clear."

Intimations of Miami

George McGovern showed early
Hubert Humphrey rallied and fad-
Ed Muskie made a late surge. A
tly contested primary? No, a hotly
ntested mock political convention at
shington and Lee University in Lex-
gton, Va., the boomingest of the qua-
ennial campus mass ventures into
litical prediction. Washington and
e's convention also has the best rec-
d for accuracy. Since visiting Speak-
William Jennings Bryan inspired
eir first mock convention in 1908,
e student delegates have correctly pre-
icted the presidential nominee for the
t-of-power party a remarkable ten
f 14 times. It has been 60 years, in
ct, since they were wrong about a
emocrat.

This year's extravaganza got under
ay with a parade down Lexington's
ain street with bands, floats and real
e jackasses. George Wallace's float,
turally, was a yellow school bus load-
d with his mock delegates toting se-
ous placards: REDNECK POWER. An-
her realistic touch was a token mob
ding in a Jeep bearing the sign: MOCK

ROBERT LOCKHART



WASHINGTON & LEE MOCK CONVENTION
Right ten out of 14 times.

OTS, CHAOS. The parade was followed
a keynote speech by Georgia Gov-
nor Jimmy Carter that was received,
ported the Richmond *Times-Dis-*
patch, with "remarkably convincing
ock boredom."

The voting was tougher than usual
is year, what with a crowd of can-
idates, eleven more real primaries still
o go, a revised set of party rules and
n expanded electorate. For months the
,600 student delegates (out of a stu-
ent enrollment of 1,600) had been con-
erring with Democratic leaders in all
0 states. Throughout last week's bal-
oting, mock state chairmen sought ad-
vice by telephone from the same experts on how to vote, when to switch. After the appropriate hoopla, nominating speeches and floor demonstrations, the roll call got under way ("The great State of West Virginia, home of Jerry West, Don Knotts and Soupy Sales, casts its 35 votes . . ."). On the first roll call, McGovern started strongly with 1,205½ of the 1,509 votes needed for the nomination, climbed to 1,355½ on the second, and then fell into a seeming deadlock with Humphrey, who eventually gave way to Muskie. Finally, after twelve hours and seven roll calls, the mock delegates settled on the nominee: Ted Kennedy.

NEW YORK

The Abortion Issue

Abortion is fast becoming one of the most volatile issues in U.S. politics. While it singed George McGovern in the Nebraska primary last week, it exploded in New York, involving the President of the U.S., Governor Nelson Rockefeller, anxious state legislators up for re-election and a prince of the Roman Catholic Church.

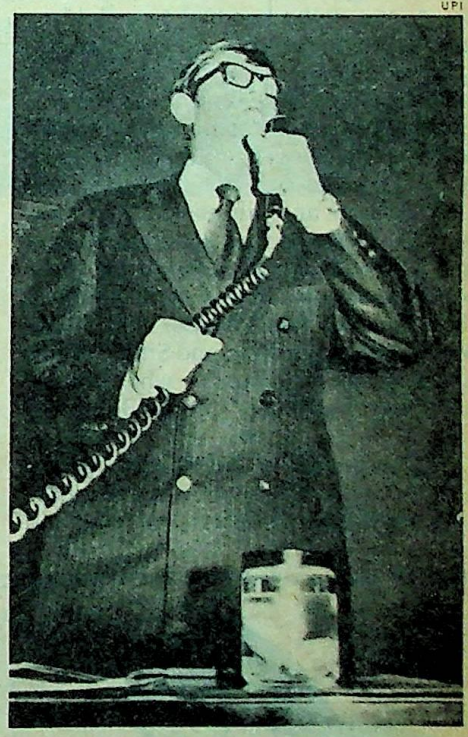
The spark was a move in the Albany legislature to repeal the state's two-year-old liberalized abortion law. One of the broadest in the U.S., it permits legal abortions by doctors on women in the first 24 weeks of pregnancy; there have been 350,000 legal abortions in New York City alone under the law. For more than a year, opponents—including Catholic-dominated Right to Life groups, some Protestants and Orthodox Jews—have been buttonholing legislators, conducting letter-writing campaigns and otherwise mustering support for the repeal bill. With the backing of Terence Cardinal Cooke, Archbishop of New York, abortion was condemned from pulpits throughout the archdiocese. As debate on the repeal bill neared, busloads of anti-abortionists arrived in Albany to demonstrate outside the Capitol. Some carried signs; others made speeches equating abortion with infanticide and upholding the right of the fetus to life. Some of the tactics went even further. State Senator Sidney von Luther, a black from Manhattan who supports the liberalized law, complained of middle-of-the-night telephone calls that "frightened my wife because the callers questioned her morality."

Enter the President. The White House is keenly aware that mail has recently been running 5 to 1 against the pro-abortion recommendations of the President's panel on population control chaired by Nelson Rockefeller's elder brother John. Public-opinion polls have shown that abortion is still unacceptable to large numbers of Americans. Nixon Speechwriter Patrick Buchanan, seeing the New York debate as an opportunity for the President to put his anti-abortion views on record once more to political advantage, suggested that he do so in a letter to Cardinal Cooke. Nixon agreed, intervening boldly in the kind of state-legislative uproar he usually avoids. The letter, endorsing the repeal movement and calling it a "noble endeavor," was released by the Cardinal's office—with tacit, if not explicit, White House approval.

The President's letter surprised Cardinal Cooke and embarrassed Rockefeller, who had backed a substitute bill permitting abortions up to 16 weeks after conception. The fury of pro-abortion forces ripped through Republican suburban strongholds and cut across party lines. In an effort to repair the damage, Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman lamely explained that the unsolicited letter was meant to be private and had been released only because of "sloppy staff work." Few were convinced.

But some were obviously influenced. First, the assembly, with several representatives switching sides, passed the repeal bill 79 to 68. Then, following a debate during which an abortion opponent passed out pictures of aborted fetuses and a proponent waved wire coat hangers, which can be used for deadly do-it-yourself abortions, the Senate followed suit. But the repeal effort proved unsuccessful—at least for this year. Rockefeller, who supported the liberal abortion law two years ago, vetoed the repeal bill, and matched the deed with a stinging message. "I do not believe it is right for one group to impose its vision of morality on an entire society," he wrote. Repeal, he said, "would not end abortions, it would only end abortions under safe and supervised medical conditions. Every woman has the right to make her own choice."

UPI



ASSEMBLYMAN SHOWING FETUS
A stinging veto.

"My letters are often sold not as literature but as the material relics of a modern saint," wrote **George Bernard Shaw** to a friend. "Often, some impecunious journalist asks me to refuse [his requests for material] on an insulting postcard, so that he can dispose of it to a collector for the price of a meal." That particular letter brought the price of a pretty good meal—$250—at an auction of G.B.S. letters and memorabilia at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries. A total of $41,900 was paid for the 165 lots—including $4,250 for a packet of 19 love letters from young Shaw to his "undeservedly beloved," a nurse named Alice Lockett. "I am," he wrote, "opinionated, vain, weak, ignorant, lazy and so forth." He gave her a sample in his final letter: "Lovemaking grows tedious to me—the emotion has evaporated from it. This is your fault."

■

"None is Fun" is the slogan of NON—the new National Organization for Non-Parents. Co-hosts at the launching in Washington were Baseball Iconoclast **Jim Bouton** (who has had two children and a vasectomy) and Theater Iconoclast **John Simon** (divorced non-father). Non-Mother's Day and Non-Father's Day will be celebrated on the appropriate days, as will anything that promotes a "child-free life-style." To that end, Bouton announced the first NON awards: to **David** and **Julie Eisenhower** and Congresswoman **Shirley** and **Conrad Chisholm** as Child-Free Couples of 1972, and to **Ralph Nader** and **Gloria Steinem** as Single Man and Single Woman of the Year. "Wonder what kind of a kid they'd produce," mused Bouton.

■

"Irreconcilable differences" is the term in California divorce law that covers a multitude of marital problems, and pretty, Dutch-born Mieke Tunney, 35, has used it to sue for dissolution of her 13-year marriage to California's Democratic Senator **John V. Tunney,** 37. In addition to alimony, child support and half the community property, she is asking for custody of their three children. Tunney, claiming surprise, hurried back from California to see Mieke in Washington. Washington, equally surprised, prepared to get along without one of its most glamorous couples.

■

The great **Willie Mays**—a running, throwing, hitting folk hero in his own time—was back in New York City, and everyone was glad. The San Francisco Giants were glad because their failing gates would no longer have to bear the burden of Willie's $165,000 salary (not to mention what they got in exchange: about $100,000 and a pitcher from the New York Mets). The Mets were glad because Mays, even at 41, is still a powerful player as well as an enormous drawing card in the city where he began his career 21 years, 646 home runs and 2,857 big-league games ago. Willie, who has been trying to get a long-term contract to guarantee his future, was delighted. "It's a wonderful feeling," he said. "When you come back to New York, it's like coming back to paradise."

■

In *Women's Wear Daily* a few days ago, **Teddy Kennedy's** wife **Joan** bristled "at the suggestion that a political marriage is difficult to manage." Said she: "It's not a big deal at all. Politics is not a problem. It's his job. And a political wife can share it more than a woman married to a businessman who works a 9-to-5 job." But in a *Good Housekeeping* series on the wives of potential presidential candidates, Joan speaks freely of her continuing involvement in psychotherapy in response to the emotional strains and pressures she is living with, indicating, perhaps, that politics can be a problem after all.



UPI

JOAN KENNEDY PLAYING PIANO
Stresses and strains.

■

One thing is perfectly clear: somebody sent Vice President **Spiro Agnew** a bedspread. Agnew thought it came from the Democratic Governor of Maine, Kenneth M. Curtis, and he refused to accept it because, he said, Curtis had encouraged an antiwar group that had pelted him with food last April. Not so, said Governor Curtis: "I have never sent Mr. Agnew any gifts of any kind, nor do I intend doing so." Insisted an Agnew spokesman: "We definitely received a bedspread from the Governor, and it's being returned today." Riposted Curtis: "It's amazing that in the middle of a national crisis, the Vice President would have time to even think about returning a bedspread to someone who never sent it in the first place." Eventually a retired Lewiston policeman, A.J. (Tony) Petropulos, 89, said that he, for one, had given Mr. Agnew a bedspread and was surprised not to have received an acknowledgment. Mr. Agnew can rest easy under Mr. Petropulos' coverlet—he is a loyal Republican.

■

"Mother's life seems just as fantastic to me as it must to everyone else," said Elizabeth Taylor's son, **Michael Wilding,** 19. "I really don't want any part of it. I just don't dig all those diamonds and things. I haven't seen my mother for several months, but she's always welcome here if she wants to come, of course." "Here" is a farmhouse on twelve acres in Wales, where Michael, having abandoned the $78,000 mansion that his mother gave him, now lives in a commune with Wife Beth, Baby Leila, six friends, an old goat and a mongrel dog named Wally.

SENATOR JOHN & MIEKE TUNNEY MAKING MUSIC TOGETHER

GUNTHER—CAMERA 5





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TWA'S FREE GETAWAY KIT.

Extravagant Eclectic

It might have been a sports event, a church sermon, an opera, a musical comedy. It was, in fact, all of those things. Produced at Manhattan's Judson Memorial Church, *A Look at the Times* comprised an entrancing hodgepodge of tap dancing, singing, recitations and thunderous chorales providing a running commentary on, of all things, an actual basketball game. It won rave reviews, packed the church for three weekends recently—then vanished. So it goes with the work of the Rev. Al Carmines, who wrote the show and is fast emerging as one of New York's finest composers of theater music. Because Carmines is also the practicing minister at Judson Memorial, most of his productions have to be sandwiched between other functions at the church.

Unsmirched Wilde. One day last week, for example, Carmines zipped uptown to Manhattan's Town Hall for a recital of songs from some of the 58 shows he has written since 1961. Looking like a saintly, unsmirched Oscar Wilde, he sang in a brassy baritone,

MARTHA HOLMES



COMPOSER CARMINES AT TOWN HALL

played some fleet-fingered piano, and filled the hall with resounding delight.

Carmines' music is extravagantly eclectic. He writes songs about war, Joan of Arc, peace, Gertrude Stein, pornography, Jesus Christ and W.C. Fields, and in a stylistic gamut that runs from Monteverdi to Montenegro. His favorite form is an extension of the turn-of-the-century ballad, on which he imposes anything that catches his fancy: tangos, hillbilly hymns, blues, echoes, jazz, gospel shouts, Puccini pastiches.

The son of a harmonica-playing sea captain, Carmines was born 35 years ago in Hampton, Va. Until age 17, he planned to become a concert pianist. Then he took stock of his keyboard talents and decided on the ministry instead. "But in college at Swarthmore," he says, "I became an atheist. Later on I realized that you don't have to be a fanatic to believe in God, so I grew out of that." After graduating from Union Theological Seminary, he went to Judson Memorial and was assigned to form a church theatrical group. Carmines accepted on two conditions: no censorship and no religious dramas. "God doesn't disappear when you don't talk about him," he explained.

When Carmines began writing his own shows, a few (*Peace, In Circles, Promenade*) were picked up for commercial runs in off-Broadway theaters, and Carmines won four Obie awards —off-Broadway's equivalent to the Oscar. Now he is turning increasingly to performing. Last January he had a successful stint as pianist-singer in Manhattan's Downstairs at the Upstairs. Carmines insists, though, that he is not tempted to leave the church for full-time show biz. "The two great doctrines of Christianity are salvation and creation," he says. "There has been too much concern with the first. I want to do something about the second."

Royal Eggs

For the past 23 years, visits to Manhattan by London's Royal Ballet have become a springtime ritual. In most cases, the company's programming has become ritualistic too: 19th century warhorses like *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*, plus a generous dash of contemporary works like *The Dream* and *The Two Pigeons* by the Royal's longtime director Sir Frederick Ashton.

The company's current six-week stand at Lincoln Center, however, has a special point of interest. It is its first under the directorship of Kenneth MacMillan, 42, an Ashton disciple who is best known for his full-length *Romeo and Juliet*, and who succeeded his mentor in the fall of 1970. For the occasion, the company is sporting two new MacMillan pieces. Alas, together they lay two of the biggest eggs of the New York ballet season.

▶ *Triad* seems to be about a triangular love relationship in which a girl (Antoinette Sibley) breaks up an affair between two male homosexuals (Anthony Dowell and Wayne Eagling). The program reveals, however, that the boys are brothers. Fraternal love is admittedly difficult to convey these days, but in this short work MacMillan has compounded the problem by his cramped and largely uninteresting choreography.

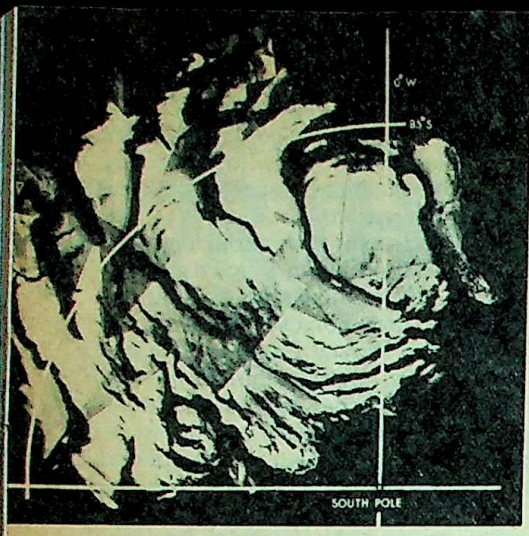
▶ *Anastasia* is an admirably ambitious but ultimately unconvincing full-length ballet about Tsar Nicholas II's youngest daughter Lynn Seymour who, by some accounts, escaped execution at the hands of the Bolsheviks and as Anna Anderson spent years unsuccessfully trying to prove that she was indeed the Grand Duchess Anastasia. The first two acts, using music by Tchaikovsky, provide a touching but repetitive romantic-ballet picture of Anastasia's life prior to the October revolution. The final act is a jarring change to a heavily psychological modern-dance style (set to a dreary electronic introduction and Martinu's sweet and sour *Fantaisies Symphoniques*). A distraught Anna, apparently living in a mental ward, relives the past as she imagines or remembers it. As to whether Anna was an impostor, no one knows for sure, including, unfortunately, MacMillan.

The disappointment of these new ballets is somewhat redeemed by such familiar delights as Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev in *Romeo and Juliet*. But generally the work of the company betrays a certain unease. It may be that MacMillan and his dancers have not yet struck the right working relationship. If so, MacMillan did not improve matters by staying in London, leaving *esprit*; not to mention footwork, to others. ■ William Bender

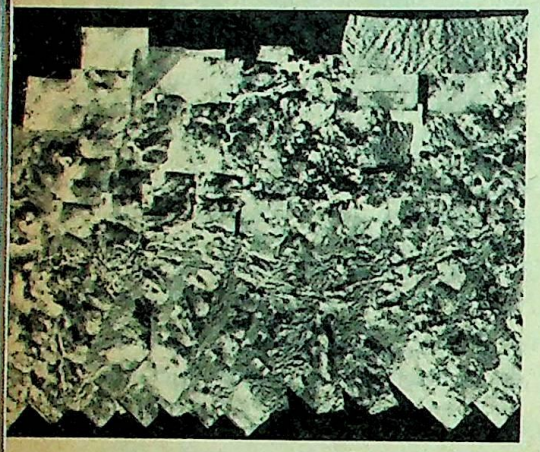
SIBLEY & DOWELL PERFORM PAS DE DEUX IN KENNETH MacMILLAN'S "ANASTASIA"



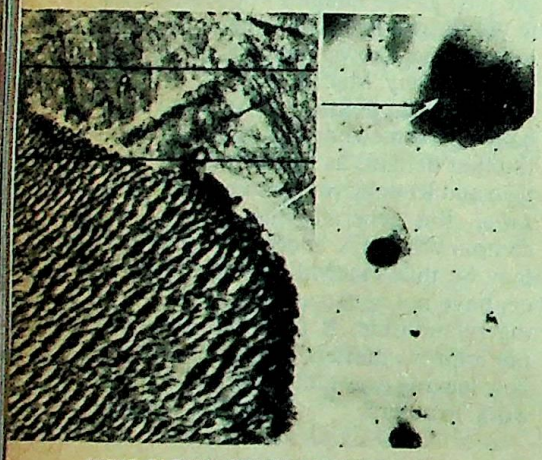
MYRA ARMSTRONG



SOUTH POLAR REGION WITH ICECAP



EQUATORIAL PANORAMA



WIND-BLOWN DUNES INSIDE CRATER



CONCENTRIC LAYERS NEAR SOUTH POLE
Perhaps even life.

New Image for Mars

Man's old dream about life on Mars seemed to fade for good in 1965 when the first closeup pictures of the red planet were radioed back to earth by the U.S. spacecraft Mariner 4. The photographs revealed a barren planet that looked as dead as the moon. Lately, this view of Mars has been radically revised. Contrary to the first photographic impression, U.S. scientists told an international space conference in Madrid last week, Mars is still undergoing sharp climatic changes. Violent geological activity has left scars all across its crust and, most significant, there may be enough water on its surface to support the evolution of primitive life.

Russian Failure. These dramatic findings have come from the extraordinarily productive Mariner 9 spacecraft. Still alive and transmitting, the 1,200-lb. robot has sent back more than 6,800 pictures since it began circling the planet last November. By patiently matching and assembling these photographs, scientists at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory have put together a jigsaw-puzzle-like map of a strip of Mars extending 30° above and below the equator as well as an overall view of its south polar cap. Indeed, detailed photographs, showing features as small as 100 yards across, were among the highlights of the 15th annual session of the international Committee on Space Research, attended by more than 1,000 scientists from 35 countries.

Russian delegates had less to crow about. A Soviet TV-equipped instrument package did reach Mars last December in company with Mariner 9. The Russian ship landed safely and even began sending signals. But the intense dust storm that was buffeting the planet at the time completely obscured the view. ("If you know, for example, what London fog is like, then you have an idea what was there," explained Mikhail Marov, head of the Soviet Mars program.) After sending signals for only 20 seconds, the Russian vehicle apparently tumbled over in the high winds (perhaps as strong as 300 m.p.h.), leaving its antenna pointing in the wrong direction for any further transmissions.

High above, beyond that turbulent atmosphere, Mariner 9 had better luck. Once the storm subsided, it focused on a remarkable range of Martian features:

▸ An area of at least four towering volcanoes, some of which may still be showing signs of activity. They are dominated by gigantic Nix Olympica, with an upper rim estimated to be more than three times as tall as Mt. Everest, the earth's highest peak.

▸ Highly jumbled chaotic terrain, including many canyons, some of which seem to have been carved out by flowing water in the recent geological past. The major feature of the region is a giant gorge that is reminiscent of the Great Rift Valley in East Africa. It is 2,500 miles long, 75 miles wide and nearly four miles deep.

▸ A heavily cratered region, presumably pounded by meteorites, that scientists are comparing to the lunar highlands. Earlier photographs of this pock-marked area led investigators to conclude—prematurely—that Mars was a planetary version of the moon.

Mariner's most remarkable finding came in the south polar region. Astronomers had long been convinced that the southern polar cap consists largely of frozen carbon dioxide, and that it vanishes completely in the Martian summer only to reappear during the following winter's freeze. Closeup pictures show that in fact Mars retains a small cap near the south pole that is 200 miles in diameter even at the height of summer. Judging from the configuration of the cap—for example, its sharp edges—some scientists deduce that it may be composed of frozen water.

Wobbling Axis. If water is indeed locked inside the Martian polar cap, its presence could have profound biological implications. Since the axis of the planet slowly wobbles, or precesses, as Mars travels around the sun, the polar regions are alternately exposed to increased doses of sunlight. As a result, every 25,000 years, ice in the polar regions may well melt, releasing moisture into the Martian atmosphere and causing rains that could turn the planet's arid surface into a morass of fast-flowing rivers and streams, lakes and perhaps even short-lived seas. A more favored theory is that flash-flooding could occur when ice in the Martian soil is melted by volcanic heat. In either case, the flowing water could account for some of the canyons and perhaps even for what looks like a wave-eroded edge around Nix Olympica. Even more intriguing, the water might in the past have remained on the surface long enough in liquid form for rudimentary life to develop.

Another reading, made by Mariner's ultraviolet spectrometer, also raised hopes that some life, however simple, could exist on Mars. The instrument confirmed the presence of atmospheric ozone, the three-atom form of oxygen that is also found in the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere and acts as a crucial life-saving shield against the sun's searing ultraviolet radiation. Presumably, the ozone could play the same protective role on Mars. Indeed, the U.S. Geological Survey's Harold Masursky, a member of the Mariner team, was so excited by these discoveries that he talked openly last week of looking for fossils when men or their robot envoys finally begin to prowl the surface of the red planet.

egality Undermined?

Even as President Nixon was announcing the mining of North Vietnamese ports, the U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. George Bush, moved to inform the Security Council. According to prescribed protocol, such formal notification is made to the Council president, whom this month that regularly rotated post happens to belong to the U.S. representative, namely Bush. Bush ceremonially addressed his letter and then delivered it to himself, informing himself that the U.S. had a legal right to take action under the U.N. Charter's doctrine of "collective self-defense."

The mildly pointless ritual underscored old questions: Can international laws have any real value in limiting armed conflict? Do the complex doctrines of law simply disguise the fact that might makes right? Could the doctrines work if they were generally observed—or enforced?

Consider blockades, for instance. Nixon pointedly did not declare a blockade, but he clearly hopes his actions will have that effect. To international lawyers, however, the term blockade has traditionally had a quite specific meaning. One principal requirement is that a legal blockade must be enforced by enough ships to police all incoming and outgoing vessels. This "effectiveness" requirement was constructed to end "paper" blockades, such as the one Napoleon declared in 1806 to pressure other nations into ending trade with the British. International maritime lawyers ultimately agreed in the 1856 Declaration of Paris that anyone who wanted to exert such pressure should pay the price of actually maintaining the necessary force. Relatively thin blockades were still attempted, however, notably during the Civil War when the North interdicted 3,000 miles of Southern coastline with 42 ships.

Mines are also conceded to be legal weapons under the Hague Convention of 1907, an early major agreement on the rules of sea warfare. Even so, if they are unanchored, they must self-deactivate within one hour after control over them has been lost; similarly all anchored mines must be equipped to deactivate if they slip their moorings. The obviously sensible purpose is to prevent armed mines from drifting into international shipping lanes. The Hague Convention also prohibits the mining of "the coasts and ports of the enemy with the sole object of intercepting commercial navigation." But since mining to block warships is held to justify the blocking of commercial shipping, President Nixon specifically claimed he wanted to prevent "North Vietnamese naval operations."

The situation presents other legal complexities. A U.S. State Department official conceded last week that the Government could cite no precedent from other wars for its action, but he pointed out that the North Vietnamese have also sown mines. The most questionable aspect of the U.S. legal position is the lack of a declaration of war. Writing in 1967 in a military legal journal, Navy Captain Geoffrey E. Carlisle stated that "without a state of war, a blockade [of Haiphong] would be of doubtful legality. A similar analysis could be made with respect to mining harbors."

No Tribunal. Does a declaration of war really matter? Are the so-called laws of war merely pieces of paper? Obviously passage of a law cannot eliminate war—any more than domestic laws can eliminate violence—but by seeking to codify how and when a war may be fought, legal authorities hope that it will occur less often and less savagely. Yet realities keep shifting.

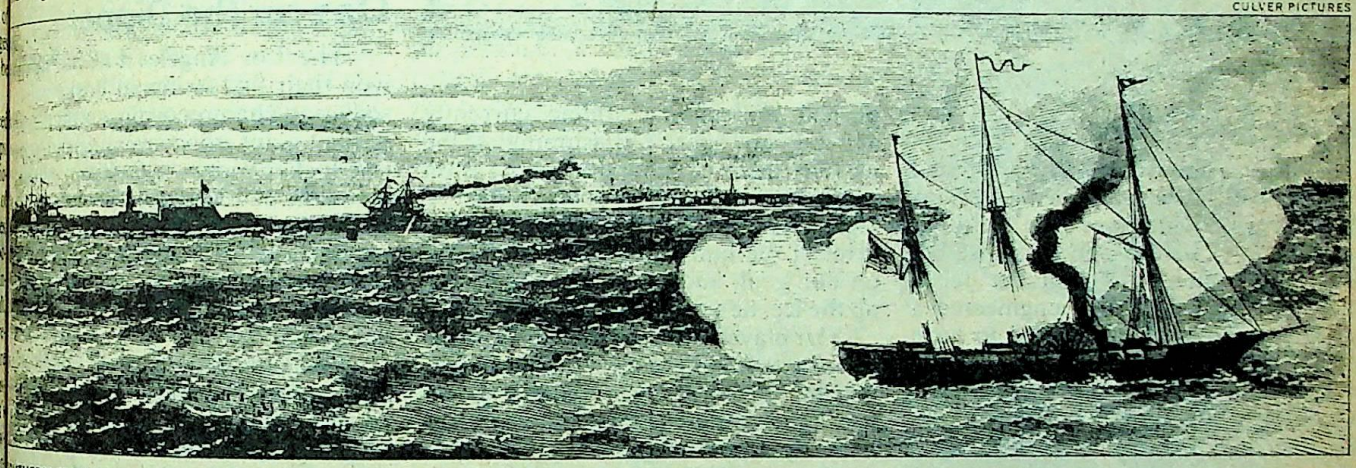
The Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928 banned aggressive war as an instrument of national policy. Still, international law, like criminal law, permits any nation to defend itself against aggression. But what is aggression? Is North Viet Nam attacking across an international frontier, as Nixon charged in referring to "the international outlaws of North Viet Nam," or is Viet Nam one nation torn by civil war. The sad answer is that for such disputes there are few universally recognized legal standards and no international tribunals with the power of enforcement. Thus the ultimate settlement of conflicts is simply military force (as in Viet Nam) or the threat of force (as at Suez in 1956).

Specialists in international law are agreed upon the need for updating, though they differ on exactly how much adjustment to reality is advisable. As Harvard Law Professor Roger Fisher points out, a law that in effect says "whatever is reasonable is legal" is like a law saying that "whatever is the best policy is honest." Establishing rules and then sticking to them will provide order, while endless bending to reality will encourage the opposite.

Hard as the task of finding such principles will be—and unlikely though such determinations may be for the foreseeable future—international law is not quite yet a mere intellectual indulgence. In a recent Harvard *Law Review*, Professor Abram Chayes presents a sophisticated analysis of the anticipated arms-limitation agreement (SALT). Far from being subject to impetuous violation, the treaty will acquire a self-enforcing quality, says Chayes. Because of governmental bureaucracies and conflicting needs within them, the status quo has the advantage of inertia. Moreover, those who rise in the bureaucracy will tend to be those who made successful arguments in the negotiation of the treaty; they will have a vested interest in making it work.

The perception of bureaucratic self-interest, if expanded, leads to the path that is ultimately vital to all international law. Governments are currently unwilling to sacrifice the possibility of a short-term gain to the greater principle of world order through law. So they do what they feel they can get away with, and reject charges of illegality. When—and if—they come to see that the long-term goal is worth a few immediate losses in court, then international law will finally have a base on which to build the strength it now so conspicuously lacks.

CULVER PICTURES



OUTHERN STEAMER TRYING TO RUN UNION NAVAL BLOCKADE OFF NORTH CAROLINA DURING AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

he rules are clear, or are they? What is aggression? What is proper self-defense?

BARTON SILVERMAN



BOBBY ORR WITH STANLEY CUP AFTER VANQUISHING NEW YORK RANGERS

SPORT

More for Orr

The way the Boston Bruins figured it, they had no business being in New York. They should have won the Stanley Cup days before—on home ice before home-town fans—but the feisty New York Rangers had engineered a surprising upset. Embarrassed to have to hit the road again before they could wind up the play-offs, the Bruins wasted no time mauling the Rangers for their second National Hockey League championship in three years.

The brawling Bruins combined skill with scare tactics. Their dexterous centers controlled face-offs; their defenders flung themselves purposefully in front of net-bound pucks; their penalty killers not only frustrated good Ranger scoring chances but managed to score three times themselves. So much for their skating and stick-handling talents. Beyond that, the Bruins used shoulders, hips, elbows, knees and fists to intimidate the less aggressive Rangers. New York had finished second in the N.H.L.'s dominant eastern division, ten points behind Boston. The way the Rangers trounced Montreal and Chicago to gain the final round gave their fans hope that New York might win its first Stanley Cup in 32 years. But against the Bruins, who had breezed through the regular season with only 13 losses in 78 games, the Rangers skated into a face-off with reality.

For most of every game, most of that reality was Bobby Orr. Soon after he broke into the National Hockey League in 1966 at the age of 18, Orr began to build a reputation as the best defenseman ever to play the game—and probably the best all-round player as well. He may well be the most accomplished professional athlete currently active in any sport. Unassuming off the ice, Orr takes command when he is on it. And he often seems to be all over it. Sighs Ranger Coach Emile Francis: "Hell, I see him make a fantastic play on our goal, and when we skate back up the ice, he's there to meet us."

Orr played much of the Stanley Cup series with an injured left knee, but neither he nor the Rangers seemed to notice. On defense, the puck seemed magnetically drawn to his stick. Once, when the Rangers had a man advantage in the fourth game, Orr controlled the puck for 20 seconds, literally skating circles around the frustrated New York attackers. The New York fans, who lived up to their reputation by directing a steady stream of obscenities and litter at the Bruins, could think of no solution for Orr's heroics other than to urge the Rangers to "Hit him, stupid!".

On offense, Orr scored more points (four goals, four assists) than anyone else in the series. One of his goals—in the final game, which Boston won 3-0—was scored with one of his classically daring efforts. With Ranger Bruce MacGregor swooping in to steal the bouncing puck for a breakaway at the Ranger blue line, Orr could have played it safe by swatting the puck out of danger. Instead, he coolly trapped it inches from MacGregor's stick, pirouetted on his left skate and snapped a 30-ft. wrist shot into the net.

To no one's surprise, Orr was named winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy as the most valuable player in the entire play-offs, an award he also won in 1970. Earlier this year, at the end of the regular season, he was also named the league's most valuable defenseman for the fifth consecutive year and the most valuable player for the third consecutive year.

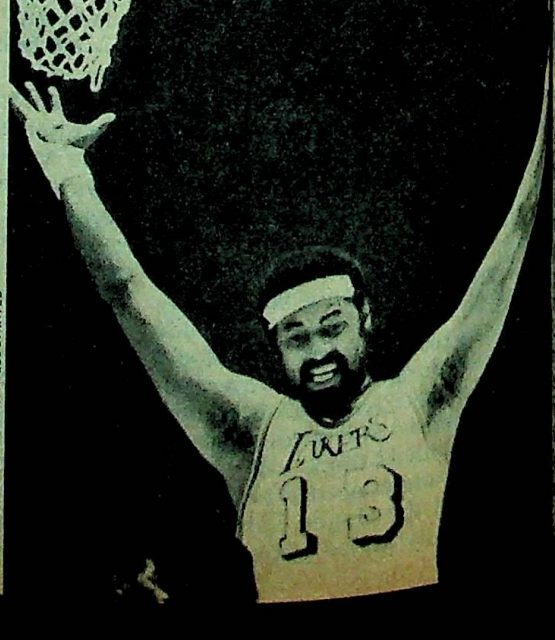
The next big challenge facing Bobby Orr is the scheduled September tournament—the first ever—between a Canadian team made up of the N.H.L.'s best players and a team from the Soviet Union. Like most Canadian N.H.L. players, Orr has been looking forward to a chance to show the Russians who plays the world's best hockey. Orr, who now makes more than $200,000 a year with Boston, has said, "I played Russia once, for an Ontario junior all-star team, and we lost 3-2. I want another crack—and I'll play for nothing." But possible surgery on his injured knee may make him unavailable. The Russians should be so lucky.

One for the Dipper

The Los Angeles Lakers had just won their first National Basketball Association championship, and the proud, patient giant stood sweating in the chaotic locker room—a Gulliver indulging a swarm of Lilliputian newsmen. "For a long time," he said, "fans of mine had to put up with people saying Wilt couldn't win the big ones. Now maybe they'll have a chance to walk in peace like I do."

For Wilt Chamberlain, vindication was sweet. The most dominating personality and physical presence in professional basketball for the past 13 years, he had been stamped as one of sport's alltime great losers. As his detractors took delight in pointing out, in critical play-off games Chamberlain seemed unable to produce the same heroics he performed so matter of factly during the regular season. Although he held numerous individual records and honors, he had helped only one team

CHAMBERLAIN EXULTS AS LAKERS HEAD FOR VICTORY



WALTER IOOSS—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

national title (Philadelphia, in
The Big Dipper, the knockers
choked in the clutch.
This year Wilt's critics have been si-
—and for good reason. After lead-
the Lakers to the best won-lost rec-
(69-13) in N.B.A. history during the
regular season, Chamberlain was noth-
short of awesome in the play-offs.
the N.B.A.'s western division title se-
with Milwaukee, he decisively out-
played basketball's newest giant super-
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, eleven
his junior. Then, after shuffling
certainly in the first game of the
championship series, Wilt recovered
spectacularly to lead the Lakers to a 4
games to 1 victory over the New York
Knicks.

Padded Hands. In the final game
against the Knicks Chamberlain's per-
formance was among the most mem-
orable in play-off history. A doubtful
starter because of a wrist fractured in
the previous game, he appeared on
court wearing football linemen's pads
on both hands. Despite that handicap,
Wilt never looked better. With uncan-
ny timing he blocked shots (ten) and
grabbed rebounds (29); he muscled in
to the hoop to sink points (24), and his
picks and passes set up score after score
for teammates.

Game but outgunned, the Knicks
had more than Wilt to put up with. Lit-
tle Gail Goodrich (6 ft. 1 in.) was a con-
sistently accurate shot and the highest
scorer on either team. Jerry West nev-
er did shoot with his usual accuracy,
but he was the most active playmaker
in the series, with 44 assists. Harold
("Happy") Hairston outrebounded ev-
erybody but Wilt, and Jim McMillian
came through with clutch baskets that
devastated the Knicks in the fourth
game's overtime period.

The Knicks, for their part, were un-
able to maintain their accurate shoot-
ing (55%) of the first game, and they
were severely weakened by the hip in-
jury that hampered their most aggres-
sive player, Dave DeBusschere. But as
DeBusschere himself admitted, the
Lakers clearly showed that they were
the better team, and the Big Dipper was
beyond any doubt the best player.

Named the most valuable player in
the series by *Sport* magazine, Chamber-
lain received as his reward a Dodge sta-
tion wagon. He needed it about as much
as he needs another basketball. Wilt has
not enough space at his new $1,500,000
home in Bel Air to garage the Dodge
next to his Bentley, his Maserati and
his Cadillac. When he will get a chance
to drive the new car is another ques-
tion. As usual, Bachelor Chamberlain
plans to spend much of the off season
traveling, adding the names of new
countries to the list of 68 he has al-
ready visited, before coming back to
earn another $250,000 next season in
basketball. At 35, Wilt has no thought
of retiring. Says Jerry West, no slouch
himself at 33: "He could play this way
until he's 40."

How Co-op Copes

Boston's Northeastern University has 38,000 full- and part-time students, which makes it just about the largest private university in the U.S., but it has long been overshadowed by the fame of such neighbors as Harvard and M.I.T. Lately, however, many educators have come to look on Northeastern's work-study program as an answer to their own institutions' financial troubles. The reason: by adopting the Northeastern system, a college can increase its enrollment by 40% without having to hire new faculty or constructing new buildings.

The system works this way: after a conventional freshman year, a student alternates a semester of classroom learning with a semester of work related to his studies. A chemistry major may work as a laboratory technician, for example, a business major as a salesman, or a mathematics major as a computer programmer. Called "cooperative education" (or "co-op") because it enlists the participation of 1,600 Boston-area employers, the Northeastern system requires five years for a degree. But enthusiasts say that it makes college more "relevant" by offering students a practical goal for their studies, gives them a head start on their careers and enables youngsters from poor families to earn a college education. Northeastern estimates that about two-thirds of its 9,283 undergraduate co-op students work their way through college (tuition: $775 per quarter) thanks to co-op jobs paying from $70 to $150 a week.

Soil on Hands. Northeastern was among the pioneers of the co-op plan back in 1909, but in the next three decades only 25 other schools followed its lead. Since 1962, however, colleges like Wilberforce University in Ohio, Beloit College in Wisconsin and Pasadena City College in California have flocked to the plan, both for its inherent educational advantages and for its solutions to problems of space and cost. Today, more than 300 institutions have begun cooperative education. An estimated 300 more are considering the step —spurred on by a White House recommendation that $10.8 million in start-up grants be voted by Congress. Last month some 250 businessmen and educators met near Boston for a crash course on the benefits of the co-op system. Willard Wirtz, former Secretary of Labor and now president of the Manpower Institute, summed up the theory this way: "The learning and work functions—with love—seem to me to involve life's identifiable values. None is meaningful without the others." Says Northeastern's Dean of Co-op Education Roy L. Wooldridge: "For years Northeastern labored in the vineyard, looked down on by other schools because we got soil on our hands. Suddenly, a lot of people want some soil in their ivory towers."

Co-op education is not equally suited to everyone. Some of Northeastern's 2,240 liberal arts students have a hard time finding jobs that relate directly to studies in philosophy or literature. Gary Esposito, a political science major, spent his most recent co-op term as a bank clerk ("It was that or nothing," he says). Some professors complain that their students place too much emphasis on vocational training. As one critic put it, "the sociology majors all want to become social workers."

Co-op's supporters see no harm in being practical, however. Asa S.

STEVE HANSEN



ESPOSITO WORKING AS A TELLER



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...wles, Northeastern's president, ...s co-op a "distinctly American phi... of higher education," and he ...ds: "We attract the student who is ...reer-oriented and hungry for practi... education."

Typical is Alan Biren, 23, of Ros... N.Y., a marketing major whose fa... is a salesman of printing equip... ent. He alternated study with selling ...eries and toilet goods for Armour... ...ld Inc., and he plans to join the com... ...y full time after graduation this June ...e about 20% more pay than a grad... ...e of a traditional four-year college ...uld receive. "The best thing I've ...rned," Biren says of his student ca... ...er, "is how to communicate in sell... ...." Scholars might grumble at such a ...gment, but Biren's wife Sandra, a ...mer Northeastern student herself, ...plains: "He's much more business... ...ented than intellectual, and his work ...perience helped him do better in ...hool by giving him a goal."

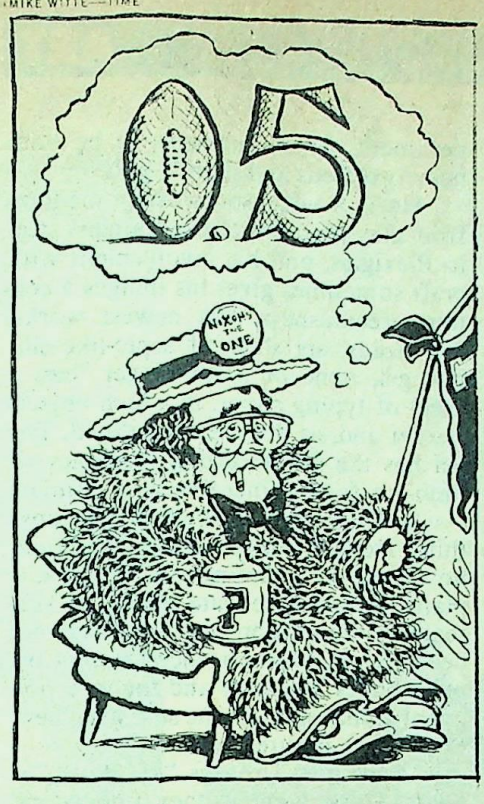
Other Northeasterners also stress ...e practical advantages of co-op ed... ...ation. Says Calvin True, 25, a law stu... ...ent who spent last term as a probate ...erk: "Co-op gives you practical expe... ...ence in a field in which you desire to ...ractice, and you know what you want ...o do when you graduate." Alan Kan... ...el, a management major who worked ...s an accountant, agrees. "I have friends ...f other schools who take summer jobs, ...and I know I'm way ahead of them."

The greatest practical advantages of ...-op, however, accrue to the colleges ...hat adopt it. Northeastern officials es... ...mate that co-op education enables ...hem to maintain a campus only two... ...rds the size that would otherwise be ...ecessary for a student body as big as ...heirs. And their co-op students earn ...me $25 million a year; if that sum ...ere needed for scholarships, it would ...equire an endowment of several hun... ...ed millions. With such benefits avail... ...le, financially pressed educators can ...ardly help regarding the co-op move... ...ent with increasing favor.

Report Card

▸ When student tuition-loan pro... ...rams began expanding during the ...60s, they seemed a sensible solution ...o the problem of soaring education ...sts. The loans, backed by state and ...ederal authorities but issued by pri... ...te institutions at 7% interest, came ...e within a year after the student ...ft school and were repayable within ...en years. Now, to the dismay of finan... ...l authorities, the delinquency rate ...soaring (as high as 9½% in the case ...f one major bank, compared with a ...andard adult rate of only 2%). The ...asons most commonly cited: jobs are ...ard to find, and some students are sim... ...y loath to work or to pay debts. To ...ack down delinquents, the Depart... ...ent of Health, Education and Wel... ...re has assigned 58 new sleuths, but ...me culprits may be hard to find. When the Bank of America prodded one ex-student about laggardly payments, all it got in reply was a photo of him huddled naked in some northern cave.

MIKE WITTE—TIME



▸ Given a little time to think about it, any reasonably perceptive social philosopher might have predicted that the average Princeton man, ten years out of college, would earn more than $20,000, prefer Marlboros (if he smokes), German cars and Jack Daniel's, live in a colonial home decorated in contemporary style, wear his hair longer than he used to, and choose Richard Nixon over any Democrat.* He might even guess that 41% of Princeton's class of 1962 have tried drugs, or that 24% have tried extramarital sex—all deductions confirmed in a ten-years-later booklet just issued by the class. Who would imagine, though, that the average member of the class of 1962 is able to attend only 0.5 Tiger football games a year?

▸ Pleasant surprises are nice, particularly if they apply to national disaster areas such as reading ability, and a "pleasant surprise" was just what Dr. J. Stanley Ahmann of the National Assessment of Educational Progress reported after he glanced over the results of his group's federally financed $15 million effort to test how well U.S. youngsters can read. There was some doubt, however, that the test was really testing. Consider, for example, this question for nine-year-olds: "Complete the sentence with the words that make the most sense: The boy wanted (a) a new ball (b) under dinner (c) rode his bike (d) to the circus (e) stopped raining (f) I don't know." Some 17% missed it. Sniffed Dr. William Furlong of the National Reading Center: "The questions may tell us more about the testers' expectations than the kids' ability to read."

*And prefer TIME to any other magazine (45%).

THE THEATER

Candide Meets Octopus

SUGGS
by DAVID WILTSE

Coming to the big city is a kind of initiation rite into the fraternity of adulthood. In a young man's imagination, the metropolis is an enticingly profane glade of Babylonian delights. In reality, the tyro may face a jungle ordeal in which he is savaged by the mightiest beast, the city itself.

That is the gist of a warmly appealing play by David Wiltse. His hero, Suggs (William Atherton), is a Kansan Candide. One of his ideas of what makes New York City the best of all possible worlds is sex. A series of girls (all played by Lee Lawson) parades through his bachelor flat, but a sense of repetitious futility makes him marry a girl (also Lawson) for whom he has no sexual appetite.

Another part of his big-city dream evaporates. He wants to be a network sportscaster but ends up a clerk. His boss advises him to cultivate some sexual deviation if he hopes to succeed in New York. All Suggs can manage is a garden-variety divorce. Then the city moves in on him like an octopus, with one tentacle assaulting him, a second robbing him and a third depositing him babbling on a park bench along with a pair of kooks. This would be as painful as it is abrupt were it not for Playwright Wiltse's engagingly fanciful humor and William Atherton's resiliently ingratiating performance. ■ T.E. Kalem

MARTHA SWOPE



LAWSON & ATHERTON IN "SUGGS"
Babylonian delights.

Souls in Aspic

"The world presents itself to me in a many-faceted, elusive vision—I am no longer interested in the now of today. There exists a peripheralness, a border to which the unconscious mind must be let free and unburdened." So says Harold Paris, the bearded, exuberantly loquacious son of an immigrant Yiddish-theater actor, who is having his first major American show at the University Art Museum in Berkeley, Calif. At 46, Paris has been by turns wigmaker, illustrator (for the Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes*), fisherman, painter, environment maker and sculptor. Though he has exhibited frequently in Europe, he is still virtually unknown in the U.S.,

TED STRESHINSKY



HAROLD PARIS WITH "SOUL"
Possessed by death.

for, as Berkeley Museum Director Peter Selz puts it, "he has never been part of any movement in American art. I think that is why he was never successful in New York, where art goes in movements and trends. When most art in America is cool and removed and interested in problems of form, here is a man who is constantly retaining the emotional concept."

Paris' emotions are much possessed by death. From his early Buchenwald illustrations to his latest environments, Paris remains a poet of ritual and mortality: he has even been known to bury an invisible sculpture sealed in a black coffin as part of a happening, and one large environmental piece at Berkeley, *Pantomima Illuma* (1966), is a kind of tomb, a black chamber with soft walls and eerie pencils of light on ambiguous, fleshy bits of sculpture. Paris' work is that of a rich and disordered temperament, which manages to be both heavily serious and slightly glib.

He is a virtuoso in every medium from clay to rubber, from stainless steel to Plexiglas, and his involvement with craft sometimes gives his images a certain preciousness. His newest works, *The Souls*, are slabs of aspic-like silicon gel, none of them bigger than a sheet of typing paper, in which objects are set and, as it were, embalmed. The gel has the disconcerting resiliency of flesh—it feels vulnerable and intimate—while its contents, which may be anything from a cut-out decal of a rainbow trout to a diminutive plastic airplane, exhale a delicate poetry of surrealist juxtaposition; their like has not been seen in America since Joseph Cornell's boxes. Memory and touch, a poignant archaeology of the self: at its best, Paris' work is pure magic.

"You know," he says, "kids love *The Souls*. I ask them if they understand what they are and they say yes, they are fairy tales; in *The Souls* I deal with fantasy, and they are quite romantic and mystical too. You look at a petal falling to the ground and it means something different from all the other petals you've seen. And you file that away in your mind. As an artist, I can come to grips with these images." ■ Robert Hughes

Draw, Pardner

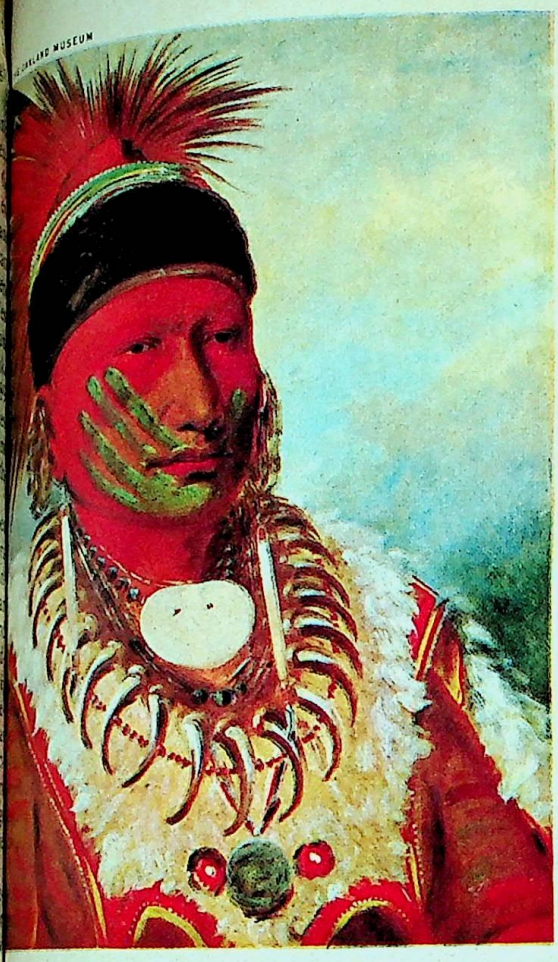
Whittled at, mocked, its history rewritten, the American West has taken a battering in recent years. The myth of the 19th century frontier—brave mule skinners and noble cavalrymen bringing civilization across the Great Plains—is dying out like the buffalo. This discovery, leaving a painful hole in America's stock of self-images, helps explain the recent surge of interest in 19th century frontier art. The latest evidence of it is a delightful show called "The American West," which drew crowds to the Los Angeles County Museum through the spring and will open June 8 at the De Young Museum in San Francisco.

Between 1820 and 1900, scores of artists went west by wagon, railroad or stage: painters, illustrators, draftsmen. It was, as has often been said, one of the crucial experiences in American culture, and in their work one sees the ideal of Arcadia being identified with an actual landscape. The West was not only a place but a state of imagination, which could invest almost any tract of virgin country between the Appalachians and the Rockies with a kind of epic innocence: nature unspoiled, inhabited by prelapsarian man. One itinerant painter, Worthington Wittredge, met the legendary scout Kit Carson in Santa Fe in 1866. "Nature had made a deep impression on this man's mind," Wittredge observed, "and I could not but think of him standing alone on top of a [illegible] mountain far away from all human contact, worshiping in his way a grand effect of nature until it entered into [illegible] soul and made him a silent and thoughtful human being."

The themes of European romanticism gave form to, even imposed themselves on, the vision of the West: the vast "sanctuary of nature" suited the encyclopedic dialogue between nature and culture that animated the significant painting and writing of the 19th century. Like the Swiss Alps, the West proffered images to sate the most grandiose appetite. Thus paintings [illegible] Thomas Hill's *Yosemite Valley*, 1[illegible] were much in demand: big studio pieces full of beetling crags and waterfalls, filled with a liberating sense of the "[illegible]erness" of nature.

Paradise. The most accomplished, romantic, and by far the best American painter to go west, was the German-born Albert Bierstadt, who joined an expedition to the Rockies in 1859 and later worked up a series of big landscapes from his sketches. *Estes Park, Colorado*, 1869, is a magnificently theatrical painting, but the hyperbole was constrained by Bierstadt's lyric exactness of eye as it roved across the calm lake and the billowing mist and crags behind. Such, the brush insists, are the lineaments of an earthly paradise.

An interest in anthropological description ran parallel with this taste for the sublime. In 1824 George Catlin saw some Indians in Philadelphia and determined that "nothing short of the [illegible] of my life [a possibility] shall prevent me from visiting their country and becoming their historian." With immense energy he set out to chronicle every tribe, producing up to six oils a day. They vary greatly in quality, as one might expect. But at his best—as in *Head Chief of the Iowas*—Catlin's agile drawing combined with his near workship of Indian ways in images that, [illegible] later frontier art, could not be equaled for directness and compassion. Beginning as a pictorial journalist, he transcended his limits. Ironically, this was never true of the later genre painters whose work commands such inflated prices: Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell. Their work has some historical interest—though contemporary photos have much more—but it is negligible as art. No whit of pictorial sensibility enlivens Remington's slick, painted scenes of frontier life, with their walrus-whiskered rustics poking guns at one another or staring into gaudy sunsets from the knobby back of a cayuse: they are what they aimed to be, illustrations for magazines like *Collier's*, nothing more. The earlier artists had, at least, bequeathed a sense of immanence, of epic landscape and idealism to later American art; Remington and Russell left only a vulgar legacy of bronze broncos. With them, the Declining of the West was accomplished—though the nostalgia rides on.



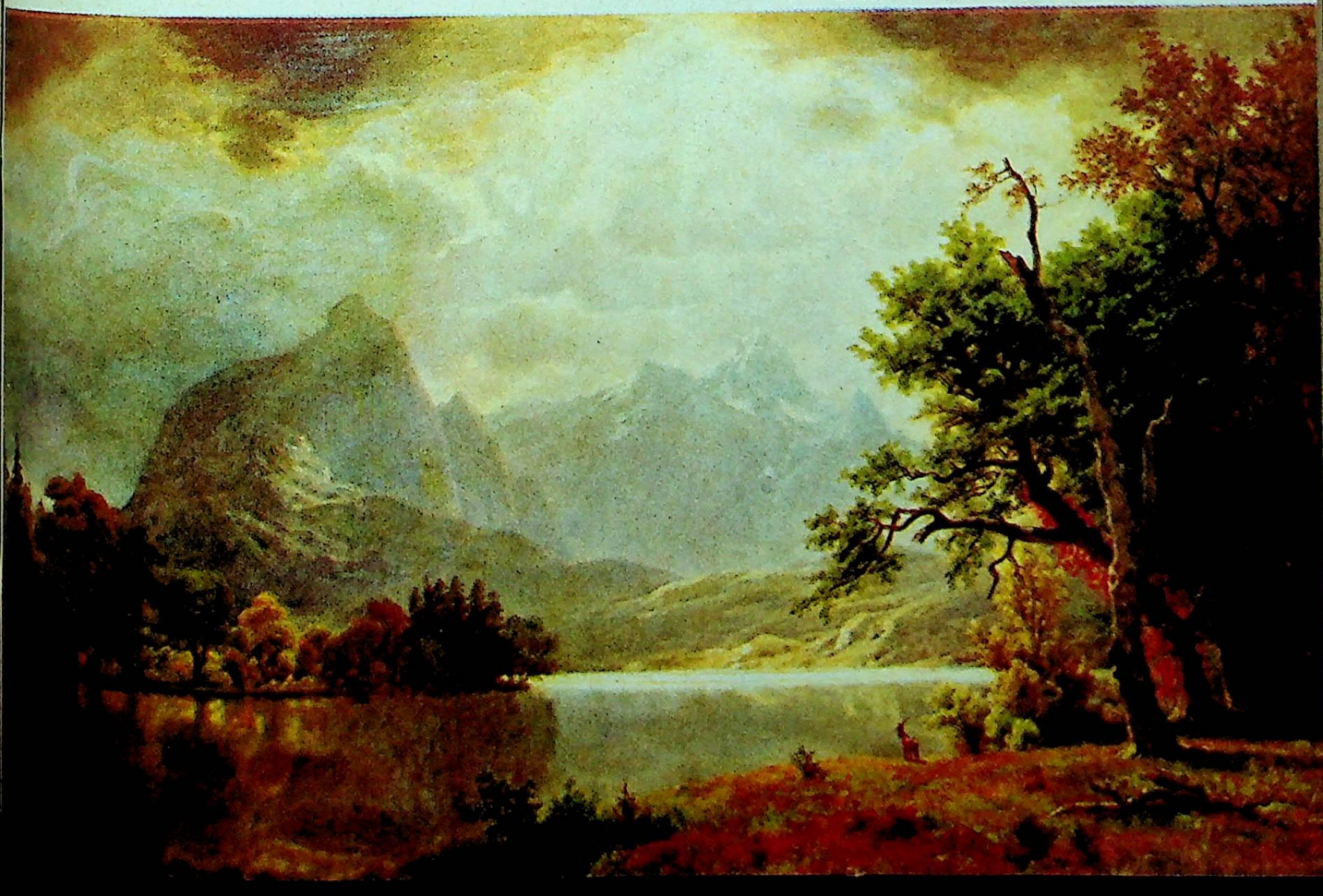
The light cloud, head chief of the Iowas," George Catlin

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON D.C.



"Yosemite Valley," Thomas Hill—1889

'Estes Park, Colorado," Albert Bierstadt—186




Fly the difference
The difference is people. Our people, who believe that our airline should be whatever you need, whenever you need it. Because they know that helping you travel means more than just flying you there. It means caring too.
That is the difference.
And it happens anywhere you meet us.
But don't take our word for it – just because of our reputation for reliability.
Test us. Try us.
Fly the difference.
KLM

Two Key Decisions

▸ When the Environmental Protection Agency announced tough new anti-pollution rules for autos last year, Detroit was aghast. "Arbitrary," said General Motors Chairman Richard Gerstenberg. Henry Ford II declared that his company could not meet the standards—a 90% reduction in hydrocarbon and carbon-monoxide emissions by 1975—and that the timetable would require "suspension of most U.S. auto-motive operations."

The automakers therefore requested a one-year extension of the deadline. But EPA Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus last week turned them down. After considerable study, he said, he had concluded that the technology for cutting pollution was "probably adequate," and that the automakers "have adequate lead time to apply this technology." If automakers cannot meet the deadline after efforts pursued in "good faith," Ruckelshaus said, then they may apply again for an extension.

▸ "After great deliberation and reflection, I have determined that it is in the national interest . . . to grant a right-of-way permit for the trans-Alaska pipeline from the North Slope to the southern port of Valdez." In making the announcement last week, Interior Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton explained that the U.S. will need at least 20 million barrels of oil per day by 1980, and that domestic production apart from Alaska will be only half that much. As for the rival route across Canada, he declared that the $3 billion, 770-mile Alaska line will be cheaper and quicker.

Actually Morton cannot yet issue construction permits because he is under a court injunction that requires him to give two weeks' notice to environmentalists who are already suing him in an effort to stop the pipeline. Those suits charge that the pipeline will damage the tundra and threaten wildlife, so it will finally be up to the courts to decide how, when, where, or indeed whether the pipeline will be built.

Whole Earth Conference

There is probably not a single hotel room in Stockholm still available for the period from June 5 to 16. In fact, there are hardly any rooms still to be had within an hour's ride from the Swedish capital. Even the park benches in the Kungsträgården may be full. For what local officials are calling the biggest peaceable invasion in the city's 720-year history, Stockholm is expecting the arrival of 1,500 delegates and observers, 1,000 reporters, 350 U.N. officials and some 10,000 students, campers and other ecology enthusiasts.

The United Nations Conference on the Human Environment will be the first such global meeting on the subject, and the agenda ranges over a prolixity of subjects that is worthy of the U.N. One proposal would establish a worldwide network of 100 stations to monitor air pollution; another would regulate all dumping of wastes into the oceans; still another would preserve cultural monuments like Cambodia's Angkor Wat. All in all, says Canada's Maurice Strong, the meeting's secretary general, "Stockholm will point up how man is going to manage the world's first technological civilization."

Conflict. The conference grew out of a 1968 Swedish proposal that the U.N. combat international problems caused by rapid industrialization and population growth. Though the resolution was quickly approved, difficulties soon cropped up. Just selecting the basic issues has taken representatives of 27 nations, including the U.S.'s Christian A. Herter Jr. and Shirley Temple Black, two years of hard work. After one session devoted to defining the wording of propositions (what does "environment" really mean?) a delegate sighed, "It's like trying to swim in tapioca."

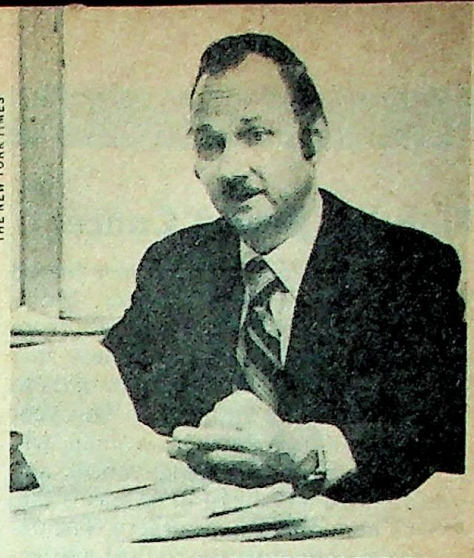
Even more complex was the conflict of national attitudes. Rich countries generally argued that they could best clean up pollution by themselves, without getting involved in U.N. politics. But the less developed countries felt that pollution was not even a problem. In Upper Volta, for instance, where per capita income is $50 a year and the life expectancy is 32 years, a new factory represents not the potential for environmental damage but hope for a better life. As Brazil's Planning Minister João Paulo Velloso remarked in approving a polluting paper mill: "Why not? We have a lot left to pollute."

Secretary General Strong proved to be a masterly diplomat in dealing with such difficulties. Traveling constantly, the self-made millionaire (he once headed the huge holding company Power Corp. of Canada) convinced the wealthy nations that "the environment is indivisible" and is not the exclusive concern of the rich. With the poor, he argued that they had different kinds of problems: overcrowded cities, polluted water, and exhausted farm lands. So far, more than 100 U.N. members—including China—have agreed to attend the conference, with about 80 of them contributing reports on their own environmental efforts.

Even so, the conference's problems were far from solved. Communist East Germany, long excluded from membership in the U.N. or any of its specialized agencies, is nonetheless a major European economic power—and polluter. To get East Germany involved, the U.N. asked it to attend as a nonvoting participant. "This is like inviting a guest to your house for dinner and then telling him he can sit at the table but not eat," complained Yakov A. Malik, Russia's chief delegate to the U.N. Unless East Germany is given formal international recognition, the Soviet Union and other East Europeans threaten to boycott the meeting.

For all its high ambition, the Stockholm conference will play down some issues that participating nations consider to be domestic policy, most notably the question of population control. But outside the official meetings, a number of environmentalist groups will hold a population forum. They will sponsor lectures on basic ecological issues—and some highly political sideshows as well. In one, the U.S. may be accused of "ecocide" in Viet Nam, through bombing and the use of defoliants.

Maurice Strong sees a different reason for Stockholm. It is, he says, "a beginning of a worldwide environmental awareness and a starting point for action. How can it be more than that?"



THE NEW YORK TIMES

MAURICE STRONG & CONFERENCE EMBLEM



UNITED NATIONS



THE U.S.'S SHIRLEY TEMPLE BLACK
Like swimming in tapioca?

Fighting Breast Cancer

Perhaps no diagnosis is more feared by women than breast cancer. Medicine's efforts to cut the death rate from breast cancer have been far less successful than with other malignancies to which women are vulnerable. This year alone, 71,000 American women will learn that they have breast cancer, and some 30,000 will die of it. At least 1,000 a week are undergoing surgery. The operation usually involves radical mastectomy, a disfiguring procedure that includes removal of the breast and surrounding tissue. Though surgery can save their lives, many women feel that the price is their femininity. Doctors report a common reaction: "I feel like half a woman."

Medical science is a long way from keeping all these women whole, but reports at two medical meetings last week indicate progress in two important aspects of breast cancer: controlling recurrence and providing an alternative to radical mastectomy in certain cases. Meanwhile doctors are also working on ways to reduce the psychic misery of those who must undergo full-scale surgery.

Five Successes. The most dramatic announcement, made at a session sponsored by the National Cancer Institute at Gatlinburg, Tenn., concerned immunotherapy, or use of the body's own defense mechanisms to protect itself against cancer. Dr. Edmund Klein of Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, N.Y., who has already had some success treating skin cancer, tried a variation of the treatment on five women. The patients had all undergone breast surgery already and were suffering recurrences of cancer. Klein injected a serum containing tuberculin—a substance that rouses the body to counterattack—directly into the women's cancerous lesions. Then, as the cancers showed signs of healing, he switched from the painful shots to regular applications of a tuberculin skin cream. Most people at some time in their lives have had tuberculosis antibodies naturally activated in their system, and tuberculin awoke the women's immunological "memories," triggering the production of more antibodies. The treatment induced an immune response to cancer as well.

Though much study and testing remain to be done before immunotherapy can become an anticancer weapon, Klein's results indicate that the effort is likely to prove worthwhile. All five of the women are still alive two years after treatment began and have shown improvement in varying degrees.

More controversial was the report of Dr. M. Vera Peters, of Toronto's Princess Margaret Rose Hospital, on simpler surgery for early breast cancer. Dr. Peters told a meeting at the Indiana School of Medicine that doctors should attempt the most conservative procedures possible "in order to preserve the patient's morale." Thus, for certain of her patients in whom early diagnosis has been made, she favors "lumpectomy," the removal of the cancer alone rather than the entire breast. She claims that the operation, which is followed by radiation therapy, offers selected patients essentially the same survival rate as radical mastectomy.

Other doctors doubt the long-term results of this method. Last week Dr. Peters offered figures that tend to support her case. Of 81 women who had radical mastectomies between 1955 and 1965, 70.4% were alive five years after the operations. Peters paired each of these patients by age and other factors with 81 women who had only lumpectomies, then compared the two groups' survival rates. There were only slight differences each year, and after five years, 71.6% of the lumpectomy patients were still alive.

Many surgeons still question Dr. Peters' procedure and take issue with women's magazine articles that advocate it as an alternative. "Deciding about treatments for breast cancer shouldn't be like choosing a brand of toothpaste," says Dr. Guy Robbins, acting chief of the breast service at New York's Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases. Dr. Robbins cautions that lumpectomy may fail to locate or remove all the cells and he maintains that only radical mastectomy offers the physician and the patient a semblance of certainty that all malignancy has been removed. He also w... that half of all lumpectomy pa... eventually have local recurrence... cancer and says that many end up p... ing for their respite with a subseq... —and more serious—operation.

Cosmetic Job. But Robbins ... knowledges that male doctors are o... insensitive to women's psycholog... problems. He and his colleagues ... port efforts to ease the shock of br... removal. Many doctors are spend... more time acquainting their pati... with the necessity for radical surg... Reach for Recovery, a program ru... former mastectomy patients, is help... women through the convalescent p... od with exercise drills and counseling.

Nothing has done more to re... postoperative depression than deve... ment of techniques for reconstruc... the breast after surgery. Dr. Re... Snyderman, a plastic surgeon at Me... rial, has found that explaining the p... sibilities of reconstruction has help... many women to accept mastecto... calmly. The cosmetic job involves ... plantation of a silicon form and s... stantial surgery to restore the breast ... a near-normal contour. But accord... to Snyderman, most women are ... pleased by the initial implant, wh... makes the breast look normal und... clothing, that they do not even bot... with the later stages necessary to co... plete the process.

Back to Basics

South of the border, it is *turista* ... "the Aztec two-step." In Asia, visit... from the West call it "Delhi belly." ... any name, traveler's diarrhea, a debi... tating digestive upset caused by ... change in the system's bacterial popu... tion, is a synonym for misery that c...



PATIENT AFTER PLASTIC SURGERY

ROBERT SMITH



IMMUNOTHERAPIST KLEIN WITH PATIENT

New techniques to minimize mastectomy's psychic misery.

...d a trip and jeopardize the victim's ...alth. The standard prophylactic for ...many years has been Entero-Vioform, a ...rug so frequently used that it is the ...aveler's best friend. That fond rela...tionship has come under challenge by ...he American Medical Association. The ...M.A. *Journal* has not only questioned ...Entero-Vioform's effectiveness, but ...tions that its heavy use may lead to ...mplications that make "Montezuma's ...venge" seem mild by comparison.

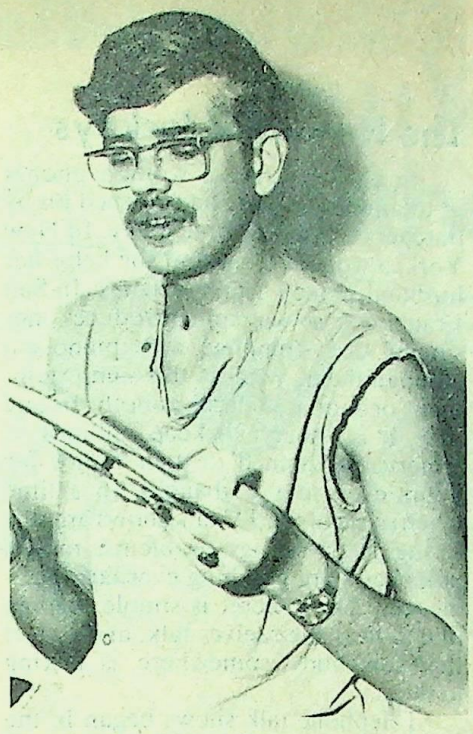
The organization bases its warning ...two factors. One is a lack of proof ...at Entero-Vioform actually prevents ...aveler's diarrhea. The other is a grow...g suspicion that the drug (iodochlor...droxquin) is linked with a condition ...ed subacute myelo-optic neuropa... (SMON), a nerve condition that can ...se crippling and blindness. Entero...oform has been implicated in some ...the 10,000 cases of SMON in Japan, ...ere the drug used to be sold over the ...unter, while instances of the ailment ...ve been reported in Sweden, Austra... and the U.S. among patients who ...ve taken it to prevent diarrhea.

Japanese officials have now banned ...ntero-Vioform outright, while Austra... has eliminated over-the-counter ...es. The U.S. Food and Drug Admin...ration considers Entero-Vioform safe ...sed as directed and plans no action ...gainst the drug, which is sold in this ...ountry by prescription only.

The A.M.A. believes caution is es...ential. It recommends that physicians ...ot prescribe Entero-Vioform prophy...tically, but offer alternative advice: ...en in doubt, don't drink the water; ...en in distress, try paregoric.

Capsules

▸ Though Air Force Sergeant Tor ...lson, 22, might be called a washout ...f sorts, he is anything but unhappy ...bout that appellation. In March, the ...45-lb. Olson was comatose and near ...eath from liver failure brought on by ...epatitis. Today he is not only alive but ...ell, thanks to the first successful flush...g, or "total body washout," of a pa...ent's circulatory system. Colonel Ger...d Klebanoff of Wilford Hall Air Force ...Medical Center in San Antonio, Texas, ...ttempted the pioneering procedure af...er Olson had been in a coma for three ...ays and showed no indications of re...overing. Klebanoff and his team hooked ...he unconscious airman to a conven...onal heart-lung machine that pumped ...he toxic blood from his body. In place ...of the blood they introduced a clear salt ...olution that cooled Olson's body to ...5°. This reduced the brain's need for ...xygen and hence guarded against dam...ge while the treatment progressed. The ...olution also flushed Olson's vital or...ans of disease-produced toxins. Finally ...he salt solution was replaced by fresh ...lood from carefully matched donors. ...lson, who was totally without blood ...r about ten minutes, awoke almost im...ediately after the procedure, and has



OLSON AFTER OPERATION
Glad to be a washout.

since shown no evidence of brain impairment. Doctors following his progress report that his body is gradually replacing the donor blood with its own, and that his liver has begun to regenerate itself.

▸ Insect stings are a common warm-weather hazard. Except in rare cases of serious shock, treatment is often omitted. But a cheap and effective antidote is readily available in the kitchen, according to a letter in the A.M.A. *Journal* by Dr. Harry Arnold Jr., a Honolulu dermatologist. His prescription: a quarter-teaspoon of meat tenderizer dissolved in a teaspoon or two of water and rubbed into the skin around the bite. Meat tenderizer, Arnold explains, is rich in papain, a protein-dissolving enzyme, which breaks down the venom. Arnold says that a dose of meat tenderizer will stop the pain of most insect stings in seconds if applied immediately.

▸ Medicine and marriage do not mix, says the prevailing shibboleth. Doctors are so dedicated to their work, or exposed to so many tempting romantic opportunities, that they have more divorces than members of other professions. Not so, say Dr. Irving Rosow of the Langley Porter Institute and K. Daniel Rose, a senior medical student at the University of California. The pair recently analyzed all divorce, separate maintenance and annulment actions filed in California during a six-month period. Their report in *California Medicine* shows that doctors' marriages are, if anything, more stable than those of many other professionals. Authors, the pair found, had the highest problem rate, followed by social scientists, architects and college faculty members. Physicians ranked eleventh among the twelve professional categories considered (the most steadfast were natural scientists).

MILESTONES

Born. To Zoe Caldwell, 38, Australian actress and two-time winner of Broadway's Tony Award (for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *Slapstick Tragedy*), and Robert Whitehead, 56, Broadway producer (*Jean Brodie, Bus Stop*): their second child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Charles Albert.

■

Died. Donald N. Pritzker, 39, president of Hyatt Corp., who, with his two brothers, father and uncle, built a small family law firm into a half-billion-dollar conglomerate of hotel, lumber, farm machinery, banking and mining interests; of a heart attack suffered while playing tennis; in Oahu, Hawaii.

■

Died. Frank Tashlin, 59, Hollywood director who built his career on the sight gag and slapstick chase; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Originally a cartoon animator, Tashlin graduated to comedy writing in the 1930s and '40s, and to directing in the '50s (*The Glass Bottom Boat, Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*).

■

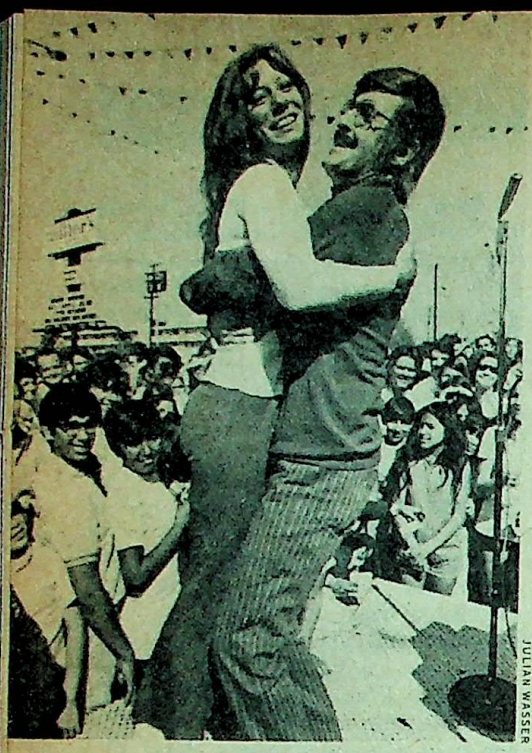
Died. Wheelock H. Bingham, 64, president of Macy's department-store chain for a decade (1956-66), and an aggressive spokesman for the retailing field; of an apparent heart attack; in Southbury, Conn.

■

Died. Alvin Goldstein Sr., 70, newspaper reporter who shared a Pulitzer Prize with James Mulroy for their help in solving the Leopold-Loeb murder case; in San Rafael, Calif. Goldstein and Mulroy were cub reporters on the Chicago *Daily News* in 1924 when 14-year-old Bobby Franks was kidnaped. Keeping one step ahead of police investigators, Goldstein identified a newly discovered body as that of Bobby in time to prevent a $10,000 ransom payment, then succeeded in tracing the ransom note back to Law Student Nathan Leopold's typewriter. Goldstein spent the next 40 years as a correspondent for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

■

Died. George W. Trendle, 87, creator of *The Lone Ranger* radio serial; of a heart attack; in Grosse Pointe, Mich. A vaudeville-house owner who switched to radio at the start of the Depression, Trendle sought to turn his struggling Detroit station into a moneymaker with a program that would be "good, clean and long-lived." Hence his Masked Rider of the Plains didn't smoke, swear, drink, fool with women or even kill the bad guys; he did endure and make a fortune for Trendle. *The Lone Ranger* lasted 20 first-run years on radio and twelve on television, and the show's popularity inspired Trendle to create two more true-blue heroes: *The Green Hornet* and *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon*.



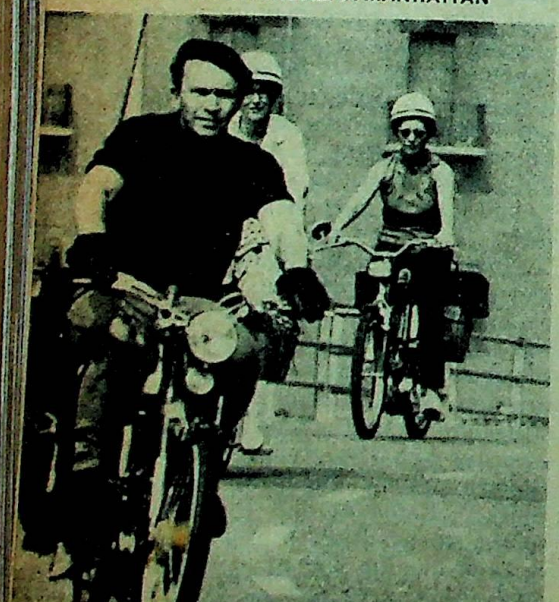
JULIAN WASSER

BILL BALLANCE WITH ONE OF HIS FANS



JOHN SENZER

DON IMUS ON THE AIR IN MANHATTAN



ALGUERSUARI

BOB HARDWICK LEADING MOTORBIKE TOUR

JUDGE ROWE WITH PET CHIMPANZEE

The New Talk Jockeys

In Los Angeles, a woman phones in to announce that she is turned on by butchers and visits three a day. In New York, a woman brags that she helps her husband seduce his girl friends. In San Francisco, a woman introduces her singing dog, complete with piano accompaniment. What is this—entertainment or therapy? Perhaps both. In any case, it is enough to keep millions of Americans chained to their radios for hours every day and night. In a time when some of the TV talk shows are suffering from ratings problems, radio's talk shows are grabbing ever larger audiences. Their secret is simple: people like to hear themselves talk, and to feel that somebody, somewhere, is talking to them.

Telephone talk shows began in the early '60s, but most of them died with the decade, victims of various technical problems, high costs of production and, most important, audience ennui. Now bolder, brassier talk jockeys and new approaches have not only revived the shows but often make them the most important part of a station's programming. By switching to an all-talk format, Manhattan's WMCA has jumped from 20th to seventh among AM stations. "Just in the past few months," says Robert Henabery, director of program development for ABC-owned radio stations, "the potentialities of talk have begun to be realized. I can see new programs centering on specific interests like food, sex, sports—anything that attracts a group of advertisers."

Anything goes so long as enough people listen to it. Some of the new talk jockeys—or t.j.s—still play music, but it is always subordinate to their dialogue with listeners. Others, like Don Imus of New York City's WNBC, subordinate even the dialogue to their own versions of zany nightclub comedy. Chicago's Larry ("the Legend") Johnson has made a success out of calling odd people or faraway places to entertain his estimated 120,000 weekly listeners on star WIND. What's the weather like in M ami? Larry the Lege will call the Mi weather bureau and find out. Do papers say that Princess Margaret taking a salary cut? Call Buckingha Palace.

San Francisco's Russ ("the Mo Syracuse attracts an estimated 50,0 listeners from midnight to dawn KSFO's on-the-air lonely-hearts "This is Love Line," he announces, your index finger and dial this num Radio romance can be yours for price of a phone call." A few of S cuse's callers only want a weekend d but not many. He claims to have f tered 13 marriages and twelve enga ments. "How many disk jockeys," asks, "get that kind of satisfactio Quite a few, if they measure satisfac in terms of the emotional response evoke from their listeners.* As Mars McLuhan has pointed out, radio "hot" medium, involving more liste participation to complete its commu cation than such "cool" media as fil or TV. "The people feel they poss you," says Ellen Morphonios Rowe, criminal court judge in Miami who r a late-night show on WKAT. "They re ly feel you belong to them."

Judge Rowe is an archconservati At the other end of the spectrum, b ideologically and temperamentally, Martha Jean, "the Queen," Detroit 1,000-watt soul sister. "You are livi with the Queen," she tells her mos black audience on WJLB. "And tha pretty good livin', I betcha. All you g to do is be touched by the Queen and e erything will be all right."

Up Kilimanjaro. Robert E. L Hardwick, a talk jockey on KVI in S attle, has a different audience, the whi middle class, and a different approac He has taken a group up the slopes Kilimanjaro and guided an expediti of gem hunters to the wilds of Idah and Montana. Along the way, he h started a mock fan club of 15,000 m Seattle Pilots Shortstop Ray Oyler, w had the next to the lowest batting a erage in the American League one se son, and he has led angry taxpayers Olympia, the state capital, to press f tax reform.

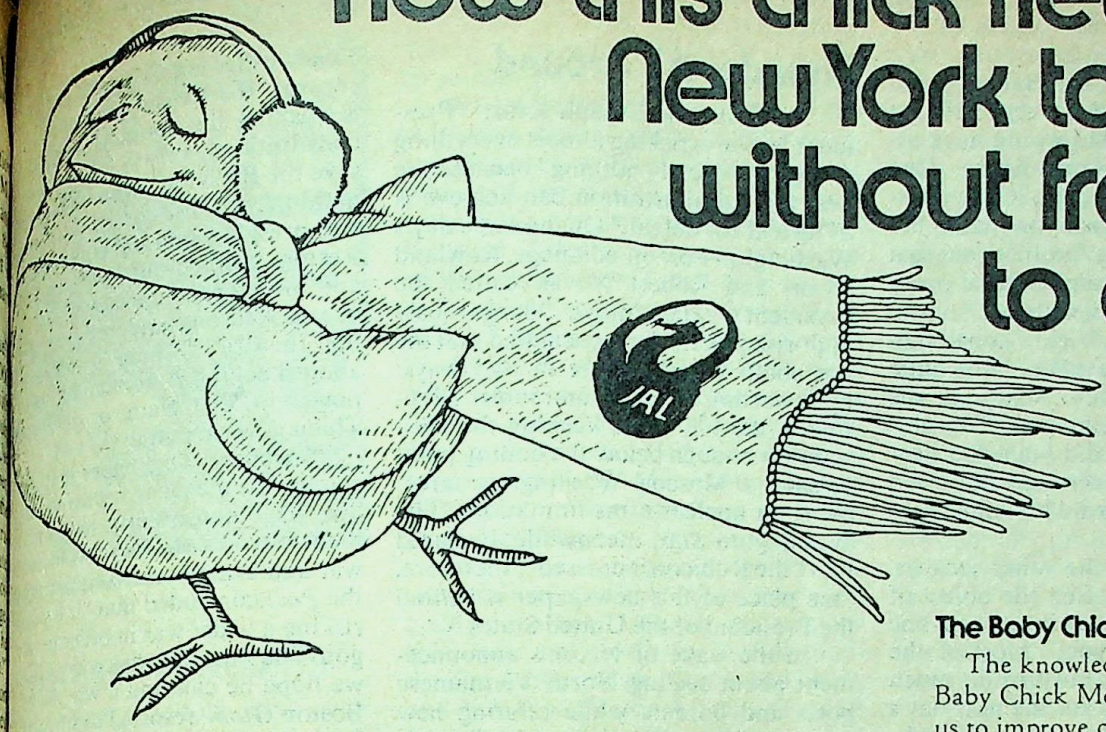
Few of the talk hosts are so open political. Sex remains a staple them In the past year, a show called *Fem inine Forum*, on which women tell t world their most lurid adventures fantasies, has rocketed Los Angele KGBS from 26th to third place in midday ratings and spawned imitator from New York and Miami to Clev land and Toledo. "It's like electron voyeurism," says Allan Hotlen, pro gram director of the New York i

JIM ANNAN



*If they measure satisfaction in more conv al terms, top talk jockeys are paid up to $2 a year on big stations.

How this chick flew from New York to Tokyo without freezing to death.



To fly a day-old chick 8,047 miles, you've got to coddle it like—well, like a day-old chick.

On JAL Air Cargo, we fly broods of up to 250,000 chicks a month from the U.S. and Canada to Japan, Korea, and Taiwan. And we watch over each and everyone like a mother hen.

We've even created a control program just for the chicks in our care. We call it the *JAL Baby Chick Monitor System*.

The Monitor System Alert

The day before the flight, the Baby Chick Monitor System alerts all stations on the chicks' route. The alert tells the flight's origin, destination, route, the number of boxes and chicks, and the names of



the shipper and consignee. Special instructions regarding preparation and handling may be included.

On the day of the flight a controlled-climate truck drives the chicks up to our cargo terminal. The chicks stay in the truck until shortly before their first flight. Then they're loaded swiftly atop JAL cargo pallets.

Many of the JAL cargomen who handle the chick boxes have made "home visits" to poultry farms for study in the care of baby chicks. The training's a good investment, for chicks are often packed 100 to a box, and a single chick of breeding stock can be worth as much as $40. That's not chicken feed.

More Air Than Cargo

To give the chicks enough air, we place no more than 80 boxes on a pallet, a number smaller than that observed by many airlines. 80 boxes of chicks weigh 960 pounds, yet we allot them the same space that we could set aside for up to 10,000 pounds of other cargo. The shipper pays to ship the chicks. We pay to ship the air.

As the chick boxes are secured on the pallets and the pallets are lifted aboard the JAL DC-8F Cargo Courier, our roving photographer snaps the loading. The photos help us maintain close control over our loading technique. Meanwhile, at the flight crew briefing, the Baby Chick Monitor System tells the crew to keep the cargo hold between 65 and 70 degrees.

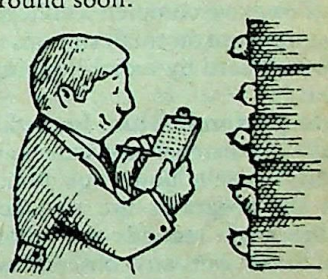
The Chick Inspection

En-route stations soon get involved. Flights from New York to Tokyo, for instance, stop in San Francisco. Our San Francisco chick inspector reports on the chicks' health to the Monitor System.

By the time our freighter nears Japan, another controlled-climate truck is waiting at our Tokyo cargo terminal. Moments after the jet lands, our chick expediter sees to it that the chicks are quickly unloaded and sped through customs.

The Baby Chick Jetcoop

The knowledge gathered by our Baby Chick Monitor System enables us to improve chick-handling methods and equipment. One JAL innovation currently under study, the Baby Chick Jetcoop, should assure even faster loading and a better air supply. Flight tests with live chicks will be getting off the ground soon.



With all we do for our chicks, we don't claim that they're treated better than our other freight. Chicks get handled *differently*, that's all. On JAL every cargo deserves—and gets—its own kind of care.

JAL flies full freighter DC8's from Hong Kong, Seoul, Tokyo and Osaka to the U.S.A., with interline connections to all major U.S. markets. These are backed up by palletised/containerized 747's which also call at Honolulu. And there are frequent flights over the Pole to London, Paris, and Frankfurt*.

Throughout the Orient, we fly with JAL's tradition of care and punctuality which has become legendary. Your forwarder, agent, or JAL Cargo Representative will give you the facts and make your booking.

JAPAN AIR LINES
We deliver the world.

*In cooperation with Air France, Lufthansa, Alitalia.

tor, WHN. "It's hard for a man not to listen." *Feminine Forum* is even piped over the public address system of the Los Angeles police headquarters.

No wonder. Host Bill Ballance and his 400,000 daily listeners regularly get an earful of erotica that would have titillated Freud and Krafft-Ebing. One woman confessed that she let her husband think that he was hypnotizing her during the sexual act. Another said that she solved her daughter's marital problems by going to bed with her son-in-law. "That's a melter, Vicki," cooed Ballance. "I think that's neat." Not quite neat enough, however. Next day the daughter called in enraged. "Oh-oh," Ballance said. "And did your dad hear her on the air?" "He certainly did," said the daughter, "and so did his whole construction crew."

Like several of the other jockeys, Ballance himself is often the object of attention. "My name is Linda," said one caller, "and I love you." Most of the t.j.s, in fact, are too busy to do much but read and gear up for the next day's show. "No matter how far out a subject might be," says Judge Rowe, "I'll wager someone will call up and discuss it." Beyond hard work and a gift of gab, however, the t.j.s have little in common. Though they usually try to create the impression that they are young and sexy, several, like Ballance, are 50 or more. Few have completed college, and most started out on small stations where they were heard by a dial-hopping big-city exec.

Interpersonal Glue. Immediacy is the key—the listener who calls in wants to hear himself now, not tomorrow—and the programs are tape-delayed only the seven seconds that allow the t.j. to blank out any obscene words. Rarely does a t.j. lack for callers—a specter that haunts them all. More often the problem is how to curtail long-winded callers, and all the t.j.s have a stock of turnoff lines like, "Lady, my desk is on fire."

Who listens to the talk shows? More important, who calls in? Mostly the sad, the sick and the lonely. Dr. Norton Kristy, a psychotherapist in Los Angeles, calls some shows a kind of interpersonal glue, something people these days need, with the spaces between people being so much greater and with the fragmentation of the family." The Bill Ballance sex show, says Kristy, has "tapped a rather powerful personal and social desire on the part of young women to express all their frustrations. Ballance is providing the social acceptance and respectability for female sensuality and sexuality that *Playboy* magazine did for men 15 years ago."

Adds Dr. Salvatore Maddi, a psychologist at the University of Chicago: "Loneliness is an endemic problem of our time, and there are many people who literally have no friends. A disk jockey, particularly one who seems interested in his listeners, fulfills a need—he's a substitute friend."

Thunder All Around

To Columnist Joseph Kraft, "President Nixon is risking almost everything to gain practically nothing" because the best the Administration can achieve is a "fig leaf for defeat." On the same day's Washington *Post* op-edit page, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak called the President's latest move "dangerously high-risk poker," but speculated that the pot could be rewarding in two ways: by thwarting a fresh Communist offensive in the fall while keeping the Russians far enough below the boiling point to save a Moscow-Washington agreement on nuclear-arms limitations. The Washington *Star*, meanwhile, declared that "the Rubicon is crossed"; therefore, "the place of this newspaper is behind the President of the United States."

In the wake of Nixon's announcement about sealing North Vietnamese ports and borders while offering new peace terms, columnists and editorialists responded last week with more than the usual thunder pro and con. Much of the language on both sides was tougher than usual. Some of it sounded as if Armageddon lay just over the horizon.

Nightmare. "Nixon has put it all on the line—the war, the election, his future and peace in our time," intoned the Chicago *Daily News*. "From the bottom of our hearts, we hope it works." As usual, the opposition *Tribune* saw it differently: "Nixon is taking a risk, but it still looks like a soundly calculated one." The same sort of editorial schizophrenia prevailed in Detroit, where the *News* praised "the action that took guts," while the Knight *Free Press* saw Nixon's televised talk as "an incredible nightmare" and asked: "Is he so insecure that he is willing to see the world blown to smithereens to avoid being the first President to lose a war?"

Rising to white heat, the New York *Times* called on Congress to "curb control" the Executive Branch: "N is pushing the country very near constitutional crisis; Congress can save the President from himself and nation from disaster." But the *Ti* vice president and star columnist Reston, pointed out that Nixon's and more specific peace terms ma overlooked and underestimated the rhetoric. "There is nothing about keeping American air and power in Viet Nam, or defending Thieu government to the end."

Sarcasm. One paper that switch stands was the Denver *Post*. Noting "we have consistently supported P ident Nixon's efforts to wind down war and bring home American troo the *Post* concluded that "it is not risking a wider war in order to save S gon. The President has gone too far we hope he can find a way back." Boston *Globe* resorted to sarcasm: hope that as the crisis develops and approach the brink of disaster, thos the other side will show as much f ing for basic humanity as the Ad istration has for saving face."

Many papers rallied behind Nix The Richmond *News Leader* said "practically every American can t pride" in Nixon's stand. Hearst's Se tle *Post-Intelligencer*, sometimes cri cal of the President in the past, swung behind his "response to Comm nist aggression." New York's *Da News* figured that 90% would ba Nixon: "The other 10% could inclu kooks, would-be Presidents, Nixon-ha ing politicians, commentators and c umnists, domestic Reds and others w have sabotaged the war effort for ye and still have a right to freedom speech and press." The *Daily Ne* came close to demanding an end to dissent, but the nation's press show no signs of muting the debate.

CONRAD—LOS ANGELES TIMES

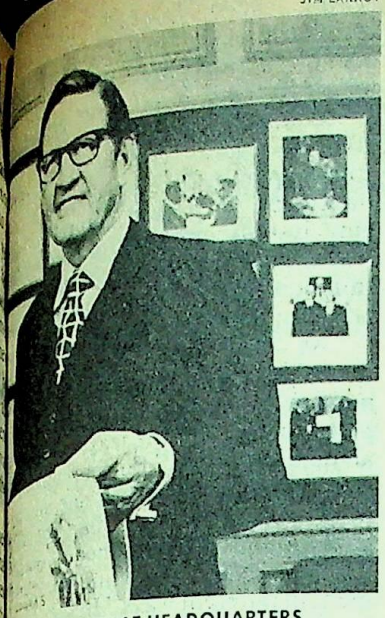


SANDERS—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL



"Psst! I'm willin' to clear out of the territory if you'll make it look like you chickened out."

JIM LARAGY



GANNETT'S MILLER AT HEADQUARTERS

The Rochester Acquirer

The Gannett string of daily newspapers totaled only a modest 19 when founder Frank Gannett died 15 years ago. All but three were concentrated in upstate New York. The Gannett image at the time was that of a celluloid-collar, low-budget exercise in small-city publishing, distinguished mainly by a ban on cigarette and liquor ads that reflected Gannett's personal prohibitions. Then Paul Miller took over as his boss's designated successor and the group took off. Today the Gannett Co., Inc. owns 39 dailies and 14 weeklies, more than any other U.S. chain, and the end of its expansion is nowhere in sight.

Gannett papers now serve state capitals as far apart as Hartford and Honolulu. Last year was the company's biggest ever for acquisitions: 17 dailies for a total of $130 million, mostly in Gannett stock. This year the group has already paid $14 million for the Nashville, Tenn., *Banner* (circ. 97,800), and next month plans to take over the El Paso *Times* (59,348) for an estimated $30 million. With Gannett stock selling at some 35 times earnings, stockholders at the corporation's annual meeting last week authorized a doubling of outstanding shares to 20 million—a sure sign that more purchases are planned.

Board Chairman Miller, now 65, is an energetic Missourian who came to the chain's Rochester headquarters in 1947 as executive assistant to Frank Gannett after an editorial career with Oklahoma papers and the Associated Press, where he rose from night filing editor in Columbus to Washington bureau chief in only ten years. Miller collects dailies for Gannett with the enthusiasm of a kid amassing marbles, and journalism may well remember him in newspaper terminology as the "Rochester Acquirer." Because he travels so much for both Gannett and the A.P. (which elected him its president in 1963 and chairman last month), Miller says that he has "come to know someone, along with the newspaper situation generally, in almost every city and town in this country." That makes acquisitions easier: "So much of this is done person to person. We don't need a middleman."

News-Oriented. Sometimes Miller acts upon sheer impulse. In 1969 he received a routine letter—having nothing to do with purchasing properties—from Louis Weil, president of Federated Publications. After glancing at the names of Federated's seven papers on the letterhead, Miller promptly phoned Weil. "Look," he said, "I see that you're not in any states where we are, and we're not in any states where you are. Why not talk about a possible merger?" Only four months later, Gannett agreed to buy out Federated. Miller shuns the biggest cities, where purchase costs are high and prospects for circulation increases limited. His general policy is to seek dailies that are "dominant in a growth market." Recent acquisitions have been principally in Florida, middle-sized cities in the South and West, and the U.S. Pacific islands. Gannett now even has morning, afternoon and Sunday papers on Guam, and Miller has plans for further expansion in the Pacific, which is growing in population and starved for newspapers.

Because Gannett concentrates on smaller communities, its group-wide circulation of 2,243,999 lags behind the likes of Newhouse, Knight, Scripps-Howard and Hearst. Only five Gannett papers exceed 100,000, and all but 13 are under 50,000. True competition is not a factor except in Hartford, where Gannett's afternoon *Times* (131,498) runs an insipid second to the legendary morning *Courant*. In Nashville, El Paso and Honolulu, the group has agreements to share production expenses and profits with competitors. Elsewhere, Gannett enjoys a monopoly.

Monopolies often mean mediocrity, and none of Gannett's papers could be called great. But most are the better for Gannett's ownership, and Rochester's *Times-Union* won a Pulitzer Prize this month for coverage of last year's Attica prison riot. "We are news-oriented," Miller insists. "I am a newsman. Certainly we believe in keeping earnings as strong as we can. But in making decisions, we always start with the news product." He is naturally pleased that Gannett rang up record revenues ($238,451,000) and profits ($19,747,000) last year; there are no longer any scruples about booze and cigarette advertising.

Gannett exercises tight central control from Rochester on the business side of its newspaper operations and is sometimes prone to penny pinching. At the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, where recession has cut ad revenue, the staff has been reduced slightly and morgue hours shortened to avoid payment of a night differential of $1.75 to a librarian. But Gannett editors enjoy broad editorial autonomy. Each daily is free to say what it likes, to play stories as it pleases, to use as much or as little as it wants of Gannett's own 24-hour wire service, which frequently pitches national stories to the group's individual papers with local-angle leads or inserts.

News Vice President John Quinn sends out a weekly "wire watch" to keep editors and publishers abreast of what their colleagues are doing on other Gannett papers and offer an occasional suggestion. The wire watch commands respectful attention but not blind obedience. Exceptions to Gannett's editorial autonomy rule are nine afternoon dailies in New York's wealthy suburban Westchester and Rockland counties, the former Macy chain that Gannett acquired in 1964. Because of their proximity to one another, the papers not only run several common pages a day that are centrally printed but also use editorials written for the group under the direction of Executive Editor James Head, 46, a Gannett troubleshooter who has brought some editorial imagination into the scruffy Macy city rooms.

The Yonkers *Herald Statesman* (47,852), long dubbed the "Sterile Hatesman" because of its boring and often narrow-minded tone, quickly got Head's O.K. for a series on Yonkers Mafiosi that the previous managers had prohibited. Heavily Italian Yonkers was outraged, and *Herald Statesman* Editor Barney Walters had his car windshield smashed eleven times, but the paper was suddenly worth reading again. These days Head's papers even endorse Democrats from time to time, which would have been heresy under the Macys, but individual editors must check with him first. To capture suburban readers on weekends, a new Sunday edition was launched for Rockland County last year, and a Westchester County Sunday paper is in the advanced-planning stage.

Indefinite Expansion. The editorial benefits of common ownership can be considerable to individual papers. The Cocoa, Fla., *Today* (48,101) covers space shots with imagination and expertise for the whole chain, via the Gannett News Service. The *Statesman* in Boise has been filing with local insight for all papers on the recent Idaho mine disaster. The News Service circulates such group-wide features as an entertainment column from the San Bernardino *Sun* and a music column from the *Times-Union*. Small papers benefit from staff coverage by bigger ones and in turn serve as testing grounds for technical improvements that may be adaptable to larger papers.

Chairman Miller promised stockholders last week that he would continue his "aggressive acquisition policy," and feels that the group can be expanded almost indefinitely without spreading resources too thin. He no longer has to go looking very hard for profitable new properties. Having firmly established his interest, Miller now finds potential sellers increasingly eager to offer their properties before the Rochester Acquirer.

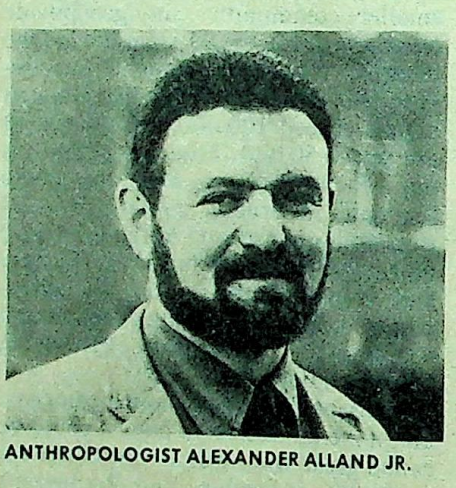
So Much For The Naked Ape

It is a cliché of popular ethology that man is no more than an animal among animals, a naked ape dominated by his own savage biology and driven by killer instincts. More sophisticated scientists think otherwise, and one of them, Anthropologist Alexander Alland Jr., has now produced a ringing rebuttal. In a new book called *The Human Imperative* (Columbia University; $8.50), Alland counters the sophistry of Robert Ardrey (*The Territorial Imperative*), Konrad Lorenz (*On Aggression*) and Desmond Morris (*The Naked Ape*) with a view of man as a human animal, a creature whose biologically rooted nature can be modified by the uniquely human creation that sets man apart from the apes, his culture.

Prime Example. If Homo sapiens were innately and inevitably aggressive, Alland observes, all men would behave aggressively and in a predictable, stereotyped manner. In fact, some societies are nonviolent, and in others aggression is expressed in widely varying, culturally determined ways that are "a far cry from the rather automatic and highly patterned aggressive responses which occur in lower animals."

As a prime example of a pacific people, Alland cites the Semai of Malaya. A band of 12,000 farmers, the Semai adopt and name animals, talk to and caress them as if they were children, and even suckle them. Youngsters are never physically punished; they rarely see any form of violence, and so have no model of aggressive behavior to imitate. One result is that murder is unknown among the Semai. When angry, they generally confine themselves to voicing insults and spreading malicious rumors. True, they sometimes throw their own belongings around, but they are careful not to hurt anyone. Even throwing things is frowned upon because, says Alland, "it scares people."

By contrast, the Abron people of the Ivory Coast are more aggressive—"but in ways which no biologist could predict on the basis of instinct theory." Their aggression does not seem to arise from an inner, unalterable genetic program. Instead, it is generated by external situations and is released only through socially approved channels. Initially, Abron children are indulged and fondled by all the adults around them and show no aggression—until a new child is born. Then, Alland writes, having been abruptly displaced from center stage, "most babies who have been quite placid up to this point begin to show signs of rage and aggression." This new behavior is severely punished, however, so that the children learn to control their anger. As a result, Abron adults are rarely aggressive toward other people. Instead they direct their aggression in fantasy and ritual at imaginary beings, called *deresgog*, or witches.



ANTHROPOLOGIST ALEXANDER ALLAND JR.

Disciples of Ardrey's popular theory of territoriality—the notion that man's primary motivation stems from a biological urge to defend whatever area he regards as his—also get short comeuppance. Like aggression, territoriality can be proved natural for man only if it is universal, automatic and "imperative," as Ardrey would have it. In fact, says Alland, it is none of these, not even in the most primitive societies.

As an example, hunter-gatherers, those primitive peoples who live by hunting animals and gathering wild plant foods, "are the least territorial of all human groups." Furthermore, in America "there are innumerable situations in which peoples of different ethnic backgrounds live together in the same territory, often exploiting the environment in different ways." In fact, says Alland, territoriality is not inborn but is mutually determined by the culture. He notes that most nations need such external reinforcers as the pledge to the flag and draft laws to ensure that national territory will have sufficient defenders.

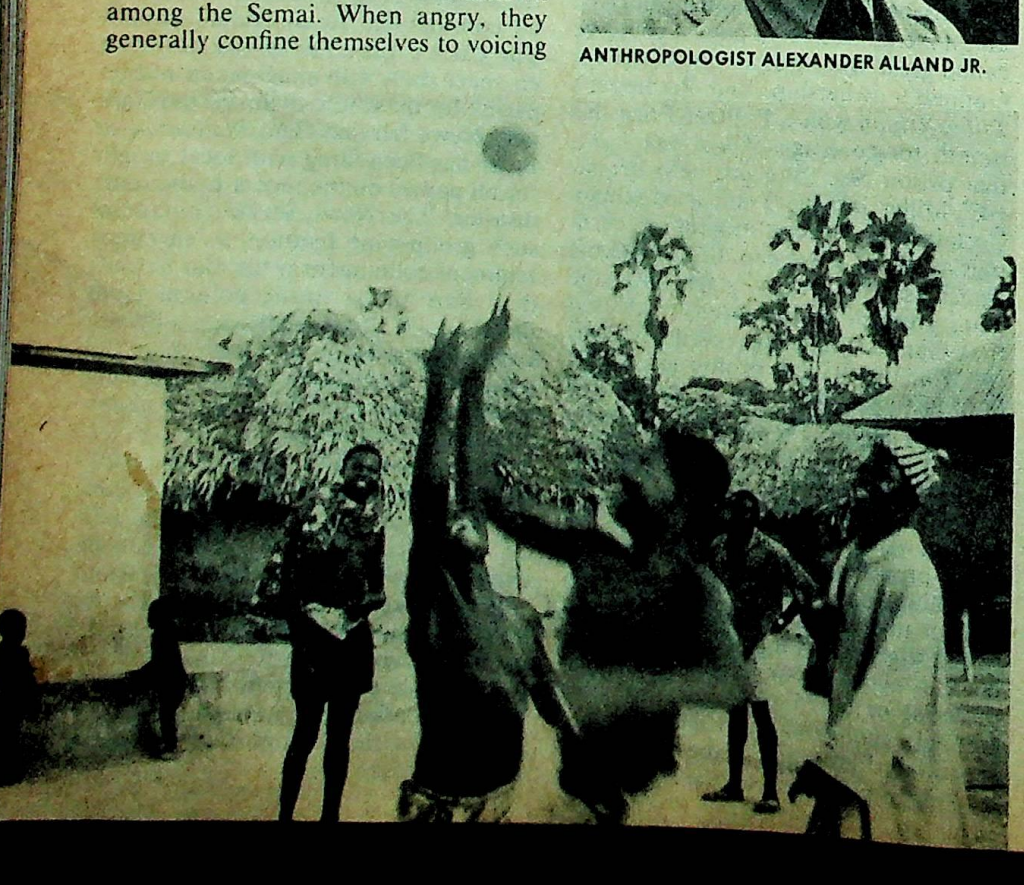
Alland's most significant conclusion is that neither territoriality nor aggression is instinctive; thus war is not inevitable. "Culture is the major determinant in human existence," he says. For that reason, the "human imperative" is to develop a kind of culture in which war is impossible.

Outmoded Virginity

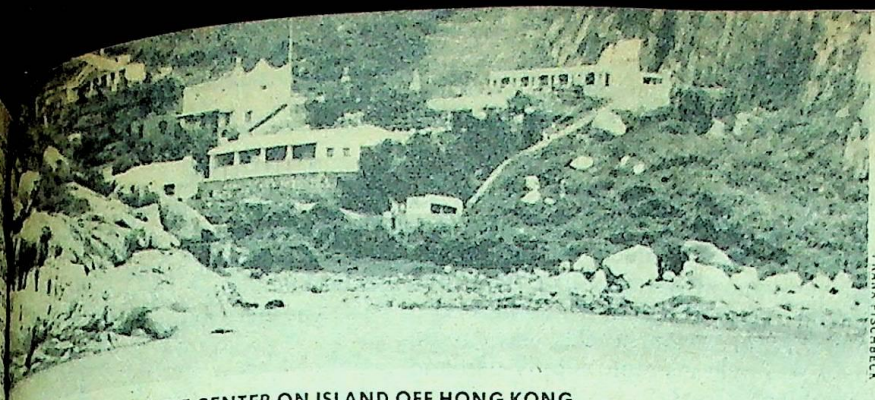
Common gossip says that youngsters are engaging in sexual intercourse earlier these days than they used to, but there has been precious little statistical evidence to back it up. Now Johns Hopkins Demographers Melvin Zelnik and John Kantner have come up with some firm data. After studying the sexual histories of unmarried teen-age girls, they announced last week that virginity is indeed outmoded. If the study sample is representative, almost half of all single American girls become non-virgins before they are 20.

Basing their findings on interviews with 4,611 girls living at home or in dormitories in 1971, Zelnik and Kantner reported to the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future that nearly 14% of the 15-year-old females they questioned had experienced intercourse, and that the percentage increases rapidly beyond that age: 21% at age 16, 27% at 17, 37% at 18 and more than 46% at age 19. Their report also discloses marked but unexplained racial differences that are presumably due much more to social class than to race. For whatever reason, teen-age blacks at every age level are more likely than whites to have had premarital sex. At age 15, for example, 32% of blacks have had intercourse, compared with 11% of whites; by age 19, the percentage has risen to 81% for blacks compared with 40% for whites.

Although it confirms widely held



ABRON YOUNGSTERS AT PLAY



FRANK FISCHBECK

DRUG ADDICT QUARANTINE CENTER ON ISLAND OFF HONG KONG

Lenient methods are bound to fail.

...ervictions about virginity, the Zelnik-...ntner study shatters the generational ...ith that young people are engaged in ...erpetual orgy of promiscuity. In fact, ...e investigators report, "the picture is ...t one of rampant sexuality." Most ...en-agers do not have sex frequently: ...f had had none at all during the ...onth before they were questioned, ...d of the remainder, about 70% had ...d intercourse no more than twice in ...at month. Moreover, 60% of the non-...rgins had made love with only one ...le in their lives, and half of them ...re planning to marry that man. Here, ...o, there was a racial difference. "It ...the white non-virgins who have sex ...re frequently and are the more pro-...iscuous," the study shows. Among ...ites, 16% reported four or more ...rtners, while for blacks the figure ...s only 11%.

Another popular misconception is ...at contemporary teen-agers are sex-...lly sophisticated. Not so. According ...Zelnik and Kantner, "the pervasive-...ss of chance taking" is remarkable. ...re than three-fourths of the non-vir-...s questioned said that they never or ...y occasionally used contraceptives. ...me youngsters said they considered ...th control "no fun" or "inconve-...ent." Many were so ill-informed that ...y believed they were too young or ...d sex too infrequently to get preg-...nt, or that they could not conceive if ...y avoided intercourse just before or ...st after menstruation.

As a result of such neglect and na-...ve, 41% of the blacks, 10% of the ...ites and 26% of both races had ...en or were pregnant. For this reason, ...e population commission has recom-...ended that birth control information ...e freely provided for the nation's teen-...gers. To support the recommendation, ...e executive director of the commis-...on, Charles Westoff, quotes a Man-...ttan teen-ager: "Refusal to provide ...ducation will not prevent sex, but it ...ll certainly prevent responsible sex."

Quarantining Addicts

Drug addiction would seem to have ...le in common with smallpox. But ac-...rding to Swedish Psychiatrist Nils Be-...ar. Though one is spread by ex-...ple and one by a virus, both, he says, ...e contagious, epidemic diseases that ...best be contained by quarantining their victims. To curb the spread of heroin and other hard-drug abuse, Bejerot proposes, the U.S. should establish compulsory, drug-free rehabilitation "villages" in secluded areas to keep addicts from infecting healthy nonusers.

Bejerot is a researcher in social medicine at Stockholm's Karolinska Institute and an expert on the drug epidemics that have occurred periodically in nations all over the world. In a New York *Times* interview last week, he insisted that contrary to popular belief, the role of pushers in epidemic addiction is secondary. It is primarily the users—especially new users—who spread drug abuse by persuading their friends to join them in their mindless pursuit of euphoric highs. Sometimes, Bejerot says, it is even possible to trace waves of addiction to particular carriers. In 1949, for example, he discovered that a small group of Stockholm bohemians was responsible for a surge of amphetamine use that eventually produced 12,000 new Swedish addicts. Similarly, eleven Norwegian drug users deported from Sweden in 1967 stimulated 100 new addiction cases in Norway when they returned home.

History shows that lenient methods of handling this kind of contagion are bound to fail, Bejerot says. In Sweden, for example, light penalties for drug offenders have done nothing to curb addiction. In Japan, on the other hand, authorities stamped out an amphetamine epidemic after World War II by instituting and enforcing a series of tough regulations: legal use of amphetamines was restricted to the treatment of just one disease (narcolepsy, which makes its victims fall asleep constantly); only one doctor per hospital was allowed to handle these drugs; and heavy prison sentences were imposed for possession and peddling—thus preventing both abusers and sellers from spreading their "disease."

While isolated detention villages are not precisely prisons, Bejerot admits that his proposed detention villages and his generally tough approach to drug control are highly controversial because they threaten the civil liberties of drug users. But he warns that popular outrage over escalating addiction and addiction-linked crime could lead to something even worse: repressive "semifascistic" measures that would affect not just addicts and criminals but large numbers of ordinary citizens.

MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 71,942,040 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 59.19, down .11 for the week ending May 12. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 941.83, up .60; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 106.38, down .25. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Net Change
Allied Chem...	33	31½	31½	−1⅛
Alum Co Am..	50¾	49	50⅜	None
Amer Airlines..	46⅞	44½	46⅝	+ ½
Am Brands....	46½	44¼	46½	+ ¾
Am Can.....	31	30	30⅛	− ¾
Am Motors....	9⅛	8⅝	8⅞	− ¼
AT&T.....	42¾	42¼	42½	− ⅛
Anac Cop....	20⅛	18⅞	20⅛	+ ⅜
Avon Prod....	119¼	114⅝	119	+2⅞
Beth Steel....	32¼	30½	32⅛	+ ¼
Boeing.....	21⅛	20	20¾	+ ⅜
Burlington Ind.	34½	33½	33½	− ¾
Burroughs....	170⅜	165½	170	+ ¼
Cater Trac....	52⅝	49⅞	52⅝	+ ⅛
Chrysler.....	34¾	32½	33¾	−1⅜
Clark Equip...	55½	53¾	54½	− ⅜
Control Data..	62½	59¾	62	+ ¼
Cor Gl Wks...	227½	222	226¼	+ ¾
Dow Chem....	89	87	88½	− ¾
DuPont.....	163¼	159⅛	163	− ½
Eastern Air....	28	25¼	28	+1⅜
East Kodak...	120⅝	114⅝	119⅞	+2½
El Paso N G..	18½	17¾	17⅞	− ½
Ford Motor...	70	67½	68⅝	−1¾
Gen Dynam...	32⅜	29⅜	31¾	+ ½
Gen Elec.....	68	64	68	+1½
Gen Foods...	28½	27⅛	27⅜	− ⅝
Gen Motors...	79⅛	76¼	77⅛	−1⅞
Gen Tel & El..	31⅜	29¾	30	− ⅞
Ga. Pac.....	44¾	42¾	43½	−1⅜
Goodyear....	31⅜	29¾	30¼	−1
Great A & P..	18⅝	18⅛	18½	− ⅛
Greyhound...	18¾	18¼	18⅜	None
Gulf Oil.....	24¾	24	24¾	None
IBM.....	387	379	382	−6¾
Int Harv.....	30⅞	29⅝	30⅜	− ¼
Int Nickel.....	31¾	30¾	30¾	− ⅝
Int Paper.....	39⅛	35½	38⅞	+2⅛
Int Tel & Tel..	54¼	52¼	53⅛	−1¼
Johns Man....	35¾	34⅛	35¼	+ ¼
Kraftco.....	44⅝	44	44¼	+ ¼
Kresge SS....	114¾	107⅛	114⅜	+3¾
Litton Ind.....	17¼	16⅜	16⅞	None
Lockheed.....	12½	11½	12½	+ ½
LTV.....	11⅛	9¾	11⅛	+1
McD Doug....	43¼	38⅛	42⅜	+1½
Merck Co.....	142⅜	136¼	138½	−2½
3M.....	145⅝	139¼	144⅜	+2⅜
Mobil Oil.....	51¼	49½	50¼	−1
Nat Cash Reg.	30½	28⅛	30½	+ ¼
N Amer Rock..	33½	31⅛	33⅜	+1¾
Occid Pet....	13	11½	12¾	+ ¾
Owens Ill.....	51⅝	48¼	50½	+1½
Pac Gas & El..	28	27¼	27⅝	− ⅜
Pan Am.....	14¾	13¾	14½	− ⅛
Penn Cen.....	4¾	4½	4½	− ⅛
Penney J. C...	75⅜	69⅝	75	+3¼
Philip Morris..	92¾	89	92½	+1
Polaroid.....	138¾	130¾	136⅞	−2⅛
Proc Gam....	95⅜	93	94	−1⅝
RCA.....	37½	34¼	36¾	+ ⅛
Reyn Ind.....	71¼	68⅞	69¼	−2½
Sears Roe....	112¾	110⅜	111¾	− ⅝
Shell Oil.....	43½	42	43½	+ ½
Sou Cal Ed...	24¾	24⅛	24½	− ¼
Std Oil Cal...	57¾	56⅜	57¼	− ¼
Std Oil N J...	71⅞	70½	71½	None
Swift Co.....	32⅜	30⅝	31⅝	+ ⅞
Tenneco.....	24¾	24	24¼	− ¼
Texaco Inc....	30⅝	29½	30½	+ ½
Textron.....	33¼	30¼	30½	−2⅝
Time Inc.....	56⅝	55¾	56	− ¼
TWA.....	55	47⅜	54⅝	+5⅜
UAL Inc.....	50⅞	48	50¾	+ ¼
Union Car....	48⅝	46⅝	48½	None
Utd Aircraft...	40	37⅞	39¾	+1⅜
US Ply Cham..	25½	21¾	25¼	+1¼
US Steel.....	32⅜	31⅝	32¼	+ ⅝
Westing.....	51⅜	48¼	50¾	+ ¾
Woolworth...	39	37½	38⅛	− ½
Xerox.....	138½	133	138¼	+ ½

MONEY

Burns Prods for Reform

Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns has been an intellectual prodder to the Nixon Administration, speaking up in favor of such unpleasant but necessary moves as wage-price controls and dollar devaluation. Last week he set out to overcome the Administration's seeming hesitancy to start negotiations quickly for rebuilding the world financial system, which cracked apart last summer and was only patched back together by last December's currency realignments. At a conference of U.S. and foreign bankers in Montreal, he outlined a ten-point program that was the first statement by a high U.S. official of goals for a new money system. It does not commit American negotiators —Treasury Secretary John Connally would prefer that the U.S. build up a stronger balance of payments position before sitting down to parlay—but Burns called his speech "a pretty fair summary of the U.S. position." His main points:

▶ As part of a reform package, the dollar should again be made convertible into other reserve assets, presumably including gold.

▶ While gold cannot realistically be dropped completely as a form of money because too many people cherish it, its role should diminish, and it should be gradually replaced by the IMF Special Drawing Rights ("paper gold").

▶ Countries that pile up big international-payments surpluses should be compelled to reduce them; in addition, debtor countries like the U.S. should be forced to wipe out big deficits.

▶ The world's financial powers should not talk only about money reform but should also hold "parallel conversations" about lowering barriers to world trade.

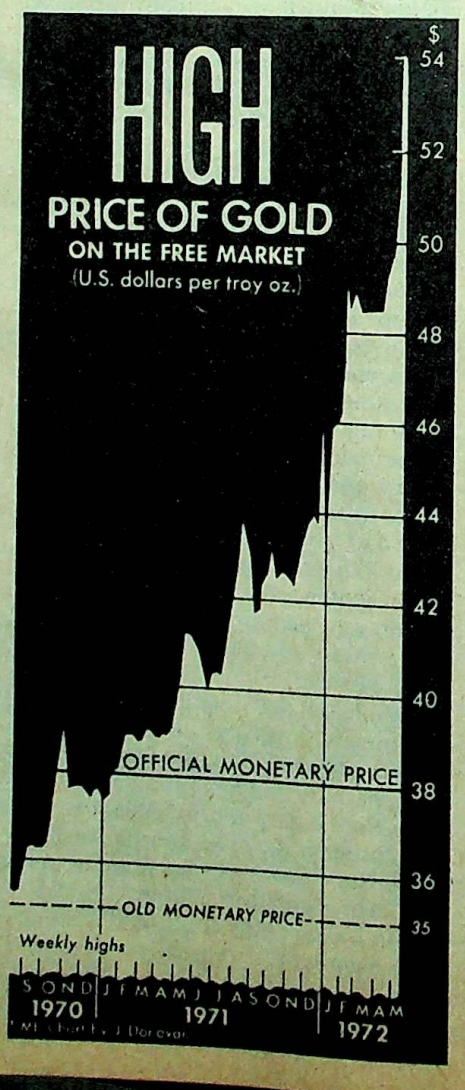
Such aims are easier to state than achieve. Burns warned that unless a start is soon made, the non-Communist world may break up into restrictive and competing trade blocs. His initiative moved Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker to set a tentative timetable for monetary reform. Volcker specified the International Monetary Fund meeting in the fall of 1973 as "a useful target date for getting a general agreement."

A New Type of Glitter

As it has done in times of political or economic crises since the days of the Pharaohs, the price of gold ran up last week. On one day of frenzied trading in London, it jumped a record $1.90 per oz. Later it vaulted to a post-World War II high of $54—a full $16 above the price at which central banks value the metal as a monetary reserve. But this flurry was only partly caused by fears that a wider war over Viet Nam might further undermine the shaky world financial system. More than that, the buying excitement, which had been building for several weeks, was caused by worry over a simple supply-demand imbalance.

Industry more and more appreciates that gold has properties beyond glitter. It is malleable and corrosion resistant, conducts electricity well and reflects light and heat. It is going into not only wedding rings and teeth but also into telephone equipment, jet-engine parts, auto-voltage regulators, electric razors and toasters—mostly in small amounts, alloyed with other metals, at points where electrical contacts are made. Meanwhile production in South Africa, the world's leading source of gold, has been declining, and the Soviet Union has been selling little of its growing gold cache in the West. Now that the price is up, Moscow may sell more —and reap the riches.

Buying last week was touched off partly by a report from London-based Consolidated Gold Fields Ltd., a company that owns interests in major South African gold mines, predicting that rising industrial demand and limited supply could push the price to $85 per oz. by 1980. That may be an overstatement, but some metal traders figure that a day is coming when gold will be as valuable an industrial commodity as used as mere money.



PHASE II

Calmer Waters

When the Pay Board in March ... back the wage increase that West Co... dock workers had won, four of the ... labor members stomped off the boa... and the dockers threatened to str... Last week the board took on the E... and Gulf Coast longshoremen. It o... dered slashes, reducing the first-year ... crease from 70¢ to 55¢. Labor chie... were quiet, and there was little stri... talk among the rank and file. Said An... thony Piccavillo, a checker on Manha... tan's East River: "We should have go... ten the full raise, but I wouldn't wa... to strike. Can't gain anything by it."

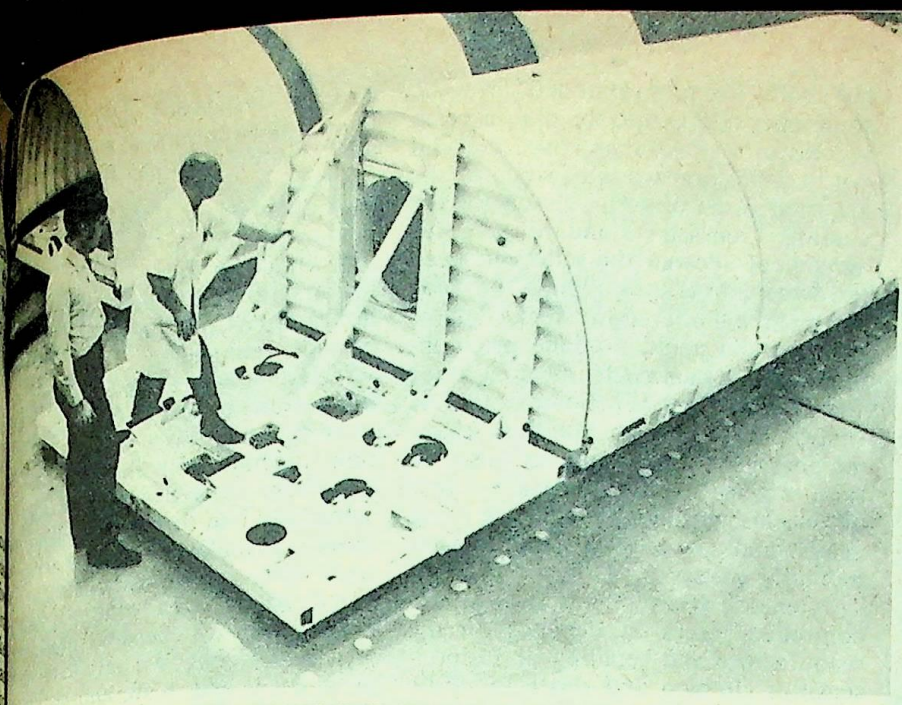
Dock workers say that they ha... had their fill of picket lines. Har... Bridges' West Coast longshoremen w... out for 134 days before signing the... contract; Thomas Gleason's East Co... and Gulf dockers were idle for eig... weeks. Though no group won all ... wanted, the approved wage raises a... eraged 12%, far more than the 5.5... that the Pay Board normally allow... The board permitted the outsized ga... partly to avoid a strike, and partly b... cause the dockers pledged to raise p... ductivity by changing work rules.

East and Gulf Coast union leade... will meet this week to weigh whether... to walk off the job. If they do, the We... Coast dockers have promised to jo... tying up all U.S. ports. Such a cris... seems unlikely, given the worker... mood. Indeed, there is evidence of... restraint elsewhere in shipping. La... month the National Maritime Uni... which speaks for 15,000 merchant se... men, agreed to a three-year contra... with increases less than half as big a... the dockers collected. The seamen a... parently know that if they do not re... in their wage demands, they may co... tinue to lose jobs to foreign ships.

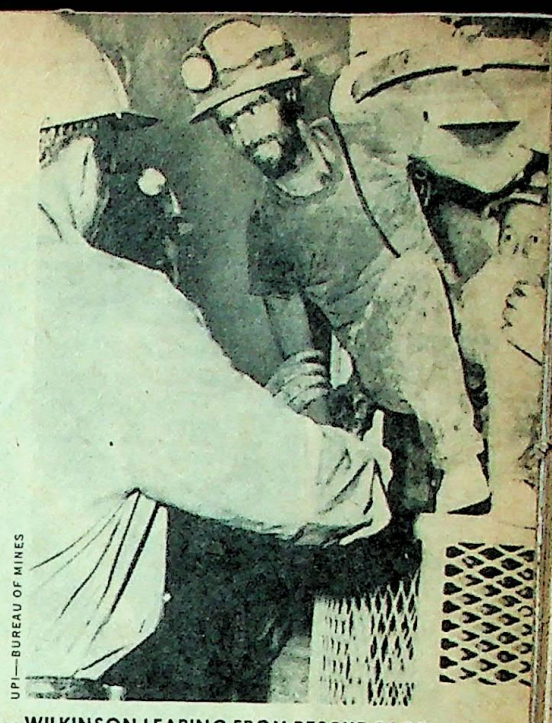
In other Phase II action last week:

▶ The Pay Board ordered employ... ers not to set aside funds in escrow ... make any other formal deals deferring... already-rejected pay raises until after... the controls are lifted. The order was de... signed to prevent a wage bulge after... Phase II ends.

▶ Treasury Secretary John Connal... ly told reporters that the controls ma... be abolished when enabling legislation... expires next March. But he warned that... controls will hang on if, and as long as,... Administration leaders think that re... moving them will lead to a new surge... of inflation.



STINGHOUSE MODEL OF SHELTER THAT MIGHT SAVE MINERS TRAPPED UNDERGROUND



UPI—BUREAU OF MINES

WILKINSON LEAPING FROM RESCUE CAGE

NDUSTRY

truggling for Safety

AFTER surviving for seven days in the smoky depths of the fire-ravaged Sunshine silver mine near Kellogg, Idaho, two young miners, Ron Flory and Tom Wilkinson, were amazingly rescued last week. "I'm not normally a religious man, but I sure prayed," Flory said. But 91 others were killed in the nation's largest silver mine. This week Congress will begin hearings to examine what started the fire. One suspicion is that spontaneous combustion occurred in the old mine timbers.

It takes a disaster like this to focus attention on one of the nation's most scandalous problems: on-the-job accidents. Last year they caused 12,200 deaths. In addition, of the nation's 79 million workers last year, 2,200,000 were disabled and another 5,300,000 suffered lesser injuries or illnesses. Workers fell off buildings, sheet-metal workers sliced off fingers, welders inhaled toxic fumes, and there were electrocutions, burnings, radiation poisoning and inhalation of cancer-inducing asbestos particles and chemical fumes. Congress last year put into effect the Occupational Safety and Health Act (O.S.H.A.). It covers all industries except mining, which is regulated by two other safety acts. The Bureau of Mines, which is in charge of mine safety, is working into devices to keep trapped miners alive, including Westinghouse-developed modular steel shelters that carry oxygen and food, ride on wheels and follow workers almost everywhere they go underground. The new, tougher occupational safety law laid down strict regulations for every employer and empowered federal inspectors to levy fines of as high as $10,000 and six months in jail for each violation. Up to February of this year, 20,688 factories, stores and offices had been inspected, but only 23% were found to be completely within the limits of the law. Fines of $1,444,686 have been proposed, and one firm, Greenfield & Associates of Lavonia, Mich., was fined a total of $16,000. These fines can be contested before a three-man commission; it already has a five-month backlog of 842 cases.

Worst First. Typically, the inspector uses noisemeters to tell whether the thrumming of machines could harm workers' ears, checks other instruments to detect potentially explosive gas leaks, and looks for missing guards on presses that can chop off an arm in a second. What have inspectors found? No eye washes in battery-charger areas, storage racks piled so high that they could fall on a worker, and no protective hearing devices.

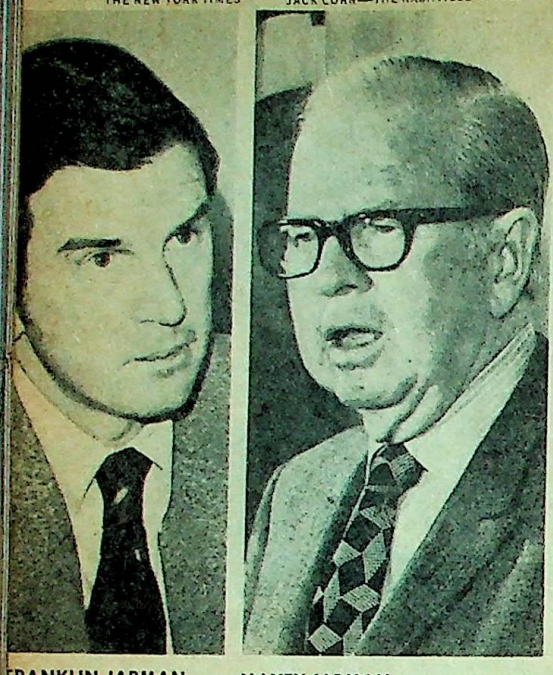
Administrators of O.S.H.A. in the Labor Department have a budget of only $38.5 million; for next year the proposed budget is $97 million. AFL-CIO officials say that at least $166 million is needed to deploy a minimum of 1,550 inspectors instead of the current 500. The Labor Department, working on a "worst-first" basis, is concentrating its inspectors on the policing of industries that have extremely high accident rates: longshoring, roofing and sheet metal, meat packing, mobile-home manufacturing and lumber and wood producing. Indeed, accidents are so common on the docks that, on the average, one out of every eight longshoremen a year suffers at least a temporarily disabling injury.

O.S.H.A. is stirring heated debates in Washington. TIME Correspondent Mark Sullivan reports: "It is a liberal law being administered by a conservative Administration. President Nixon would like to turn over supervision of safety laws to the states. The unions and the Democrats would rather see the power remain in Washington." If states do develop tough industrial safety standards—Texas, Alabama, Colorado and Wyoming have notably weak codes—the Government will pay 50% of the operating costs and 90% of the start-up expenses. So far only one state, South Carolina, has requested funds.

The U.S. Chamber of Commerce opposes the new federal law on grounds that reporting requirements are burdensome for small businesses which have few safety hazards. Chamber spokesmen also argue that the standards covered in the law's 248 finely printed pages could cause "economic holocaust" by forcing companies to scrap costly machines and dies.

The National Safety Council criticizes O.S.H.A. for other reasons. Says Robert Currie, assistant to the general manager of NSC: "I don't think you will see any significant payoff in terms of injuries prevented. A good safety program goes far beyond the law's requirements." Such sound programs are already in force at some companies, including Aerojet General, Du Pont, General Dynamics, Boeing, General Motors, Ford, IBM, Westinghouse and Firestone. Other employers could wisely copy from them. Unless many more do so and unless the Federal Government gets tougher, the toll of lives from on-the-job accidents is apt to rise even higher.

THE NEW YORK TIMES JACK CORN—THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN



FRANKLIN JARMAN MAXEY JARMAN

CORPORATIONS

Father Knows Best

The world's largest producer and retailer of apparel, Nashville-based Genesco is a family business run with Tennessee savvy by W. (for Walton) Maxey Jarman and his son Franklin, 40. It was a proud day for Maxey when, at 65, he turned over the chairmanship to Franklin three years ago. Quipped Franklin then: "Dad is getting out at a good time."

Those were prophetic words in the light of Genesco's—and the Jarmans' —present situation. As is often the case when a strong-willed patriarch turns over power to his son, relations between the two have become strained. Maxey, an abstemious Southern Baptist who teaches Sunday school, had built Genesco into an empire of 105 operating divisions. Franklin, a member of what Nashville residents call their suburban "Belle Meade jet set," has been hard pressed to coordinate his father's motley acquisitions. At a six-hour board meeting last month the two argued with considerable heat.

While Genesco's sales have risen to $1.3 billion, profits have dived from $36 million in 1968 to $16 million last year. Genesco stock has dropped from a high of $58 in 1968 to less than half that today. At a board meeting last week, officers announced a quarterly earnings loss of 5¢ per common share, down from a 51¢ gain for the same quarter last year. Alarmed, outside directors voted at the meeting to give the elder Jarman "added management responsibilities." The finance committee, of which he was still chairman, will be combined with the executive committee, and both will be placed under his active control.

Several of Genesco's problems can be traced to Maxey's acquisitiveness in the 1960s. The firm expanded furiously, sometimes taking into the organization successful regional companies that did not fit well. Executives of some of the acquired firms may have seen Maxey coming. Genesco's standard takeover agreement allowed the sellers to keep the ownership of the buildings that they occupied and offered fat stock bonuses to men who could produce profit increases for Genesco in the first three years after acquisition. Some managers simply rewrote their building leases, temporarily cutting rents in order to raise earnings. Now that the three-year periods are lapsing, the rents are rising again—and Genesco is saddled with mounting costs.

Genesco is also the victim of uncontrolled forces. It depends on the manufacture and retailing of fashion-sensitive clothing and shoes for 90% of its revenues. Its subsidiaries include Esquire Sportswear, Johnston & Murphy shoes and Formfit Rogers lingerie, as well as Henri Bendel, Bonwit Teller, I. Miller, S.H. Kress and Roos/Atkins. Lately, the fashion world has degenerated into volatile anarchy. The men's clothing industry has suffered especially, as young men have chucked tweeds and worsteds in favor of blue jeans and Army fatigues. One of Genesco's subsidiaries, Danté, Inc., which manufactures cuff links, has been hit by a move away from French cuffs. Until recently, consumer spending as a whole had lagged this year, so Genesco's profits from successful retail operations have not been able to balance setbacks elsewhere.

When it comes to making the most of a rough situation, Genesco's directors evidently feel that father knows best. Though the younger Jarman remains Genesco chairman, the elder will be in charge. At least one Genesco director believes that Maxey will use his restored position as a steppingstone to the Tennessee governorship in 1974. He tried for that office in 1970 but finished second in the Republican primary to Winfield Dunn, the current Governor. Genesco directors appear willing to keep Maxey on until the company is out of its slump. In a firm that depends on strong retail sales and stable fashions for its fortunes, he may be around for a long time.

Heat in Cook's Kitchen

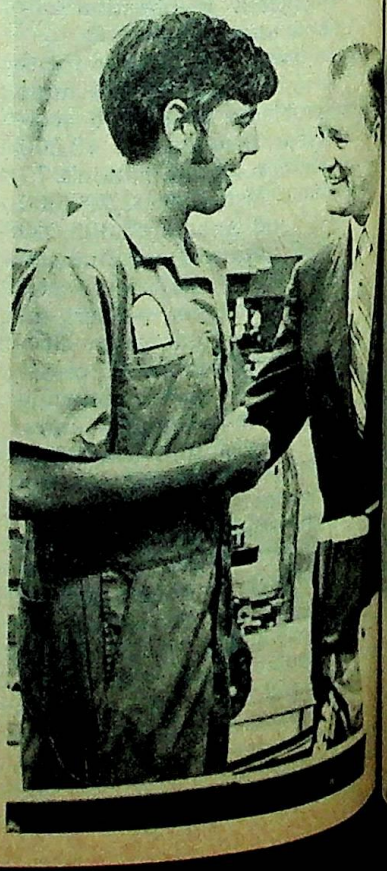
Chauncey William Wallace ("Tex") Cook is a little like the distressed fellow in the television commercial who says, "I can't believe I ate the whole thing." Cook heads General Foods, which is having trouble digesting all that it has swallowed. Earlier this year General Foods wrote off a $47 million loss on Burger Chef Systems and Rix Systems, a pair of acquired hamburger and roast beef sandwich franchise operations that ran afoul of overcrowding in the fast-food business. As a result, one of the world's biggest processors of food (last year's sales: $2.3 b... from such household names as ... well House, Jell-O, Birds Eye ... Gaines) is heading for its first e... ings decline in 20 years. Figures ... not yet complete for the fiscal ... that ended in April, but earnings ... the first three quarters were $84 ... lion *v.* $86.4 million in the equiva... period a year ago.

Neither Cook nor other comp... officers can expect to collect any e... utive bonuses this year. That expe... tion, together with the earnings d... left them in a dyspeptic mood, ... somebody had to take the blame. L... month President Arthur Larkin ... took early retirement under pres... and Cook, 62, already the chairman ... chief executive, became president ... well. Says Cook: "We have to do the ... gery, get it over with, and get on ... the business."

Coffee Grounded. Business ... been bad on several fronts. The Ge... eral Foods empire is built largely on ... fee—one-third of its sales come from ... —but Americans have been imbibing ... less of it. During the 1960s, annual p... capita consumption dropped from 1... lbs. to 13.4 lbs., as more Americans ... turned to soft drinks. Maxim, which ... is General Foods' freeze-dried coffee ... is being outsold by Nestlé's Taster's ... Choice. Says Cook: "To get on the shelf ... Nestlé's had come in with some very ... attractive inducements"—price deals ... for grocers, coupons, vigorous advertising campaigns.

One of General Foods' problems ... that new products no longer stay unique ... for very long. Just about any new drink, ... breakfast food or pudding is almost

TEX COOK WITH WORKER AT TOPEKA PLANT



When summer or winter sports leave you delightfully breathless, relax in the new taste of outdoor drinking.

CAMPARI and *Soda*

(refreshingly different!)



immediately surrounded by a horde of imitations. For example, General Foods' Toast 'em Pop-Ups were bushwhacked by competitors; the company has recently sold the line to Schulze and Burch Biscuit Co. Cool 'n Creamy frozen puddings were also a disappointment. "We were hoping that Cool 'n Creamy would continue to build, but it hasn't," says Cook.

To bring the company around, Cook has started a major reorganization, giving more power to a few veteran vice presidents and centralizing far-flung product research. He has a salesman's high hopes for several products that are test-marketed: Brim, a decaffeinated coffee; Master Blend, a mix of freeze-dried and spray-dried coffee that would cost less than either Maxim or Taster's Choice; Oven Top, a chicken or turkey dressing that can be cooked without a bird; and Soft-Swirl, a mousse dessert. Meanwhile Cook faces mandatory retirement in less than three years, and the company has to pick a president who will be his heir apparent for the chairmanship. "Obviously," says Cook, "that has to happen—but there is no rush."

PERSONALITIES

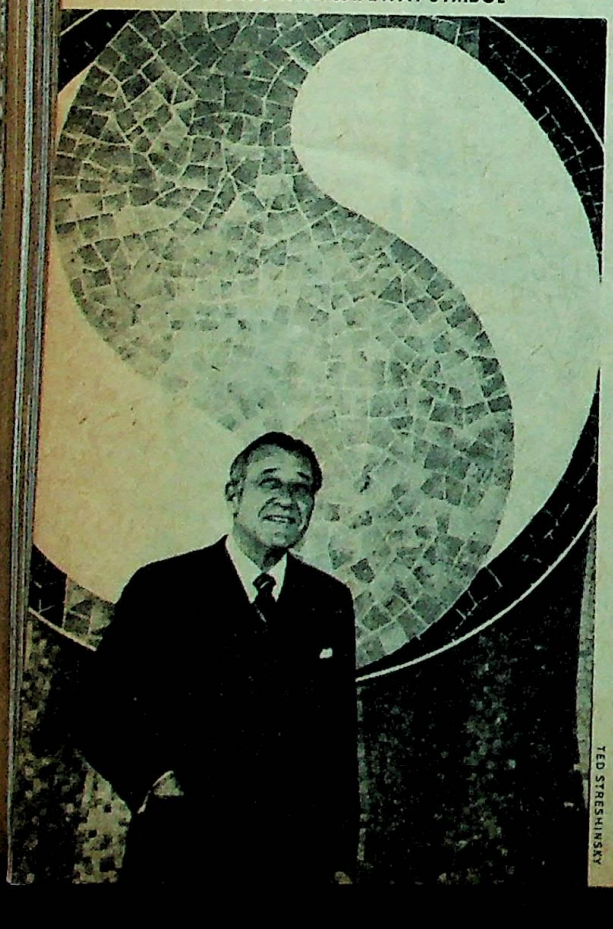
Reynolds' Rich Diet

Nearly half a century ago, Quentin Reynolds (no kin to the late writer) was a fruit clerk in an Oakland grocery store, and Safeway Stores was a small California supermarket chain. Since then, both have had more than the normal diet of success. Early last year the powerfully built and congenial Reynolds, 66, was named chairman of Safeway, which has no mandatory retirement rule for that job. Now, for the first time, Safeway is the world's largest food retailer. Last week the chain reported sales of $5,511,000,000, just squeaking by A. & P.'s $5,508,000,000.

Safeway has wisely anticipated consumer trends and been in the right place at the right time. Except for an operation in the Washington, D.C. area, its markets are in the rapidly growing Western states. By comparison, A. & P. has most of its stores in the East, and many are in cramped, deteriorating city neighborhoods. The average A. & P. store rings up $25,000 in sales a week *v.* Safeway's $45,000. Safeway also was one of the first chains to switch to discounting in the mid-'60s. By eliminating trading stamps, games and other frills, Reynolds and his colleagues have been able to trim food prices without narrowing their own profit margins. Now that health foods are popular, many Safeway stores have a special section that sells such delights as organic apple juice and Crunchy Granola.

Reynolds intends to accelerate Safeway's expansion abroad. "We plan to double our European outlets by 1975," he says. Already Safeway has 48 supermarkets in Great Britain, 14 in West Germany, 36 in Australia. Reynolds can afford to spend millions on building new stores. In 1972's first quarter, profits were up 25%, to $18 million.

REYNOLDS WITH SAFEWAY SYMBOL



TED STRESHINSKY

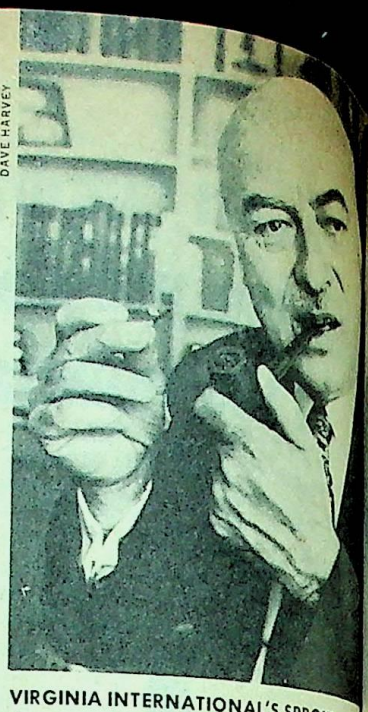
Sproul's Brass and Gold

A retired two-star general in the National Guard, Archibald ("Arch") Sproul, 56, meets plenty of important military men at home and abroad. For example, General Suharto, President of Indonesia. Two months after Suharto won control of the government in 1966, Sproul organized Virginia International Co. (VICO) and went to Indonesia in search of "business opportunities." He met Suharto in 1967, and now he has more ventures than his company can handle alone. He operates a rubber plant and has a lease on 67,000 acres of land—obtained for about a cent an acre—that he plans to use for cattle grazing. He is now negotiating for timber concessions.

Most important, Sproul in 1968 got one of the largest onshore oil concessions that the Indonesian government has ever granted—4.4 million acres. To finance exploration and development, he recruited some well-fixed partners, including an Allied Chemical subsidiary and Universe Tankships, which is owned by Billionaire Daniel K. Ludwig. Three months ago the group struck its first oil at an exploratory well.

VICO retains only a 5% interest in the oil operation, but will share in any future profits. So far there have been no profits. For the fourth year VICO will report another loss next month, between $500,000 and $700,000 on revenues of roughly $900,000. How some investors obviously believe VICO, still a small company, will m money. Its stock, which is traded the counter, has jumped from $3 a sh a year ago to $46 last week.

DAVE HARVEY



VIRGINIA INTERNATIONAL'S SPROUL
Some well-fixed partners.

TEXTILES

Hot Pants, Cold Comfo

Hit by a one-two-three punch changes in fashions, imports from pan and general economic uncertai European manufacturers of synth fibers are suffering. Many of their p are working at only 70% to 80% capacity. At that level, the profits older and smaller plants have b wiped out. Even such giants as B ain's Courtaulds and Imperial Che cal Industries, France's Rhône-Poul Germany's Farbwerke Hoechst and aly's Montedison have been weake by financial fibrosis.

The Netherlands' AKZO, for exa ple, is laying off more than 6,000 wo ers, a draconian measure that has ra questions in the Dutch Parliament. move has also caused Dutch, Ger and Belgian labor leaders to plan a committee to monitor AKZO's fu management decisions. U.S. compa in Europe have been hurt too. "V few firms, European or American, making much money out of fibers," a Monsanto executive. "The Europe industry has double-knitted itself a corner."

The Europeans expanded capac rapidly in the late 1960s, but their plants started spinning out fibers at cisely the wrong time. U.S. imports European fibers have sagged, partly cause last year's currency realignme raised the dollar price, partly beca U.S. firms are producing a larger p centage of the polyester filament u in popular jersey-knit textiles, previ ly a prime market for the Europe Last year also, when the Nixon Ad



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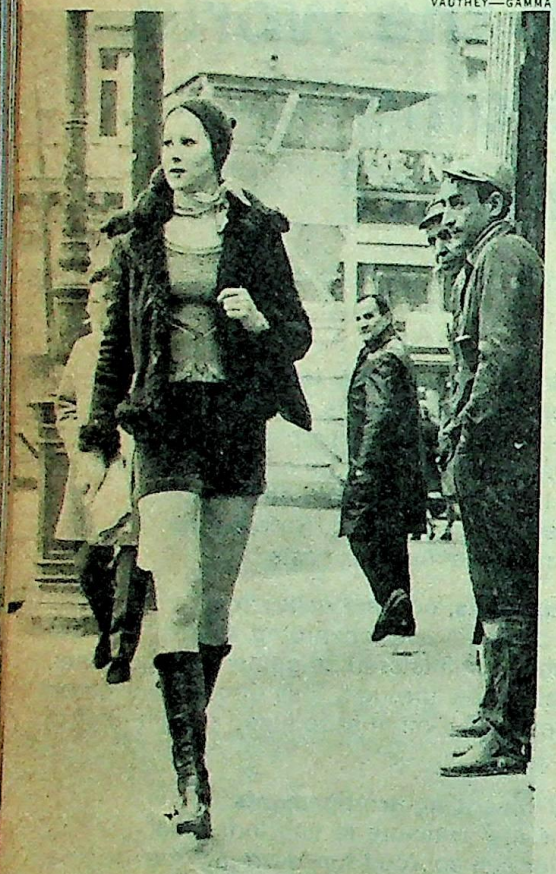
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MANUFACTURERS OF A FULL RANGE OF ARC WELDING MACHINES AND ELECTRODES

istration pressured Japan into clamping "voluntary" restraints on textile exports to the U.S., the Japanese redirected much of their sales drive to Europe. In Britain, Japan has won 20% of the market for some kinds of man-made fibers *v.* 2% in 1970. The Japanese assault coincided with a temporary European economic slowdown that intensified competition and forced manufacturers to cut prices.

Changes in taste have also crimped demand. Hot pants, short skirts and teeny bikinis use fewer fibers than clothing did in the age of the cover-up. Even European affluence can work against the industry. The spread of central heating encourages men to wear lightweight

VAUTHEY—GAMMA



SCANTY FASHION IN PARIS
Affluence hurts.

suits; as bedrooms become warmer, more people sleep in the raw, thus snipping away at the pajama market.

One traditional European response to such troubles has been to form a cartel to restrict production and raise prices, but that way out is no longer easy. Last March the West German Cartel Office fined nine German companies $15 million on charges of fixing prices and sharing markets. The companies are appealing, but the Common Market's trustbusters are studying the case to see if the nine also should be brought before the European Court of Justice in Luxembourg. The companies may escape further chastisement, but for reasons that can give them only cold comfort. The cartel was terribly inefficient: prices fell, and markets were chaotic instead of orderly.

OIL

Up the Quotas

Oil import quotas have been something of a sacred cow through four successive U.S. Administrations, certainly including Richard Nixon's. Yet last week Nixon signed a proclamation allowing importers to bring in an average 230,000 bbl. more a day for 1972, about 15% more than before. Because there are just over seven months left in the year, the daily increase will really amount to 400,000 bbl.

The President had little choice. For the third straight year, the U.S. faces a fuel and energy shortage. This, combined with heavy overloads on power systems at peak periods of use, may well dim lights and shut down air conditioners on sweltering days this summer. State restrictions on domestic output, which accounts for about three-fourths of the 12 million bbl. of oil that the nation needs each day, have been loosened; Texas wells are now allowed to produce at 100% of theoretical capacity. But the U.S. industry has been unable to meet demand, and even some oilmen have been asking for a boost in the imports. The heaviest pressure has come from independent refiners; unlike those controlled by big, integrated producing companies, they must buy crude wherever they can find it.

On the other side, independent oil drillers grumbled that the quota increase will hold down prices and thus make it hard to get bank financing for further exploration. The increase in quotas, however, was a victory for consumers, who presumably will be spared the price boosts that a shortage would cause. Nixon knew that such boosts would damage his anti-inflation campaign. Still, the quota increase underscores the growing U.S. dependence on overseas oil supplies that could be shut off by wars or political blackmail.

AUTOS

Toward Total Recall

The auto industry has not yet achieved total recall, but on one type of car it is coming close. So far in the current model run, General Motors has built 560,000 Chevrolet Vegas—and called back 480,000 of them. Last week the latest Vega recall, of 350,000 cars, produced something unusual: it was caused by a flaw related to an anti-pollution device.

The device is a solenoid, a part about the size of a flashlight battery that controls the engine's idling speed. It is supposed to ensure that pollutants are properly burned before entering into the exhaust. The solenoid itself did not fail, but in at least 15 cars a small bracket holding it in place did, causing the solenoid to hold the throttle linkage open in a fast-idle position; in five cases the throttle stuck open so badly that the driver could not slow the car by taking his foot off the gas pedal. Chevrolet is calling back the cars to install a new support that will help hold the solenoid, and has a plant working seven days a week to produce the supports. Meanwhile it advises drivers whose throttles may stick open to "turn off the ignition key while firmly applying the brakes and bring the car to a stop."

MARKETING

On with Exxon

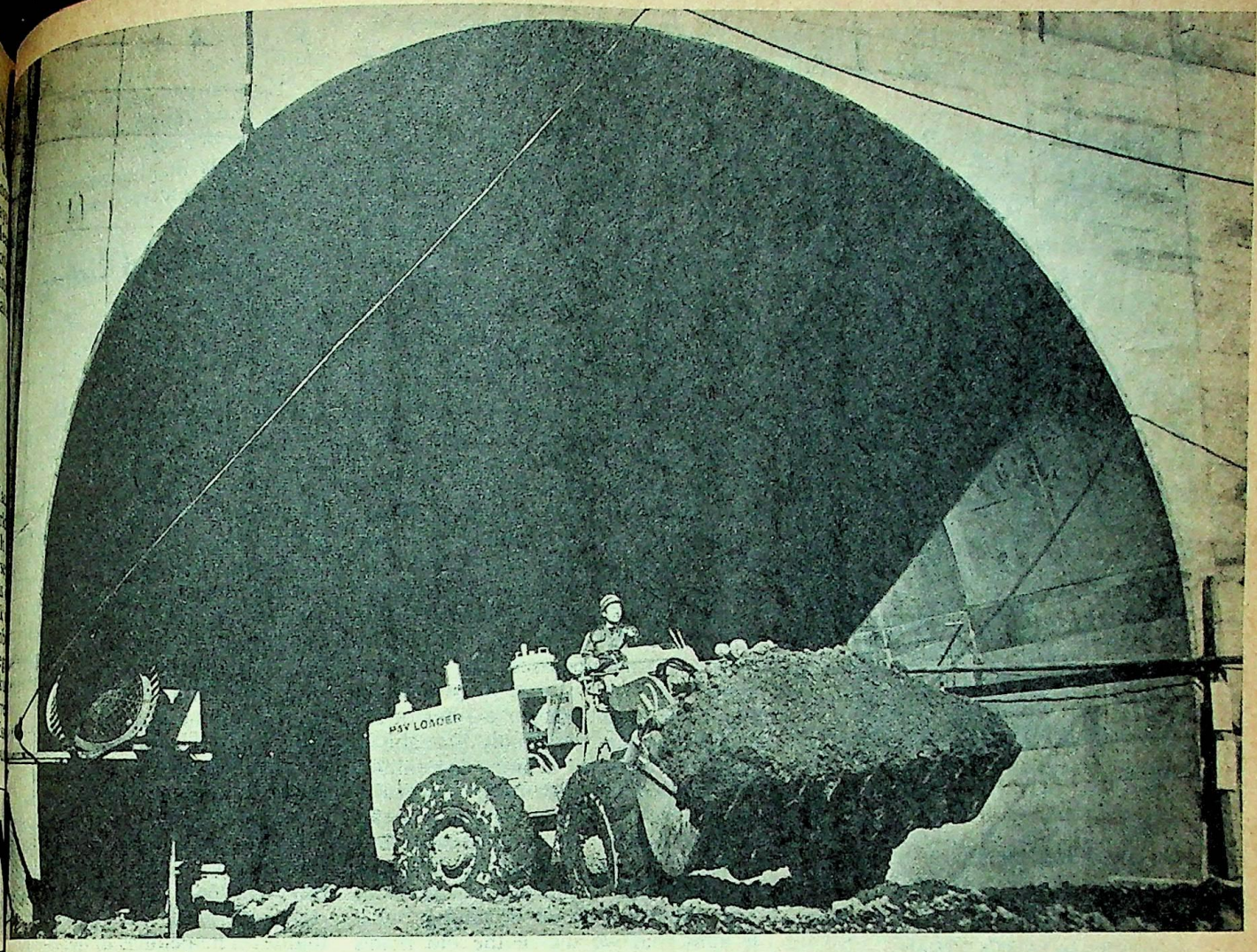
Along with Coke, Jeep, Mace, Band-Aid and Levi's, one of the world's most famous trademarks is Esso. It is used by Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) in foreign countries and many parts of the U.S., where Esso is the trademark of the domestic operating arm, Humble Oil and Refining Co. Trouble is, legal restrictions following the 1911 breakup of the old Standard Oil trust have barred Humble from brandishing the Esso name in 20 states. In parts of the South



and West, the company uses the label Enco, or, in Ohio, Humble.

After decades of grappling with the national advertising and marketing problems that a multiplicity of trademarks entails, Humble officers last week announced final agreement on a company promise. As of next January, the firm will change its name to Exxon Co., U.S.A. In July its three gasolines will become Exxon, Exxon Plus and Exxon Extra. A $25 million advertising campaign will herald the name change. Another $1 million will be spent to switch signs on the company's more than 25,000 stations and impart Exxon to its letterheads, gas pumps and trucks.

The name is the product of more than five years of linguistic analysis, psychological testing of consumers and test marketing (TIME, Oct. 25). Humble researchers examined thousands of computer-chosen alphabetic combinations and words in 55 languages until they found one that seemed to stick in consumers' minds and had no obscene or embarrassing meanings in any foreign tongue. A major breakthrough was the finding that there is no word with double X in any language except Malagasy. Since the new trademark may eventually be used by Jersey Standard overseas, one of its present labels, Enco, was an early reject. It means "stalled car" in Japanese.



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SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR & SARTRE

Gray Pastures

THE COMING OF AGE
by SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR
Translated by PATRICK O'BRIAN
585 pages. Putnam. $10.

Die young or grow old—so far there seems to be no other option. Yet society regards old age as "a kind of shameful secret," complains French Novelist and Treatise Writer Simone de Beauvoir, now in her 65th year. Old people, she argues brilliantly and bitterly, are condemned not only to decrepitude but to poverty and loneliness. In the face of this, they are also asked "to display serenity" so that their juniors will be spared guilt.

With the same tough panache she showed in pioneering Women's Liberation (*The Second Sex*), Miss de Beauvoir now sets out to champion what might be called the Old Age Revolution. Characterizing the old as "the most unfortunate, the worst-used of all," she suggests that trying to take care of them properly would bring about a healthy moral and monetary upheaval in our society.

Seal Meat. In a fascinating spot survey, Miss de Beauvoir reviews how the old have fared in other places, other times. For example, among the Chukchee, a Siberian fishing tribe, an elder who outlived his time was given a farewell feast of seal meat and whisky, after which his son or younger brother slipped behind and strangled him with a seal bone.

Yet in other societies, elders might maintain their usefulness by presiding over rites of passage and playing tribal historian.

By and large, Miss de Beauvoir finds that the aged have been honored more in theory than in practice. In the 13th century, Roger Bacon pronounced old age a disease, and few men before or since have disagreed. As for the present, she writes: "It is common knowledge that the condition of old people today is scandalous." Any pretense to patriarchy has been mocked by the urban-industrial dispersal of the family; the attitude of children toward aging parents, she writes, is profound duplicity under a veneer of official respect.

"Mystical Twaddle." Turning subjective in the last half of her book, Miss de Beauvoir forces readers to confront the old age that every man contains within himself, "just as," in Rilke's phrase, "a fruit enfolds its stone." How does old age feel? To Juvenal, it was "a perpetual train of losses." To Jonathan Swift, it meant "a state of permanent anger." Even the master exulter of all, Walt Whitman, was finally brought, in his own words, to "whimpering ennui."

Simone de Beauvoir carefully weighs the few whose testimony treats old age as a period of spiritualization. Among them are senescence's biggest booster, Victor Hugo, who wrote: "Fire is seen in the eyes of the young, but it is light that we see in the old man's eyes." Miss de Beauvoir's judgment of that: "Mystical twaddle." Her heroes are not those who praise decline but the men who fight the body's disintegration, like Tolstoy, who learned to bicycle at 67, and Goethe, who at 64 could ride a horse for six hours without dismounting. Alas, even this "incessant struggle" is doomed.

What of ordinary men put out to pasture at 65? Retirement is the "most loathsome word in the language," she choruses with Hemingway. A man's work is his dilemma: his job is his bondage, but it also gives him a fair share of his identity and keeps him from being a bystander in somebody else's world. Old age does not even, as another myth claims, leave men transcendently free of their appetites, particularly sex. The dirty old man—limited as to opportunity but still in there peeping—is, Miss de Beauvoir concludes, closer to the pathetic truth.

The tragedy, as the author sums it up, is that the aged, though often treated as a separate race, are still fully human, and with encouragement can maintain limited participation in a full life. What is Miss de Beauvoir's program? Nothing so simple as the political solutions of "higher pensions, decent housing, and organized leisure," she warns. "It is the whole system that is at issue." Modern man, she complains, is "atomized from his childhood" on. If in his youth and maturity a man "shared in a collective life, as necessary and as much a matter of course as his own," only then would he "never experience banishment" in his old age.

How might this "ideal society" be constructed? The question demands another De Beauvoir book. In the meantime, she is making an eloquent plea for interim mercies. ■ Melvin Maddocks

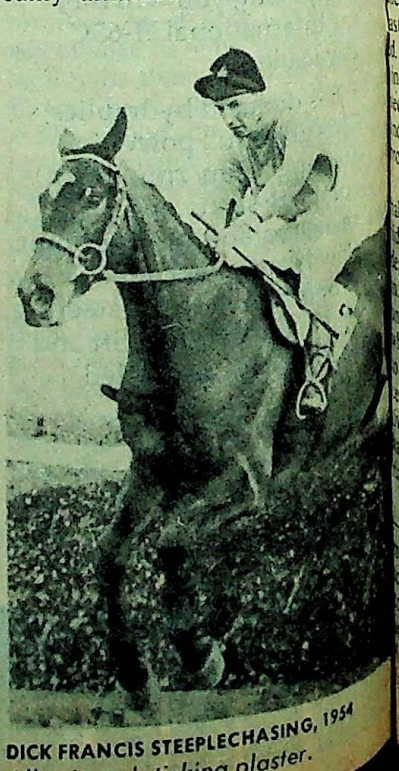
Reading and Riding

BONECRACK
by DICK FRANCIS
201 pages. Harper & Row. $5.95.

The often shattering and usually infectious joys of the turf are remarkably difficult to describe or explain, especially to outsiders. One of the very few writers who can do so successfully, appropriately enough, is a 51-year-old ex-jockey named Dick Francis.

Before becoming a writer in 1962, Francis was for some years the best steeplechaser in England, eventually becoming jockey to the Queen Mother. He knows the hedges and hazards, frosts and social slights of British steeplechasing the way a car owner knows the dashboard of his five-year-old sedan. He has used his experiences to produce ten more or less equestrian suspense stories that are also novels of métier and manners. His best books are *Dead Cert* (the first, written in 1962), *Nerve* (1964), *For Kicks* (1965), *Odds Against* (1966) and *Forfeit* (1969). At that level he belongs in the company of writers like John Buchan, who created a highly personal genre and then used it, beyond sheer entertainment, to express a lifetime's accumulation of knowledge and affection.

Francis' plots customarily run briskly over a fast, dry track, and *Bonecrack*, his latest, is no exception. It tells how a member of the European Mafia, with threat of muscle and mayhem, foists his sulky amateur rider-son on a profi-



DICK FRANCIS STEEPLECHASING, 1954
All grit and sticking plaster.

onal British trainer. He orders that the by is to ride the stable's best horses in series of important races. The book is t absolutely first-rate Francis. It does t hold a tight enough rein on incre- ility (a rare thing for Francis), and its isis boils up too fast and fizzles out o bloodily (also a rare thing for Fran- st. But as always, readers are deftly in- ced to care about the people as well the horses, and there is a quota of fa- liar set-piece scenes that Francis' ad- rers now happily expect. Among em: "the beating" and what might be lled the "ride-for-life."

The ride-for-life, of course, is a rsebound version of those great chas- across the English countryside in hich Buchan heroes, and their heirs d assigns, foiled pursuit in everything om Bentleys to borrowed bicycles. he true Francis classic (*Dead Cert*), ted the jockey hero, up on a splen- d horse named Admiral, against the rces of darkness who chivvied him out in a swarm of radio taxis. By con- st, *Bonecrack's* ride is modest. The iner, galloping prodigally cross- untry on his best racer, tries to head the sulky boy-jockey from inadver- nt assassination by one of his Mafia fa- er's goons.

Crisp Prose. "I was hurting far ore than I would have believed possi- e," the trainer hero of *Bonecrack* re- cts, after being worked over in Chap- r I by two mysterious men in masks. he tone is typical of Francis. Though s people are regularly, often bizarrely, t upon by musclemen intent on alter- g the result of a horse race, their dra- atically understated encounters some- w do not seem sadistic. Francis' eroes, among other things, have been ng up to freeze in icy tack rooms (*Nerve*) and had a broken hand rebro- n with a poker (*Odds Against*). Yet ey regularly turn up—all grit and cking plaster—to ride or retaliate, ster than anyone could have suspect- d. Their sudden recoveries seem con- ncing partly because Francis, like all eeplechase jockeys, fell regularly, and nows the pain of riding with assorted roken ribs and collarbones.

Francis has a positive genius for in- abiting the psyche of existential out- ders with small chips on their shoul- ers and a large resolve never to give . Most British jockeys are small and derpaid in a flossy, fat social sport here the term "gentleman jockey" had be coined to designate the rare ex- ption. When that is not enough mo- ration, Francis throws in a physical ndicap, or a grudge against a Victo- an parent.

Francis himself stands 5 ft. 8½ in. tall for a jockey—and has pretty uch been a winner ever since he quit hool at 15 to ride. He has been a sports lumnist, a horse trainer and a flyer, d he now owns a plane-rental service. l these experiences have been tidily ded into his crisp prose.

There is little sign that Francis has exhausted his subject. But if he ever opens a detective agency or joins the British intelligence service, some of the supersleuths of literature will have to tend to their laurels. ■ Timothy Foote

Old Ez

THE POUND ERA
by HUGH KENNER
606 pages. University of California.
$14.95.

The title itself seems presumptuous. Can Kenner really be claiming that the era of such giants as Eliot, Joyce, Lawrence and Yeats belongs to Ezra Pound? He can. He does. And he may even be right. At the back of every trend and tendency that mattered, anyway, he manages to find old Ez, puffing and prestidigitating—language theories, borrowings from Greek, Italian and Provençal, imagism, myth and verses from the Chinese. Of course some of the connections are weak, and Kenner is not above a bit of crankery on his own. He often wears his learning like a lead flak jacket and, like Pound, can be pithy to the point of incomprehensibility. But he has a contagious gusto and a splendid ear: the fragments of Pound's poetry that litter his pages are altogether dazzling and rich, "an anthology of rightnesses." Kenner knows some good stories too. He has one small masterpiece about T.S. Eliot, during an impossibly British lunch, majestically bringing his famous critical faculties to bear upon a cheese. ■ Charles Elliott

Dreams of Plenty

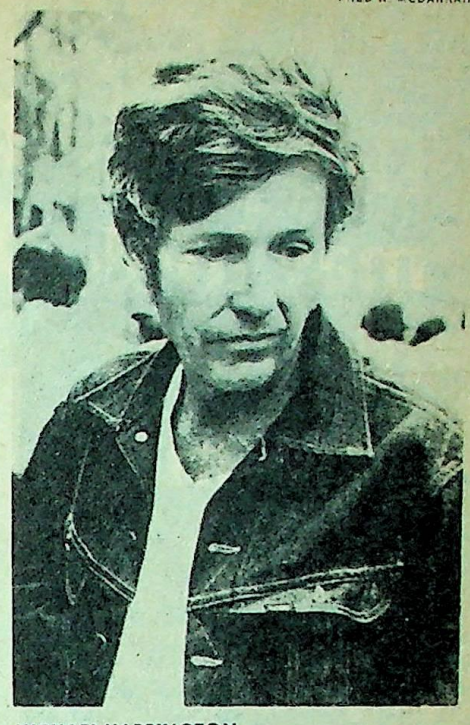
SOCIALISM
by MICHAEL HARRINGTON
436 pages. Saturday Review Press.
$12.50.

Michael Harrington—social democrat, pacifist, intellectual, born Roman Catholic but out of practice—has the scrubbed, care-lined radiance of a man who in other circumstances might well have been a worker-priest, American style. Instead, he is a revolutionary pamphleteer and chairman of the Socialist Party of the U.S. Yet poverty is his vow and his ideological passion.

Out of his direct experience as a welfare worker in St. Louis and New York, Harrington in 1962 wrote *The Other America*. A sermon about the extent of poverty in the U.S., the book was credited with inspiring the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations' poverty program. Now Harrington has lifted his gaze to the perspectives of history. In *Socialism*, his faith shines through. His moral sensibility is right on. Yet in detail and hard argument, his book falters.

The U.S., Harrington writes, is almost "the only country on the face of the globe where 'socialism' is a bad word." As a correction he reviews the history of socialism, concentrating on the mid-19th century in Europe and the

FRED W. MCDARRAH



MICHAEL HARRINGTON
Karl Marx in Eden.

mid-20th century in the U.S. Harrington's history is revisionist, intended to demonstrate first that Marx and Engels were not authoritarian elitists but popular democrats, and second that the Democratic Party and American labor even now have within them a democratic-socialist movement. Harrington's phrases repeatedly betray the difficulties of such a task: "the unknown Karl Marx" or "the American social democracy, our invisible mass movement."

It has long been fashionable to distinguish the young Marx—compassionate and angry in his sociology and undeniably idealistic in his belief in mass worker democracy—from the mature author of *Das Kapital*. Harrington, by contrast, finds the early convictions undiminished in fervor throughout Marx's writings and actions, except for a period at the time of the revolutions of 1848 and *The Communist Manifesto*. He is a surprisingly effective advocate even when he must argue such an essential but difficult point as that Marx's dictatorship of the proletariat "does not mean dictatorship but the fulfillment of democracy."

As for the socialist impulse in the U.S., Harrington points out that it was vigorous though often eccentric until World War I, and then trickled away. But if one listens carefully enough, he says, socialism is audible as an underground torrent. By the '30s, official Socialists as well as their Communist opponents were noisy but ineffectual and faction-ridden. Certainly Harrington is right to underline once more that the '30s were far more important for the growing power of labor unions within the Democratic Party. Union leaders have from time to time made demands on the welfare state much more audacious than anyone who has not carefully read the party platforms may realize. Still, to generalize from this that

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the working class forms the basis of a conscious and cohesive mass left-wing movement, comparable to the British Labor Party, is well beyond the proofs Harrington is able to muster.

Through the long argument Harrington's greatest strength is also his greatest weakness: that shining sense of moral purpose. Even when outlining the welfare reforms and the redistribution of wealth that he believes are needed forthwith, he never lets go of his knowledge that socialism is ultimately concerned with the transformation of the relations of men to themselves and their fellows, and that this transformation will never be brought about simply by radical equalization of incomes and democratization of social controls. Socialism, Harrington learned from Marx, is not possible until there is true abundance for everyone, everywhere—until "the sentence decreed in the Garden of Eden will have been served."

Whether or not the original nature of man would actually be transformed in Paradise appears unlikely to be tested. Depressing figures intervene, despite Harrington's attempts to explain them away. The arithmetical average of the present wealth of nations evenly distributed would bring everyone to something like the living standard of Spain or Southern Italy today. Future demands upon resources are likely to increase geometrically. The mathematics of universal abundance is still Malthusian; to believe that the distribution of scarcity—which is to say economics itself—can be wished or willed away is a failure to know that numbers, when multiplied together, are more than abstractions. ■ Horace Judson

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End of Innocence

MY UNCLE ANTOINE
Directed by CLAUDE JUTRA
Screenplay by CLEMENT PERRON

Worn by repetition, the story of how a boy becomes a man can still be a source of elation. So it is in *My Uncle Antoine*, an earthy, substantial Canadian movie about a few days in the life of a boy called Benoit. The setting is contemporary—a small mining town in Quebec—but there is an appropriate aura of timelessness about it. Director Claude Jutra (*Take It All*) approaches the excellent Clement Perron screenplay with



NEPHEW BENOIT & UNCLE ANTOINE
Beginning a long journey.

such intuition and insight that he manages to make Benoit's initiation at once universal and unique.

Benoit's Uncle Antoine runs the general store in Black Lake, a perfect place for a growing boy to get his first intimations of adulthood. The store, as Jutra and Perron present it, is a microcosm, a clearing place for the stuff of life, from wedding veils to coffins.

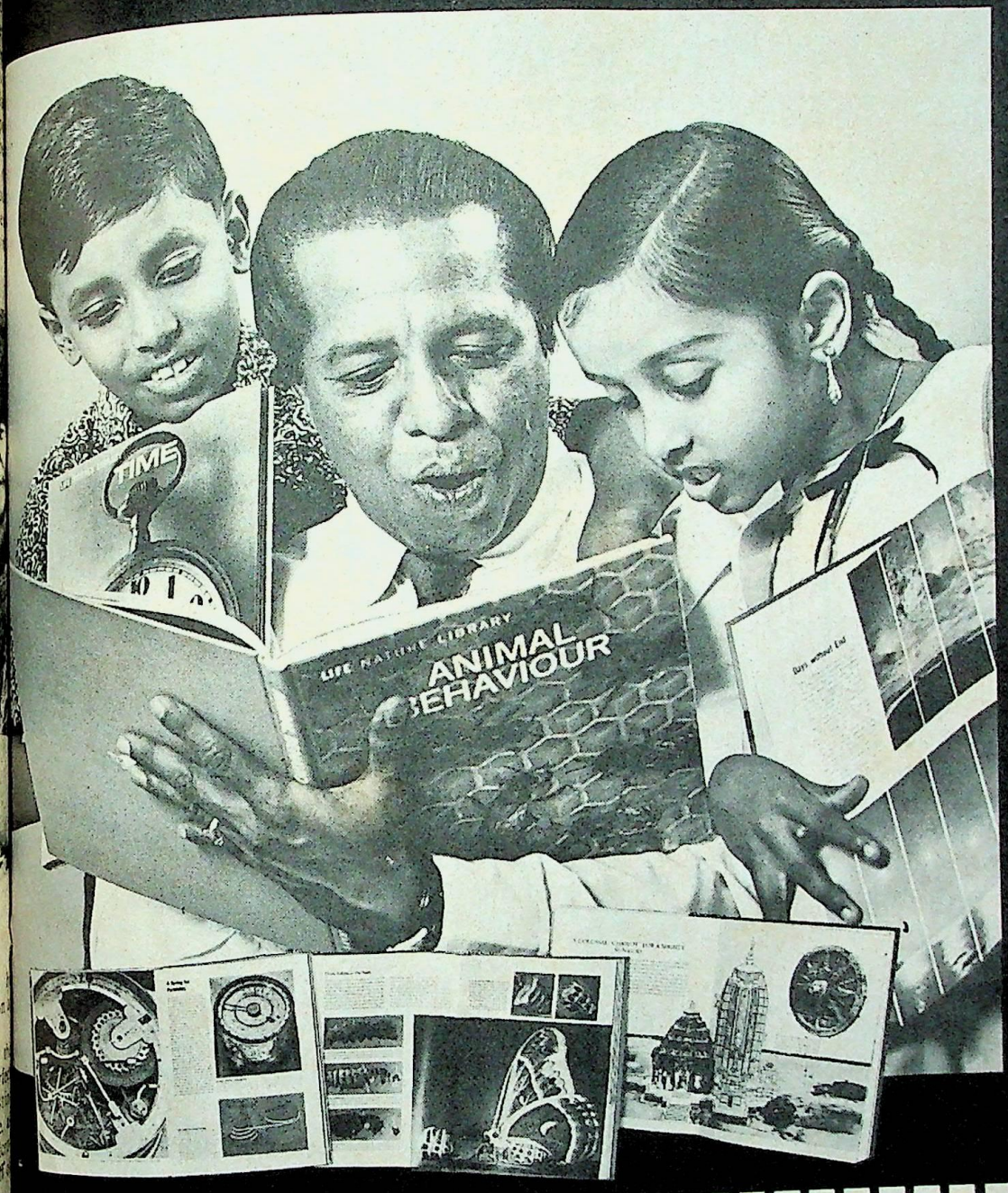
Uncle Antoine mostly drinks and gossips with his cronies while his wife and his clerk attend to the business. It is the Christmas season. Benoit conducts a flirtation with a young saleslady, and there is promise of festivity. Young lagers gather in front of the store to watch the display window being ceremonially unveiled as if it held half the world's treasure. It seems, at first, an innocent time.

Then the eldest son of a mine worker dies suddenly on a farm far from the village. Benoit and his uncle must make the long trip by sleigh to bring the body

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body back to town. Antoine falls into a drunken stupor on the journey homeward, and the unguarded coffin slides into the snow from the back of the sleigh. Benoit, unable to rouse his uncle, rides to Black Lake for help and finds his aunt enjoying her own Christmas party in bed with the clerk.

Director Jutra's attention wavers for a while between Benoit and the family of the deceased boy, and as a consequence the film becomes slightly unraveled before it reaches its climax. The movie is also overrich in incidents, since Jutra and Perron are too anxious to cram everything in. There is an excess of vivid but extraneous vignettes of village life, like the Christmas sleigh ride of the dour mineowner distributing stockings full of cheap candy to the poor children along the main street. Yet in spite of its unfixed perspective, *My Uncle Antoine* is indelible, the best chronicle of a coming of age since Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*. ■ Jay Cocks

An X Cartoon

FRITZ THE CAT
Written and directed by RALPH BAKSHI

Robert Crumb is a kind of American Hogarth, a moralist with a blown mind. The gallery he has created in underground comic books—from the gnomic sage Mr. Natural, the Priapus of the Midwest, through such creatures as Angelfood McSpade to that morsel of 13-year-old jailbait, Honeybunch Kaminski—constitutes Head City's sharpest and funniest view of American life. And perhaps the most pornographic. His fantasy unchecked by the strictures of mass circulation, Crumb gave back to cartooning the scatological vigor and erotic exuberance it had during the Regency, and then some. You cannot walk through downtown San Diego or Manhattan's 42nd Street without seeing Crumb people everywhere—bulb-nosed, scrawny, dumb and sweaty.

The kind of animated cartoon Ralph Bakshi has made of Crumb's world is something else again. Fritz, the hero, is what the average campus revolutionary was in the late '60s—a fool tabby, living off vicarious experience, with his head full of windy sub-Marcusian rhetoric and only one ambition: to swive. Fritz gets involved in a hilarious orgy in a Village bathtub, is nearly busted by two cops, drawn inevitably as pigs, takes off to Harlem after an interminable chase through a synagogue, and is turned on to grass. Stoned, he makes inadequate love to a blimplike crow named Big Bertha; having thus grasped the black experience, he becomes a revolutionary. "My soul is tortured and tormented by this racial crisis," he informs Duke, another crow he meets in a Harlem bar, to which Duke properly replies, "No sheeyut."

It is the last funny line in a movie that still has a long time to run. Fritz harangues the crows and implausibly starts a street riot; he goes on the [illegible] again, cross-country, and becomes involved with a vaguely realized [illegible] of bikers and Mansonites with We[illegible]erman reflexes who take him to [illegible] up a power station—in the course of which Fritz is blown up himself.

Bakshi's animation is good, and [illegible] visuals—which marvelously capture [illegible] grainy, lowering look of the Manhat[illegible] streetscape—are raucous, ingenious [illegible] convincing. But *Fritz the Cat* is, [illegible] cartoon, exasperatingly slow: Bak[illegible] sense of pace and editing is snail-[illegible] and the dialogue mostly naive and [illegible] fled. Moreover, the characters are so [illegible] defined that Fritz's relation to them [illegible] comes incomprehensible—a sad def[illegible] for a movie that should have been [illegible] crisp and schematic as a puppet sh[illegible] The voice-over acting constan[illegible]



FRITZ THE REVOLUTIONARY TABBY
Full of windy rhetoric.

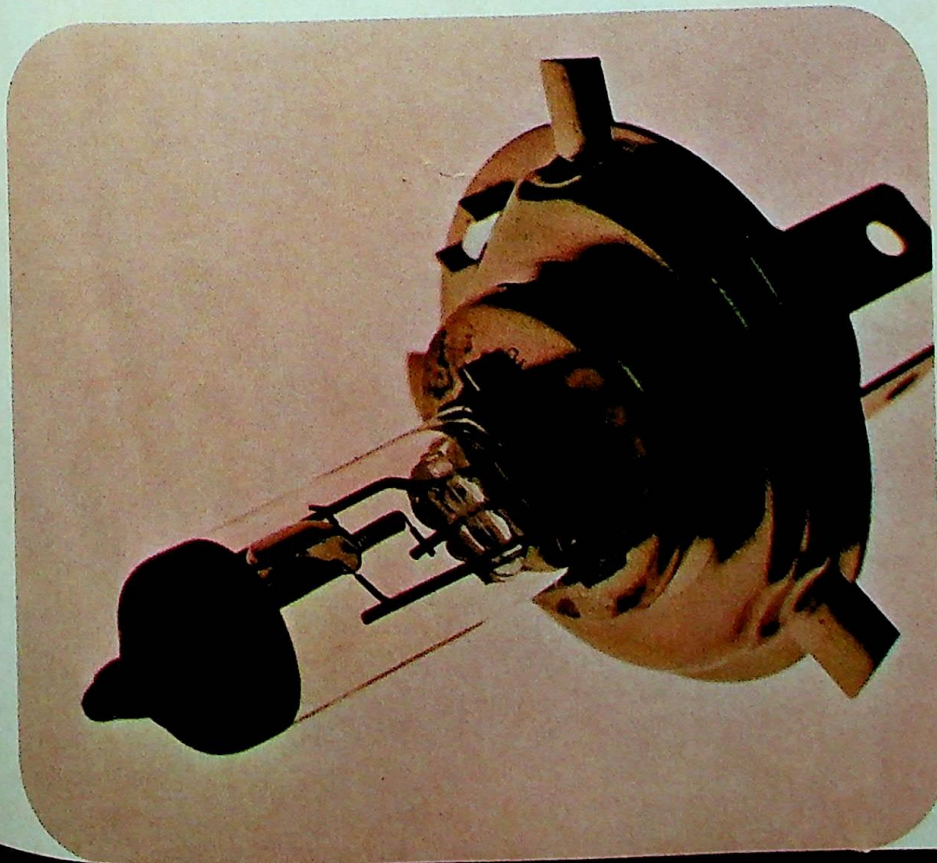
hovers just below the threshold [illegible] competence.

To greet *Fritz* as a masterpiece [illegible] satire, or even as a significant voice fr[illegible] the counterculture, is wishful thinking. Bakshi seems to have been as unsu[illegible] of his targets as Fritz himself. The "f[illegible] in all their wide-open absurdities, s[illegible] demand a more pointed epitaph th[illegible] this. It will come as no surprise to h[illegible] comic fans to learn that, on seeing w[illegible] became of Fritz in the film, Crum[illegible] asked to have his name removed fr[illegible] all publicity. Meanwhile, the mov[illegible] largely because of Fritz's bathtub scen[illegible] got an X rating, something of a co[illegible] for the animated cartoon, the last ho[illegible] tion of pudency.* ■ Robert Ha[illegible]

*Disney characters like Snow White and M[illegible] Mouse, however, have been appearing in such [illegible] scene poses on posters and T shirts that Fed[illegible] Judge William Bauer recently enjoined three [illegible] cago firms from selling these novelties. They [illegible] stroy the worldwide image of innocent de[illegible] fulness of Walt Disney cartoon characters," declared the judge.

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the innovations

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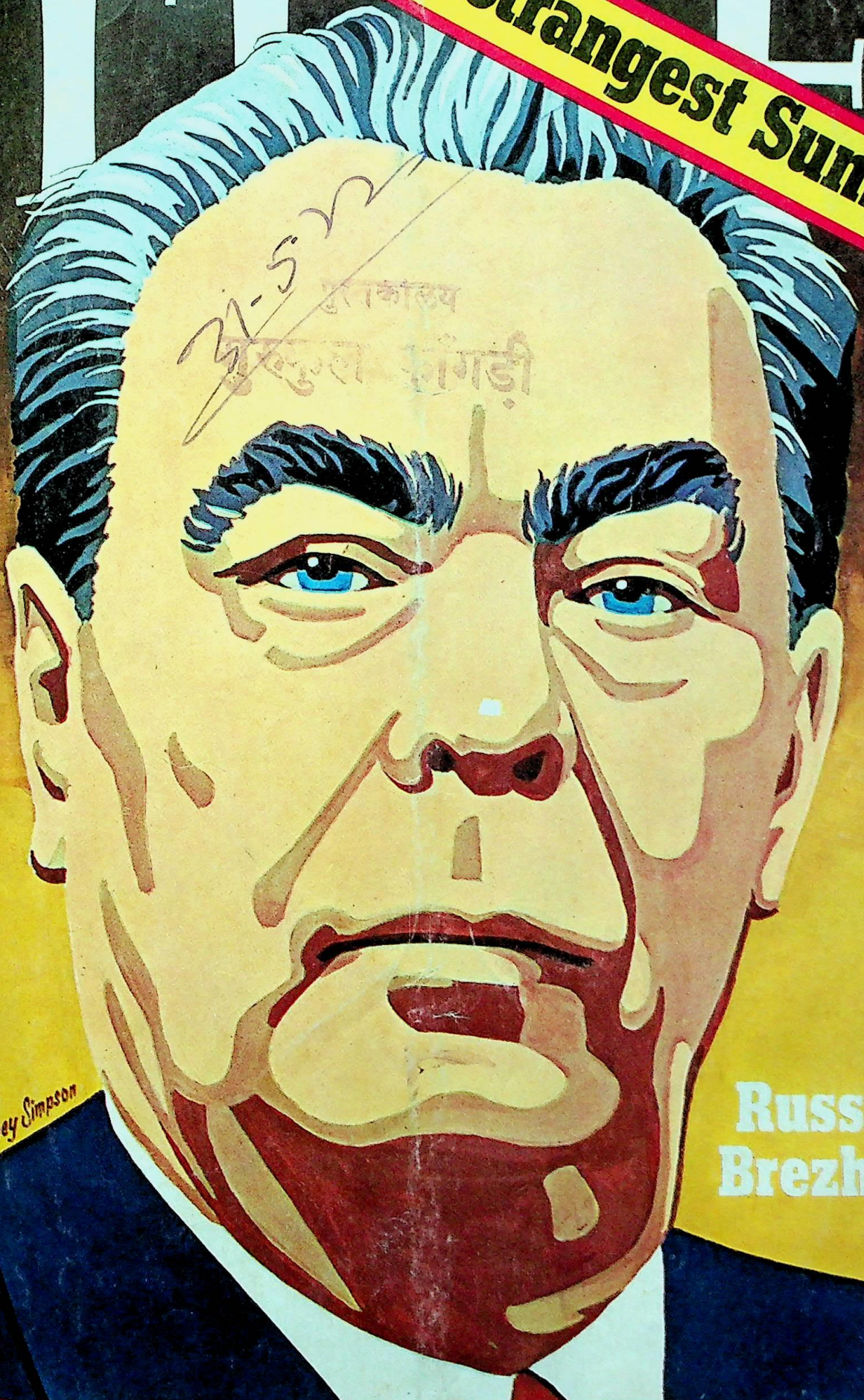

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TIME

The Strangest Summit

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Harvey Simpson

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Golden Opportunity

Sir / I think that it is time for the country to realize that George McGovern [May 8] is the man for the nomination.

Senator McGovern has told us what he is going to do if he is elected. He has offered programs that deal with both foreign and domestic issues—ending the Viet Nam War and reforming our tax laws. He has spoken openly with the people and told them exactly what he is going to do.

Let us not pass up this golden opportunity for change.

MICHAEL BURLAS
Fallston, Md.

Sir / George McGovern is a frightening presidential candidate.

Who is he? The Organization Man, that's who. You want populism! The organization speaks populism. You want liberalism? The organization speaks liberalism. You want busing? The organization speaks busing. You don't want busing? The organization speaks alternatives. You want peace? The organization speaks peace.

You get a sure feeling this is a speaker's organization, and an insecure feeling that maybe we can't chance an organization President.

DOROTHY HUNDT
Oakland, Calif.

Sir / Thanks for your straightforward article on George McGovern. His proposals are not radical or left wing. They are the closest thing yet to the ideals that America was founded on.

Voters will finally have an alternative to voting for the "least worse" candidate when election time comes in November.

LESLIE SIEGMUND
Concord, Calif.

Sir / So George McGovern would take three years to dismantle our defenses, meanwhile confiscating our money and property.

What would he do during his fourth year? Why, transform us into the American Soviet Socialist Republic, the first noncontiguous state of the Soviet Union.

The prairie populist? Nonsense. The prairie Marxist!

CHESTER PLACEK
Vienna, Va.

Sir / I read with interest your cover story on the "Prairie Populist" and was both amazed and fascinated by the ironies and inconsistencies of this year's "spectacular." McGovern questions John Lindsay's populist credentials because Lindsay plays squash at the Yale Club. Should anti-Establishment populists who live in $110,000 houses cast stones? To be fair, however, I don't imagine that any of the public servants who are wooing our votes come from log cabins or antipoverty housing any more!

CAROL ADAMS
Raynham, Mass.

Sir / Your story on Senator George McGovern, which had me saying that I agreed with 95% of the Senator's "plan" to cut the defense budget, was in error. What I said was that 95% of the weapons systems that Senator McGovern wishes to eliminate are the right ones to eliminate. I am opposed to any U.S. troop reductions in Europe or Korea at this time, and without such reductions, further large manpower cuts do not seem plausible. Some 50% of the defense budget is consumed by manpower costs. I also said that in my opinion the Senator's plan overestimates the savings from weapons systems cuts and underestimates the cost of force modernization. My own figure for an initial defense budget reduction was $10 to $12 billion, not $32 billion.

LESLIE H. GELB
Senior Fellow
The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

Sir / You have misrepresented an important McGovern proposal. McGovern did not suggest that "anyone making over $50,000 a year—earned or unearned—would have to pay 75% of the excess in taxes, no matter what tax shelters might exist." What McGovern *is* proposing is that everyone pay some income tax. One formulation would apply to those with total incomes in excess of $50,000, regardless of the source. "The entire income of any person in this range would be subject to payment of taxes at a rate of 75% of the current statutory rates at the rate they would have to pay if there were no loopholes."

DEBORAH MALLEY
New York City

Pat Solution

Sir / As long as the custodians of our tax dollars remain as dedicated as they are today to the interests of big business and to winning the largest voting pluralities, what hope is there for the mentally retarded [May 8], who will never host Texas barbecues, who will never fund a convention, who will never even vote?

The pat solution is to thrust the burden, in whole or in part, back on their families. With the increasing costs of dropping bombs in Southeast Asia, of taking care of the ITTs in our midst, of sending men to the moon, of guaranteeing outrageous agricultural commodity prices, what family is left after taxes with the resources necessary to care for a lifelong dependent?

CELINE S. MARKS
New York City

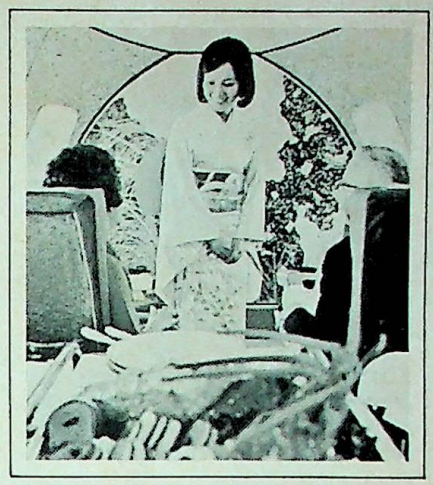
Sir / Congratulations on your comprehensive and informative article on mental retardation. Your reporters and writers did a splendid job of informing the public on a problem that faces 6,000,000 Americans and their families.

The article should serve constructively to improve the lot of the retarded and encourage research to help prevent further retardation.

CLAIR W. BURGENER
Vice Chairman
President's Committee on
Mental Retardation
Washington, D.C.

News in Manure

Sir / Your paragraph on Mayor Lindsay's campaign [April 24] contains some inaccuracies and a distortion of a quotation. You imply that a TV commercial portrayed Lindsay spreading manure in Wisconsin. There was no commercial; a network news show ran film of the incident. You say Lindsay was shown spending the night on the sofa of a blue-collar family. That event was off the record and neither filmed nor photographed. Finally, you quote me: "The only thing charisma did for the mayor was bring people out to see him. But when they heard him, they said goodbye." What I said was: "But when they heard him talk about the urban crisis, they said goodbye." I went



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on to say that what scared me most about the mood of the country in 1972 was the desire to escape from the many problems of the cities.

It still does.

THOMAS B. MORGAN
Press Secretary to Mayor Lindsay
New York City

Stolen Sun

Sir / The image of big business is not the only thing upon which ITT [May 1] has been casting shadows.

In response to ITT's new, many storied skyscraper in Brussels, some disgruntled citizen has spray-painted on a nearby billboard, "ITT, *tu as volé mon soleil*" (ITT, you have stolen my sun).

RICHARD PIKE
La Roche, Belgium

Moon Watching

Sir / As a friend and I sat outside our hooch, gazing skyward, pondering the now almost commonplace achievement of America's placing two men on the moon [May 1], it occurred to me that there is a melancholy paradox in the fact that our nation possesses the brilliance to place the two of them up there and the stupidity to place the two of us here.

(SP/4) A. GLENN CARLOUGH
U.S.A.
Long Binh, Viet Nam

Sir / "By golly, you taxpayers—we taxpayers—got your money's worth."

Poop!

That statement by Mr. Young of the latest trinity to hit the skyways really epitomizes the expensive snow job that the American people and taxpayers are being given. Every time I look at the moon, I see vapor-like trails of dollar signs leading right up to it.

It appears the space program, along with the Viet Nam fiasco, is getting top-priority billing in this country.

D.H. NICHOLSON
Murfreesboro, N.C.

Safer Than Maryland?

Sir / TIME's story on India's dacoits [May 1] reports in awed tones that in 1971 they "committed 285 murders, 352 kidnapings and 213 robberies, all within an area smaller than the state of Maryland." Well, within the real state of Maryland, in Baltimore alone, the 1970 score was 273 murders and 11,687 robberies.

Unfortunately, my source does not give the number of kidnapings. Even so, dacoit country looks as though it is safer than the state of Maryland.

J.M. BRADLEY
Bonn, West Germany

Pity for Elizabeth

Sir / After reading your essay on Mary *v.* Elizabeth [May 8], I started to wonder whether men really understand what Women's Lib is all about.

It is interesting that Gerald Clarke admires Queen Elizabeth because she would rather have had power than love a man. I think she is a pitiable character. In order to be a liberated woman, one must be a liberated person. She was neither. Her victory was complete, yet it was Pyrrhic.

In surrendering her identity to a crown, she was no more a person in her own right than a woman who lives vicariously through her husband.

MARY LYNNE ANTONSANTI
DE VIZCARRONDO
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Sir / I was disappointed that Gerald Clarke had to follow form and call Mary Stuart "a royal piece of baggage."

Mary Stuart's life can show us what it is like to be the wrong person in the wrong place at the wrong time in a changing, hostile society. She was a remarkable lady, every inch a queen, whose tragic life has far too often been subject to malignment. In temperament and personality she was far more pleasing than her Tudor cousin.

CYNTHIA MCLAIN PLETTA
Newhall, Calif.

Sir / So who is Gerald Clarke, who set back historiography a quarter of a century with TIME's Essay, "The Return of Elizabeth and Mary"? Elizabeth did not so much make history as she was made up by the historians. We now know, for example, that the defeat of the Spanish Armada occurred despite her, not because of her. Where she was personally successful, this was generally because she happened to be standing in the right place or because she was an ardent student of Machiavelli, a dubious "object lesson" for Women's Lib.

Viva Maria!

DONALD NUGENT
Associate Professor of History
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Ky.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

So unreal. World exploding around us. Sit on ground taking notes. Soldiers pop up around us, fire short bursts and then sink back into brittle bamboo. Purple smoke spirals upward on north, pink on south. Rockets crash and thud. 50-cal., thud. M-16 pops. Suddenly, all fire stops and movement shifts to north. Land smoldering, wall of burning tree stumps.

SO reads the final entry last week in Saigon Correspondent David DeVoss's notebook. A metal fragment pierced the pages, and a few words are illegible because of blood streaks. Moments after he wrote his impressions, DeVoss was hit by North Vietnamese mortar fire. He was seriously wounded in his chest, arms and legs. He received immediate first aid on the scene, and was quickly flown by helicopter to the Third Field Hospital outside Tan Son Nhut Airbase, where he underwent emergency surgery. At week's end his condition was declared satisfactory.

LE MINH



DeVOSS AWAITING EVACUATION

At 24, DeVoss is TIME's youngest reporter in Viet Nam. He arrived there in January, when combat was relatively light. After the North Vietnamese began their Easter offensive, he covered major action all over South Viet Nam and became a virtual commuter on Route 13, which runs between Saigon and An Loc. He would set out from the capital in the morning by car to cover the progress of the South Vietnamese 21st Division as it fought its way with agonizing slowness toward An Loc and the relief of the garrison encircled there.

Reports Bureau Chief Stanley Cloud: "After many journalists had lost interest in that front, David continued to make frequent trips. Much of what he wrote was of the horrors and frustration of that battle. He was convinced that the story of An Loc's plight, told by the people who lived it, would be one of the great stories of the war. He was determined to get it."

When DeVoss left Saigon last week with two veteran combat photographers, Le Minh and Dirck Halstead, he was hoping to enter An Loc with the rescue force's first wave. But the advancing column was still ten miles south of its objective when the enemy mortar rounds started to fall.

Despite his wounds and frustration, DeVoss is more fortunate than many casualties among the press corps. LIFE Photographer Robert Capa was killed back in 1954, when the war belonged to France and seemed far away. Since 1965 alone, 34 journalists have died in Indochina, including TIME Correspondent John Cantwell and LIFE Photographer Larry Burrows. Another 19 are still missing, all but two of them lost in Cambodia.

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The Cover: *A portrait in opaque watercolor by Harvey Simpson.*

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 29, 1972 Vol. 99, No. 22

AMERICAN NOTES

Steps to Instability

The shooting of Governor George Wallace raises fears again about the future of American society. Could the present order reach the point where it is no longer workable? What is that point anyway? In the British magazine *Encounter* two years ago, U.S. Sociologist Daniel Bell listed seven factors characteristic of modern Western countries that became politically unstable. Two nations that did: Weimar Germany and Fourth Republic France.

One of Bell's signs is the growth of private violence: the attempted assassination of Wallace and the bombing of the Pentagon last week are only the latest events in a decade-long litany. For the rest, anyone who wishes to can easily find American cases to meet Bell's other conditions.

▸ "*Insoluble*" *problems:* inflation, unemployment, urban decay.

▸ *Parliamentary impasse:* Congress and the President stalemated over vital issues.

▸ *Racial conflict:* almost anywhere one looks.

▸ *Uneven regional economic development:* Appalachia and much of the rural South, still lagging.

▸ *Alienation of the intelligentsia:* of course.

▸ *Humiliation in war:* trying to avoid just that end is what has kept Richard Nixon busy lately, and the prospect haunted him before he left on his mission to Moscow.

How to stave off instability? The first requisite, Bell concluded, "is intelligent leadership." That, unfortunately, is harder to find than good advice.



UPI

COXSON (REAR) ON CAMPAIGN TRAIL
Already in the White House.

Blockade that Metaphor

Remember "Don't give up the ship"? Or, "You may fire when ready, Gridley"? What about "Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead"? Now Commander James Cannon, skipper of the U.S. destroyer *Mullinnix,* has added his own ringing battle cry to the Navy's lexicon of heroic challenges. As *Mullinnix* arrived for a third tour off Viet Nam, Commander Cannon announced: "We are ready to step in the batter's box and belt a few pitches with hard stuff now that the contract is signed for our third season with the big leagues." Anyone looking for the roots of the current military infatuation with athletic metaphor might possibly start with the playing fields of Whittier, Calif.

The Pedaling Pol

Major Benjamin Coxson's troubles worsened when he moved into the White House. Not the one in Washington, D.C., but one in Camden, N.J., that Coxson has been remodeling to look like the original. The idea was to dramatize his candidacy as a political independent in the city's mayoral race next year. It worked so well, he says, that a political enemy asked the Internal Revenue Service to investigate him, and he was subsequently hit with an outstanding $80,000 claim. While Coxson was trying to appeal the case, the feds moved in and seized his white Lincoln Continental Mark IV and his custom-built black Cadillac limousine. Undaunted, Coxson went right out and bought another set of wheels: a $300 kelly green tandem bicycle with dual horns and chrome fenders.

The result is a novel, colorful campaign on wheels. Coxson's liveried chauffeur sits up front and does the pedaling; the candidate lounges on the back seat, waving to his would-be constituents. Coxson, 42, who once owned a nightclub and an auto-leasing firm, jokes: "I don't like the way that [illegible] works. If they keep it up, I'm going [illegible] stop doing business with them." Mo[illegible] In the wheeling-dealing game of p[illegible] itics, there is more than one way to pe[illegible] dle a candidate.

Peace in the Park

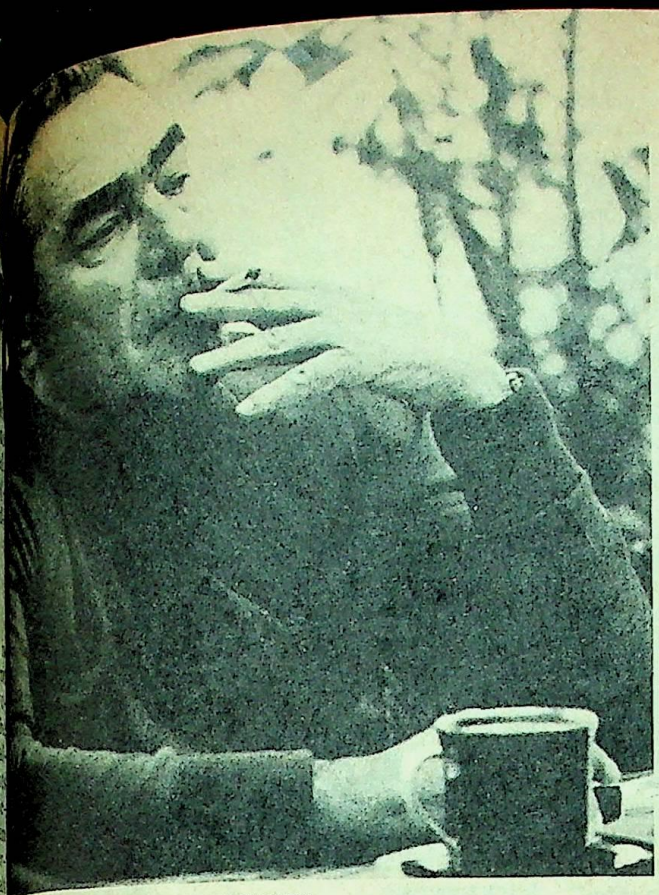
People's Park in Berkeley, Calif. [illegible] the Alamo of the anti-Establishmen[illegible] young. Three years ago last week, a pr[illegible] test demonstration over whether th[illegible] park belonged to the University of Ca[illegible] ifornia or the street people and studen[illegible] erupted into an appalling melee be[illegible] tween students and police. One m[illegible] died, another was blinded. The unive[illegible] sity covered part of the plot with asph[illegible] and bounded it with an 8-ft.-high fence.

The park lay virtually useless un[illegible] recently, when antiwar demonstrator[illegible] chose to break down the fence, chop up the asphalt and plant shrubbery and flowers. Slowly students and town people drifted back into the park: the[illegible] set up a recycling center to collect bo[illegible] tles and cans, and settled down to enjoy the spring air. This time reaction wa[illegible] prudent. The cops ignored the occupa[illegible] tion and Chancellor Albert Bowke[illegible] seems not to want to press the issue.

Poverty = Pollution?

Scatter-site housing is almost as thorny a problem as busing. The antagonists are principally the same: whites protecting their hard-won privileges *v.* blacks trying to break out of the ghetto. In a bizarre twist of principle, a group of Chicagoans has brought suit in U.S. district court to prevent proposed housing projects from "polluting" their neighborhoods. Their legal foundation: the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969.

The suit, filed by 19 community organizations from Chicago's predominantly white Northwest and Southwest sides, charges that the Department of Housing and Urban Development violated the antipollution law when it approved 100 sites in those areas for public housing projects. The complaint says: "As a statistical whole, low income families . . . possess social class characteristics which will and have been inimical and harmful to the legitimate interests of the plaintiffs." Among the characteristics named: "Disregard for physical and aesthetic maintenance of real and personal property, a higher propensity for criminal behavior and acts of physical violence and a lower commitment to hard work."



GENERAL SECRETARY LEONID BREZHNEV



PRESIDENT RICHARD NIXON

DIPLOMACY/COVER STORY

The Summit: A World at the Crossroads

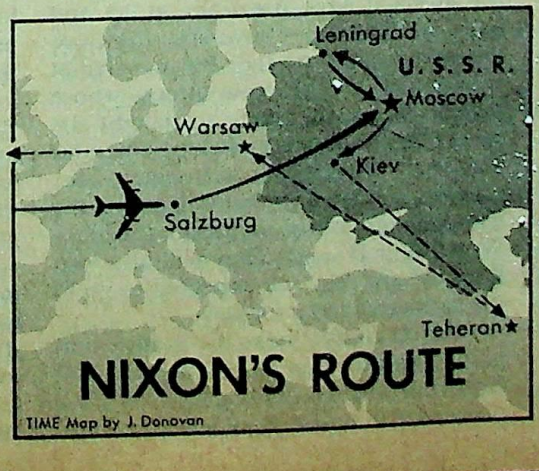
THE medieval towers of the Kremlin are topped by glowing red stars, which symbolize the deep underlying continuity of Russian power. This week, during some wholly unexpected disas-, the Stars and Stripes will fly for the st time above the crenelated ramparts of the fortress complex. For six days, Richard and Pat Nixon will reside in the Kremlin's 17th century Terem Palace, surrounded by the shimmering splendor that once was Imperial Russia.

In terms of political drama, there was a stronger sense of excitement about the President's six-day visit to China last February, if only because of the aura of mystery that surrounded Mao's Middle Kingdom. By contrast there is not nearly so much for Nixon to discover in the way of fresh sights and sounds in Russia, a country he has visited four times before—most notably in 1959, when he held his celebrated debate with Nikita Khrushchev in a Moscow exhibition hall. But this week's summit meeting of the President and Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev has far greater potential consequences than Nixon's conversations with Mao and Chou En-lai.

The Moscow talks would put to the test Nixon's avowed goal of moving the world from a state of confrontation to one of negotiation. It could also provide further evidence on whether it is possible for the world's two ranking superpowers — one democratic and capitalist, the other autocratic and Communist—to put aside or at least tone down their longstanding ideological and political rivalry for the sake of peace and self-interest. The outcome of the talks could harm or help Nixon's chances for re-election in November. For Nixon's host, the Moscow summit is also something of a test, for the talks are the key to his policy of East-West *détente*. Brezhnev does not have an election in the fall —but he would face an even quicker verdict from his colleagues in the Politburo, of which he is *primus inter pares*, if the talks were a failure.

The President could hardly have gone to Moscow at a more crucial and perhaps even more auspicious moment. Seldom in modern history have so many significant interacting trends been brought into focus at one conference. In the wake of West Germany's ratification last week of the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, the way is now open for a further series of diplomatic maneuvers that with luck could finally defuse the old cold war confrontation in Europe. In the Middle East, perhaps the most unpredictable area of superpower involvement, the Soviets seem to be restraining their Arab allies, perhaps pending the outcome of the Moscow summit. Then there is Viet Nam, where Hanoi's offensive against the South, and Nixon's consequent decision to step up the bombing of the North and to mine its harbors, have pushed the war into a new phase that could lead either to greater danger or a negotiated peace.

Perhaps most important, the Moscow summit comes at a time when the changed relationship between the two superpowers cries out for discussion and debate. When John F. Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev met in the last full-fledged summit at Vienna in 1961, the U.S. still possessed an overwhelming edge in nuclear might. In a costly arms buildup, the Soviet Union has achieved parity in weaponry, a fact that naturally worries American military experts but nonetheless does have one positive aspect. Having reached equality with the U.S., Russia now seems genuinely interested in curtailing the costly arms race. Partly because of its fear of Chinese expansionism, partly because of its desire for capitalist technology, the Soviet Union seems also



willing to further curb cold war tactics and seek more *détente* with the West.

Obviously, the Soviets want *détente* on the best possible terms and without giving up their determination to expand their influence in the world. So, despite the favorable portents, the summit is certain to bring very hard bargaining and conceivably even ultimate disappointment for the U.S. Furthermore, over the summit lies the danger of some accident—the bombing of a Soviet freighter in Haiphong, perhaps, or a confrontation between U.S. warships and the growing Russian flotilla off the North Vietnamese coast. "It could still come unstuck," worried a White House aide shortly before Nixon's departure.

It is, in a sense, the strangest summit meeting to date, happening at a moment when Soviet ships are cautiously turning away from American mines at Haiphong. The strangest and most significant thing about it is that it is happening at all. When Nixon announced the mining of the North Vietnamese ports two weeks ago, he had no assurances on how the Kremlin might react. The Soviets had been told by Kissinger that Nixon was considering drastic action—but they did not know the specifics. Nixon's own hunch was that Moscow would postpone the meeting. But after an initial silence came the relatively mild Soviet denunciation of the President's move, followed a few days later by short notices in Russian newspapers quoting Press Secretary Ron Ziegler as saying that the President was preparing to leave for Moscow. After that, the Soviet press made it seem like a great achievement for Russia to press on with the summit despite "the reactionary forces," as *Izvestia* put it, that were seeking "to undermine peace." Rumors persist in the West that the fix is in, and that Nixon and the Russians have made a secret deal on Viet Nam —such as an agreement to deactivate the mines while the President is in Moscow. U.S. officials denied that there was any arrangement at all.

Side Trips. Accompanied by Henry Kissinger, Secretary of State William Rogers, a staff of 36 and a mammoth press corps of 260, the President and his First Lady last Saturday flew off to Salzburg, Austria, for two days of rest and sightseeing. On Monday morning, Air Force One was to take off from Salzburg for the 3-hr. 40-min. flight to Moscow. Nixon will spend nine days in Russia, including two days of side trips to Leningrad and Kiev. After that he will fly to Iran for one day and to Poland for another before returning on June 1 to Washington.

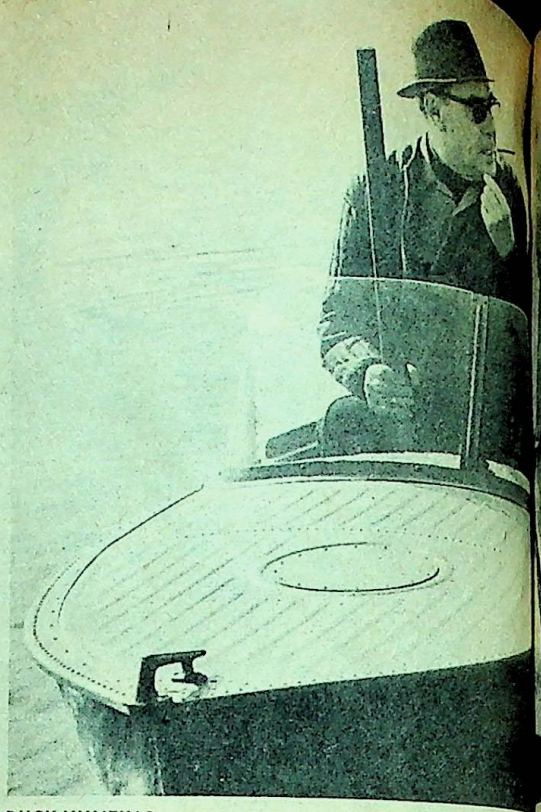
The nation he left behind remained deeply divided over the wisdom of his decision to mine North Viet Nam. Last week someone claiming to represent the long-dormant radical Weathermen credited that group with setting off a bomb in a women's room of the Pentagon; it did considerable damage but luckily injured no one. On Sunday a scheduled peace march in Washington was expected to draw a crowd of 15,000. About the Moscow summit, though, there was cautious optimism. The stock market, that nervous and uncertain barometer of public feeling, rose 20 points in two days, partly on expectations of more peaceful relations between the superpowers.

Nixon would find Russia not only expectably ordered and disciplined but also wondrously spick-and-span. The Russians have been giving Moscow an elaborate facelift. More than 200 eyesore buildings, long marked for demolition, were torn down along the routes that the President was expected to take. The empty lots, which were sodded with lawn, were dubbed "Nixon squares" by Muscovites. Near the Kremlin, new lawns and flower beds were planted, and thick new asphalt sidewalks were put down outside the American embassy. There was a less pleasant aspect to the cleanup as well: to prevent possible demonstrations by Russia's small but determined band of dissidents, the secret police were searching for seven Jewish activists and cracked down on suspected editors of underground journals.

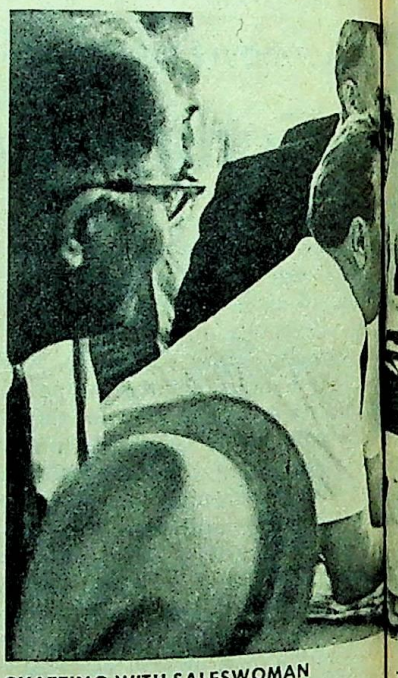
Both Nixon and Brezhnev have stressed that the meeting would be devoted to work. "This summit is primarily directed towards substance, not cosmetics," said the President. Nonetheless, on their first evening in Moscow, the President and Mrs. Nixon will be honored at a state dinner in the Kremlin. Later they will watch the Bolshoi Ballet, which will probably present one act each from *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*. The President may also visit Star City, the cosmonaut center near Moscow, or be flown to see an unmanned space shot at Baikonur in central Asia. More important, he will be accorded the privilege of making a short television address to the Soviet people. Pat Nixon will be the guest of Mrs. Brezhnev at tea and will visit Moscow University, the GUM department store, the Bolshoi ballet school and the Moscow circus, whose trained bears are likely to delight the First Lady as much as Peking's pandas did. The Nixons will fly to Leningrad for a day to visit the Summer Palace and the war cemetery of the victims of the city's World War II siege. They will also visit Kiev, where they are expected to go to the cathedral and a factory.

Nixon clearly lacks the earthy, outgoing qualities that Russians prize. But Brezhnev and his colleagues may have perceived that as a certified anti-Communist, Nixon can make concessions that a more liberal Democratic President could not dare offer for fear of American conservative backlash. They have been anxious about Nixon's unpredictability, but they decided that they had to do business with him.

The summit will give Nixon and Brezhnev their first chance to take each other's measure. Although Brezhnev was standing at Nixon's elbow during the kitchen debate, the two men have never really met. In 1968, when Nixon —then an unemployed politician making time as a lawyer—paid his last visit to Russia, he sought an interview with Brezhnev, but was turned down. In a sense, that rebuff reflected the Russian leader's suspicion of Nixon as an archetypal cold warrior.

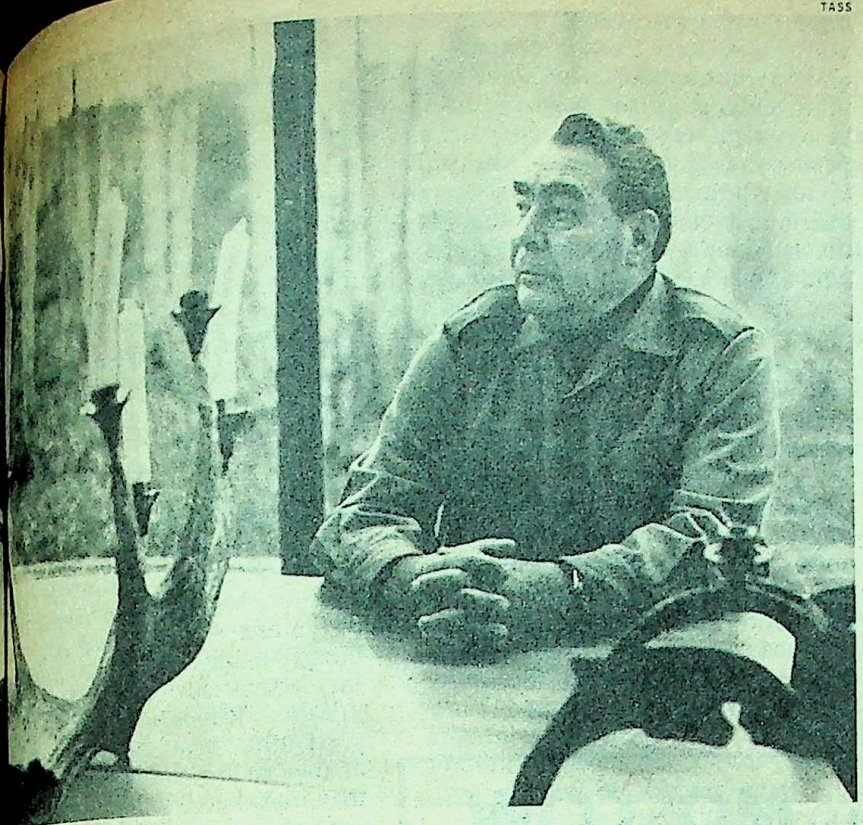


DUCK HUNTING



CHATTING WITH SALESWOMAN

TASS



IS COUNTRY HOME



The talks will take place amid the estried elegance of St. Catherine's ll in the Kremlin, which once served the Empress's throne room. Flanked aides and translators, Nixon and ezhnev will face each other across a de table. The two men already are roughly briefed on each other's poions. For more than a year, they have en exchanging secret communicaons in which they have spelled out ir positions on a number of vital ues. The chief topics:

NUCLEAR BALANCE. After 2½ years of egotiations in the Strategic Arms Limtion Talks, the U.S. and Soviet Union e on the verge of a potentially imrtant agreement that would 1) curthe arms race between the superwers, and 2) provide them with a tification for insisting that smaller nuclear powers limit their own development of weapons. Barring a last-minute misunderstanding, the two leaders will this week put their signatures to a treaty that will restrict deployment of anti-missile missiles (ABMs) to only two complexes of 100 missiles each in Russia and the U.S. The ABM treaty would lead to a freeze on the numbers of offensive missiles.

TRADE. The Soviet Union, which suffered severe frost damage to its winter-wheat crop, wants to make the largest purchases of U.S. wheat since the cold war began. More important, it hopes to work out agreements to buy U.S. grain for the next decade in order to overcome chronic meat shortages. Moscow also needs easier access to sophisticated American industrial equipment. To facilitate growth in U.S.-Soviet trade, which amounted to only $217 million last year, the Soviets are likely to clear up their old Lend-Lease debt of $800 million. That, in turn, could help qualify Russia for most-favored-nation status and give Moscow access to U.S. credit. The trade negotiations will be long and complicated, but it is possible that Nixon and Brezhnev may sign a maritime accord that would open more ports to each other's shipping.

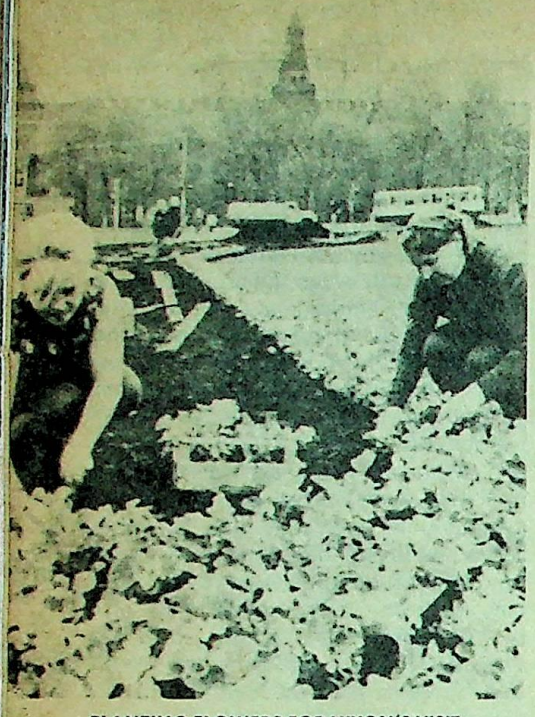
COOPERATIVE VENTURES. U.S. and Russian diplomats have been negotiating on treaties that would replace rivalry with cooperation in two specific areas. One is a space treaty, which would provide for a uniform docking mechanism so that spacecraft of one nation could link up with those of the other for joint flight or rescue. The other is a naval agreement that would end the "chicken of the sea" games of near-miss tag, which U.S. and Soviet warships have been playing for years on the world's oceans.

EAST-WEST DÉTENTE. In the wake of West Germany's ratification of the Moscow and Warsaw treaties (*see* THE WORLD), the Soviets are expected to press for further relaxation in Europe. Nixon, who also wants to maintain the momentum, is especially interested in the signing of the new four-power agreement on the improved status of West Berlin, which will guarantee unimpeded access between the city and West Germany, 110 miles away. In principle, the President has no objection to the convocation of the Soviet-backed Conference on European Security, which would confirm the existing borders of Europe. But Nixon is expected to insist that balanced U.S. and Soviet troop pullbacks from Europe must be an important element of settlement. There is also a possibility that Nixon may sign a renunciation-of-force treaty with Moscow as a gesture of good will.

THE MIDDLE EAST. On this issue, the two sides will probably do nothing more than agree to disagree. Neither wants a war there, but the Russians will certainly shrug off a U.S. request to limit arms aid to the Arabs to purely defensive weapons. Conversely, the U.S. will not abandon its support to Israel. Both sides agree that Israel should pull back from all occupied territories, but the Soviets want an imposed settlement, which the U.S. rejects.

VIET NAM. For years the Soviets have insisted that they had no control over Hanoi and no choice but to supply the North Vietnamese with arms to keep them out of Peking's influence. Nixon is not prepared to buy that. In essence he will ask Brezhnev: "What kind of superpower are you if you cannot control your allies?" As a precondition for U.S. cooperation in other areas, Nixon is likely to insist on a Soviet pledge to supply only defensive arms to North Viet Nam. If Brezhnev raises the question of what is to become of the twelve Soviet freighters stranded in Haiphong, Nixon is likely to reply that they will have to remain there until Hanoi accepts his peace proposal. Although Hanoi's Politburo depends upon Russia and China for supplies, it makes its own political decisions. Thus there is little that Moscow can do about the current offensive other than to urge them toward realistic negotiations.

Tripolar Alignment. Ironically, the most important political item was not on the agenda and would probably not even be mentioned in the formal talks. Yet the summit might never have taken place except for China. In private, though, Brezhnev is almost certain to try to find out from Nixon whether there were any secret agreements made during his China trip. The President can honestly reassure his Soviet counterpart on that point. Even so, there is no doubt that the new relationship with China has given Washington an advantage in the tripolar alignment. Previously Moscow was the only power that talked regularly with both Peking and



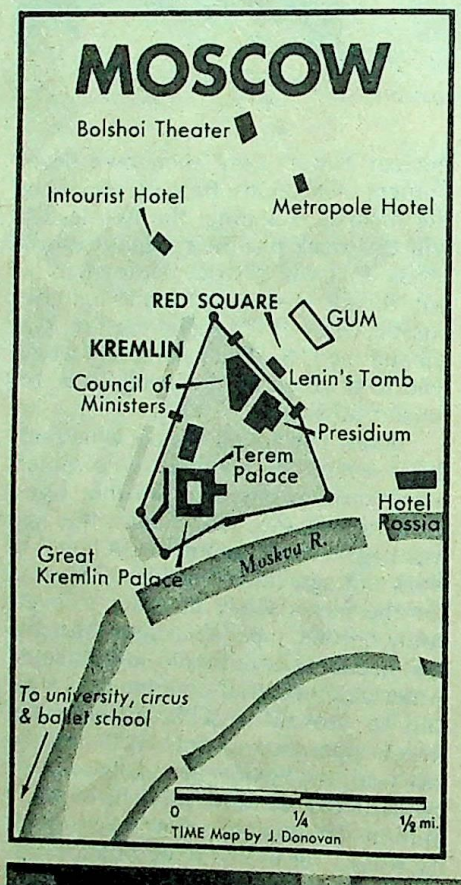
PLANTING FLOWERS FOR NIXON'S VISIT
Also a cleanup of dissenters.

Washington. But now Washington has better relations with the Chinese and Soviets than they have with each other. Despite some Russian claims to the contrary, there was no hard evidence that Nixon's mining operation had started a reconciliation between the two Communist giants, whose antipathy cuts far too deep for any quick patch-up.

The importance of the Moscow summit to the Soviet leadership is disguised by ideological rhetoric. In fact, one major reason why Brezhnev is eager for *détente* with the West is economic. For the first time, the Soviet Union is in the grip of a consumer revolution, a revolution that can no longer be ignored or satisfied by appeals for more sacrifices for Communism. Under Brezhnev, the Soviet citizen is aware of improving living standards. The average Russian family can buy a wider selection of clothing than ever before, and can eat plentifully, if plainly. Most Soviet workers now have enough surplus funds to save up for a movie camera, a refrigerator and a stereo set. Although Russia's housing shortage is still very acute, the waiting lists for apartments in the vast new residential complexes mushrooming on Moscow's outskirts have grown shorter.

So what else does the Soviet family want? More. Despite a ban on nearly all Western publications, most Russian citizens are aware that their standard of living lags far behind the West's. According to recent estimates, the average monthly take-home pay of a Soviet industrial worker is $127 *v.* $529 for his American counterpart, $307 for a West German, $253 for a Briton. Admittedly, the Russian worker has free social services unavailable to Americans, but the disparity still exists. Food costs are high. One Western calculation places the price of a food basket filled with 28 standard items at $56 in Moscow compared with $33 in New York, $48 in Munich, and $38 in London. In addition to prohibitively high prices, periodic shortages of meat, vegetables and fruits still persist throughout much of the Soviet Union. Because of planning snags and distribution muddles, the situation is much the same in clothing, shoes, household appliances and furnishings.

The consumer revolution has put great pressure on the regime to relocate the country's resources away from defense and other heavy industries to farm and consumer production. At present, however, such a shift by itself would have limited impact, since Soviet industry has arrived at that critical stage of development in which manpower and investment resources are insufficient to make possible dramatic production gains. Instead, it must seek production gains through increased productivity, which calls for better technology and better management.



Just as the Soviets once myst... gized the tractor and the assembly... as the magic elements that would... Russia overcome its backwardness... are now placing a mystical faith in... ern technology as the solution to... myriad of problems. The Russians... even done a complete turnabo... computers, which for years they... missed as both unnecessary and dis... ly un-Marxist. Cybernetics, the ob... gument went, stressed technical... managerial facts rather than social... political forces as the decisive fac... in administering societies.

The Soviets know that they can... the latest technology only from... West.* They want more Western... mated machine tools for their auto... truck plants, computerized petroch... ical processes for refineries, aer... guidance systems and just about eve... thing else that is needed to run a succe... ful modernized country. The problem... that the Russians have few fini... goods they can sell to the West... finance such gigantic purchases. H... they must barter raw materials, not... the rich natural-gas deposits of Sibe... and line up huge long-term credits.

Mutual Benefit. Even if the Sovi... get all the technology they want, the... is no guarantee that it will solve th... problems. One of the root causes of t... Russian economic problem is overce... tralization and political interference... what should be purely business dec... sions. "Even if advanced technolog... imported from the West, it cannot b... properly applied in the present system," declared one visiting U.S. scientist re... cently. "The party gets in the way."

Yet the opportunity to share... America's modern industrial revoluti... is one of the major enticements th... Nixon will offer. It fits well into his ge... eral strategy, which is to seek to en... the Soviets in undertakings of mut...

*They have made use of Western technology... fore. Joseph Stalin's first Five-Year Plan, wh... began in 1928 and aimed at the industrializa... of Russia, depended heavily on both West... equipment and experts. By 1931, more than 1,0... U.S. technicians and engineers were employed... the Soviet Union; Henry Ford built a factory... Russia that was capable of turning out 100,000... hicles a year, including Model A Fords.

KHRUSHCHEV & NIXON WITH BREZHNEV



benefit, so that each side will have a stake in maintaining good relations. As Kissinger put it after his return from his secret trip to Moscow: "We are on the verge of not just success in this or that negotiation, but of what could be a new relationship of benefit to all mankind, a relationship in which on both sides, whenever there is a danger of crisis, there will be enough people who will have a commitment to constructive programs that they could exercise a restraining influence."

Certainly, that ambitious goal will not be achieved by one meeting of two political leaders, no matter how well they get along. Time and again, would-be negotiators from the West have been enraged and frustrated by the Soviets' capacity to back off from an agreement at the last possible moment or undermine it later. Goals and policies in the all but unknown deliberations of the Politburo can change overnight.

Before their own people Brezhnev and his colleagues must maintain a stance that is in accord with the Communist propaganda that continually exhorts the Soviets to be on guard against Western imperialism. Still, they have shown that they, rather like their guest this week, are essentially pragmatists. How much leeway do the Soviet leaders have today in changing old and outmoded positions? And to what extent do they really want to? Those will be the questions in the President's mind as he faces Leonid Brezhnev this week across the table in St. Catherine's Hall.

Brezhnev: The Rise of an Uncommon Communist

WHEN Leonid Brezhnev replaced Nikita Khrushchev in Russia's top job eight years ago, Kremlinologists tended to agree that the obscure new First Secretary of the Communist Party was just another faceless nullity in the gray mass of Soviet bureaucrats. They were wrong, of course. At 65 the Soviet leader has emerged as a shrewd, robust, forceful and even dashing personality, with a love of fast cars and a zest for life. On the same stage with him, other Politburo members almost seem like part of the furniture.

Different as they are, Brezhnev and Nixon could admire their mutual skill at political maneuver and their long, hard way up to power. Brezhnev's triumph springs from a mixture of perseverance, hard work and calculation —plus an ample measure of good luck. The child of Russian working-class parents, he was born in the Ukrainian town now known as Dnieprodzerzhinsk. He had the right proletarian qualifications for Soviet success, but his early career was not singularly promising. After graduating from a trade school in Kursk, he held a series of unspectacular jobs: land surveyor, factory worker, school director.

In 1931 Brezhnev formally joined the Communist Party and spent much of the next four years doing part-time studies in metallurgical engineering. Then came Stalin's great purge, which swept hundreds of thousands of loyal Communists into prison. Brezhnev was so insignificant a party member to be among the victims. But the terror left a vacuum in the party leadership that helped Brezhnev—like his colleague Premier Aleksei Kosygin—achieve a position of influence quite out of proportion to his age and experience. In 1939, at the age of 33, he became a party leader of a major industrial region in the Ukraine.

During World War II, Brezhnev was a political officer in charge of propaganda in a front-line army. He was promoted from colonel to major general, and won several combat medals. After the war, Brezhnev held a series of party jobs that honed and broadened his organizational skills. As chief of the Moldavian party he completed the collectivization of peasants formerly under Rumanian rule. In 1952 his success in carrying out such unglamorous tasks bore fruit. Brezhnev finally broke into the Kremlin establishment as an alternate member of the Presidium (now the Politburo) under Stalin and as a Secretary of the Central Committee.

After the dictator's death, Brezhnev owed his advancement to Khrushchev, who had recognized his abilities and loyalty in the Ukraine. Khrushchev entrusted his protégé with supervision of his vast "Virgin Lands" agricultural scheme and later made him a full Presidium member and gave him the prestigious but honorific title of Chief of State. Finally, Khrushchev gave him power second only to his own in the party. Thus entrenched, and now a master of Kremlin power politics, Brezhnev became a leading member in the plot to oust his patron. Within hours of Khrushchev's fall, Brezhnev slipped into the slot of party chief. Since that time, he has succeeded in outmaneuvering and outdistancing his principal opponents in the Politburo—notably, Alexander Shelepin and Nikolai Podgorny. He has also managed to take over many of Premier Kosygin's functions.

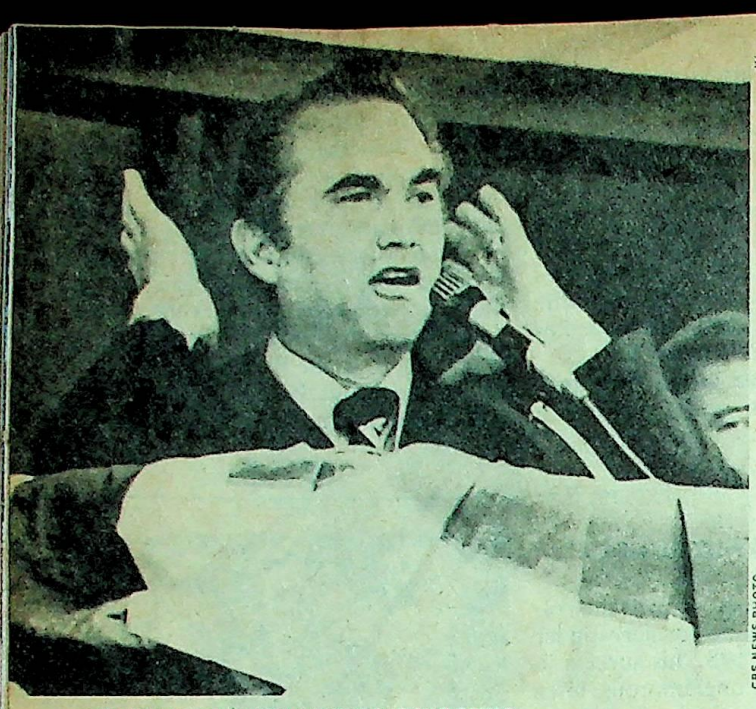
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Brezhnev has a well-developed taste for little luxuries. He keeps a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud for his personal use, although he rides a Soviet-made ZIL limousine on state occasions. While Khrushchev was sometimes a sartorial slob, Brezhnev has some regard for his image, and is usually impeccably arrayed in well-tailored, single-breasted suits and a pearl gray, flat-top Homburg. His daughter Galina is a researcher for Moscow's U.S.A. Institute, the Soviet center for the study of American affairs, while son Yuri is an official in the Foreign Trade Ministry. In Moscow, Brezhnev and his wife Viktoria live at 26 Kutuzovsky Prospekt in a six-room flat conveniently sandwiched between the apartments of Secret Police Chief Yuri Andropov, below, and of Minister of Public Order Nikolai Shchelokov, above. In leisure hours, Brezhnev indulges in his favorite pastime, hunting boar, deer and duck on hunting preserves kept for high officials. He is often seen at soccer games fervently rooting for his team, the Central Army Club.



BREZHNEV DURING WORLD WAR II

Like Khrushchev, Brezhnev is given to fits of anger, but his outbursts are often mixed with floods of tears and sentiment. An indefatigable greeter, Brezhnev has a tendency to bear-hug visitors in the Russian fashion. His ebullience, apparent good health and present success may assure him of another decade of political life. Still, he complains of insomnia. "The problems of the day don't stop spinning in my head at night," he said recently. He is certain to suffer many more restless nights as he attempts to solve the myriad problems that beset Soviet society. Brezhnev is not a liberal, and will not tolerate any diversity of ideas in the Soviet Union. But he is a modernizer and is increasingly intolerant of inefficiency and discomfort in the work and the life of the Soviet people. Whether he succeeds in solving Russia's internal problems or not, his place in history is already assured by the arresting changes in Soviet foreign policy that now offer hope for the reversal of the glacial course of the cold war.



WALLACE AT LAUREL BEFORE THE SHOOTING



BREMER (IN DARK GLASSES) OPENING FIRE IN THE CROWD

POLITICS

George Wallace's Appointment in Laurel

THE tableau seemed gruesomely familiar: the flags and fustian, the candidate prowing through crowds attended by hard-eyed men not quite in control, the people reaching out to touch him. Then, abruptly, the little black gun exploding like a birthday-party favor—*pap pap pap pap pap* in a smudge of gunsmoke. The candidate would capsize backward, the cameras would catch a wild, stricken frieze as his young wife knelt over him, staining her suit with his blood, and the bodyguards, an instant too late, would wrestle down some strange little drifter with a pistol welded to his hand.

Except that this time the victim survived. There would be no lying in state, no funeral train, no mournful services for the nation to attend by television. Like Tom Sawyer at his own funeral, Alabama's George Corley Wallace could savor both obsequies and survival. The morning after the shooting last week in a Maryland shopping center, Wallace, half-paralyzed, could lie in his hospital bed and feistily ask an aide: "Whatja got me scheduled for today?" The next day he would read the news of his primary triumphs in Maryland and Michigan.

If the attack was not fatal, it was a severe trauma—not only to Wallace but also to the nation's democratic process. Again, it raised the old questions of violence in America, of whether political candidates in a democracy dared to risk campaigning face to face with the people (*see* TIME Essay, *page 18*). The gunshots at Laurel, Md., also jarred the 1972 campaign into a new perspective. It seemed more certain now that Edward Kennedy would be out of consideration as a convention draft choice to break a deadlock between Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern. Anxiety about the infection of example led one official of the Democratic National Committee to comment: "After this, a Kennedy draft would be like asking a man to commit suicide."

The shooting also ensured that George Wallace will now haunt the 1972 campaign in a new and unpredictable way. With a resilience that was almost Snopesian, Wallace accomplished martyrdom and resurrection in a matter of hours. His strong, ex-boxer's body took four or five .38-cal. slugs, one of which remained planted in his spinal canal. The attack endowed Wallace with a new kind of stature. Although his doctors gave him only a marginal chance of walking again, editorial writers were quick to recall that F.D.R. campaigned with his legs paralyzed.

Popsicles. In any case, Wallace was determined to go on, and his followers across the nation were inspired by adversity. Fresh recruits hurried into his campaign offices to volunteer. With his victories in the Maryland and Michigan primaries, he could go to the Democratic Convention or send his ambassadors there—armed with some 400 delegate votes. What he might do with that strength is difficult to foretell.

Wallace has always known what passions he aroused. From his earliest days as Governor of Alabama, standing in a schoolhouse door in 1963 to bar black students, or vowing "Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever," he has deliberately chosen race hatred as his theme. After one unsuccessful contest in the '50s, he promised: "I'll never be out-nigge[red] again." Wallace has sometimes [been] haunted by the danger of assassinat[ion].

He was worried about Mary[land]. "Somebody's going to get killed be[fore] this primary is over," he told a friend recently, "and I hope it's not me." In H[a]gerstown three weeks ago, young whi[tes] and blacks disrupted his speech to [the] point that police had to be called in. Wallace left a rally the next week in Frederick, a brick hit him in the che[st]. That same day, University of Mary[land] students threw Popsicles at him.

Last week, Wallace's final day [of] campaigning before the primary h[ad] not been going well. At the Wheat[on] shopping plaza north of Washington, [to]matoes and eggs arced out of the cr[owd] as Wallace spoke at a noontime ra[lly].

SUPPORTERS' VIGIL OUTSIDE HOSPITAL





AP

MRS. CORNELIA WALLACE KNEELING OVER WOUNDED GOVERNOR



BREMER IN CUSTODY AFTER THE ATTACK

his entourage rolled into the Laurel
opping center at 3:15 for another ral-
Wallace knew that he was in un-
endly country.

About 2,000 people had gathered
the parking lot in front of a spe-
ly erected stage. Everywhere were
ryland county police, Secret Service
en and Wallace's own bodyguards. In
ce, as always, was Wallace's special,
-lb. bulletproof podium, draped in
l white and blue.

Country-and-western Singer Billy
mmer and his three sidemen were
rming up the crowd with *Gotta Trav-
On* and *Detroit City*. Grammer
ged his electric guitar into a sprightly
Dixie, and there was Wallace, smil-
with his customary "Hi, folks!" It
s an odd intersection of Southern
ighborliness and danger—police gaz-
raking the crowd and Wallace all but
behind his armor-plating.

Wallace was not at his best that day.
hen he took out in his standard speech
er those "pointy-headed intellectuals
o can't park their bicycles straight,"
voice cracked. Time and again he re-
red to "Princess George County";
Laurel is in Prince Georges County.
From the rear, collegians laughed and
shouted: "Go back to Alabama. You
don't even know where you are."

Wallace plunged on—against "so-
cial schemers" and "ultra-false liber-
als." After 50 minutes, he advised the
folks to vote in the primary "to shake
the eyeteeth of the Democratic Party.
Let's give 'em the St. Vitus dance. And
tell 'em a vote for George Wallace is a
vote for the average citizen."

Rapid Fire. The applause was thun-
derous. As Billy Grammer and his men
plugged their instruments into ampli-
fiers again, Wallace walked down the
steps from the stage and decided to
shake a few hands, as he often does af-
ter speeches. An aging woman near by,
in Wallace blouse and Wallace hat,
shouted groupie-fashion: "Over here,
George, over here!" He took off his
jacket and handed it to an aide, then
moved to his left to work down a line
of supporters behind a cordon. "Nice
to see ya," he said. "Nice to see ya."

Among the crowd, in opaque sun-
glasses and short, pale blond hair, was
a 21-year-old from Milwaukee named
Arthur Bremer. Almost a parody of the
failed young loners from rented rooms
who seem to end up assassinating Amer-
ican politicians, Bremer had apparently
been stalking Wallace for weeks (*see
story, page 16*). Now, as Wallace moved
easily through the crowd, Bremer sud-
denly thrust his arm through a ring of
onlookers. In rapid fire, about 18 inch-
es from his target, he blasted five shots
from his snub-nosed revolver. Even as
he was shooting, security men jammed
his arm downward and fell on him.

Wallace flipped back onto the as-
phalt and lay there, conscious but
stunned. Blood streamed from his right
arm, and oozed through his shirt at the
lower right ribs. Alabama State Troop-
er Captain E.C. Dothard, wounded in
the stomach, fell in front of TIME Cor-
respondent Joseph Kane. Near by, Se-
cret Service Agent Nicholas Zarvos
clutched a wound in his throat. Dora
Thompson, a local Wallace worker,
slumped to the ground with a bullet in
her right leg. Billy Grammer's rendition
of *Under the Double Eagle* stopped in
mid-bar. As a blanket of police smoth-
ered Bremer, there were shrieks and iso-
lated cries of "Kill him! Kill him!"

Though ashen from shock and loss
of blood, Wallace never lost conscious-
ness. After a seemingly interminable ten
minutes, an ambulance arrived. Then
it was 25 more minutes from Laurel to
Holy Cross Hospital in Silver Spring,
Md. Wallace spent much of the time
consoling his terrified wife Cornelia.

By nightfall, a team of Holy Cross
surgeons were at work on Wallace.
Four, perhaps all five of the bullets had
struck him. Two apparently passed
through his right arm and shoulder; an-
other glanced off his left shoulder blade.
One crashed through his abdomen, per-
forating his stomach and nicking his
large intestine; it was removed.

But the real problems came from a
slug that entered the fluid-filled spinal
canal and came to rest head downward
opposite the first lumbar vertebra, just
at the waist. At week's end the doctors
still could not say whether the bullet
severed all or part of the bundle of
nerves that carries impulses from the
lower body to the brain. But in any case,
the effect could be devastating. The very
impact of the bullet probably bruised
the delicate nerve tissue severely, caus-
ing grave injury. Wallace reported no
feeling in his legs; neither his bladder
nor his bowels were functioning volun-
tarily. Even after the bullet is removed,
the doctors have only "slim hope" that
Wallace will be able to walk without at
least the aid of braces.

News of the shooting flashed across
the nation galvanically. From previous
experience in such affairs, many Amer-
icans automatically assumed that Wal-
lace would not survive. Hubert Hum-
phrey and George McGovern instantly
suspended campaigning. Humphrey,



AP

who had been electioneering in Baltimore, went immediately to the hospital to console Mrs. Wallace. "I don't know," he said disconsolately. "We didn't seem to learn anything four years ago." President Nixon dispatched Presidential Physician William Lukash to Holy Cross. He also ordered immediate Secret Service protection for Ted Kennedy as well as for Representatives Shirley Chisholm of New York and Wilbur Mills of Arkansas.

Between Traumas. Immediately, the long-dormant issue of gun control came alive again, just as it had in 1968 after Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. were shot down. As the Atlanta *Constitution* observed, it seemed lost on Wallace supporters that the issues of gun control and law-and-order were intertwined, not mutually exclusive principles. After Laurel, a Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency voted out a proposal that would outlaw the public sale of "Saturday night specials," cheap and ubiquitous pistols. But the bill will still meet tough opposition in the Judiciary Committee, which has not been sympathetic to gun control in the past, and on the Senate floor, where National Rifle Association lobbyists have consistently frustrated such legislation. Says Illinois Representative Abner Mikva: "In between traumas, nobody seems to care much."

One of the first reactions to the Wallace attack was "Thank God it wasn't done by a black man." It is difficult to predict what racial vengeance that might have stirred. As it was, some blacks reacted to the news with satisfaction, or even a bitter glee. A black Humphrey worker in Baltimore said after the shooting: "I'm celebrating tonight. As far as I'm concerned, that little cracker bastard was shot 52 years too late. If you live by disrespecting the law, you will die by it." Roy Innis, head of the Congress of Racial Equality, said: "You might say this was the chicken come home to roost. But that would be unkind." Most other blacks, however, remembering the assassinations of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr., simply deplored more violence. Said the Rev. Jesse Jackson: "Killing can no longer be justified, whether it is in Viet Nam or Maryland or Memphis."

As a sheer political happening, the shooting of George Wallace was melodramatically timed. The very next morning, the voters of Michigan and Maryland went to the primary polls to give Wallace two of the most impressive victories of his career. In Maryland, Wallace took 39% of the vote, trailed by Humphrey with 27% and McGovern with 22%.

In Michigan, the two major candidates had all but conceded the primary to Wallace. The busing issue was too hot. But the surprise was the extraordinary breadth of Wallace's victory. He came in with 51% of the vote, *v.* 27% for McGovern and a humiliating 16% for Humphrey.

Cornelia: Determined to "Make Do"

HER dark eyes misty but her soft voice carefully controlled, Cornelia Wallace courageously faced television cameras shortly after the shooting of her husband. She proclaimed his determination to recover: "He didn't earn the title of the 'Fighting Little Judge' for nothing." She had passed the word that the Governor would continue to campaign "in a wheelchair if necessary," and that in the meantime she was willing to carry on for him on the campaign trail. Those who know Cornelia Wallace well are confident that her special blend of charm and toughness would make her a highly effective substitute.

■

The political role would be a new one for Cornelia. Since their marriage 16 months ago, she has mainly preferred just to walk on with George, wave to the crowd and be there at day's end to provide what she has called "the emotional response" that he needs when he gets so "very lonely" while traveling. Cornelia, who is 33 (19 years younger than her husband), is smart, ambitious for both him and herself and experienced in the ways of politics. Although she sees herself more as "a Huck Finn" than "a Southern belle," her favorite fictional heroine is Scarlett O'Hara. "You saw what she did with that lumber company," Cornelia recently recalled. "When she had to, she took over that business and made a success of it. She made do for herself." In the face of her husband's probably permanent paralysis, Mrs. Wallace is determined to "make do" for him.

Cornelia first met Wallace at a party in the Alabama Governor's mansion when her uncle James ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom was a party-loving Governor and she was only eight years old. "My two little cousins and I were peeping down the stairs in our nightgowns and the Wallaces saw us. They wa[ved] the stairs and talked to us and [p]. At the time, Wallace, a state le[g]. was married to his first wife, [L]. who died of cancer in 196[7]. succeeding him as Governor in [19]. mansion.

A country girl actually raise[d] log cabin in Elba, Ala. ("We used [to] fishing for mud fish in the Pea [R]. —that's what it was called"). C[o]. heard constant talk of politics fr[om] twice-widowed mother, Ruby F[ol]. Ellis Austin,* who served as [a]. hostess for her brother before he [m]. ried. Cornelia's father, Charles G[.]. a civil engineer, died in 1960. At M[on]. gomery's Methodist Huntingdon [Col]. lege and Florida's Rollins College, [Cor]. nelia studied voice and piano. Th[en] slipped into what she calls "my [first]. hillbilly jag." She sang and played [gui]. tar, toured Australia and Hawa[ii] Country Singer Roy Acuff, and [co]. and performed two recorded song[s]. MGM: *It's No Summer Love* and *[Girl]. with the Barefoot Feet.*

■

Her tawny good looks and sh[apely]. legs (she is 5 ft. 6 in., one inch sh[orter]. than George) carried her to the [state]. finals of a Miss Alabama contes[t]. fore she became the star of the Cy[press]. Gardens water ski show in Fl[orida]. —and married John Snively III, a [mil]. lionaire whose family at one [time]. owned the Gardens. After seven [years]. of marriage and two sons, Jim and [John].

*As colorful a character as her brother Jim, [Cornelia's]. Folsom was seen by some as a possible [vice pres]. itor of her daughter's for Wallace's [attention]. "Shoooot, honey," scoffed Ruby, who [is] six feet tall. "He ain't even titty high." [After] campaigned for George this year in Flori[da]. on the Wallace staff seemed to consider her [a] barrassment, and she was miffed. "Ah'm [sure]. they're gonna tell George ah was drinkin' [too]. much and showin' my fanny," she told a [Wash]. ington *Post* reporter.

In a survey for TIME by the attitude research firm of Daniel Yankelovich, Inc., 66% of voters interviewed at the polls said that crime and violence was one of the primary issues of the campaign—which may have been in part a reflection of the Wallace shooting the afternoon before. The poll also disclosed that, as seemed to be the case in Maryland, there were few voters who switched to Wallace in sympathy over the shooting. Reports TIME Correspondent Gregory Wierzynski: "Interviews with Wallace voters left me with the impression that the man had grown into something much bigger than the regional candidate he was in Wisconsin. An impressive number of people expressed genuine admiration, almost reverence, for Wallace."

Humphrey was the day's big loser. In two states where labor and blacks —his old allies—are important, he [still]. eraged a meager one-fifth of the vote. It was a bad omen as Humphrey looked forward to California on June 6. [His] coalition showed at least some signs of disintegration.

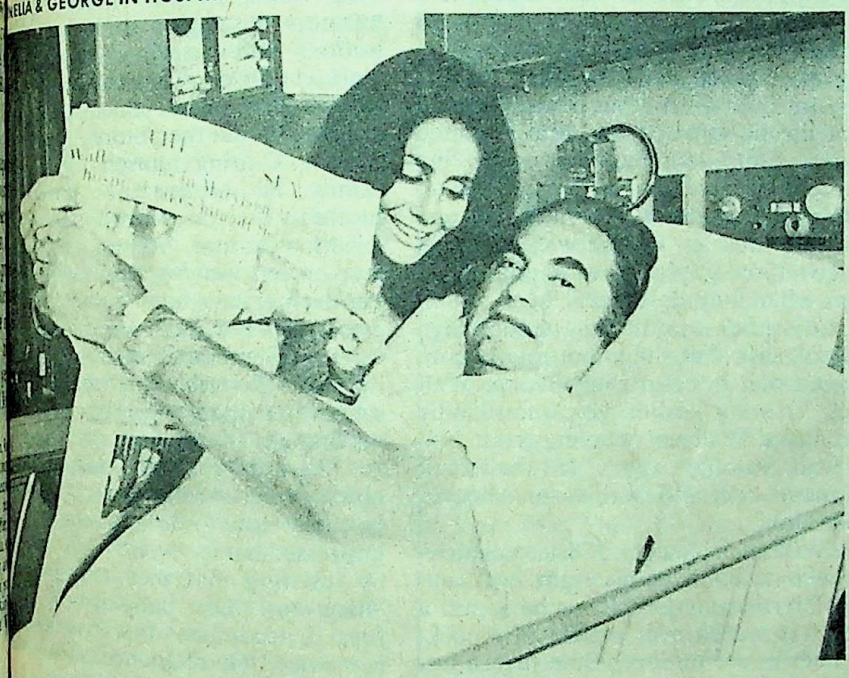
Stand-Ins. Wallace's political future is unpredictable. Last week was certainly the crest of his ill-planned but impressive drive through the primaries. All through the spring, in fact, Wallace has had the air of a man astonished by his own successes; with his ramshackle organization, one basic, evangelical speech and paper buckets to take up the collection, his victories have left him wondering whether he should not have attempted more. There were no primary states left in which he had arranged extensive campaigns even before the shooting—although last week from his hospital room he ordered his men to

...Snivelys were divorced in 1969. ...Although Wallace had beaten Fol... in a primary election for Gov... in 1962, he still remained friends ...Cornelia and her mother. About ...after Lurleen died, he began call... Cornelia and saying, "I think I'll come over for a few minutes." To ...publicity, the two at first dated ...at her home or at little-known res... ...She found him "very appeal... ...very physical," but also "very ...brian." He still "won't even say ...word sexy," she notes, and he will ...her wear her skirts as short as ...would like. But otherwise he lets ...pursue such high-spirited diversions ...driving the pace car for the Indi... ...olis 500 at 100 m.p.h. She has re... ...not being able to see their chil... (Wallace has four) much while ...campaigning, but has told them: "Your ...er's work must come first. You've ...to mold your life around his."

Although Cornelia has never interfered with her husband's political operations, she seems tougher than his Governor-wife Lurleen. Learning that one of Wallace's aides was poor-mouthing his chances of becoming President, she braced the man, threatened to get him fired if he expressed such a sentiment again.

When George failed to introduce her as the two met some guests at one political meeting, she turned to a group of reporters and snapped: "Does he think I'm a little doll he can drag around all day and then just pull a string when he wants to?" Yet such moods pass swiftly, and Cornelia seems totally devoted to George and his career. "God made woman for man as a companion," she contends. As two other Southern Governors noted privately last week, George Wallace has an excellent chance for political survival because his companion is Cornelia.

...NELIA & GEORGE IN HOSPITAL AFTER LAST WEEK'S PRIMARY VICTORIES



...head with more rallies and TV ads in ...Rhode Island, Oregon and New Mex... ...In California, local groups have or... ...anized a write-in campaign. Where ...ublic appearances are called for, Wal... ...e's men are setting up a kind of ...peaker's bureau of stand-ins. Among ...e volunteers: former California Su... ...erintendent of Public Instruction Max ...afferty, now a dean at Alabama's Troy ...State University, and Georgia's Lieut. ...Governor Lester Maddox.

It may be that Cornelia Wallace herself would make the perfect stand-in if ...George's convalescence will not permit ...m to get around (*see box*). It would ...erdly be a novel solution for Wallace, ...ho ran his first wife Lurleen for Gov... ...nor of Alabama when he ran into a ...ate constitutional snag about succeed... ...g himself in 1966.

It is possible that Wallace's week of pain and victory will recede into comparative political unimportance as the primary campaign swings into crucial two-man contests between Humphrey and McGovern next month in delegate-rich California and New York. McGovern's aides expect their candidate to win California, with its winner-take-all package of 271 delegates, and follow that with a big delegate harvest in New York. Expecting that enough uncommitted and Muskie delegates will join them then, McGovern's supporters hope to muster the required 1,509 delegates on the first ballot at Miami Beach. Says McGovern Adviser Mike Feldman: "He won't have to deal with Wallace at all."

Humphrey's camp plans on roughly the reverse scenario. But a number of Democratic professionals can envision a situation in which McGovern and Humphrey each fetch up 300 or 400 delegates short of the nomination. "In the absence of a first-ballot nomination for McGovern," says one Democratic official, "Wallace and his votes could be a major factor in determining what happens on the second ballot."

But it is difficult to imagine what kind of accommodation either McGovern or Humphrey could make with George Wallace. Neither would bend very far to Wallace on civil rights. Some have suggested that one of them might somehow wind up with Wallace as a running mate, but even in a curious political year, the idea seemed farfetched. Yet according to one shrewd Southern observer, the vice presidency may be exactly what Wallace has in mind. Says South Carolinian Harry Dent, a political adviser to President Nixon: "He'd like to get a platform he can crow over. But he knows that platforms don't amount to much. He wants somebody to bend over him and say 'Uncle.' He wants respectability. I think he sees visions of a vice-presidential nomination."

Go Ahead. Very probably Wallace himself does not know what he will do. If he recuperates sufficiently to return to action, even from a wheelchair, he has other options. Most dramatically he could bolt from the party, run in the general election as an independent candidate, and try to throw the election into the House, where he might hope to strike a bargain in exchange for his support. He would cut into the Democrats' blue-collar strength in the North, yet he would also cost Richard Nixon crucial electoral votes in the South. Harry Dent claims that the Republicans would suffer more from a third-party Wallace candidacy, while Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien says that the Democrats stand to lose the most.

Apart from affecting Wallace's prospects, the Laurel shooting raised depressing questions about the future of political campaigning in the U.S. Would candidates more and more retreat from crowds, withdrawing to armored podiums and television studios in fear that another Bremer or Sirhan or Oswald might be waiting? There seemed no sign of that for the present. Both George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey indicated last week that they would have to continue campaigning as before. Each candidate is now protected by squads of Secret Service men, at a cost of $200,000 a month for each detail, yet there seems ultimately no way of guaranteeing a public man's safety.

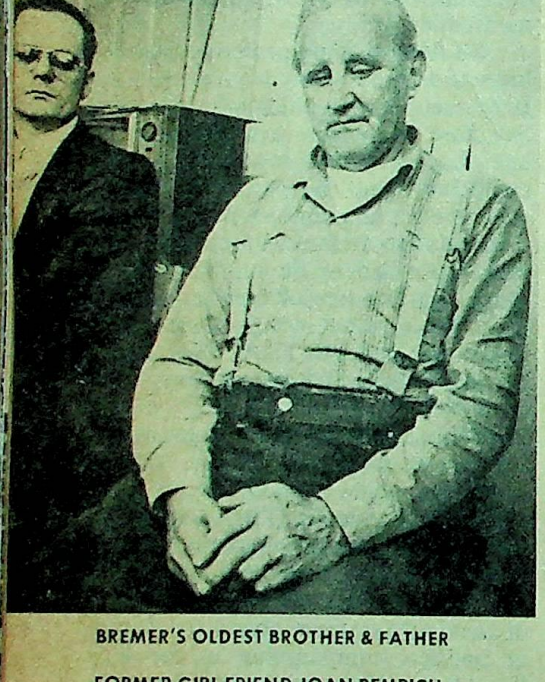
The morning after Wallace was shot, President Nixon was walking outside the White House and deliberately plunged into a crowd of tourists. One man said pointedly: "It is good of you to come out in public, Mr. President." Another tourist stood beside Nixon and asked a friend to take their picture together. Without thinking, Nixon smiled and replied: "Go ahead and shoot."

The Making of a Lonely Misfit

IN late November 1963, a reclusive 13-year-old boy named Artie Bremer sat transfixed before the TV screen watching the coverage of the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Suddenly there on the screen was Jack Ruby busting through a ring of bodyguards to shoot down Lee Harvey Oswald in cold blood. "I remember us watching that on TV together," recalls the boy's father, William Bremer. "Art was impressed with it. Could that have anything to do with what happened?"

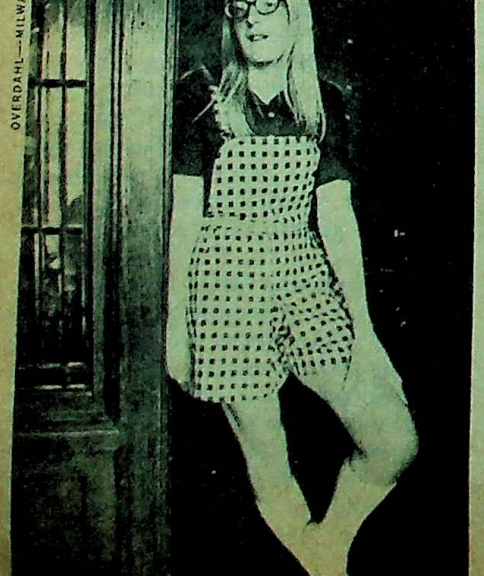
Like Ruby, Bremer insinuated himself into the crowd surrounding his victim and, with no chance of escape, boldly broke through to accomplish his grim deed before the TV cameras. The difference is that Bremer, a failure at almost everything he tried, was unsuccessful even as an assassin.

OVERDAHL—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL



BREMER'S OLDEST BROTHER & FATHER

FORMER GIRL FRIEND JOAN PEMRICH



OVERDAHL—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

The second youngest of five children, Arthur Herman Bremer was born on Aug. 21, 1950 and raised in a shabby, working-class corner of Milwaukee's South Side. According to court and various social service agency records, the Bremers were a problem family in which parental quarreling and neglect were common.

Variously described as "strange," "withdrawn," "uncommunicative" and "incredibly defensive," Artie Bremer had no close friends and rarely, if ever, acknowledged neighbors' greetings. His younger brother Roger, 18, says that Arthur, a short (5 ft. 7 in.), husky youth who lifted weights, "just stayed in all the time and had his own views. Ma got on him when he wouldn't go out. He just hated her I guess. I don't think he likes me either."

An average student with a 106 IQ, Bremer went out for the junior varsity football team when he was a sophomore at South Division High School. Though he was never more than a bench-warming, third-string guard, he stuck the season out until his mother pressed him to give up the sport. "I told him I wanted him to quit," says Sylvia Bremer, "because it seemed that someone was always picking on him. He was strong and had big muscles, but he was too quiet to give those guys who were picking on him what they deserved." Mrs. Bremer, an orphan who never attended high school, says that she is not totally convinced that her son shot George Wallace. "It's not kosher, you know? Why did those Wallace people permit him to walk into the crowds? It's their fault as much as it is Arthur's—or whoever shot him."

William Bremer Sr., 58, a truck driver who is blind in his right eye, says that "Artie may be 21 but he is still a boy." Hunched over a glass of Andeker beer in a dim South Side tavern last week, he grieved: "Oh, if only Artie'd shot me instead. I never pray, but last night I prayed and I prayed very hard." Bremer, a distraught, broken man who wore his silver-white hair in a ponytail until his wife cut it the day after the shooting, told TIME Correspondents William Friedman and Burton Pines that he also did something else he had not done in years. "I cried when this happened. I shouldn't say it, but I cried."

Perfect Frosting. His son was an "introvert" who desperately wanted to better himself, said William Bremer. Arthur's one passion was "books—books on math, books on psychology. He wasn't bright, but he read a lot and he passed most of his subjects. Honorable mention didn't mean nothing to him in a class. Jeez Christ, if his team didn't get a run or a score he'd come home and yell and kick at things." At other times "Artie baked a lot at home—cakes and cookies—and he made perfect frosting. He was a perfectionist. Artie would decorate each cup[cake] from a pastry-frosting bag, and [I] dipped my finger in the frosting [and] be mad as hell."

Then, wringing his large [red] hands, Bremer said: "I used to [preach] into my kids, 'You've got to find [yourself], you've got to find yourself.' [I] forget it,' Artie'd say. He never paid attention to that. Yeah, I spanked [the] boys. Roger got his cracks, and [Artie] got his cracks too. He must have [been] very sick. None of us knew it. But [he] must have been a very sick person." Draining half his beer, William Bremer concluded: "I just hope to God [that] no parents have to go through this [same] thing with a boy. Rather he should have gone out and shot his father. Rather [he] should have shot me."

Childish. Shortly after his [21st] birthday last year, Arthur left home and moved into a dingy, three-room apartment near Marquette University. He studied photography for nearly two semesters at the Milwaukee Area Technical College, briefly tried to go into business making large campaign-type buttons with various catch phrases, and worked half-days as a busboy at the exclusive Milwaukee Athletic Club and as a janitor at the Story Elementary School. Cutting himself off from his family, he slammed the door in his mother's face on the two occasions she tried to visit him. "Arthur did it to Wallace on our wedding anniversary," Sylvia Bremer says bitterly, "and he didn't even know it was our anniversary."

Last September, Arthur began dating Joan Pemrich, a 15-year-old high school freshman, telling her that she was his first girl friend. Says she: "He didn't act like a 21-year-old. He didn't know how to bowl or rollerskate. I don't think he knew how to do anything." Bremer impressed her as "weird" and "childish" by insisting that they talk about their "hang-ups." One hang-up was her refusal to accompany him to pornographic movies. "He really needed some kind of love," she says of their breakup. "But it wasn't going to come from me."

Soon Bremer's behavior became increasingly erratic. On Nov. 18 he was arrested for carrying a concealed .38-cal. revolver. The arresting officer claimed that Bremer was "completely incoherent"; a court-appointed physician judged him "dull" but legally sane. Bremer paid a fine of $38.50. On June 13, the day that George Wallace declared his candidacy, Bremer purchased another .38-cal. revolver, a five-shot snub-nosed model, at a Milwaukee gun shop for $80. Bill Heeley, the *maître d'hôtel* at the Milwaukee Athletic Club, recalls that Bremer shaved off his long, ish blond hair at about that same time. "When I asked why, he said his girl friend 'didn't pay any attention to me, so I went out and shaved. Now she'll pay attention to me.'" On Feb. [15] Bremer left his job.

The actions of Arthur Bremer [in the] after are sketchy. About May [1]

campaign worker, Mrs. Janet Petrone, says that Bremer visited Wallace headquarters in Silver Spring, Md., and offered to work on the campaign. On May 13, in Kalamazoo, Mich., he reportedly parked his car across the street from an armory where Wallace was scheduled to speak and sat there for more than ten hours. Responding to a "suspicious-subject" call, police questioned Bremer, who satisfied them with an explanation that he was there early to get a good seat at the rally.

On May 15 Bremer turned up in Wheaton, Md., for a noon appearance by Wallace at a shopping-center rally. Mrs. Petrone says that when she saw Bremer, who was wearing a red, white and blue striped shirt and a WALLACE '72 button, he said: "Hi, babes. How's it going?" At 2:15 p.m., William Taaffe, reporter for the Washington *Evening Star*, saw Bremer at the Laurel rally 16 miles away. At 3:58 p.m. Wallace was shot down with a .38-cal. revolver belonging to Arthur Bremer.

Daydreams. Searches of Bremer's effects showed the mystery of the man. In his messy apartment were Wallace campaign buttons, a Confederate flag, boxes of shells, old high school themes (*one box*), pornographic magazines, Black Panther literature, tax forms giving his 1971 income as $1,611, a book entitled *101 Things To Do in Jail* and various newspaper clippings, including one on the difficulty of providing security for campaigning politicians. In notebooks and on scraps of paper there were such notations as "My country 'tiz of thee, sweet land of bigotry" and "Happiness is hearing George Wallace sing the national anthem, or having him arrested for a hit-and-run accident." In one muddled note entitled "Critique of My Life," Bremer wrote: "TV radio the big books more books and more masturbation sex fantasy daydreams of the father reading newspapers looking at my parents."

Police described Bremer's car as a "motel on wheels." In it they found blankets, pillows, binoculars, a woman's umbrella, a tape recorder, a portable radio with police band, an electric shaver, photographic equipment, a 1972 copy of *Writer's Yearbook*, two books on the assassination of Robert Kennedy entitled *Sirhan* and *RFK Must Die*, and a gleaming 9-mm. semiautomatic pistol. With no hard evidence to support the possibility that Bremer was a hired assassin, investigators say that the merchandise in his car indicates that Bremer, who had only $2 in his pocket when he was arrested, might have financed his travels through petty thievery.

Bremer now faces a possible maximum penalty of life imprisonment or death. Markedly docile and indifferent after his arrest, he had one burning question. While being driven to the Baltimore county jail on the night of the shooting, Bremer asked FBI agents: "How much do you think I'll get for my autobiography?"

Arthur Bremer's Notes from the Underground

As the scribblings found in his apartment indicate, Arthur Bremer considered himself something of a writer. One of his most telltale works is a theme written in October 1968, during his senior year in high school. Entitled "Guitar," it begins by describing some weekly guitar lessons taken by a boy named Paul. The boy's instructor is George, who teaches at a Milwaukee music school at "twentieth and Greenfield." Midway, the theme abruptly turns to reflections on "Paul's" home life:

IN all the families on television, the mother was a pretty high school graduate and never thought of not feeding her kids meals. The mothers of television always smiled at their kids and kissed their foreheads. My mother was not like that. My mother did not kiss me. She would not say "hello" to me after I came into the house from school.

I used to hate those television mothers. Now I hate Mom. I dreamed about Donna Reed, my television mother, cooking dinner for me and kissing my forehead.

If Dad were only married to Donna Reed! Man!

Dad was all right. He drove a lousy truck for a living. I thought he would be happy with Donna Reed. Dad did not have many friends. He only had Mom. So he would not leave her no matter what.

I remember how he would come home after work. He would be tired and have a hungry gut. He would complain that Mom was not feeding my younger brother or him or me. Mom would shout. Dad would swear, and my younger brother would cry. Mom and Dad threw things at each other. I could hear them even though I was in the bedroom and my pillow was over my ears. I tried to think about pretty Donna Reed while Dad shouted and swore.

I liked to think that I was living with a television family and there was no yelling at home, and no one hit me. Mom hit me. Mom hit me a lot when Dad was not around. I could see the bumps on my head when I got a short hair cut.

Kids at school laughed when they saw my bumpy head. They were having fun and something was funny. I wanted to have fun. I laughed. Then they laughed harder.

"Hey Paul! Come here. Show us your duck walk!"

"Like this? Roger like . . ."

"Oh I can't stand it! Look at that dumb guy!"

"Quack. Like this Roger? Quack."

Roger was one of my best friends. I liked him, and I made him laugh. He made me smile and have good fun.

It was Wednesday again and I went to twentieth and Greenfield. George wanted to talk with my parents about getting rid of the plain guitar I rented from the music school. He wanted Dad to buy a $215 electric guitar and amplifier. There were always a lot of expensive guitars on display at the music school.

Dad and I went to twentieth and Greenfield on Saturday, and I knew I was not going to get the guitar. Dad always said, "Live within your means," whenever he did not want to spend money. I stood beside Dad in the music school. I did not argue because I knew I was not going to get the dumb guitar. George and Dad talked a long time.

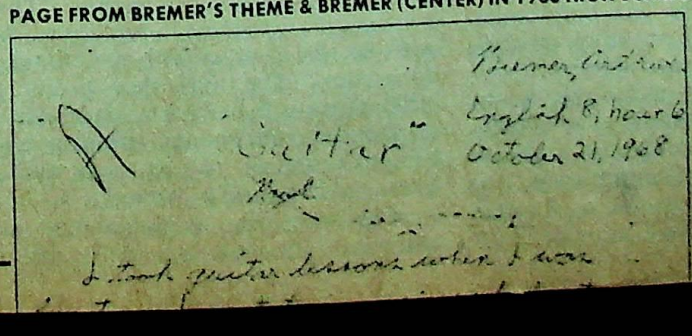
When they talked, I just looked at my shoe laces. I dreamed my shoe laces were big snakes and they were crawling up my legs, and it was dark, and I was lost in Africa, and Dad was too busy to save me. Mom was talking to that nice man next door, and they were smiling at each other and too busy for me. Donna Reed was pulling at the snakes to save me, but I did not care. I pushed Donna Reed away from me. I wanted to die. I wanted to be cremated and have the ashes thrown in George's face. I did not like Dad either.

When we left the music school, Dad and I did not say anything. Dad drove his old car to a few taverns and celebrated. He told everyone how he "fixed some smart guy that tried to start a fight with me."

Next day I threw a brick and broke the big display window at the music school. I ran fast and nobody knew who did it. George was crazy.

Bremer's teacher wrote: "An excellent creation of the troubled young man of today's and yesterday's world. You can be very proud of this work!" The grade marked on the paper: A.

PAGE FROM BREMER'S THEME & BREMER (CENTER) IN 1968 HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK





Did America Shoot Wallace?

NO sooner had the bullets from Arthur Bremer's pistol found their mark in George Wallace than another kind of withering fire was directed at the U.S. Declared New York Mayor John Lindsay: "The insane attack upon George Wallace is yet another terrible and inevitable example of the violence of our nation. From the needless neglect of our most pressing national needs, we have reaped a harvest of division, despair and death." In his New York *Times* column, Tom Wicker searched for an explanation of the assassinations among "violent western movies, the organized violence of professional football, the endless lines outside theaters showing *The Godfather*." The blasts from overseas were even more extravagant than usual. Said Milan's *Corriere della Sera*: "The U.S. is built on a structure of violence on every level. It is a perpetual state of siege that affects the whole society, from the mugger who kills a man for $20 in a subway to the B-52 pilot who calmly exterminates thousands of yellow men in order to give liberty to Indochina."

This quickly triggered reaction to the shooting of a prominent American politician raised more questions than it answered. Should the whole American society be condemned for the criminal act of one of its members, possibly one who is mentally ill? Do the American people bear the guilt for the handful of deranged assassins who have cut down in turn Medgar Evers, John Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy and now George Wallace? How just an assessment is the view that America is, in some special way, an intrinsically violent nation?

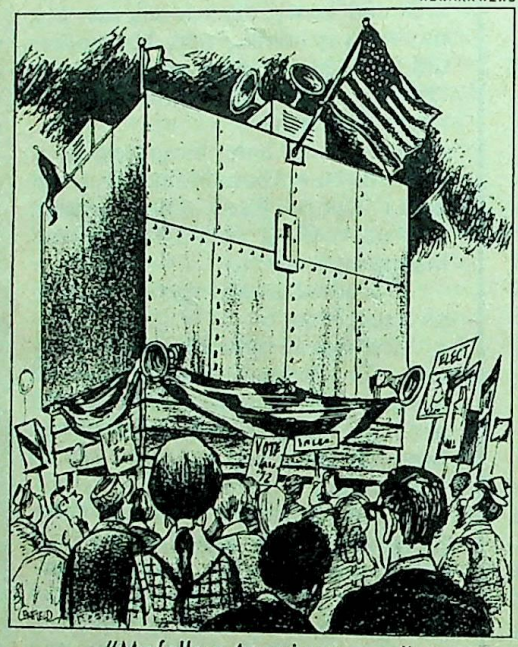
■

There is little question that violence has risen in America in the past few years. It is in the air, in speech, in gesture. People are uneasy on the streets, uneasy in their inner selves. The crime rate—especially violent crime—has mounted alarmingly. No laws have stemmed the tide of handguns that make killing so simple. Authority, legitimate or otherwise, is under attack as never before. Talk about politics is often murderous ("Oswald, where are you now that we need you?"). The Viet Nam War has had a profound effect on the American psyche, not only conditioning it to violence but often creating its own antiwar violence at home.

Yet violent as it undeniably is, the U.S. has no monopoly on that tendency. If violence is as American as cherry pie, in that overcelebrated phrase, it is also as German as strudel, as Russian as borsch, as Japanese as sake. Last week a bomb went off when the wife of a German Supreme Court Justice stepped on the accelerator of her Volkswagen; luckily she escaped with minor injuries from a left-wing plot against her husband. The week before, a top police officer in Milan was shot to death as he walked out of his apartment building. The list grows as long as one wants to make it: foreign diplomats held hostage and killed in peace-loving Sweden, eight Philippine senatorial candidates wounded by a hand grenade blast.

Despite the prevalence of violence elsewhere, however, there is something undeniably different about the American variety. The individualism of

NEWARK NEWS



"My fellow Americans . . ."

American assassins is what Europeans, and some Americans too, find hard to grasp. In other parts of the world, political assassination is usually the result of an elaborate plot. The object is to bring about a shift in power; it is a rational exercise, even if a murderous one.

No such plan appears to guide the American assassin. He acts on apolitical impulse. He is a pathetic loner—a Lee Harvey Oswald, a Sirhan Sirhan, an Arthur Bremer. "The would-be assassins have all been people who were mentally disturbed, living out of the mainstream of the political issues of the day," says John Spiegel, director of the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University. "They were people who lived in fantasy worlds with no real contact with their intended victim." The man they prefer to strike down is the charismatic leader of an aroused constituency, someone who brings excitement to politics as well as a sense of hope and movement.

Curiously, the assassins may not really hate the man they plot to kill. If psychoanalysts can be believed, he is a surrogate victim, a replacement for the mother or father whom the killer would like to slay but dare not. "It is if they have a latent need to be killed by the man they kill," notes Bev Hills Psychoanalyst Robert Dorn. Did Bremer hate Wallace? He had Wallace literature in his room and Wallace stickers on his car. Did he follow Wallace from rally to rally in order to kill him or because he was obsessed by him? The shooting has elements of a ritual emptied of emotion. Says William Crotty, political scientist at Northwestern University: "Somehow, these people believe that if they can eliminate this one man their own lives will magically improve."

■

To kill a prominent politician in one instant removes the stain of failure and testifies to an unqualified success. The assassin wins his footnote in history, becomes a somebody, shows that he is not to be laughed at. He has made it in America where everybody thought he was a hopeless outcast. He joins the mainstream. "In the U.S.," says Harvard Sociologist Seymour Lipset, "the thing that matters is who wins, no matter how. There is more emphasis on accomplishing something no matter what means are used."

Hence the vulnerability of the politician in America. He is too prominent, too exposed. The President, in particular, is the object of incessant attention. He does not have the protection of a strong political party that can take the blame for some of the things he does. There is no parliamentary system to share the burdens of office; the powers of Congress are atrophied. The President stands alone, a perfect target—and aspirants to his high office undergo the same fierce scrutiny.

That scrutiny has been enhanced by television. The political leader is always on view, with few chances for escape. Thus George Wallace makes a speech behind a bulletproof lectern—and then darts out to shake hands with a crowd that includes his would-be assassin, who seeks the same limelight. John Wilkes Booth, a professional actor, plotted to murder Abraham Lincoln in a theater where he would have a captive audience. Contemporary assassins are supplied with a much larger stage by television. They know that their deed, or its immediate aftermath, will be witnessed by millions of horror-struck citizens.

It is a spectacle hard to resist for a man who has been deprived of attention all his life. Marshall McLuhan has written hopefully of the global village of shared tastes and sympathies that television is creating. But along with the village has come the village idiot, vastly strengthened by technology.

...arose from the mores that used to restrain him. He may not be able to keep up with the Joneses, but he can keep up with the Oswalds.

America cannot be completely absolved from responsibility for the assassinations, if only because it has created the conditions in which the killers live and flourish. Something in U.S. society leads them to favor one particular outlet, now morbidly familiar. The assassinations are, in a way, a reflection of the emotionalism of life in America today: near-utopian expectations from American life and a spurned lover's disillusion when these expectations are unfulfilled. This is often combined with rootlessness, both geographic and moral. Cut off from any real community, the lonely men in rooming houses (but sometimes also on campuses or in the midst of prosperous suburbs) substitute fantasy for roots; life—and death—becomes equally unreal.

All this points to an aberration, partly the result of dizzying social change and the restless mobility of a free society, which urgently requires stabilization and saner, more civil politics. But it is not a national disease or a case of national guilt that deserves the world's condemnation. In the long run, it is more useful to try to understand America—no simple matter—than to write off the entire country as uncontrollably violent. ■ Edwin Warner

THE ADMINISTRATION

Raising Cattle, or—?

My basic commitment with the President stems from the conversation which we had in which I said I never had an employment contract in my life, and I didn't want one, and that I felt any employer should be free to ask me to leave any morning and I should be free to leave any afternoon. That's the way it has been and that's the way it is.

When John Connally made those off-the-cuff remarks, he had already served notice upon his most recent employer, President Richard M. Nixon. The subsequent announcement of his decision to resign as Secretary of the Treasury sent tremors through Washington. In the 15 months that he has worked as the only Democrat in Nixon's Cabinet, Connally emerged as an extraordinarily powerful figure in Washington and abroad. Tall, immaculately tailored, silver-haired and handsome—a sort of Florentine prince from Texas—Connally left the negotiators for great nations awed by his skill as a bargainer. His execution of a revamped U.S. international monetary policy was at once suave and tough; it was essentially his hard-line protectionist thinking that underpinned Nixon's devaluation of the dollar. Recently, in the face of some Cabinet uncertainty, Connally urgently backed the President's decision to mine Haiphong harbor. Yet last week, at the prime of his influence, Connally quit to return to Texas; he will be replaced at the Treasury by George P. Shultz, director of the Office of Management and Budget (*see* THE ECONOMY).

Just an Office. Why did Connally resign? Speculation abounds. When Nixon first signed him on, in December of 1970, the former Texas Governor agreed to hold the job for one year. At the President's behest he said that he would stay on for an additional six months, through June. Connally, it seems, never had any intention of remaining at his post through the election. He said, "This is just a place to have an office," and scarcely hid his growing disdain for fiscal details. Nelson Connally recently whispered to a visiting Texan friend in a Washington reception line: "We're coming home soon." Says one associate: "John is a master at political timing. He's getting out before his enemies in Washington begin cutting him up."

Indeed, Connally's blustery, sometimes abrasive ways, coupled with his ready access to a usually inaccessible President, made him highly unpopular with more than a few in the Nixon circle. At a press awards dinner last week, Secretary of Commerce Pete Peterson wryly alluded to Connally's penchant for poaching in other than Treasury preserves. Said Peterson: "Almost everybody is sorry to see him go. The State Department is having a going-away party; it is now in its 32nd hour."

There are others who were not entirely appreciative of Connally's preeminence. For months now Washington talk has swirled about the possibility that Connally would switch parties and replace Spiro Agnew as Nixon's running mate on the 1972 Republican ticket. Agnew is rumored to be disenchanted with his job, but pressed on the point at a news conference last week, his pique showed brightly. The Vice President snapped: "I just don't understand how anybody can seriously believe a man who is a registered Democrat in the middle of May in an election year can suddenly turn Republican and be nominated as Vice President at the Republican Convention. We have a lot of good Republicans the President can turn to—but Mr. Connally just isn't it."

Still it is no secret that Nixon could use him on the ticket for his regional appeal in the South. The President may well need Texas' 26 electoral votes, which Hubert Humphrey won in 1968 and which Connally could doubtless deliver in 1972.

President Nixon has some plans for Connally, anyway. After lavishly praising his departing Secretary, Nixon said that Connally will "undertake some temporary assignments; one of those will be announced when I return from Moscow." That rather mysterious pronouncement could mean that Nixon feels Connally is the man to negotiate the ultimate bargain with Moscow and Hanoi to conclude the Viet Nam War. Other speculation had it that the President plans to put Connally in a more permanent slot come January—as successor to Bill Rogers as Secretary of State. One way or another, Connally would like to be to Nixon's brand of conservative nationalism the kind of active *éminence* that John McCloy was to the liberal internationalism in vogue long after World War II.

Connally claims that he wants simply to return to his Floresville ranch, relax and enjoy the fruits of his lofty labors. Still, he makes no bones about his ambitions, and must still hanker after the No. 1 job. There is an old prairie bromide which says that at a certain age a Texan chooses between raising cattle and raising hell. Connally has all the cattle he needs; unquestionably he will choose to raise considerable political hell for some time to come.



"Sorry to see you go, John (wink)—we'll miss you around here (nudge) . . ."

THE WAR

What Is Giap Up To?

One by one, the 20 or 25 Communist bloc ships that had been steaming through the South China Sea toward North Viet Nam changed course. Three of them picked their way to anchorage in Hong Kong's crowded Victoria Harbor: Gotze Deltchev, *flying the Bulgarian flag, and the East German freighters* Heinz Kapelle *and* Gera, *their main decks crowded with trucks that were to have been unloaded at Haiphong. When would the ships get under way again? Shrugged one East German seaman: "Not until the American offensive ends."*

In Hué, where South Vietnamese forces waited for the long expected Communist assault, ARVN soldiers casually siphoned gasoline out of their trucks and Jeeps in broad daylight. They knew that they could sell the gas to civilians for 40 piasters (33¢) a liter. In some areas of South Viet Nam, the word was out that the North Vietnamese, short of fuel for their thirsty trucks and Soviet-made tanks, were paying up to 80 piasters for gas.

DIRCK HALSTEAD



THIEU & AGNEW IN SAIGON

AS the all-out North Vietnamese offensive entered its eighth week, the gloom that had pervaded Washington and Saigon earlier in the month began cautiously to lift. Though the expected Communist strikes in the north and in the Central Highlands had yet to come, officials took comfort in the fact that South Viet Nam's battered armed forces seemed to be holding together, at least for the moment. There was also hope that the U.S. mining of North Viet Nam's harbors and the resumption of large-scale bombing of its military and logistics targets might prove as effective as President Nixon had promised. Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, who as Chief of Naval Operations is ultimately responsible for the massive armada (six carriers, five cruisers, 40 destroyers) that is enforcing Nixon's quasi-quarantine, declared that the flow of supplies into North Viet Nam would be "a trickle from now on."

Out of Steam? The most sanguine Administration assessment came from Spiro Agnew—not exactly a disinterested observer. After participating in Tokyo ceremonies that formally returned Okinawa to Japanese control, the Vice President paid a three-hour visit to Saigon. Back in Washington, he briefed President Nixon on his trip, then told newsmen that Nixon's actions had reduced Communist capabilities to "only a couple more months of activity." Added Agnew: "We're coming out of the woods."

But were the North Vietnamese really running out of steam? To be sure, the elements of eleven divisions that General Vo Nguyen Giap has in South Viet Nam have been slow to capitalize on their successes in the Central Highlands and in the northern provinces. NVA tanks and artillery challenged the scanty defenses of Kontum last week, and the long-awaited attack on that vulnerable Highlands city might not be far off. But there was no sign of the expected push on Hué, the former imperial capital 24 miles south of Quang Tri, which is believed by allied strategists to be the main target of Giap's offensive. The four North Vietnamese divisions known to be in the area have made themselves so scarce that ARVN units have recently been dropping pajama-clad scouts into the countryside. Their assignment: find the evasive, ominously quiet enemy troops and call in the fighter bombers and B-52s.

"Smart" Bombs. Allied intelligence has been far from exact in predicting Giap's tactical efforts, and last week's pause in the action led to two quite contrary estimates of the battlefield situation. In the pessimistic view of the lull, Giap has not run out of steam but is slowly building his offensive to a new boil—timed, perhaps, to coincide with Nixon's arrival in Moscow. The other, more optimistic view is that the intensive American bombing has taken a fearful, debilitating toll of NVA men and matériel. In this view, moreover, the mining of seven Northern harbors —even though it has yet to affect the North Vietnamese invasion directly

DEFENSE DEPT. PHOTO



NORTH VIETNAMESE BRIDGE NEAR THANH HOA AFTER ATTACK BY U.S. JETS ARMED WITH LASER-GUIDED BOMBS

No challenge to the harbor mines, and an impressive score on the new bombing campaign.

—has forced the Communist command- to husband their remaining fuel and ammunition.

New provisions, it is clear, are not getting through: the U.S. near-blockade has effectively sealed the ports—at least so far. None of the 27 cargo ships that remained in Haiphong harbor after the mines went "live" on May 11 have even tried to get to sea. Last week Anthony Lewis of the New York *Times* reported from North Viet Nam a Communist boast that the mines were being cleared from Haiphong and that ships were moving in and out (*see* THE PRESS). U.S. officials conceded that light wooden fishing vessels, which do not trigger the mines, pass in and out of the harbors. But they flatly denied that the North Vietnamese have made any effort to sweep the mines, or that any large ships have dared to challenge the quarantine.

As for the new bombing campaign, U.S. pilots in the first eleven days achieved an impressive score: 208 trucks, 116 boats, 201 railroad cars, 59 warehouses, 114 cuts in road or rail lines, plus the destruction of a key pipeline that is used to carry motor fuel to the Demilitarized Zone. Using laser-guided and electro-optical "smart" bombs, they also smashed several bridges, among them the 540-ft. rail-highway span at Thanh Hoa, which had withstood innumerable attacks during Operation Rolling Thunder from 1965 to 1968. How much of a real difference all this would make remained to be seen.

Whatever the North Vietnamese supply problems, Giap's predilection for lavish applications of firepower has not yet been curbed. North Vietnamese artillerymen have continued to pummel An Loc, the battered, fundamentally insignificant plantation town 60 miles north of Saigon that South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu has ordered held "at all costs." Resuming efforts to break the seven-week-old siege of An Loc and its stubborn, 6,000-man garrison, the South Vietnamese last week airlifted two infantry regiments up Highway 13 to within a mile or so of the town. Meanwhile, the main ARVN relief column, which had been stalled several miles south of town, resumed its advance along Highway 13.

As it inched ahead, the 10,000-man column encountered what one U.S. adviser called "the toughest fighting I've ever seen." One ARVN battalion took 100 casualties in four days. The vicious enemy fire on Highway 13 came from well-entrenched North Vietnamese troops, who seemed to be following a familiar strategy. In past set-piece battles —at Dak To, for instance, and Khe Sanh—Giap's forces would surround allied troops, dig in deeply enough to neutralize American airpower, and then hack away at the relief forces. Though at week's end the ARVN relievers were close to what would surely be billed as a great victory at An Loc, it would be a costly triumph indeed.

Touchy Times for American Advisers

BACK in the 1950s and early 1960s, when the fledgling South Vietnamese army was largely relegated to the task of guarding roads and villages, American "advisers" not only taught their inexperienced charges but frequently led them into combat as well. On the rare occasions that ARVN was allowed to "liberate" a Viet Cong hamlet. Nowadays advisers barely even advise. In fact, says Major Jerry G. Williamson, a veteran of three tours in Viet Nam, "these guys don't really need advising. We're mostly out here to talk to FAC [forward air control] pilots and coordinate air strikes."

■

On instructions from Washington, the advisers are supposed to avoid getting into combat—or onto those politically sensitive weekly U.S. casualty lists. The sometimes unseemly result is that when a South Vietnamese unit gets into a critical situation, the first soldiers to leave are its U.S. advisers.

During the recent North Vietnamese advance on Kontum, two American Army advisers were ordered to pull out of nearby Fire Base 5, even though it had not been directly attacked. They simply left behind the base's garrison of 300 Montagnard tribesmen, who have long been among the hardiest and most determined troops on the allied side.

A similar episode occurred early in the Communist offensive. An ARVN force of 20 or 30 troops found itself surrounded by the North Vietnamese near An Loc. As the South Vietnamese fought the Communists off, the three American advisers with the ARVN unit radioed for an evacuation helicopter. When the tiny chopper arrived, it was rushed by desperate South Vietnamese troops; some of them grabbed the American crew chief and tried to throw him off. The overloaded machine finally got airborne after several hard bounces along the ground; one ARVN soldier aboard was swinging from the legs of an American adviser who was sitting at the chopper's open door.

By and large, the advisers are embarrassed by orders to retreat under fire; unlike many G.I.s who serve only in American units, they have considerable respect and liking for the ARVN soldiers, although not necessarily for their commanders. "These little Bengies [Bengal Tigers] are great soldiers," says Colonel J. Ross Franklin, adviser to the ARVN 21st Division.

The advisers include both Army men and Marines, who have somewhat different approaches to the assignment —a fact that has led to animosity between the two services. The majority of Army advisers are clustered in ARVN regimental and divisional headquarters. There are only 50 Marine advisers, but they are sprinkled through South Viet Nam's elite marine units down to the battalion and even company level. In Military Region I (the northern provinces), the Marines are almost unduly proud of the tough fighting done at Quang Tri by their charges. They also complain that the Army advisers to the ARVN 3rd Division, whose collapse caused the loss of the city, had poor communication with the troops under their guidance.

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In Hué nowadays, Marine and Army advisers—many of them veterans of the Quang Tri debacle—occasionally find themselves at loggerheads. Shortly before TIME's David DeVoss was wounded last week, one angry Marine told him that "Quang Tri would never have fallen if there had been decent advisers there." Another Marine offered a grim forecast: "I'll tell you what's going to happen one of these days. One of those helicopters is going to come down for the American advisers—and they are going to shoot it out of the air. I mean the friendly guys, the South Vietnamese, are going to shoot it out of the air."



DIRCK HALSTEAD

ARMY ADVISER CALLING IN AIR STRIKES

WEST GERMANY

A Grade-B Performance

The three-week-long drama over whether the West German Parliament would ratify the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw ended enigmatically last week. The Bundestag ratified both agreements by wide margins—248 to 10 for the Moscow treaty. But 238 opposition members of the Bundestag abstained from voting on the Moscow treaty. In the Bundesrat, the upper house, a majority of the members—21 out of 41—also abstained. Chancellor Willy Brandt, leader of the Social Democratic Party, grandly described the vote as opening "a new phase in the history of the Federal Republic." That may well be so, but, reports TIME's *Bonn Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate, the result was a triumph for neither Brandt nor Rainer Barzel, head of the opposition Christian Democratic Union:*

As the final vote was announced, Brandt, his face impassive, sat stoically on the government's front bench. The treaties—and with them the attendant progress toward East-West *détente*—had carried well enough. But the fact that the opposition C.D.U. had abstained almost to a man deprived Brandt of the "broad majority" he had labored to achieve and was a dismaying reversal of a carefully worked out bipartisan compromise.

Only two days earlier, the C.D.U. had decided to free its Deputies to vote for the treaties if they wanted to do so, after gaining their support for a bipartisan Bundestag resolution on West Germany's understanding of the pacts. On the eve of the scheduled vote, however, the C.D.U.'s conservative Bavarian wing, Franz Josef Strauss's Christian Social Union, decided to vote against the treaties. Faced with that threat to party unity, Barzel reversed course, and only three hours before the final Bundestag vote, ordered the C.D.U. Deputies to abstain from voting. By opting for party unity instead of statesmanship, he earned the widespread condemnation of the West German press and reinforced his reputation as a political opportunist.

The vote dramatized Bonn's present crisis of leadership. Both Brandt and Barzel had seen the impasse coming at least three months ago, but did little to head it off. Brandt, the brilliant idea man, remained characteristically aloof. He knew that his unstable coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats included some potential defectors on the treaty votes; they were treated like traitors, which simply strengthened their resolve to defect.

Moment of Truth. Barzel, the reputedly clever tactician, was shortsighted and defiant, and helped paint his party into a tight corner by adamantly opposing ratification. The C.D.U. leaders repeatedly charged that the treaties were a sellout of German interests to Moscow. Privately, though, they hoped that the treaties would pass, so that the party should not bear the onus of holding up *détente*. Thus both sides procrastinated until the moment of truth arrived—and the result was what one Bonn political observer describes as "a grade-B performance—Brandt and Barzel."

The three weeks of confusion and chaos that have just ended inspired the quip that "Both sides have a chairman, but neither has a leader." In the wake of the vote, the quip seemed fully justified. Recognizing that his government could be brought down by a no-confidence vote at any time, Brandt asked the opposition to agree to hold interim federal elections. Barzel replied that his party would agree to elections—but only after Brandt had resigned. Despite the ploys and counterploys, it seemed likely that elections would be held in the fall.

FRANCE

Europe, Oui! Oysters, Non!

"Elizabeth of England will be received here," surmised the Fre weekly *L'Express* just before Queen's arrival last week. "The Fre adore other people's monarchs." most everywhere Paris bespoke much. Huge Union Jacks caught spray from the Lalique fountains a elegant Rond-Point des Champs-sées, and the Cross of St. George orated the flower pots in front Pierre Cardin boutique in the Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré.

It rained on nearly all of Her M esty's parades ("The Queen's weath mused *Le Monde*), but the drizzle fa to dampen the French welcome. "B ger crowds for the Queen than for referendum on Europe," observed th satirical weekly *Le Canard Ench* Elizabeth's French, several report noted, was far better than Prime M ister Edward Heath's, and one col nist confided to his readers the great covery that "the Queen likes all Fre food except oysters."

Amidst all the obsequious effusi there was a glancing barb at the Quee taste in hats—"For 20 years the sa hat, to avoid hurting her hatter's fe ings," teased one columnist.

Nonetheless, the Queen's secon state visit to France in 15 years wa regal affirmation of the current wa state of Anglo-French relations. President Georges Pompidou discreet noted in his welcoming speech, "som hesitations and difficulties of an old affair begun in 1957" had occurred the meantime. Later, at a banquet H Majesty remarked: "We may drive different sides of the road, but we going the same way." The same wa of course, is a united Western Europ



QUEEN ELIZABETH & PRINCE PHILIP AT VERSAILLES BANQUET WITH PRESIDENT & MADAME POMPIDOU
"We may drive on different sides of the road, but we are going the same way."

and with the Queen's visit Britain seemed all but signed, sealed and delivered into the Common Market.

For the Queen, perhaps the most significant event was one with purely personal implications. After a triumphal tour through the south of France, Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, paid a call on the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at their house in the Bois de Boulogne. It was the first time that Elizabeth, 46, had visited their home since her uncle abdicated in 1936. It may well be the last: the former King Edward VIII, now 77, is gravely ill.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Teddy Boys with Tartans

A crowd of Belfast Catholics was watching an evening soccer game on the television set in Kellys Bar when a bomb exploded in a parked car outside, setting off a weekend of violence in which nine people were killed and 100 injured. The Catholics blamed the bombing on Protestant extremists; the British army concluded that it might have been caused by I.R.A. explosives that went off by accident. In a sense it did not really matter. The important fact was that after two months of direct rule from London, the Ulstermen were as close to anarchy as ever.

The new wave of terrorism was a setback for William Whitelaw, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. In the eight weeks since he had been sent to Belfast to replace the suspended provincial parliament at Stormont, Whitelaw had pursued a policy of conciliation and persuasion. He ordered the release of 306 interned Catholics who were being held without trial in prison camps under Ulster's Special Powers Act, and instructed British troops to avoid incidents in Catholic areas. He also allowed to remain standing the barricades set up and manned by the I.R.A. in the "no go" Catholic Bogside and Creggan districts of Londonderry.

Dour Mood. Perhaps inevitably, Protestant militants were infuriated by Whitelaw's strategy of restraint. They demanded that the barricades be torn down. To force Whitelaw's hand, masked members of the Ulster Defense Association, a militant Protestant organization, hijacked cars and used them to create a 24-hour barricade around the Protestant Woodvale district of Belfast. Unless Whitelaw sent his troops into the Bogside, declared the U.D.A., the Protestants would surround their areas with permanent barricades also.

Emphasizing the dour mood of Northern Ireland's Protestants, the leader of the militant Ulster Vanguard movement, William Craig, last week warned: "It would be prudent for loyalists not to ignore the possibility of civil war." Another cause of Protestant restlessness was a new I.R.A. policy of attacking targets in Protestant areas. Last week, for instance, from hiding places in Catholic areas, I.R.A. snipers killed a 15-year-old Protestant youth and wounded four factory workers. In the House of Commons, Whitelaw charged that the I.R.A. was deliberately trying to provoke the Protestants into counterattacks on Catholic areas, which would thereby strengthen the gunmen's hold on the ghettos.

If civil war does come, among those most eager to form the front lines at street-corner battles will be members of Protestant youth gangs known as the Tartans. Mostly boys between 14 and 20 years of age, they wear blue jeans and jackets and sport tartan scarves as symbols of their Scottish and Protestant ancestry. Their slogan, TARTAN RULES, is scrawled on gable walls in most of Belfast's Protestant ghettos.

Tacit Approval. Undisciplined and virtually leaderless, the Tartans roam the streets of Belfast eying strangers with suspicion, occasionally attacking Catholics with sticks, stones and fists. This month Tartan gangs set fire to stores, wrecked bars and rioted in East Belfast for four consecutive nights. In another era, the Tartan gangs would be written off as adolescents bored with the drabness of back-street Belfast, much like Teddy boys of London in the mid-'50s. But Ulster's political chaos has turned them into defenders of the faith who have the tacit approval of many adult Protestants.

A typical Tartan gang member is Jim Tipping, a long-haired lad of 18 who has a crest of Protestant banners tattooed upon his scarred right arm. The scar is a relic of an I.R.A. gunshot wound that Tipping suffered while walking down a Belfast street six weeks ago. Tipping's gang, the Shankhill Tartans, has hundreds of members, who spend much of their time lolling on street corners and shouting anti-Catholic slogans on Saturday afternoons. They were reared in an atmosphere of sectarian bitterness and bigotry, and their attitudes show it. "I hate them," Tipping says of the Catholics. "They're just murderers. They're all in the I.R.A., and if they're not they're sympathizers. If the army is not going to do anything to stop the I.R.A., it might as well move out and let the Protestants have a go."

There is a lot of youthful bravado in the gang members' words, but like

PETER L. GOULD



TARTAN GANG MEMBERS ON A WINDOW-SMASHING RAMPAGE IN BELFAST

Youthful products of sectarian bitterness and bigotry.

HOODED PROTESTANT VIGILANTES IN BELFAST'S WOODVALE DISTRICT



their Protestant elders, the Tartans are gradually becoming more militant. Two weeks ago they marched to the local jail to demand the release of Protestant criminals. As a precaution some wore dark glasses to conceal their features. "If civil war breaks out and they start interning Protestants," explained Tipping, "they are going to remember your face and turn you in."

ALGERIA

The *Triste* Just Society

Fidel Castro was less than complimentary when Houari Boumedienne replaced Ahmed Ben Bella as leader of revolutionary Algeria seven years ago. "A pimp," was the Cuban Premier's unbowdlerized estimate of Boumedienne. "A reactionary gorilla." Last week, as Castro visited Algeria in the course of a two-month hegira through Africa and the East bloc, Boumedienne had become "a great strategist" and Algeria under his rule was "a just society."

As a determinedly socialist state with an overlay of stern Arab tradition —women have second-class status—Algeria may not necessarily be a just society. But it is an economically more viable one than Cuba. It is also, as Castro may well have observed, a study in paradoxes. Despite the agonies that Algerians suffered at the hands of the French in the eight-year war for independence, ties with France remain remarkably strong. France is still Algeria's principal trading partner; 7,000 Frenchmen teach school or operate medical clinics, while 400,000 Algerians work in France and send home $250 million annually.

French is the primary language not only of the educated but also of the major cities generally. When Castro spoke in Spanish to a crowd of 25,000 in Algiers, his speech was translated not into Arabic but into French. Boumedienne, who studied at Cairo's Al Azhar University, is one of the few government leaders who regard Arabic as their first language. Even so, when Algeria's boss —wearing coat, tie and shirt in contrast to the open-neck military khakis of his guest—appeared in public with Castro, he looked more like a French *petit bourgeois* than an Arab revolutionary.

Another contradiction is Algeria's growing ties with the U.S., although diplomatic relations between the two have been severed since the Six-Day War. Four hundred American technicians are helping Boumedienne develop the immense oil and natural-gas resources in the Sahara, and even U.S. management firms have been retained to smooth administrative problems. The biggest deal made so far by Sonatrach, the government-owned monopoly, is a $5 billion contract to provide natural gas for the U.S. East Coast. "There is no contradiction in our policy," Foreign Ministry Spokesman Mohammed ben Mehal blandly explained to TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott last week. "The American people are one thing and what the American Government does in the Middle East and Viet Nam is another."

Economic Help. Despite their official commitment to socialism, the Algerians are amenable to economic help from any nation. At El Hadjar, the huge new industrial complex through which they proudly escorted Castro last week, the steel plant is Russian, the cast-iron plant French, the pipe plant West German, and the hot rolling mill Italian. "We take the best of each," says an official. "Some may call us opportunistic. We prefer the word pragmatic."

El Hadjar symbolizes Boumedienne's determination to make a long-range investment in heavy industry rather than light industry, which could produce more jobs more quickly. The justification is that, having broken a French colonial economy tied to agriculture, Boumedienne's Sorbonne-trained Algerian technocrats do not want to re-create what they haughtily dismiss as "a 19th century economy."

But they are taking calculated risks. Algeria's population is increasing by 3.7% every year, and the birth rate is Africa's highest, in part because Islam frowns on birth control. Less than one-seventh of the land along the Mediterranean littoral is arable, and only in recent months has the government seriously begun to tackle land reform.

Algerians from rural villages are flocking to the cities, where few can find jobs. Roughly 40% of the work force is unemployed, and countless thousands of young men spend their time playing dominoes and drinking beer in murky cafés off the Didouche Mourad, Algiers' principal thoroughfare. One diplomat described them as "hooligans in the making" and suggested that the government ought to be worried. So far there are no signs of incipient revolt, and correspondent Scott found the atmosphere in Algiers one of phlegmatic indolence rather than seething resentment. Graffiti are rare in a secret-police state, but on one lamppost, he noted, had been scribbled the lament *"Triste Algérie."*

CASTRO & BOUMEDIENNE IN ALGIERS



SIMON PIETRI-GAMMA

THE HIGH SEAS

A Queen's Ransom

A 66,000-ton ship is considerably more difficult to hijack than a 100-ton jet. On the other hand, a 963-ft. ocean liner contains more hiding places for anyone who wants to stow a bomb aboard. Last week the British liner *Queen Elizabeth 2* was in mid-ocean when an extortionist telephoned Cunard Lines and demanded a queen's ransom of $350,000. Six bombs were hidden aboard the *Queen* and ready to detonate, the caller warned. They had been placed there by an ex-convict and a terminal cancer victim who were fatalistically prepared to be blown sky-high along with the ship's 1,481 passengers and 900 crewmen.

Cunard was "99½% sure" that the call was a hoax, Chairman Victor Matthews reported later. Nevertheless the company procured the cash in Manhattan and waited for a second call, which never came. Meanwhile, at an RAF base in Wiltshire, England, a four-man bomb-disposal team climbed aboard a long-range Hercules transport and strapped on parachutes. When the plane made its rendezvous with the liner 1,400 miles west of England in the Atlantic, the men plummeted through the cloud and rain to land close beside a waiting launch.

As the *Queen Elizabeth 2* picked up speed again and headed flat out for Cherbourg, the bomb experts commenced an almost impossible assignment. No fewer than 12,000 pieces of passenger baggage, for instance, had been loaded aboard three days earlier during a record seven-hour turnaround in New York. The passengers seemed to be undaunted. Orchestras played, champagne corks popped and a crew member reported that "everyone is drinking and dancing as usual."

The ex-con and the terminal-cancer case were doubtless among the revelers—if indeed they existed. FBI agents last week interviewed a student at Manhattan's Hunter College. One day before the *Q.E. 2* was threatened, as it happened, her creative-writing workshop had discussed a short story she had written about a woman cancer victim and her friend, a male proofreader, who sail aboard the *Queen* and threaten to blow it up unless a famous diamond is surrendered to them. Wondering if life had imitated art with curious proximity, agents began checking out the workshop members.

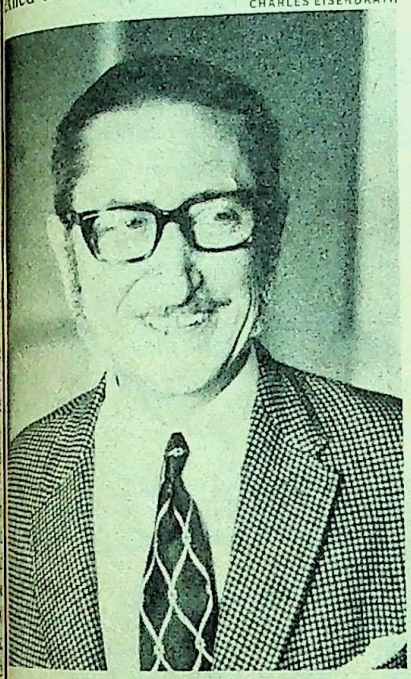
SPAIN

The Lawyers' Martyr

"We have lost the rights of man." The Madrid lawyer who spoke those harsh words about his own country is an influential Roman Catholic layman with good friends in the top echelons of the Spanish Establishment. He is, moreover, a hero of the Spanish Civil War, and the sole survivor of four brothers who held the railway tunnel at Somosierra Pass north of Madrid for six days against heavy Republican odds.

But Jaime Miralles Alvarez, 51, is also a maverick reformer whose liberarian convictions frequently get him in trouble. In 1962, for instance, he was exiled to Fuerteventura, in the Canary

CHARLES EISENDRATH



JAIME MIRALLES IN MADRID
Someone must act.

Islands, for eleven months. Miralles had made the mistake of attending a meeting in Munich of an organization that advocated European unity, and was therefore considered dangerous by Spanish authorities. In 1970 he was one of 120 prominent Spaniards who were fined between $500 and $3,000 for signing a letter that urged U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers to hear their case against renewing the agreements for U.S. military bases in Spain.

In recent months, Miralles has led a campaign to streamline Spain's archaic and cumbersome judicial system, which has no fewer than eight kinds of courts. Among these are military tribunals and "public order" courts run by political functionaries who have almost unlimited power. Under the law of public order, for instance, a man can be sentenced to a long jail term—with or without trial—merely for knowing a homosexual or a marijuana smoker.

The government responded to Miralles' call for judicial reform by clapping him in jail last month on charges of contempt. His offense was having defended the widow of a construction worker who had been killed during leftist strikes last year. Miralles argued that the widow was entitled to state compensation because her husband had been shot in the back by the Guardia Civil, Franco's paramilitary police force. A military court ruled that Miralles' defense had insulted the Guardia Civil and constituted "illegal propaganda."

Almost overnight, Miralles became a martyr-hero to the lawyers of Spain, who have never been noted for their radicalism. The powerful 8,500-member Madrid bar took up Miralles' cause. Risking contempt sentences of their own, 200 lawyers issued a joint statement protesting Miralles' punishment. When influential church leaders joined the protest, he was released on Franco's personal orders.

"Someone must act," Miralles said last week, "to secure what, in other countries, can come through the courts or through legislation." His actions have already had a noticeable effect. Last week two bar associations adopted resolutions supporting Miralles and his fight for legal reform. Moreover, the government has announced plans to reduce the number of judicial systems from eight to three—and to eliminate the dreaded public order courts altogether. In the finest tradition of Spanish obscurantism, however, the announcement was made in the Canary Islands and was briefly mentioned by only one newspaper in Madrid.

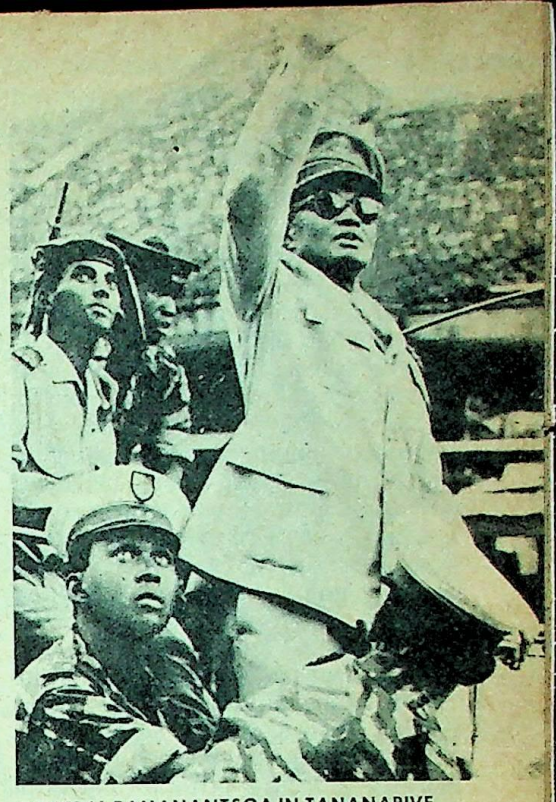
MALAGASY REPUBLIC

Revolt at World's End

What happens when student mobs riot for university reform? These days, the cops are usually called in, heads are broken, and the riot leaders are jailed. There was a somewhat different ending last week to a student uprising in the Malagasy Republic—the Indian Ocean island of Madagascar and its dependencies. The youthful rebels not only got the promise of reform, but also brought down the government.

Crisis has been brewing for a long time on Madagascar, a never-never land that is known to its citizens as "the island at the end of the world." Wages were low, prices were rising, and food was in short supply—so short that the government's planning minister, Barthélémy Johasy, complained that it was "scandalous and aberrant" to see "long queues of people waiting to buy rice in a rice-producing country."

Even so, the placid, good-humored Malagasy people, an assortment of Malay-Polynesians and Africans, hardly complained until a year ago. Then, a violent revolt in the south against the regime of President Philibert Tsiranana left 800 dead. Tsiranana, an ailing autocrat who had ruled his country since its independence from France in 1960, responded by jailing 500 troublemakers. He also blamed it all on the U.S. embassy and expelled the American ambassador as well as five members of the embassy staff.



GENERAL RAMANANTSOA IN TANANARIVE
Privates before officers.

For good measure, Tsiranana also imprisoned his own vice president, André Resampa, who was becoming uncomfortably powerful. Earlier this year, Tsiranana was re-elected unopposed to a third term. In Tulear province, where the rebellion had taken place, the official ballot counters solemnly reported that not a single citizen had voted against him.

Last week trouble broke out again. Mobs of university students, complaining that their academic program was still too French-oriented, surged through the streets of Tananarive, the capital. Tsiranana jailed 350 student leaders, but the rioting only grew worse. While policemen cheered them on, workers and civil servants burned down the plant of a pro-government newspaper and set fire to the city hall.

A shaken Tsiranana agreed to release the students (except for five who "died" in prison) and promised university reform. Then he placed Tananarive under military control. When the demonstrations persisted, he surrendered his powers to the army chief of staff, General Gabriel Ramanantsoa. But he did not resign, apparently hoping to retain his title and his palace.

Ramanantsoa, 62, a graduate of St.-Cyr, the French military academy, was obviously a popular choice. Before a cheering crowd in Tananarive, he promised to improve the lives of the country's peasants. "Among us military men," he declared, "the tradition is that you take care of the privates before you worry about the officers." The new government also announced that it was considering a national referendum to decide whether Tsiranana should be allowed to remain as President.

With a four-layer cake in his outer office, Chicago's Boss-Mayor **Richard J. Daley** celebrated his 70th birthday. To friends and newsmen he dispensed spiritual advice: "We should love thy neighbor and honor thy father and thy mother and all senior citizens." And physical: "Exercise, you know, is responsible for my good health. You should be in my basement—jumping rope, punching the bag, lifting weights. The human body will disintegrate if you don't use it." The mayor's well-rounded human body seems in no such danger, whatever may be happening to his political machine.

■

The Black Panthers seem to be changing tactics, getting increasingly involved in community projects. Now Panther Chairman **Bobby Seale,** 35, has joined the System enough to announce that next year he will run for mayor of Oakland, Calif., and that Panther Information Minister Elaine Brown, 29, will try for the city council. "Our prime purpose," says Miss Brown, "will still be to organize the black community and the poor community toward achieving economic and political power."

■

It was Actor-Director **Dennis** (*Easy Rider*) **Hopper's** third marriage, but his first Jewish wedding. And what a Jewish wedding it was. A trumpet blast, and the 55 guests climbed to their seats on a hillside overlooking San Francisco Bay near the home of Bride **Daria Halprin,** who starred in *Zabriskie Point*. The music began as a composition for synthesizer, ram's horn, flute, and a Yemenite trumpet recorded especially for the wedding. Then, to the melody of a flute song, Daria, in a purple velvet Navajo dress, walked to the bridal canopy designed by her father, Landscape Architect **Lawrence Halprin.** After the ceremonial crushing of the wineglass under Hopper's foot, everybody danced a *hora* to the traditional *Hava Nagila*—arranged for guitar and Congo drum.

■

Houston's hulking, high-octane Defense Lawyer **Percy Foreman** has his own lucrative way of making the punishment fit the crime. "Even if I get a guilty one off," he likes to say, "he is sufficiently punished when he pays me." After a rich old man named Jacques Mossler was found bludgeoned and stabbed to death in 1964 in Key Biscayne, Fla., his blonde wife **Candace,** 44, and her nephew and boy friend, **Melvin Lane Powers,** 22, were prime suspects, so they hired Foreman. If Candy and Melvin "got off without a day of pen time," says Foreman, she agreed to pay him $250,000, plus the appraised value of four parcels of Houston property she owned—a total of $1,478,325. Payments lagged, and Foreman haled his ex-clients into court. After former Assistant U.S. Attorney General **Will Wilson** testified that $1,300,000 seemed to him a reasonable legal fee because he thought that without Foreman, Candy and Melvin would have been convicted, the judge ruled that Foreman still had $390,000 coming to him, which will bring his fee to $500,000. Said Candace's new lawyer: "We will appeal."

■

Freedom has obviously been invigorating for Father **Daniel Berrigan,** reputed to be ailing before his parole from a three-year sentence for destroying draft records. Looking hale, if not exactly hearty, he turned up in Paris for a meeting with the North Vietnamese delegation to the peace talks. His report: "They feel they have been let down by their Russian and Chinese friends, but they also feel Nixon has already been defeated."

SUZANNE ARMS



BRIDEGROOM DENNIS HOPPER & BRIDE DARIA WITH WEDDING GUEST
Ram's horn, flute and a Navajo dress.



FATHER DAN BERRIGAN IN FRANCE
The Reds feel let down.

■

"I'm stupid enough to like trying things," says the heir to the throne of England. "I tend to be a jack of all trades and not really master of very much." One of the things 23-year-old Prince **Charles** has tried is parachuting out of an airplane—part of his training as a R.A.F. officer—and he tells how that felt in a new book, *Captains and Kings*, by Neville Birch and Alan Bramson. "After this hairy flight sergeant had shouted into my ear and given me a tap on the shoulder, I said, 'You're the chap who pushes me out,' and he said 'Oh no, sir, no, no, no—we don't do that. We just help.' The next thing I knew, my feet were above my head, caught in the rigging lines, which was very odd. The first thing I thought was: they didn't tell me anything about this."

■

"What this really is," said Playwright **Arthur Miller** as the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters convened in Manhattan, "is an attempt to get some communication between people in the arts to give them an opportunity to talk to one another." Among the talkative literati, the most eloquent testimonial to language came from Oxford Teacher-turned-Novelist **Iris Murdoch.** "Words," she said, "constitute the ultimate texture and stuff of our moral being, since they are the most refined and delicate and detailed, as well as the most universally used and understood, of those symbolisms whereby we express ourselves into existence."



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INT/A/U594

Expressways in the Sky

The seat-belt sign has flashed on, and the engines begin to whine as the big California-bound jet prepares to lumber out for takeoff at New York's John F. Kennedy Airport. Suddenly the pilot announces that there will be a half-hour delay. Reason: traffic is backed up on the runways. Later, flying over the Rockies, the passengers have more reason to gripe. The plane is being tossed by turbulence, but the pilot cannot avoid it because ground controllers have refused to let him change course in the jammed air corridors. Finally, as San Francisco Bay comes into view, there is another exasperating delay; the jet is ordered into a holding pattern, and has to circle for 25 minutes before being permitted to land.

Although this particular cross-country trip is fictional, the inconveniences experienced by the passengers and crew are all too real. In an age when man can rendezvous and dock spacecraft high above the earth, travel to the moon with pinpoint accuracy and send payloads to much more distant targets in the solar system, the control of air traffic closer to home is still crude and imprecise in comparison. As a result, runways are overcrowded on the ground, air lanes are jammed aloft. Particularly near airports, spacing between aircraft is often so hard to control that near-misses are dangerously familiar. Is there any solution in sight for the growing air-traffic snarl?

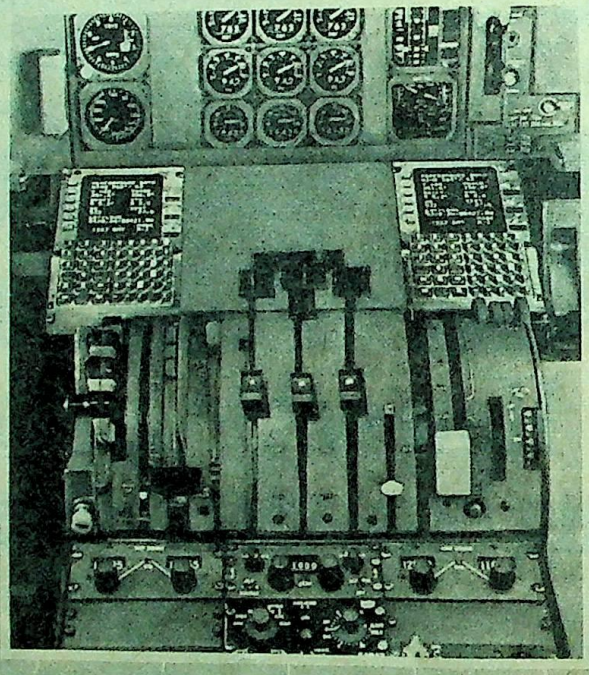
Great Leap. Many aviation men are convinced that there is. For the past few years, they have fought vigorously—and lately with increasing success—for a new system of flight control that may answer many, if not all the problems: area navigation or R-Nav (short for random navigation). In the opinion of many aviation experts, widespread use of R-Nav would be the greatest leap forward in aerial navigation since the early 1950s, when the U.S. first set up its present air corridors by crisscrossing the country with radio beacons or VORs (for very-high-frequency omnidirectional range).

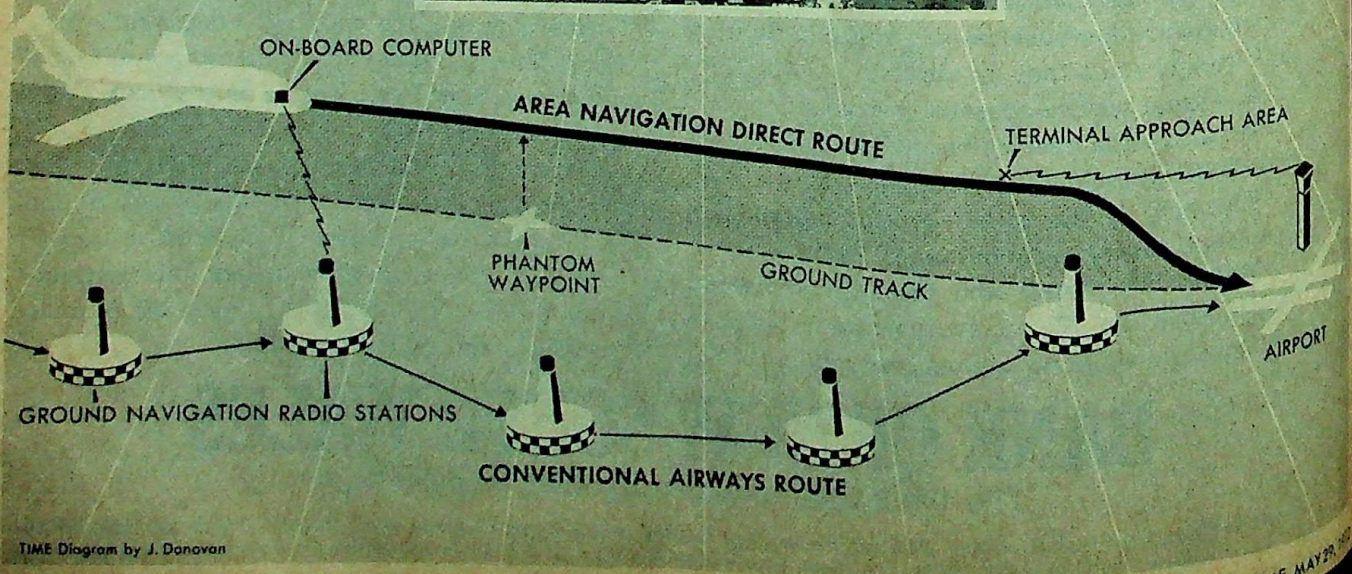
R-Nav's new equipment will be added not on the ground but in the plane. Built around small onboard computers and other complex electronic gear, it will give the pilot instant access to information that until now has been relayed from the ground or has required time-consuming computations in the cockpit. R-Nav will provide continuous bearings pointing toward any predetermined destination; it will supply the plane's exact position throughout the trip and immediate corrections whenever the plane veers off course. If the pilot should make a mistake in pu... ing out his route on the keyboard o... Nav's computer, "error" or "conf... will be flashed by a cathode-ray t... on his instrument panel. The equ... ment, in fact, is so versatile that its p... ponents promise an extraordinary h... of payoffs, ranging from increased ... safety to greater traffic capacity at e... isting airports to the reduction of noi... descents over crowded residential are...

The beauty of the system is its in... herent simplicity. No longer will pilo... have to zigzag their way along ra... beams from one VOR station to anothe... until they finally reach their destinatio... Instead, the R-Nav computer will en... able them to use the signals from ex... isting stations to set up their own straight-line "phantom" path wi... waystations that will guide them direc... ly from one airport to another. (Ground controllers will still have to approve the route and monitor the flight to avoid conflict with other planes.) Furthermore, R-Nav will relieve bottlenecks near airports. Aircraft will be able to approach the landing runway from a num... ber of different directions; under exi... ing controls, they must all be funneled into the same approach track. In deed, area navigation should be so efficient that Eastern Airlines Board Chairman Floyd Hall likens its introduction to converting "an old-fashioned horse-and-buggy country road into the equivalent of a superhighway with an almost unlimited number of express lanes."

Those express lanes should be extremely useful, especially along heavily traveled short-haul routes —between New York and Washington, say, where a combination of delays on the ground and in the air often slows jet travel to a train's pace. In addition, since the plane will be constantly guided by its own instruments, R-Nav will relieve already overburdened air-

DC-10 INSTRUMENT PANEL WITH COLLINS R-NAV





TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

raffic controllers who are now kept busy constantly giving pilots new navigation directions. Equally important, R-Nav will permit planes to make bad-weather landings at airports that do not have approach radar or instrument landing systems; it will also speed up traffic at airports that now have the most modern controls. "It's unbelievable that Chicago's O'Hare Airport goes to about one-half capacity when IFR [instrument-flight-rules] weather moves in," says Dr. Charles Fenwick, an engineering executive at Collins Radio, a leading manufacturer of R-Nav equipment. "And that's in a world that can land men on the moon."

Advanced Systems. Though still a relatively new development, R-Nav gear already is available in varying degrees of complexity and cost. For small craft, there is relatively inexpensive (about $2,000) gear, like Narco's Freeflight courseline computer, that makes continuous calculations of distance and direction to the next waystation. On a higher level, there are systems like Omnitrac, made by Britain's Decca Navigator Co. and tested successfully on Eastern's Washington-New York-Boston shuttle. It not only gives the pilot the required altitude for his flight path but also displays his plane's position on a moving map or TV-type cathode-ray tube throughout the trip. Finally, there are more sophisticated systems like the Arma-Decca Mona system (for modular navigation) and Collins' ANS-70, which can store and read out voluminous information, including navigational data on an airline's entire route structure. These advanced systems are also adaptable to such future navigation aids as satellite systems and the Navy's low-frequency, long-range Omega network.

Last week TIME Correspondent Jerry Hannifin, a licensed pilot, flew aboard a Grumman turboprop executive transport equipped with the Collins ANS-70 on a 350-mile test flight into Chicago. On arrival at O'Hare International Airport, Hannifin was astonished to find that the plane, guided all the way by its automatic pilot, which in turn was controlled by R-Nav, was right on course as it turned into its final approach. He is not the only one who is impressed. McDonnell Douglas has ordered the system for its new trijet DC-10, and the Russians offer it for their Yak-40, a three-engine, workhorse jet that they are ambitiously marketing in the West.

With all its advantages, area navigation has clearly earned its place in the airliner's cockpit. It has strong support from FAA Administrator John Schaffer, who has set aside 16 high-altitude corridors for R-Nav flights, despite the opposition of some FAA controllers who feel that it would rob them of authority and perhaps eventually their jobs. Commercial pilots, almost to a man, are fully convinced that R-Nav has the potential of making air travel faster, safer and more dependable than ever before.

No Fear at Radcliffe

A year ago there were 400 candidates (all women) to succeed Mary I. Bunting as president of Radcliffe; last week the search narrowed down to one, Matina Souretis Horner, 32, an assistant professor of clinical psychology at Harvard. Her speciality is particularly germane to the presidential job. She is an authority on feminine achievement —or the lack thereof—and she has long speculated that women in American society have a "fear of success."

Not Mrs. Horner, however. Daughter of a Greek professor stranded in the U.S. by the outbreak of World War II, she was born in Roxbury, Mass., and neighbors recall that even when she was a kindergartner, she used to drill local youngsters in spelling and arithmetic. She won an A.B. in psychology from Bryn Mawr, where she met her husband, Dr. Joseph L. Horner, who was studying for an M.S. and is now a research physicist in Cambridge for the U.S. Department of Transportation. They have three children, born while both Horners were getting doctorates at the University of Michigan, and absolutely no problems about job conflicts. "Our careers just happened to mesh," says Horner. "I love woodworking and she loves cooking, so there's never any hassle about things around the house."

In 1969, Mrs. Horner ran representative groups of Radcliffe students through a Thematic Apperception Test; she discovered that more than 75% "showed evidence of high fear of success." Dr. Horner noted a particular significance in this: Radcliffe students "are chosen primarily because of their high ability, achievement, motivation and previous success." She found that many students arrived at Radcliffe with hopes for a career but then "changed their plans toward a less ambitious, more traditionally feminine direction."

Although Mrs. Horner has not yet worked out a program for her presidency, which begins July 1, Cliffies who take that "traditionally feminine" route will face some searching questions. But not pressures. "The college is my concern," Mrs. Horner said after her appointment, "not my laboratory."

GWENDOLYN STEWART



PRESIDENT HORNER & HER FAMILY AT HOME OUTSIDE BOSTON
"There's never any hassle around the house."

The Union Man

This is the way Albert Shanker used to teach: "If it takes four ounces of poison to kill a person, how many ounces would it take to kill your mother, your father, your sister and your brother?" Adds Shanker, recalling his days as a junior high school math teacher: "It was the only way I could get them to learn. They loved it."

Today, affection and poison still figure strongly in Shanker's life. One critic calls him an "evil genius," while his supporters want him to run for mayor. As he toured New York State last week, enthusiastically explaining the June merger that will create a statewide, 200,000-member teachers' union, it was clear that Shanker has become one of the most complicated, controversial and powerful men in education.

Twelve years ago, when Shanker's United Federation of Teachers emerged from a gaggle of 106 teacher groups in New York City, the mere idea of a

teachers' union made school administrators squeak like chalk on blackboard. Many teachers themselves had doubts about belonging to such an organization. But the financial record of the UFT, which Shanker expanded from 2,400 to 90,000 members, has erased many of those doubts.

Benefits. Since 1960 the top salary for regular teachers has climbed from $9,100 to $16,950, plus such fringe benefits as dental treatment, college scholarships and day-care centers (Shanker's own salary has risen, too, from $7,500 to $50,000). So very few pedagogues oppose the merger between the UFT-dominated United Teachers of New York State and the New York State Teachers Association. This is just as well, since Shanker, in settling a union squabble once snapped: "I haven't got time for democracy."

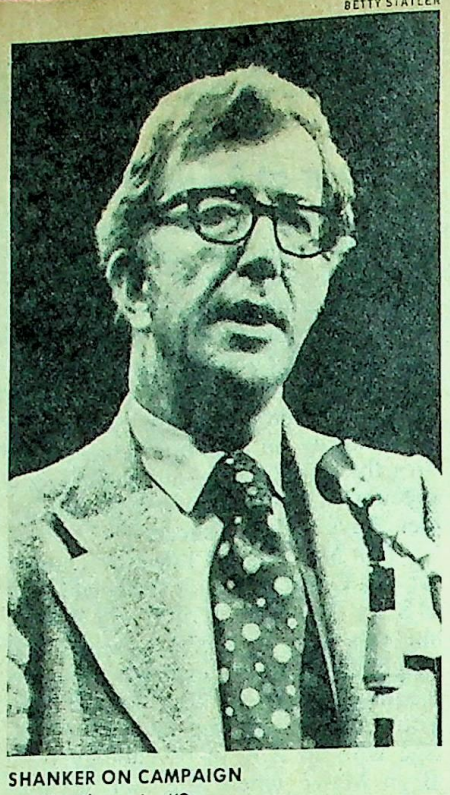
Shanker, 43, was born to the harsh controversies of union life. His mother was a staunch member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and Shanker even met his wife Edie at a 1959 teachers' meeting, where she was skeptical of his union. "I organized her," he recalls. "A few weeks later she was our strike captain in Queens."

During the sixties, Shanker gained a steadily broadening political power for himself and his UFT, partly because of his readiness to strike the city's schools. Says Shanker, summing up those tumultuous days: "One strike was worth a thousand settlements."

Looking Ahead. It was the Ocean Hill-Brownsville eruption in 1968, however, that firmly established Shanker as the Don Rickles of the educational establishment. Long annoyed by the city's experiments in school decentralization, which threatened to Balkanize both the schools and his union, Shanker got tough when the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school board tried to oust 13 of "his" teachers. He called a citywide teachers strike that closed the schools to their 1,000,000 pupils for 35 days. Since Ocean Hill-Brownsville is heavily black and many of Shanker's teachers are Jewish, hotheads on both sides made ugly charges of racism. Those charges still poison both the schools and the imminent negotiations for a new contract in which Shanker is emphasizing demands for more guards to protect classes in turbulent neighborhoods.

In fighting for his union members, Shanker is inspired partly by the still growing surplus of teachers—an estimated 10,000 in New York State alone. Job security has become a basic issue. But some educators argue that Shanker's civil-service approach does no service to the children. Rules of seniority protect incompetents and make it hard for administrators to replace them with teachers who favor classroom innovations. "Shanker's an educational embarrassment," says one young white teacher in Harlem. "He wants what was—a school system that's as bureaucratic as the local post office, except that everyone in it has a Ph.D."

BETTY STATLER



SHANKER ON CAMPAIGN
An "evil genius"?

But even Shanker's foes concede, as does Director David Seeley of a citizens group called the Public Education Association, that Shanker is "a very smart man who sees a lot further than other people." Since the power over bankrupt city schools is shifting increasingly to the state government, Shanker is moving to create a statewide union —and it is likely that his ambitions do not stop there. With similar merger talks now under way in Michigan and Rhode Island, Shanker speaks openly of hoping to organize the bulk of the nation's 3,000,000 school and college teachers into the largest union in the U.S. How long would that task require? Shanker himself predicts that five years might be needed, but that estimate may be conservative. Only last November, he estimated that the New York State merger might take two years. It is taking seven months.

The Price of Ignorance

What does it cost to drop out of school? Billions, everyone agrees, but it remained for Henry M. Levin of the Stanford University School of Education to attempt some computation of how many billions. In a study made for the Senate Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, Levin focused on the 3,180,000 American males now between 25 and 34 who failed to win a high school diploma as of 1969. He then figured that dropping out would cost them a total of $237 billion (about $74,000 each) because of lower incomes during a working lifetime. As for the government's loss, it would have cost $40 billion to complete the dropouts' education, but the tax collector would have taken in an additional $71 billion on their higher incomes.

RELIGION

The Right to Be Different

In 1968 three farmers in New [illegible] rus, Wis., refused to enroll their 14- [illegible] 15-year-old children in the local pu[illegible] high school. They were fined $5 e[illegible] for violating Wisconsin's compulso[illegible] school-attendance law. A small case [illegible] a crucial one. The three farmers—[illegible] nas Yoder, Wallace Miller and [illegible] Yutzy—were Amish. They had [illegible] their children out of high school [illegible] matter of religious conscience, bec[illegible] the Amish eschew too much worl[illegible] knowledge. Total pacifists, they co[illegible] not even personally fight the con[illegible] tions; by the strict tenets of their [illegible] a court suit would violate Jesus' inju[illegible] tion to "turn the other cheek."

Other Christians decided, on th[illegible] behalf, that meekness had its limits. [illegible] small group called the National C[illegible] mittee for Amish Religious Freed[illegible] —including among its member[illegible] Roman Catholic, a Lutheran and s[illegible] sympathetic ex-Amish—took up [illegible] case. Last week in the Supreme Co[illegible] they won a significant Constitution[illegible] victory. In a 7-0 decision, the court [illegible] held a 1971 Wisconsin Supreme Co[illegible] ruling that the state's compulsory-ed[illegible] cation law violated the Amish right[illegible] religious freedom. Justice William [illegible] Douglas filed a partial dissent becau[illegible] two of the three children had not be[illegible] consulted for their own views.

Hippie Heroes. Although *Wisc[illegible]sin* v. *Yoder* was the first Supreme Co[illegible] case in the long history of the Amish [illegible] the U.S., the Amish have always been [illegible] people apart, at odds with society. Th[illegible] founder, Jakob Ammann, was a Menn[illegible] nite bishop in 17th century Switzerla[illegible] After Ammann clashed with the se[illegible] leaders over fine points of observan[illegible] and demanded strict excommunicatio[illegible] of backsliders, he and his follower[illegible] broke away in 1693 and became th[illegible] Amish. They sought refuge in Ameri[illegible] after William Penn's colony became [illegible] haven of religious freedom.

Over the years, as they spread to [illegible] other states and increased their num[illegible] bers to about 60,000, the Amish ha[illegible] still clutched that religious freedo[illegible] doggedly. As one result, they can stan[illegible] as heroes to laissez-faire conservative[illegible] on the one hand and to hippie-type com[illegible] munal dropouts on the other. Those [illegible] they are farmers, they steadfastly re[illegible] fuse farm subsidies. They do not need [illegible] or want, welfare payments of any kin[illegible] They refuse to pay Social Security tax[illegible] es or accept Social Security benefit[illegible] care of the elderly, they insist, is their re[illegible] ligious duty. They do not want to get [illegible] rich. When oil was discovered on some [illegible] Amish farms in Kansas, the owners sol[illegible] the farms and moved elsewhere. Mo[illegible]

*The minimum penalty in this test case: H[illegible] peals failed, they would have been liable to [illegible] indictments and more severe penalties.

Amish communities forbid the ownership (though not the occasional use) of automobiles, tractors and telephones. Emergency use of electricity may be permitted, but radio and television are not. They farm organically. Their consumption is so inconspicuous that merchants complain about their thrift.

Going English. To achieve this lonely differentness, the Amish have had to keep family and community close-knit—an important factor in last week's decision. Unlike the Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana Amish communities, all large and long established, the Amish settlers in the rolling countryside around New Glarus (pop. 1,400) are a group of about 150 newcomers who began to drift into the area in 1964.

At first, they not only sent their children to the public grade schools, a long-time Amish practice, but some parents permitted their teen-agers to attend two years of high school as well. Still, they feared that high school would tempt their children to "go English," as the Amish refer to slipping into worldly ways. The "English" world is non-Amish society; among themselves most Amish speak the German dialect known as Pennsylvania Dutch, and in religious services they use High German. New Glarus Farmer Wallace Miller, father of twelve and one of the respondents in the Supreme Court case, explained other Amish objections to high school: "We like our children to learn the three Rs, and the public schools were getting away from that. And then we don't approve of teaching certain things, like evolution or some [competitive] sports."

William Ball, the Roman Catholic attorney who argued the case for the Amish, pointed out to the court that the children's education does not cease when they leave school: their families continue to train them in an "education for life," emphasizing the "classical wisdom" of producing moral men. The state had contended that Amish children who left school before the statutory age of 16 could become burdens to the community. Testimony from previous appeals showed otherwise. No Amish teen-ager in New Glarus had ever been arrested for any crime; no Amish at all had an illegitimate birth or accepted any public assistance.

The court made clear that it was the strict faith of the Amish—and not mere "secular" disagreement with society's educational goals—that enabled the religious freedom guarantee to override the state's right to set educational standards. It also noted that the Amish sought exemption only from high school, not grade school. The decision will be small comfort to more modern communalists and dropouts who would like to get away from it all and educate their children in their own ways. Even so hallowed an anti-Establishment position as that of Henry David Thoreau, the court noted, was "philosophical and personal rather than religious," and would not be enough to allow a child to escape the long arm of the truant officer.

Small Step for Bishops

In Roman Catholic teaching, the bishops of the church are the successors of the Apostles. Only the Pope, in modern times, has had the authority to appoint new bishops, though usually he has chosen them from nominations made by local bishops, by his own representative to the country in question, or in a few exceptional cases by a cathedral chapter or a government. In the wake of Vatican Council II, liberals hoped that bishops might once more be elected, as they were in ancient Christianity, by the "people of God" they would be serving —lay as well as clerical. This week, after four years of Vatican studies, surveys and consultations, a new set of rules for naming Latin Rite bishops goes into effect. They by no means bring sweeping democratic reform.

The new rules give bishops the option, though not the obligation, of consulting with individual lower clergy and laity within their regions on the type of candidate needed. (Collective consultations with groups like priests' councils, though, are ruled out, to avoid any semblance of an electoral process.) The rules also increase the number of bishops involved in each nominating process. National episcopal conferences may henceforth approve, disapprove or add to lists of local nominations that previously went straight to papal representatives and on to Rome. In addition, any bishop anywhere may forward his own nomination directly to the Pope. The Pope reserves the option of choosing names not on the lists.

To guide the nominations, a new profile of a model bishop puts greater stress on theology (an area in which many U.S. bishops are weak) and emphasizes "social sense, spirit of dialogue and cooperation, and openness to the signs of the times."

Despite the urging of reformers, the new norms preserve the intermediary role of the papal representative in each country, who investigates nominees and can also make nominations of his own. The once formidable power of that representative, however, is somewhat diluted. He must now consult with churchmen of the country, and may confer with laymen as well. Throughout all of the procedures, the rules re-emphasize the requirement of "papal secrecy," which forbids the revelation of nominees' names to anyone not involved in the process. The secrecy, says the Vatican, "is demanded by the very nature of the matter and by the respect due to the persons being considered."

While some Catholic progressives greeted the new rules as a step in the right direction, however small, outspoken Theologian Hans Küng (*Infallible?, Why Priests?*) of Germany's Tübingen University was less sanguine. Küng called the regulations "poorly applied cosmetics . . . eyewash for the growing choir of criticism from both clergy and laity." A case in point for Küng's skepticism is one of the Pope's recent episcopal choices, Bishop Johannes Gijsen of the Dutch diocese of Roermond, who was selected over the nominees of the diocesan chapter. Three days after the Vatican announced the new rules, Gijsen made clear how he felt about all the options. On personnel decisions in his diocese, said the new bishop, he will consult nobody but himself.

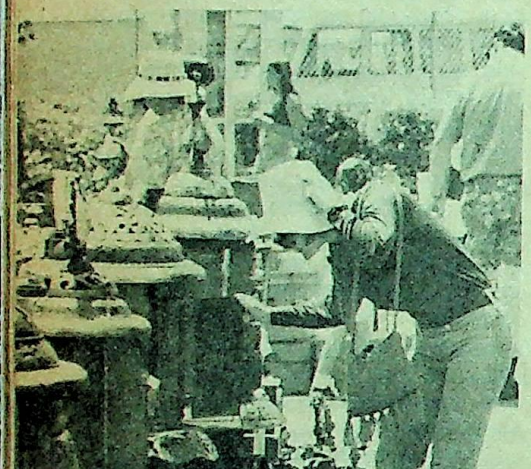
YOUNG AMISH BOYS RUNNING DOWN COUNTRY ROAD AFTER SERVICES



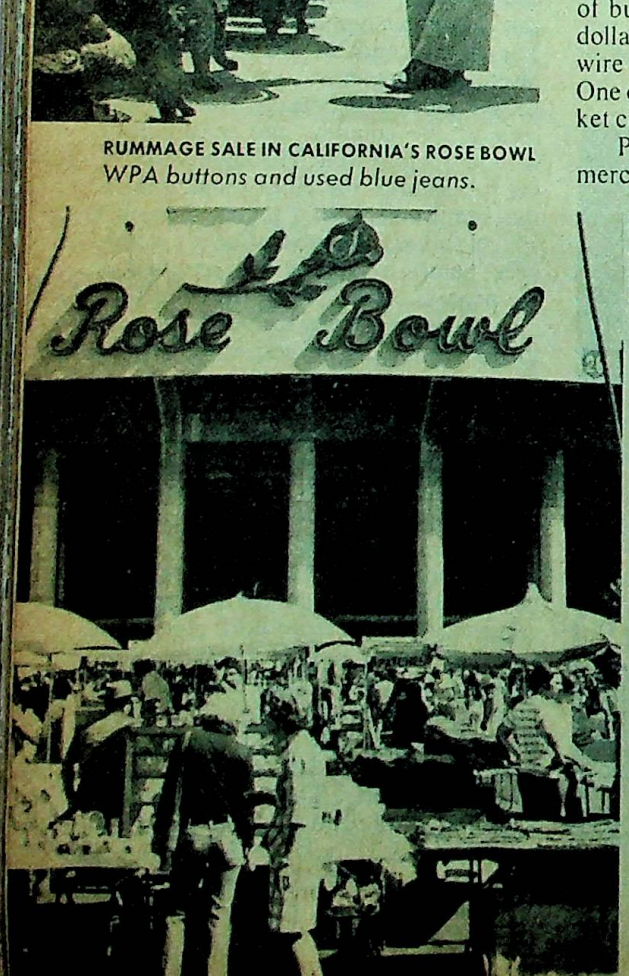
JOHN ZIELINSKI

Haggling, American Style

The traditional rummage sale is a backyard affair at which the customers gather to buy a neighbor's castoff items —ranging from rusty potato peelers to used refrigerators—at castoff prices. In the past few years, however, the sales have grown too big for the one-family garage; they have moved into farm fields, drive-in theaters, convention halls and even Pasadena's famous Rose Bowl. A far cry from the old neighborhood affairs, which were largely stocked with merchandise from family attics, the new supersales have become major outlets for professional merchants anxious to dispose of leftover goods.



RUMMAGE SALE IN CALIFORNIA'S ROSE BOWL
WPA buttons and used blue jeans.



JOE FLOWERS

The biggest rummage sale of them all is the "Seven Mile Fair," a rural flea market that sprawls over 50 acres of fallow soybean field near Milwaukee. The fair has attracted as many as 1,000 sellers (who each pay a $3 registration fee) and 100,000 browsers, who haggle over the price of bassinets and branding irons, laundry soap, auto parts, farm tools and bakery goods. Charles L. Niles, who originated the fair and now spends all his time operating it, recalls the time that someone walked into the main office seeking an oxygen mask: "I announced it over the p.a. system, and within ten minutes we had one."

California, naturally, has produced the most spectacular bazaar of them all: an enormous affair conducted in the Rose Bowl, where bargain hunting now rivals football as the favorite sport. Every second Sunday in the month, year round, some 35,000 customers queue up outside the Bowl to pay the 50¢ that admits them to a day of offbeat shopping. Inside the stadium several hundred hawkers display their merchandise along the 50-ft.-wide walkway that circles the stadium. They have each rented booth space at $5, $10 or $15 (depending on location) to sell clothes, curios, antiques and all kinds of gadgets and recyclable junk. For the nostalgia-oriented, who form a big segment of buyers, there are WPA buttons for a dollar, rolls of World War II barbed wire for $35 and 1920s radios for $5. One of the hottest items on the flea market circuit: used blue jeans.

Perhaps 60% of the Rose Bowl merchants operate a high-class shop somewhere else and use the Pasadena sale to unload excess stock. One designer, Frances Bicoll, offered second-graded bikinis for $6 that if perfect might retail at I. Magnin for $25. She explained, "We can sell them here for below wholesale and at least break even, instead of holding them over into next year." Mrs. J.F. Whitecotton, who until last month worked as an assistant in a school cafeteria, peddles different wares. With her husband, an upholsterer, she collects and sells "Depression glass"—those transparent pastel plates, pitchers and glasses that used to be given away as bonuses for buying certain items during the Depression —and makes as much as $200 on a good day.

Besides Depression-level prices and the absence of a sales tax—most states exempt these so-called "casual sales"—the supermarket-style modern rummage sales and their smaller neighborhood counterparts offer the old-fashioned fun of a country fair. The proliferation has also revived the ancient art of haggling, long since fallen into disuse in the U.S. Picture the satisfaction of one Connecticut housewife, for example, who bid for a three-year-old G.E. refrigerator and got it for $5. At the same sale she picked up a Kenmore washer with a new motor for $20 and a 3-h.p. lawn mower for $30. Her only regret : "I missed a Chevy pickup truck that went for $75."

Italy's Dynamic Furniture

Centers shift, in design as in other arts. Fifteen years ago, modern design still meant Scandinavia—birchwood tables and Wirkkala ceramics. Not today, the node from which the most inventive impulses in design now issue is Italy. Italian designers dominate their field in the '70s much as New York painters dominated theirs in the '60s. Last week in Manhattan, the Museum of Modern Art opened an impressive display of home furnishings and environments entitled *Italy: The New Domestic Landscape*. The show gives a fascinating overview of the projects—commercial, speculative and utopian—that have occupied designers in Milan, Turin, Florence and Rome for the past decade.

What is documented by the display is the struggle of designers to free themselves from their traditional limbo somewhere between architecture and interior decoration. More and more, design strives to be active: its tutelary gods are no longer Chippendale or the Bauhaus, but Buckminster Fuller, Marcuse and Ronald Laing. The thrust of designers like Ettore Sottsass, Gae Aulenti, Marco Zanuso and the "Archizoom" group is not to decorate the psychic space around us but to extend and question it. This means a critical approach to social patterns, which starts with the language of shape.

Giant Tensor. There has always been a feedback between the "fine" and the "applied" arts, and some Italian designers approach this in a deliberately eclectic and unsettling way. Thus Claes Oldenburg's funky gigantism is paralleled in Gaetano Pesce's "Moloch" floor lamp: a tensor desk light enlarged to a height of 9 ft. And, just as many a Victorian bronze looked better with a lampshade than as sculpture, the use of neon tubing becomes laconically appropriate in Ettore Sottsass's "Asterope" lamp. What goes on with such designers is not a passive borrowing of fine-art motifs but, as Museum Curator Emilio Ambasz puts it, an "ironic manipulation of the sociocultural meanings attached to existing forms."

In this parade of exquisitely designed objects, from lamps to ashtrays to such inviting modular sofas as Mario Bellini's "Chameleon" cushion system, it is apparent that the functional concerns of the Bauhaus are receded

Some emphasis has shifted to furniture as dream or fetish or ikon. Thus Gae Aulenti designs a variable bookcase/shelf/sleeping-platform unit that, glittering in vermilion fiber glass, resembles a Mayan sacrificial altar; while Sottsass's red ceramic vase has the archaic look of a ziggurat.

The most original work in the show is an acute speculation on furniture as sign. For objects embody attitudes, and they are incredibly resistant to social change: they crystallize, and dictate, roles. It is easy to be authoritarian from an office armchair; difficult when sprawled in a beanbag; on a waterbed, impossible. In a country like Italy, where the kitchen is still a kind of sacred cave presided over by a mother-goddess, the design of a cooking module that can be rolled about and plugged in anywhere has profound implications. Not, perhaps, the immediate death of the nuclear family—but certainly a substantive critique of it. The Italians are rethinking such ideas as privacy and discarding the concept of furniture as possession—the "antiques of tomorrow" syndrome. Ettore Sottsass proposes as his ideal public "people who don't wish to hide, who don't feel the need . . . to live in houses that are nothing other than cemeteries containing the tombs of their own memories." Furniture appropriate for that kind of public must respond to hourly changes of life and function.

Survival Kits. This revulsion from the stiffly programmed machine for living has been shared by many other designers, including the brilliant Joe Colombo, who died in 1971 at 41. Of his canary-yellow and white "total furnishing unit," Colombo wrote: "The space should be dynamic; that is, it should be in a continual state of transformation." With its sliding beds and intricate storage nests, Colombo's prototype is as compact as the toilet of a 707—and, at first sight, as cold. But its sense of compressed variability infuses much of the work in the show, from Internotredici's desk/bed/sitting-room "monoblock" to such instant houses as Alberto Rosselli's capsule. Looking like the giant offspring of a Xerox machine and an old camera, the capsule can be trucked anywhere like a container—serving, in effect, as a crate for its own furniture. On site, the sides fold down to become floor, and the bellows walls expand to a total plan area of some 3,000 square feet—more than the average suburban house.

In such projects, the unity of "building" and "design" is complete. They are survival kits for Spaceship Earth—and part of their message is to insist that fantasy, play and a sense of archetype are essential to survival. In detail, the Museum of Modern Art show sets forth the key problem of radical design—how to use the stupendous resources of capitalist technology to dissolve the more rigid roles and postures that capitalism imposes. In a sense, the Italians' doubts are as rich as their solutions.

True Grease

In America, the recent past has become a cultural staple. First the '20s, '30s and '40s, gleaming with just enough romantic distance, were conjured in theater, art and fashion. Now the nostalgia nuts seem to be closing the gap with the present. That dreary decade, the '50s, is apparently being dusted off for a revival.

In films, *The Last Picture Show* brings back the groping, mindless mood of much of the period as the sound track oozes record hits of the day. Roger Kahn's book *The Boys of Summer* re-

FRIEDMAN-ABELES



SPOOFING THE '50s IN MUSICAL "GREASE"
Ducktails and pedal pushers.

prises the great, winning days of the '50s Brooklyn Dodgers. Revivals of '50s rock 'n' roll—arguably the decade's only cultural contribution—have become a regular feature at rock emporiums. Even Buffalo Bob Smith of TV's old *Howdy Doody* show made a comeback on campuses last year, and is still hanging on with a singing radio commercial for Riunite wine (TIME, April 24).

Stuffing Bras. If all this amounts to a trend, then its culmination so far is off-Broadway's *Grease*, billed as "A New '50s Rock 'n' Roll Musical." *Grease's* book is a silly boy-girl story, and its music and lyrics are a pastiche of early '50s rock, rarely approaching the authentic inanity of the originals. But it is exquisite and excruciating in its details, from the boys' ducktail haircuts, leather jackets and cool, hang-loose slouches to the girls' cinch belts, nylon blouses, ballet slippers with white socks, pedal pushers and black gang jackets with their insignia, The Pink Ladies, pink-embroidered on their backs. The show was nominated for seven Tony Awards this year, and now, after a three-month run, it is about to move to a Broadway theater.

Grease's creators both went to high school in the '50s—Warren Casey, 37, in Yonkers, N.Y., and Jim Jacobs, 29, in Chicago. Jacobs, who says he was a greaser (a guy who wore his hair in a greasy ducktail), conceived the show as a celebration of the dull but peaceful era "when the only thing kids knew about the President was that he played golf and had trouble with his intestines, and the biggest tragedy in life was if you didn't get your dad's car for the drive-in."

Like the authors, most members of the audience at Manhattan's Eden Theater look like graduates of Rydell High School, class of 1959, where *Grease* is set, and they all wallow in the golden-oldies atmosphere. Laughter cascades over the footlights with every reference to "making out," exchanging school rings, going to proms in strapless dresses, stuffing Kleenex into bras and using fake ID cards to get into bars. But behind the laughter is bemusement. "They can identify with it all," says Casey, but he adds, "They are astonished that this is the past already."

His Honor at Six

To news executives of New York City's WNBC-TV it was no secret that their 6 o'clock news show was running a Muskie-like third behind the local ABC and CBS shows. What was needed, obviously, was a little readymade charisma. Where better to find it than in a proven vote getter? If TV can sell politicians, why can't politicians sell TV?

That, briefly, is how Carl Stokes, the former mayor of Cleveland and the first black mayor of a major U.S. city, came to undertake a TV career as one of the station's two anchor men last week. Professional TV newsmen were loudly disturbed at the incursion of a partisan figure into an arena that still strains for an air of impartiality. "Where can I run for mayor?" NBC's John Chancellor reportedly needled Stokes.

Viewers had other complaints. In his first few appearances, Stokes read the news as if he were practicing for an elocution lesson. NBC apparently had told him and fellow Anchor Man Paul Udell to try for an informal, bantering approach—the secret of the ABC outlet's success. Both men found the formula uncomfortable at first, partly because they were out of sync with one another and partly because they were trying too hard. Strained humor, by definition, is no humor at all.

Nevertheless, the news on the new WNBC-TV show, as on its more successful rivals, still seems secondary to show business, and the hard facts of the day



DEAN BROWN

WNBC-TV ANCHOR MAN CARL STOKES
Practicing elocution.

are even more shocking after the fun and games. WNBC-TV has ultra-glossy sets designed by Robin Wagner, designer of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and theme music from *Shaft*. It is effective, but is it journalism?

Whatever it is, it may set a precedent. After all, John Lindsay's term as mayor of New York ends in 1973. And then there is Richard Nixon, who does not hold a permanent lease on the White House. He has always said that his second ambition was to be a sports reporter. Look to your laurels, Howard Cosell.

The Challengers

A TV or radio license has long seemed a permanent possession for most broadcasters. Though the law required periodic review of a station's performance, its right to continue using the air waves was rarely questioned, and the Federal Communications Commission tended to rubber-stamp most license renewals. No more. To the dismay of the broadcasting industry, citizen groups and rival commercial interests are posing increasingly numerous and serious challenges to the near perpetual license.

Petitions against more than 100 stations are pending with the FCC, the biggest number the overworked commission has ever had. The complaints vary, but they center mostly on allegations of inadequate programming for minorities or discrimination in hiring or promotions. The United Church of Christ, a pioneer in seeking better treatment of minorities by broadcasters, currently has seven complaints awaiting action by the FCC. They charge discriminatory policies by stations from Bakersfield, Calif., to Syracuse, N.Y.

The type of discrimination under attack was significantly broadened in a petition filed earlier this month against New York City's WABC-TV, flagship station of the ABC-TV network. According to the complaint by the National Organization of Women, the station not only discriminates against women in employment practices but is antifemale in its basic approach, from programming to commercials. WABC's local news, said NOW, is often given over to such "frivolous items" as women's pancake contests or stories about cheerleaders. Added to the station's own anti-women programs, NOW charges, are commercials that reinforce "sex stereotypes" by showing women spending their days happily waxing floors or getting their laundry whiter than white.

Friends of the Earth, an environmental group, has filed complaints against three New York TV stations for refusing to counter automobile and gasoline advertising with ads that extol mass transit and show the evils of auto pollution. The environmentalists have argued, with support from a federal appeals court, that stations must run such commercials under the fairness doctrine. But most broadcasters are resisting on the grounds that such requirements are a threat to the autonomy of commercial broadcasting.

Victories. Despite the best efforts of the broadcasters—and often of the industry-dominated FCC—the challengers have won several major victories. After a petition by another commercial group, the license for Boston's WHDH-TV was taken away from the company that also owned the *Herald Traveler* newspaper. As a result, the *Herald Traveler*, which depended on TV revenues, will cease publication and sell its assets to the Hearst newspaper chain. In an out-of-court settlement, Mexican-American groups engineered some revisions in Time Inc.'s proposed sale of its five TV stations to McGraw-Hill. The Chicano organizations extracted pledges from McGraw-Hill to show more concern for minority problems, and they caused one station, WOOD-TV in Grand Rapids, Mich., to be excluded from the sale, arguing that the deal violated FCC guidelines in giving McGraw-Hill too great a concentration in the top 50 TV markets.

Broadcasters are now prodding Congress to pass new laws that would make such challenges more difficult. "As the system is now rigged, it invites abuse," editorialized *Broadcasting* magazine, the industry's trade journal, last week. "The end will be regulatory anarchy if Congress doesn't step in." Replies FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who opposes the commission majority and encourages challengers: "The broadcasters just want to be left alone, and I think this is intolerable. It turns out that the only people they're really serving are the advertisers and the big businessmen who are playing the tune. If the FCC won't make them come up with good programming, what the hell is the objection to letting the people do the job?"

MILESTONES

Born. To Muhammad Ali, 30, [illegible] gerel-spouting former heavyweight boxing champ, and Belinda Ali, [illegible] their fourth child, first son; in Philadelphia. Name: Muhammad Eban.

■

Born. To Thomas K. Mattingly II, 36, command pilot on the Apollo 16 mission, and Elizabeth Mattingly; their first child, a son; in Texas City, Texas. Name: Thomas Kenneth III.

■

Died. Dan Blocker, 43, Hoss Cartwright on TV's *Bonanza* series for [illegible] years; of a blood clot in the lung following surgery; in Inglewood, Calif. A former high school teacher, Blocker spent two knockabout years in Hollywood before getting a regular job as the Cartwright family's oversized middle son. The show became one of TV's most successful horse operas (400 million viewers in 84 countries) and made Blocker a millionaire.

■

Died. Alexander Korneichuk, 66, playwright-politician who became one of the Soviet Union's most prominent literary loyalists; in Kiev. Because of his skill in blending party line with plot, Korneichuk won five Stalin Prizes and a number of political appointments during the 1930s and '40s. After Stalin's death, he allied himself with Nikita Khrushchev and in 1955 attacked the fallen secret police chief, Lavrenti Beria, in a play called *Wings*. It marked the start of Khrushchev's public assault on Stalinism. Korneichuk also survived Khrushchev's ouster, serving the present regime in a variety of cultural-political assignments.

■

Died. Wallace S. Sayre, 66, urbanologist and early proponent of regional planning; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. A spokesman for city government reform since the 1930s, Sayre regarded the creation of combined city-and-suburban planning units as the salvation of metropolitan centers. Though a prominent academician, Sayre never forgot the practical lessons in hard-nosed politics that he received as a civil service commissioner under New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. The 1960 study, *Governing New York City*, that he wrote with a colleague, Herbert Kaufman, became a classic how-to handbook for big-city mayors.

■

Died. Sidney Franklin, 79, Hollywood producer and director, who won a 1942 production of *Mrs. Miniver* [illegible] an Academy Award for best picture; in Santa Monica, Calif. Franklin began as an actor in D.W. Griffith silent movies, then took a job behind the lens as an assistant cameraman. Ultimately he became one of MGM's most successful directors (*The Good Earth*, *Barretts of Wimpole Street*).

Bullpen

THE HONKERS
Directed by STEVE IHNAT
Screenplay by STEVE IHNAT and STEPHEN LODGE

As *The Honkers* started its run in theaters round the country, Director Steve Ihnat died of a heart attack at the age of 37. Under other circumstances the movie might have been called promising. Instead, it becomes a legacy.

"Honker" is rodeo slang that freely translates either as "dangerous bull" (the animal, not the conversational variety) or as a particularly accommodating woman. Examples of each species are at large in *The Honkers*, and they cause no end of mischief. Whether of the two- or four-legged variety, they have a habit of throwing the feckless hero, Lew Lathrop (James Coburn), into a ringtail loop.

Lathrop enjoys modest fame in his occupation, which is rodeo riding, and immoderate success in his preoccupation, which is women. But his lust and insistent refusal to settle down prove his undoing. He loses his much abused wife (Lois Nettleton) and teen-age son just when he comes to realize he needs them both. He wrassles unsuccessfully with guilt when his best buddy, Clete (Slim Pickens), a rodeo clown who keeps an avuncular eye on Lew, gets his neck broken for his trouble. When last seen, Lew is wandering off over yonder hill, saddle over his shoulder, sadder but probably not much wiser.

This is a first feature for former Character Actor Steve Ihnat (remember the drunken Texan who beat up Marlon Brando in *The Chase*?). Ihnat bears partial responsibility for writing this lackluster plot, although as a director he fares a good deal better. Unlike most fledgling film makers, Ihnat has an uninsistent and subtle style. He can catch the fleeting mood of a scene in a few shots, most impressively in a terse, brutal barroom brawl, and he has a good eye for local color. A rodeo parade down the main street of Carlsbad, N. Mex., is rendered faithfully and affectionately, complete with floats, officials waving smugly, three different kinds of bands (country, Mexican, rock) and a farmer's pickup truck bearing the admonition "Buy U.S.-Made Products." Throughout, the photography (by Tom Rolf) is excellent, capturing the bleached and blinding light of the Southwest. James Coburn seems to be relaxing and growing as an actor. Charming and bemused in *The Carey Treatment* (TIME, April 24), he is effectively ornery here. The rest of the cast fit snugly into their roles, too, with the exception of Anne Archer, who looks more like a Coppertone suntan model than the Indian girl friend of Coburn's she is supposed to portray. ■ Jay Cocks



COBURN IN "HONKERS"
Ringtail loop.

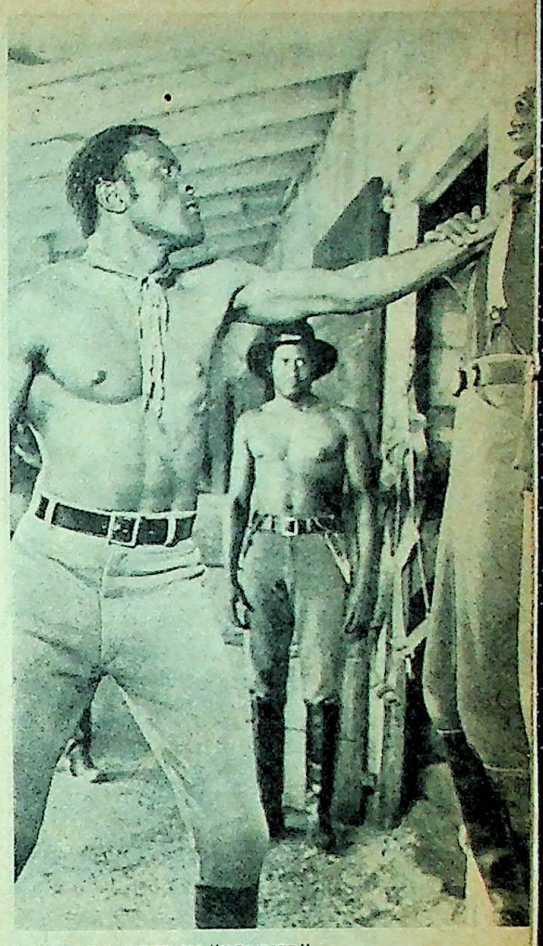
Bad Lot

Films made expressly for black audiences are not so much a new genre as several old genres given a black twist. The latest type to be adapted is that venerable Hollywood stand-by, the western. Three current examples:

Soul Soldier, which concerns the adventures of a troop of "colored cavalry" in Texas shortly after the end of the Civil War, is so ragtag that it looks as if it might have been an aborted Poverty Program project. It features former Olympic Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson as a stolid cavalryman who tried to keep peace with the Indians. Johnson is convincing, at least, in his stolidity.

The Legend of Nigger Charley is not much of an improvement. The plot comes more or less out of Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai*, minus three. Charley is a freed slave who rides through the Southwest righting wrongs with the help of three companions. At one point, shortly after dispatching a gang of drunken louts in a saloon set-to, they help a white homesteader fight off the attacks of a band of marauding outlaws. Charley develops a yen for the homesteader's half-breed wife, portrayed by a comely young actress named Tricia O'Neill, who represents the only vaguely interesting quality in the movie.

Charley also boasts an ex-athlete in a starring role. As Nigger Charley, Fred Williamson (called "the Hammer" as a former halfback for pro football's Kansas City Chiefs) staggers through the whole film in what seems to be a mild

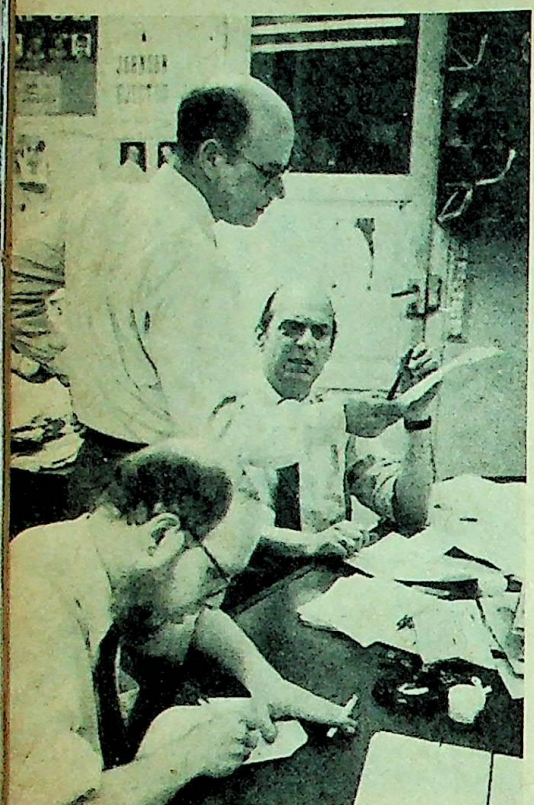


JOHNSON (LEFT) IN "SOLDIER"
Prowess and pectorals.

state of concussion, as if he'd been roughed up in a scrimmage. Williamson and Johnson were apparently recruited not only for their athletic prowess but for their pectorals. Both are frequently required to shed their shirts and flex their chests. This provokes lustful cooings from any black women in the vicinity as well as envy and wrath from Whitey, who is generally a scrawny racist with a telltale gleam of madness in his eye.

Buck and the Preacher is the best of this bad lot. Directed by and co-starring Sidney Poitier, it is at least competently made and has a few, fleeting moments of genuine fun. Poitier plays Buck, a guide whose job is to get wagon trains of poor blacks through the terrors of testy Indians and the sudden, brutal raids of freebooters hired to steer the wagons back to Louisiana, where the blacks are needed on the farms. Much to his chagrin, Buck is abetted by a smarmy and slightly balmy preacher (Harry Belafonte) who has a fine eye for the ladies and a decided interest in storing up worldly goods.

Flashing a set of scrupulously blackened teeth, Belafonte overacts outrageously but amusingly. Poitier mostly contents himself with dispensing his standard Captain Marvel characterization. Even so, there are a couple of scenes—especially one where Buck talks quietly about an impending defeat—in which Poitier reminds us that he is still a superb actor. For the past few years, that has been all too easy to forget. ■ J.C.



JEAN MARQUIS

EDITOR WEISS (STANDING) IN CITY ROOM

Mid-Atlantic Winner

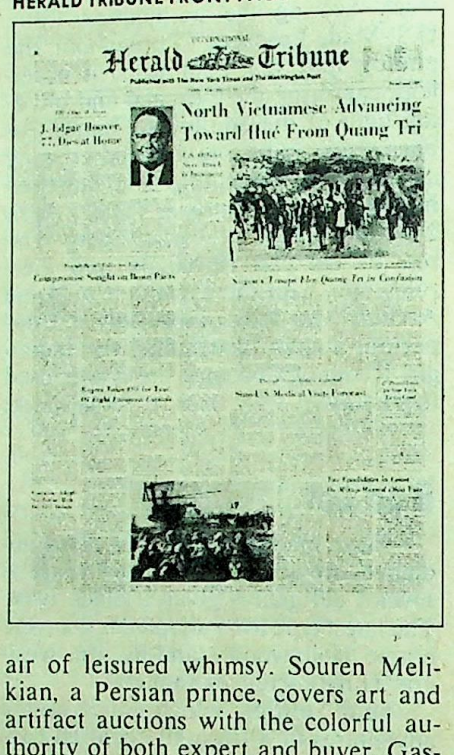
Going abroad this summer? Afraid of losing touch with what's happening at home? Not to worry. Whether you wind up in Brussels or Bangkok, the *International Herald Tribune* will tell you about Charlie Brown's latest hang-up, what Chrysler stock is selling for, whether Willie Mays homered for the Mets, who won the Democratic presidential nomination and how, and what columnists from Art Buchwald to Bill Buckley make of it all.

Yet the Paris-based *Trib* (circ. 121,000) is no mere letter from home. It is far different from the daily described by *The New Yorker's* Janet Flanner as "the village newspaper" of the American expatriate colony in Paris, the favorite of Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. Increasingly it serves to inform a widespread audience about both the U.S. and the world. It is read with respect in the power centers of Europe, where English is now the second language. Nineteen copies a day go to Peking, and the Kremlin also subscribes. Editor Murray "Buddy" Weiss, 48, who was the last managing editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, talks of a "mid-Atlantic viewpoint" that implies a degree of detachment from both the U.S. and Europe.

The paper last week marked the fifth anniversary of its tripartite marriage with the Washington *Post* and New York *Times* in the best editorial health of its 85-year history.* Many newsmen believe that for its slim size —14 to 16 pages—the *Trib* is the most readable and informative daily published anywhere.

Where else, after all, can a reader get the best of both the *Post* and *Times*, expertly presented along with comics and commentary? As a bonus, there is also the *Trib's* own crew of offbeat freelancers who lend the paper a welcome air of leisured whimsy. Souren Melikian, a Persian prince, covers art and artifact auctions with the colorful authority of both expert and buyer. Gastronome Waverly Root writes lovingly of rare, night-blooming mushrooms and the perils of absinthe, interspersed with an occasional reminiscence of Paris whores of the 1920s. Among *Trib* critics, Henry Pleasants comments on music with competence, and Thomas Quinn Curtis disagrees rather consistently—but stylishly—with almost everyone else on which movies are good and bad.

HERALD TRIBUNE FRONT PAGE



Broad Choice. Basically the *Trib* is an exercise in inspired deskmanship. The paper has only one full-time general reporter of its own, and the core of the operation consists of five copy editors working with Weiss in crowded quarters off the Champs-Elysées. Six nights a week, they cull streams of copy that issue from 16 Teletypes, providing the *Trib* with a broad choice that goes beyond the *Post's* and *Times's* output. Material also comes from the Los Angeles *Times* and Chicago's *Daily News* and *Sun-Times*, in addition to a range of U.S. and foreign news agencies. Weiss and his colleagues are free to choose whichever story says it best for the international reader. No quotas are imposed by the owners, and big names on both the *Post* and New York *Times* often find their stories either drastically shortened or entirely ignored by the *Trib*.

Though in many ways the *Trib* lives up to its claim of being "not fundamentally an American newspaper published abroad, but a newspaper published abroad by Americans," though its percentage is mongrelized, though a plethora of bylines now appears, Weiss manages nonetheless to keep something of the old New York *Herald Tribune* tone. It is serious, but not solemn. New Yorkers notice a familiar rhythm to some of the editorials, they are not imagining things. Harry Baehr, 64, once the New York paper's chief editorial writer, still contributes a few editorials each week—writing from New York.

To be broadly relevant to readers in the 70 countries it now reaches, however, the *Trib* must be edited to seem as if it has no local base. Homey coverage is anathema to Weiss. To report on New York City's last mayoral election, for instance, he ignored the voluminous files of the New York *Times* and published the Washington *Post's* version instead; the *Post* reporter "told in a few stories all you needed to know about it in Neuilly or Oslo." Yet Weiss can occasionally use his own brand of enterprise. During last December's Nixon-Pompidou meeting in the Azores, he sent his entire political staff, James Goldsborough, to cover the event. Goldsborough beat the competition—including staffers of both the *Post* and *Times*—to the main news about dollar devaluation by several hours, allowing the *Trib* to make its first deadline with the hottest international story of the moment.

Gilded Bird. Deadlines are a problem because of the intricate truck-train-plane system that hustles copies around the world. Distribution accounts for an astonishing 25% of the *Trib's* total production costs. The per-copy price is high, ranging from 28¢ in Paris to 75¢ in Tokyo, because most papers must be shipped out by air freight or chartered plane. Advertising rates are astronomical; it costs as much to place an ad in the *Trib* as in the Washington *Post*, which has more than four times the circulation. Yet there is no shortage of advertisers or readers. Nowadays, only 18% of the audience lives in France, vs. 40% five years ago.

Prosperity is a relatively new feature of life at the *Trib*. For much of its history, it was a red-ink case, belying the efficacy of the owls with which Founder Bennett decorated the paper's original Paris office as a good-luck fetish. But the *Trib* has been solidly profitable since 1968, and an enormous owl still holds the place of honor in its office. Appropriately, the metal bird is gilded.

*James Gordon Bennett Jr., self-exiled son of the New York *Herald's* founder, started the paper in 1887 as the Paris edition of the *Herald*. In 1935 it became the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which it still strongly resembles in typography. After the parent paper died in 1966, Publisher John Hay Whitney took on the *Post* and *Times* as partners in the Paris survivor.

Designed to Defang

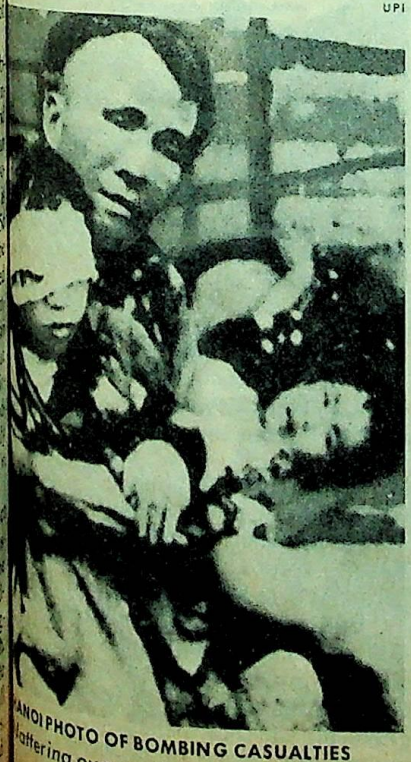
Once it seemed that Spiro Agnew had the assignment more or less to himself—defending his President, and the republic for that matter, from the "nattering nabobs of negativism" in the press. Now the Vice President is only one member of a Republican chorus.

The latest attack occurred last week when the Republican National Committee newsletter *Monday* chastised NBC and United Press International for using North Vietnamese film and still pictures that purported to show civilians suffering from U.S. bombing. *Monday* interviewed executives of NBC and U.P.I. and paraphrased their responses this way: "When it comes to deciding if their facilities should be used to disseminate Communist propaganda, the question of whether the national interest of the United States is or is not served is not a consideration." Executive Producer Wallace Westfeldt of *NBC Nightly News* said later that he had been quoted out of context and that his meaning had been distorted. Broadcasting the film, he said, was "part of the free flow of information. It is very important to know what the North Vietnamese are seeing." Both news organizations had clearly identified the material's source, and such journalistic use of enemy-supplied pictures has been routine for years.

Monday's carping would be of little significance were it not for other signs. President Nixon himself recently bemoaned "the tendency of some in the media—not all, but some in the media—constantly to emphasize the negative." White House Speechwriter Patrick Buchanan told a television interviewer that a few networks, newspapers and newsmagazines were guilty of an anti-Administration "monopoly of ideas." He talked about "antitrust-type action" if the offenders continue to "freeze out opposing points of view." On *Meet the Press*, Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman complained about young journalists intent on "salting away in their reporting on facts their own personal points of view." Patrick Gray, just before his appointment as acting director of the FBI, devoted a long speech to journalism's role in the "culture of disparagement." Kansas Senator Robert Dole, the Republican national chairman, warned a California audience of "attempted media sabotage of the national policies of the U.S."

The timing of the concerted outburst seems designed to defang criticism in advance of the presidential election campaign. And the strategy could be effective. The fact that many of the larger news organizations lean to the liberal side gives the Administration ammunition. The occasional errors committed by newsmen add to the media's credibility problem. "The White House is feeding on it," says Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News*, a past president of the White House Correspondents Association. "Now that they are coming up to the campaign, they look for a scapegoat. The press is an immediate and vulnerable target, because people tend to blame the press for the bad news they read."

UPI



HANOI PHOTO OF BOMBING CASUALTIES
Battering over national interest.

Bamboo Breakthrough

It was a sight not seen for many years in a U.S. newspaper. There on the front page of the New York *Times* last week, in adjoining columns, were staff-written reports from two of the least accessible of Communist capitals. Anthony Lewis was describing from Hanoi a U.S. bombing alert and the look of war that lay about him, while Associate Editor Harrison Salisbury noted from North Korea that he was the first U.S. correspondent to file under a Pyongyang dateline in more than 20 years.

Why the *Times*? The paper's twin coup was the result of several elements. Its correspondents have been admirably persistent in knocking on the Bamboo Curtain; Lewis had been trying to get into Hanoi for two years, and from his London base renewed his pleas to North Vietnamese officials in Paris almost monthly. Another factor is the *Times's* undeniable prestige and influence in the U.S. Both Pyongyang and Hanoi obviously felt that they could benefit from some press exposure in the U.S. at this time, and that the *Times*men were likely to give them a favorable shake.

Sympathy. The paper has been increasingly critical of the Nixon Administration's war policy, and Lewis' columns have been particularly tough. Salisbury, who has long experience covering both European and Asian Communist countries, in 1966 became the first journalist from a major U.S. publication to visit North Viet Nam in a dozen years. His series of stories was distinctly sympathetic. From Pyongyang's viewpoint, Salisbury's visit promises not only sympathy but also reciprocity that may give North Korean newsmen access to Washington.



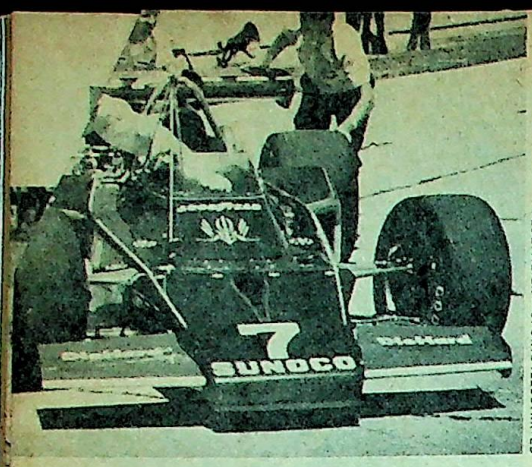
NEW YORK TIMES

SALISBURY IN NORTH VIET NAM (1966)
Primroses in Pyongyang parks.

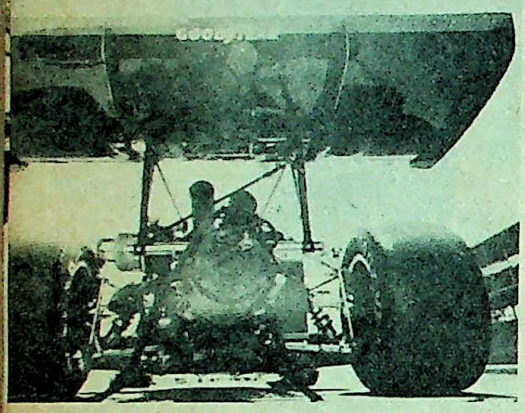
The North Koreans even allowed the *Times* to send its Tokyo Bureau Chief John Lee. Through its unofficial representatives in Tokyo, the regime had passed the word some time ago that it would welcome a limited number of American newsmen—possibly because Peking has begun to admit U.S. reporters without suffering a bad press. Last week Washington *Post* Correspondent Selig Harrison was cleared for entry, and others are waiting their turn.

Enemy Conduit. Salisbury's first dispatches were long on description and short on insight, understandable for any reporter seeing a strange and previously forbidden place for the first time. He zeroed in on modern buildings and primroses in Pyongyang's parks, and marveled at the Mao-like everpresence of Premier Kim Il Sung, whom Salisbury expects to interview before his three-week visit is over.

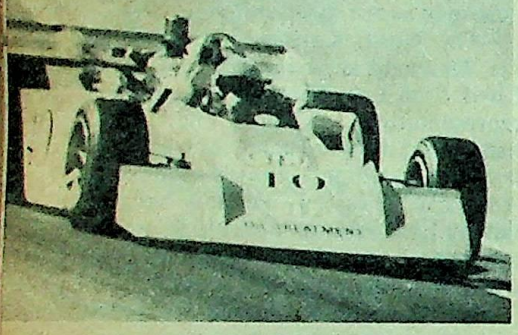
From Hanoi, Lewis wrote on the familiar themes of North Vietnamese determination not to cave in under the accelerated bombing and the government's willingness to settle for less than a totally Communist regime in Saigon. He reported North Viet Nam's claim that it is clearing mines from the Haiphong harbor entrance and restoring partial ship traffic in the port (the White House not only denied it, but accused the *Times* of "being a conduit of enemy propaganda"). Conversations in Hanoi led Lewis to write that the North Vietnamese feel Americans misunderstand them, a fact that explains something about the agonized U.S. experience in Viet Nam.



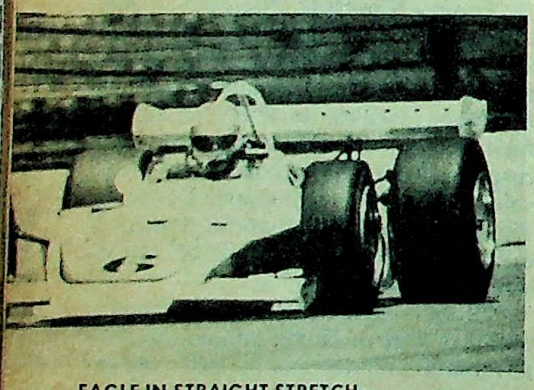
KLUETMEIER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



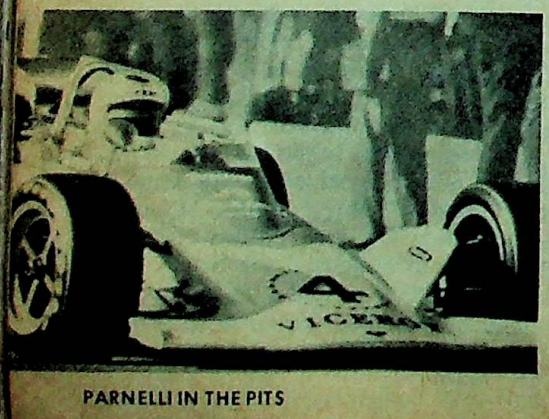
McLAREN FROM FRONT & REAR



LOLA HUGS TRACK ON BEND



EAGLE IN STRAIGHT STRETCH



PARNELLI IN THE PITS

Winging It at Indy

The strange machines look as if they might suddenly dip flaps, lift noses and head off into the wild blue yonder, borne on small wings that protrude fore and aft, and sometimes in between. Actually the wings, or foils, have an entirely different purpose. They are aerodynamically designed to keep a dazzling new crop of racing cars glued to the ground in this year's Indianapolis 500, giving them better stability and traction and thus greater speed. This Saturday, as the traditional field of 33 cars challenges Indy's confining concrete-walled track, speed—much more than ever before—is what the expected crowd of 350,000 is almost sure to get.

The qualifying trials already have produced astounding times. Of the first dozen drivers to make the field, eleven broke last year's record qualifying speed of 178.696 miles an hour. Bobby Unser's average for four laps of the 2½-mile rectangular speedway was a phenomenal 195.940. That average was achieved in one of the sleekest new cars, an Eagle-Offenhauser designed by Los Angeleno Roman Slobodynskyj. Besides wings, the vehicle has air scoops streamlined into its sides, thus reducing the drag caused by nose scoops.

Other winged beauties include an Eric Broadley-designed Lola, which has its engine-cooling air vents mounted like hollow eyes in front of the driver's cockpit; the Maurice Phillippe-designed Parnelli, which had two of its multiple wings clipped after some experimentation; and the McLaren, which got almost everybody wing-conscious when it appeared last year with a striking rear-mounted foil.

The new body designs are not the only factors behind this year's Indy speed boom. As happens virtually every year, engines are more powerful than ever and perhaps more prone to break down—dozens, worth about $30,000 each, have blown up during trials over the past few weeks. Other boosts to speed are new tires which have no tread. This puts more rubber on the track to provide even better traction. Along with the greater speed, however, comes higher risk. In a practice run last week, Veteran Jim Malloy hit the wall as he came out of a turn at around 175 m.p.h. He died four days later, bringing the fatality toll at Indy since it started in 1911 to 49.

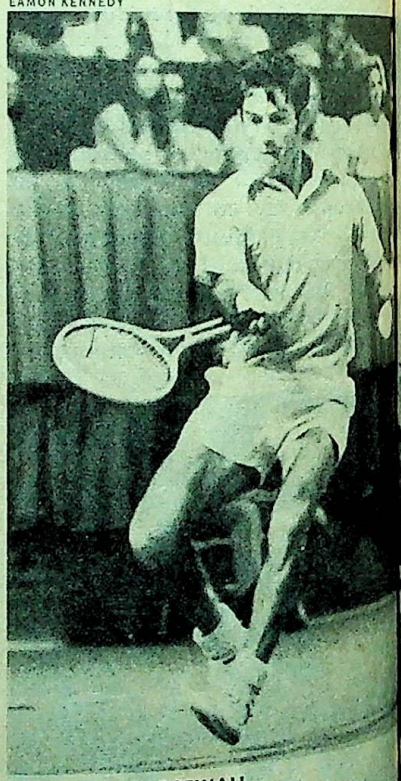
Triumph for the Old Man

It was just as if Willie Mays had hit two game-winning home runs off Mickey Lolich in the World Series. Or George Blanda had outplayed Roger Staubach in back-to-back Super Bowls. Or Sammy Snead had beaten Jack Nicklaus in successive play-offs for the Masters. Last week, at 37, for the sec... year in a row, Ken Rosewall won ... world championship of profess... tennis. Once again, he did it by def... ing the most formidable opponent p... sible, Rod ("The Rocket") Laver.

The match, held in Dallas, was m... than a personal and profitable triu... for the "old man" of the professio... tennis circuit; it was a vicarious vict... for all middle-aged athletes who ... over the hill or who never even got ... the crest. Rosewall (who is nickna... "Muscles" because of his slight bu... won the $50,000 first prize by refu... to sag in a match that was wearing ... both body and mind. The five sets la... ed for a stamina-sapping three hou... and 37 minutes, and the last two s... were decided by the nerve-jangling ... breaker scoring system. Final score 4... 6-0, 6-3, 6-7, 7-6.

The marathon was a particular t... umph for tennis, which is one of t... fastest-growing U.S. sports but has h... relatively little exposure on nation... television. This time, however, a nation... wide audience tuned in to the NBC-T... network saw one of the most dramat...

EAMON KENNEDY



WINNER KEN ROSEWALL
Making boomerangs . . .

and well-played matches in tennis histo... ry. Searching for a comparison, one col... umnist reached back to Don Budge ... Baron von Cramm at Wimbledo... before World War II.

Budge owed much of his victory ... that match to a backhand that was con... sidered the best ever until Rosew... came along. Hit by Rosewall with ... gracefulness that belies its guile and ... power, the stroke undid Laver in the ... closing exchanges of the last se...

Throughout the match, Rosewall also employed two other great assets: a crisp and deftly angled volley, and an anticipation that turned some Laver bullets into boomerangs.

Rosewall has been playing the same sort of stylish tennis since the '50s, when he and another Australian teen-ager, Lew Hoad, were beating U.S. Davis Cup teams manned by Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert. It has helped him win major titles over an incredible span: the U.S. championship in 1956 and again in 1970; the French championship in 1953 and 1968; the Australian championship four times, the first in 1953 and the most recent just this year.

Muscles and Energy. Few athletes in any sport have aged as imperceptibly as Rosewall, either in performance or appearance. Slightly under 5 ft. 7 in. tall, he has held his weight around 140 lbs. for most of his playing career. His apparent signs of fatigue between points —hanging his head, then lifting it again with a visible sigh—have long been a Rosewall trademark. Actually, like former Cleveland Fullback Jimmy Brown, Muscles saves his energy for the moments when the ball is in play.

Rosewall is careful not to live it up. Despite his Aussie heritage, he drinks less beer than even some of the American players. While traveling, he writes four letters a week to his wife and two sons in Sydney. Back home for a rest after his Dallas triumph, Rosewall counted his earnings so far this year ($104,750) and pondered his future. He plans to take another crack next year at the only major title that has eluded him, Wimbledon. By then he will be 38, six years older than Jaroslav Drobny was in 1954 when he scraped by a 19-year-old prodigy to win Wimbledon. The name of the prodigy: Ken Rosewall.

EAMON KENNEDY



LOSER ROD LAVER
. . . out of bullets.

MARKET WEEK

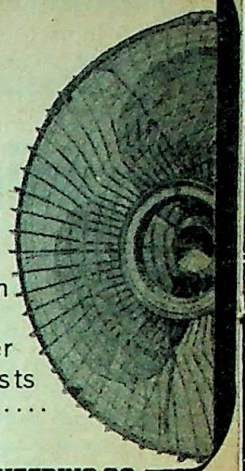
On a volume of 78,245,860 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 60.54, up 1.35 for the week ending May 19. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 961.54, up 19.7; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 108.98, up 2.6. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Net Change
Allied Chem	32¾	31	32⅜	+ ⅞
Alum Co Am	53¾	49⅛	53⅝	+3¼
Amer Airlines	49	46⅝	48⅝	+2
Am Brands	49¼	46¼	48¾	+2¼
Am Can	30⅜	29⅞	29⅞	− ¼
Am Motors	8⅞	8½	8⅝	− ¼
AT&T	42⅞	42⅜	42⅞	+ ⅜
Anac Cop	21⅞	20	21½	+1⅜
Avon Prod	122½	118⅞	120⅞	+1⅞
Beth Steel	32⅞	32	32⅛	None
Boeing	23⅜	20⅞	22⅝	+1⅞
Burlington Ind	33	30¾	31⅞	−1⅝
Burroughs	178⅝	169⅝	177¼	+7¼
Cater Tractor	56	52⅛	55⅜	+2¾
Champ Intl	25⅞	25	25⅞	+ ⅝
Chrysler	34¼	33⅛	34⅛	+ ⅜
Clark Equip	58	54¾	57¾	+3¼
Cont Data	68½	61⅝	67⅝	+5⅝
Corn Gl Wks	245½	226½	245½	+19¼
Dow Chem	91½	88¼	91⅛	+2⅝
Dupont	167	160¼	167	+5¼
Eastern Air	30⅜	28¼	30	+2
East Kodak	125¼	119	124½	+4⅝
El Paso N G	18½	17⅞	18⅜	+ ½
Ford Motor	69	67½	68⅝	None
Gen Dynam	32⅜	31	31⅝	− ⅛
Gen Elec	69⅛	67⅛	68⅞	+ ⅞
Gen Foods	27⅝	25⅝	26	−1⅜
Gen Motors	78½	76⅜	77¾	+ ⅝
Gen Tel & El	30	28⅞	29⅜	− ⅛
Ga Pac	45	42¼	43¾	+ ¼
Goodyear	30½	29½	29¾	− ½
Great A & P	18⅝	18¼	18⅝	+ ⅛
Greyhound	18⅜	18⅛	18¼	− ⅛
Gulf Oil	24¾	23¾	24⅜	− ⅜
Int Bus Mach	398	383½	396¼	+14¼
Int Harv	34	30⅝	33¾	+3⅜
Int Nickel	32⅛	30⅛	32⅛	+1⅝
Int Paper	39⅜	38½	39¼	+ ¾
Int Tel & Tel	56⅛	52⅞	55¾	+3
Johns Man	35¾	34½	34⅞	− ⅜
Kraftco	44⅜	42¾	43⅜	− ⅞
Kresge SS	119½	113½	119½	+5⅜
Litton Ind	17⅛	15½	15¾	−1⅛
Lockheed	12½	11⅝	12⅛	− ⅜
LTV Corp	12½	10⅞	11¾	+ ⅝
McD Doug	44	42⅛	43⅝	+1¼
Merck Co	145½	138	145½	+7
3M	152	145⅞	151⅝	+7¾
Mobil Oil	53	50	52⅞	+2⅝
NCR	33	29⅞	33	+2½
N Am Rock	33¾	32	32⅝	− ¼
Occid Pet	12⅞	11⅝	11¾	−1
Owens Ill	50⅝	49⅝	50	− ½
Pac Gas & El	28⅛	27⅝	28	+ ⅜
Pan Am	15⅛	14⅝	14⅝	+ ⅛
Penn Cent	4⅝	4¼	4⅜	− ⅛
Penney J. C	76¾	75	76¾	+1¾
Philip Morris	102¾	92⅞	102¾	+10¼
Polaroid	145⅜	136¾	144½	+7⅝
Proc Gam	96½	94	95¼	+1¼
RCA	37¾	35½	37½	+ ¾
Reyn Ind	73	68¼	73	+3¾
Sears Roe	115	109¼	115	+3¼
Shell Oil	44½	43½	44	+ ½
So Cal Ed	24¾	24¼	24¼	− ¼
Std Oil Cal	57⅝	56⅜	57¼	None
Std Oil N J	72⅝	70⅞	72¼	+ ¾
Swift Co	33⅞	32⅛	33⅜	+2
Tenneco	24⅜	23⅜	23¾	− ⅛
Texaco Inc	31⅜	30⅛	31⅜	+ ⅞
Textron	32⅜	30½	31⅞	+1⅜
Time Inc	56½	55⅛	55½	− ½
TWA	57⅛	54⅛	57⅛	+2½
UAL Inc	51¼	49¾	51⅛	+ ⅜
Union Carb	48⅞	47	48⅝	+ ⅛
Utd Aircraft	42¾	39½	42⅝	+3⅜
US Steel	32⅞	32	32½	+ ¼
Westghse	52½	50½	52¼	+1½
Woolworth	38¾	36½	37¼	− ⅞
Xerox	148	137½	147½	+9¼

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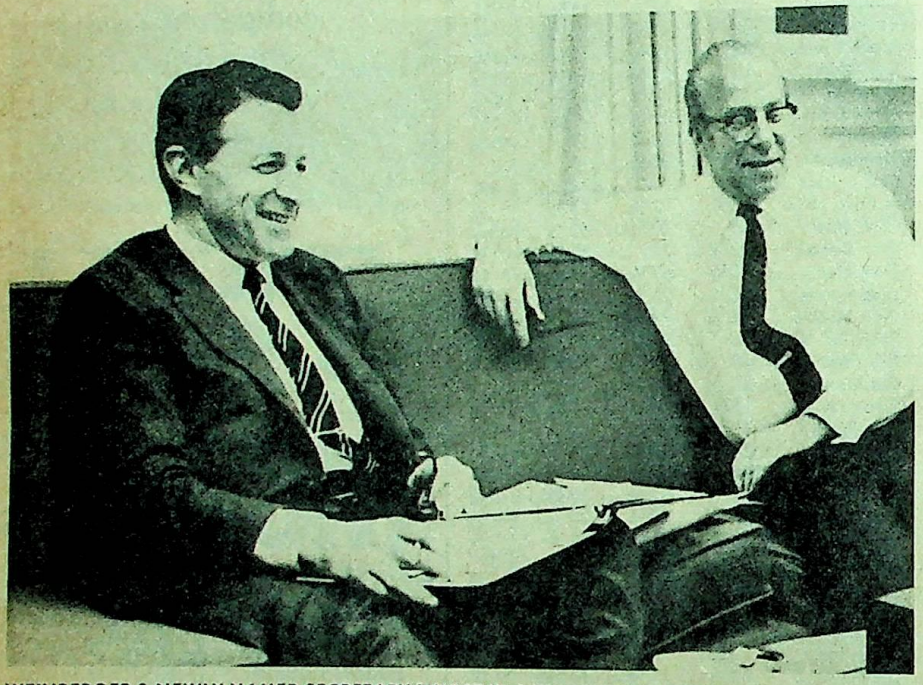
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THE TREASURY

Soldier Shultz's Reward

BEFORE Phases I and II, there was no more obdurate opponent of wage and price controls than George Pratt Shultz, the free-marketeering budget director. As one of the Administration's two or three most influential economic policymakers, he counseled President Nixon to pursue a hands-off approach. But when that policy demonstrably failed and the President froze wages and prices last Aug. 15, Shultz, the good soldier, helped set up the control mechanism and defended it against criticism. That kind of loyalty is rare among independent thinkers, and last week Shultz was rewarded. The President promoted him to Secretary of the Treasury, replacing John Connally, who can leave in good conscience because production and profits are rising fast.



WALTER BENNETT

WEINBERGER & NEWLY NAMED SECRETARY SHULTZ IN A WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

George the Mild takes on Congress and the foreign bankers.

When it comes to directing U.S. economic policy, the Secretary's job is as powerful or as puny as its holder makes it. Tough-yet-charming Connally, 55, crafted it into a position of unchallengeable pre-eminence. There is much speculation about how quiet, conciliatory Shultz, 51, will handle the job. As Shultz said of Connally last week: "Big John put on an extraordinary performance. I hope he puts a telephone at his ranch in Texas so we will be able to get hold of him there."

A *cum laude* graduate of Princeton, Shultz was a Marine major in the Pacific during World War II. He earned a Ph.D. in industrial economics at M.I.T., taught there for a decade and later became dean of the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business. Nixon named Shultz Secretary of Labor in 1968. Since then, Shultz has become an Administration insider, taking on countless quiet missions for the President. He has negotiated compromises with Southern school officials over desegregation, and kept lines of communication open with AFL-CIO President George Meany.

Shultz has served the President loyally, but not always effectively. As Labor Secretary, he encouraged businessmen to fight inflationary wage increases by taking labor strikes, notably the General Electric strike of 1969. This contributed to slowing the economy but had no significant effect on braking wage increases after the 8% G.E. settlement. Later, as budget chief, Shultz advocated "benign neglect" of the U.S. balance of payments problem. Nixon repudiated that advice on Aug. 15 by ending the convertibility of the dollar.

As the architect of two budgets, Shultz guessed wrong on both. He maintained that the economy needed no big increase in fiscal stimulus last year because he forecast that the gross national product would jump smartly to $1,065 billion; in fact, that prediction was $18 billion too optimistic. This year he helped persuade the President to boost the economy with a tax cut, but he underestimated the dampening effect of new withholding schedules. Partly as a result of this, his planned $38 billion budget deficit will be about $ billion smaller, and some Governm spending intended for this fiscal may slop over into the year begin July 1. That shift could well raise need for spending cuts later this lest the economy become overheated

Prosperity Route. Shultz has mained on top despite his policy partly because he is a decent, fair and a smooth administrator. A "neo etarist" economist, he believes that surest route to noninflationary prosp ity is through a steady increase in money supply. In the past, he criticized Federal Reserve Board Chairman A thur Burns for being too stingy in pu ing out the money and too quick eager to support wage and price co trols. Shultz remains ideologically posed to controls. But rather than dermine them, he will most likely to increase their effectiveness in hop that they can finish their job and chucked. Right now the controls see to be working. The consumer price dex rose only .2% last month, the sm as in March.

At Treasury, Shultz will try to s the President's economic policies Congress, and he may have some trou ble. The two most important committee chairmen in Treasury matters, th House Ways and Means Committee Wilbur Mills and the Senate Financ Committee's Russell Long, were n overly pleased about his appointment "We would prefer Secretary Connal to anybody, including Mr. Shultz Long said.

Yankee Traders. On the interna tional front, Shultz may be every bit a effective as Connally, though in an en tirely different way. In pursuit of m favorable exchange rates and trad terms for the U.S., Connally antago nized central bankers with his do-it-my way bargaining tactics. Shultz, the po lite, conciliatory bargainer, will prob ably be as determined as Connally insisting that Europe and Japan in back some of their dollar surpluses making trade concessions to the U.S but he should ruffle fewer foreign finance ministers. As he said once: "We are merely trying to refurbish and re vitalize our tradition of being fair, ha bargaining Yankee traders."

□□□

If Government spending has to be cut later this year, the man who will suc ceed Shultz as budget chief, Caspar Weinberger, is well suited to the task. A former California Republican chair man, Weinberger served briefly and vig orously as head of the Federal Trade Commission before becoming Shultz's deputy at the Office of Management and Budget. Because of his passion for slashing departmental spending requests, particularly for social programs, he has earned the label "Cap the Knife."

OPINION

How Executives Rate Nixon

BUSINESS executives are usually the most zealous supporters of a Republican President, but they show considerable reluctance about Richard Nixon. In 1968 the President won the votes of 84% of the officers (vice-presidential rank or higher) who run the nation's 500 largest industrial companies. He may well win as many this year, but largely because the executives see no acceptable alternative. James Howell, vice president of First National Bank of Boston, says that many of his high-ranking colleagues, "being typically New Englanders and businessmen, would like to support Nixon, but they find it a damn difficult job to do." The chief of one of the blue-chip corporations represented on the Business Council, an advisory group to the Administration, is only slightly more complimentary: "Nixon is not brilliant, or the best we have had, but he is what we've got."

No Lark. Such responses are typical of scores of men in command of major corporations interviewed last week by TIME correspondents. Hardly anyone would be quoted by name. Businessmen dare not risk alienating whoever wields the vast and increasing power of government. The majority are certain that Nixon will win re-election and do not want him to read and remember even the most mildly critical opinions; those disposed to compliment the President often do so privately lest a possible Democratic successor mark their words. Most doubt that Nixon has brought the nation's foreign or economic problems under control—but they also doubt that anyone else would do better.

Some company officers still nurse scars of the 1970 recession, which resulted from Nixon's earlier attempts to stop inflation by slowing the economy. Says Robert Rowan, president of Detroit-based Fruehauf Corp.: "It was a hell of a lot easier to make money under Johnson than it has been under Nixon. The last three years have been anything but a lark."

Businessmen almost unanimously fault Nixon for allowing inflation to rage much too long before imposing controls. When he finally did put on controls, however, he won new sympathy from executives, including Democrats. "You have to give him credit for having the flexibility to change from a disastrous policy of tight money and laissez-faire," says Howard Stein, head of the Dreyfus Corp., who was chief fund raiser for the 1968 campaign of Democrat Eugene McCarthy.

Quite a few businessmen are in favor of controls but annoyed by bureaucratic confusion in applying them. Both Rawleigh Warner Jr., chairman of Mobil Oil, and John Watlington, president of Winston-Salem's Wachovia Bank, say that the Price Commission has accused their companies of not filing required profit reports, although in fact they did. At the Price Commission, says Warner, "the right hand does not know what the left hand is doing." The quickening upturn in business the last few months has allayed many executives' doubts about Nixon, but others still worry that the domestic economic difficulties have been temporarily soothed, not solved. "We are not really holding down inflation," says Ralph Ablon, chairman of Ogden Corp., the Manhattan-based conglomerate. Like many other executives, Ablon is also "very concerned about the balance of payments, the strength of the dollar and the budget deficits."

On the foreign front, most businessmen support Nixon's mining of North Vietnamese ports, but their feeling seems to be at least as much a patriotic rally-round-the-flag reaction as specific approval of the move. The head of a major aerospace corporation told a private management meeting that "even if you don't support the President's war policies—which I happen to—you have an obligation to unite behind him during this difficult time." Other corporate chiefs are nervous about the threat of an intensified war but support Nixon because they believe that he is genuinely eager to get the U.S. out of Viet Nam. There is no discernible support in the business community for staying in Viet Nam and fighting to a finish; even in conservative Texas, many executives would accept a coalition government in Saigon as a way for the U.S. to leave the war "with honor." There will be a noticeable rise in businessmen's support of Nixon if he comes home from Moscow with a handsome new deal for increased U.S.-Soviet trade.

Despite the lack of enchantment with Nixon, there is no Democratic candidate in sight who stands to collect many business votes. Indeed, businessmen become increasingly pro-Nixon the more they contemplate his opposition. Says Fletcher Byrom, chairman of Koppers Co. in Pittsburgh: "The alternatives to his re-election could be so disastrous that you've got to be for Nixon."

England's Way. George McGovern scares businessmen, including many Democrats, because of his advocacy of deep cuts in the defense budget, minimum-income grants calculated to shift $43 billion a year from the more affluent to the relatively poor and, above all, tax changes that would sharply increase levies on corporations and

THE PRESIDENT MEETS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS BOARD AT NAM'S CONGRESS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY (1970)



wealthy individuals. One Pittsburgh steel chief describes his reaction to McGovern as "sheer terror." A California conglomerate boss says: "McGovern's whole program is just plain socialism, which will destroy the incentive system that makes this country great. We will go the way England went, and that means that there will be no free world left." George Wallace has no appeal because he represents poor-man's populism. Hubert Humphrey arouses no passionate opposition but little liking either; executives are wary of his political debts to big labor leaders, who are his strongest supporters. A few businessmen believe that Edmund Muskie might have united the nation, but since he has ceased active campaigning, that is little more than wistful thinking.

Connally Up. At least one nominal Democrat does win enthusiastic admiration: John Connally. Executives admire him as the architect of Nixon's anti-inflation controls and a tough and successful bargainer with foreign moneymen. "Connally has been good," says Harry Topliss, treasurer of Atlanta's Scientific-Atlanta, a maker of electronic instruments. "The problem of our money had to be solved, and he took a firm stance."

Although devaluation of the dollar and currency realignments last December only temporarily shored up the shaky world financial system, executives believe that Connally made much progress toward winning for the U.S. a more favorable monetary and trade position. An officer of a West Coast conglomerate adds that when Connally addressed the Business Council last year, "he had us jumping up and down cheering." Such sentiments suggest that, should Nixon choose Connally as his Vice President, the Texan will give the ticket a charisma that the President himself cannot provide—at least in the eyes of businessmen.

INEFFICIENCY

The Dress Mess

It was a genuine sheepskin coat, chic, classy and no less than $175 off the rack at Saks Fifth Ave. When its wearer reached for a taxi door one morning, only a part of the sheep went with her: the left sleeve tore away from the armhole. A fluke perhaps, but not if the sour suspicions of a swelling number of retailers and their customers are correct. In all price ranges, women's clothing is suffering a major crisis of quality.

Dangling threads, unpressed seams, bulging linings, drooping hems, pop-off buttons, crooked pockets, puckered zippers, flawed fabrics and mismarked sizes are common. Seamstresses are being deluged with requests from unwary purchasers to patch up the flaws. Customers, retailers and even manufacturers acknowledge that the dress mess is critical. "It is the biggest unsolved problem in retailing," says Cyril Magnin, chairman of San Francisco-based Joseph Magnin, adding, "I spend more time on the quality problem than anything else." Margaret Dadian, vice president for the Midwest's Kay Campbell's Shops, headquartered in Evanston, Ill., calls the problem "the biggest, fattest nuisance in the world; it gets me ready to explode." Says Helen Galland, vice president and general merchandise manager of Bonwit Teller in Manhattan: "We could run a button business on the side. The manufacturers have not yet perfected a method of keeping them on."

Blooper Snoopers. To quiet the growing clamor of consumer complaints, retailers are hiring more and more people to examine incoming merchandise. Kay Campbell's used to have salesclerks send back defective clothes once a season; now a full-time inspector examines each garment as it is received. Joseph Magnin has take[n] four quality controllers in Cali[f.] and one on New York's Seventh [Ave.] where most women's wear origina[tes.] In the past year, the company [has] dropped ten suppliers that had repe[at]edly shipped faulty goods.

Why the mess? The fickleness [of] fashion has meant that manufactur[ers] have less lead time in bringing out the[ir] new styles. "Being first is now mu[ch] more important than having quality [in] much of merchandising," says Carl Li[v]ingston Jr., president of Livingsto[n] Bros. specialty shops in San Francisco. A manufacturer caught in the revolvi[ng] door of fashion often has to settle [for] fabrics and workmanship that he wo[uld] otherwise reject. Because of rising l[a]bor costs, more garments are being p[ut] together piece by piece on assembly lines, and fewer are hand sewn. Says De[-] signer Anne Klein: "When a worker works on only one section of the ga[r]ment and not from the beginning to the end, he cannot have pride in his cr[e]ation. He cannot feel fulfillment."

In addition, the garment indust[ry] has long depended on the skill of [its] migrant tailors and seamstresses. Now the Old World craftsmen are aging, a[nd] clothing makers have trouble findi[ng] replacements.

Ready to Tear. There may be some relief in sight for women fed up wi[th] ready-to-tear clothing. Next fall's fash[-] ions, at least the more expensive lines, are promised to be sturdier and less complicated than present offerings with soft fabrics and classic lines pre[-] dominating. "The gag thing is over," says Designer Chester Weinberg. "Now clothes are going to become simpler." Until stores can be stocked with these utopian raiments, women will have to follow the advice of Bonwit's Helen Galland: "People should look closely. It is very obvious what is well made and what is not." Or a woman could sim[-] ply give in to the natural impulse to wear a newly purchased dress out of the store. If the buttons fall off or the seams split before she gets out the door, she can return it on the spot.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE QUALITY CONTROLLER EXAMINING NEW MERCHANDISE FOR FLAWS



FRANK MARESCA

JOBS

More Room at the Top

Quite suddenly, the long-dormant job market for top- and middle-level executives has turned around. "March was the biggest month in our 26-year history," exults Frederick Lin[ton], president of Boyden Associates Inc., a Manhattan-based executive-search firm. Thomas Meade, president of Kremple & Meade in Los Angeles, says that his company has experienced "one of the greatest reversals ever—from a turgid executive job market to an extremely active one."

The upswing is uneven. Aerospace and computer companies still offer few jobs, but construction, real [estate]

...ue, health-care, pharmaceutical, leas-
...ng and financial firms are actively look-
...g for new managers. Financial and
...arketing officers are most in demand.
...alaries are up too; some companies
...ill pay 10% or 15% more to fill a
...ot than they would have a year ago.
...They have more top jobs than middle-
...anagement openings to fill, and age is
...barrier only to those in the middle
...nks. One major Manhattan recruiter
...ies that a 63-year-old executive who
...rns $200,000 a year has an easier time
...itching jobs than a middle-manager
...his 50s who makes $15,000. The Boy-
...n agency is searching for 18 presi-
...nts v. a "normal" twelve to 14.

The continued rise in the U.S. econ-
...y is not the only reason for the up-
...rn on top. Some companies got too
...thusiastic about lopping off "unneed-
..." managers last year, and now must
...fill some jobs. Still, traces of recession-
...ed caution remain. Employers take
...uch longer to make sure that they find
...st the right man for a post. Searches
...at used to be finished in six weeks
...ow often last three to four months.

The executive market is just a bit
...oo active for one search firm, Wilkin-
...on, Sedwick & Yelverton in Los An-
...eles. Last month its members voted to
...ake in Robert P. Gray, a former Lit-
...on Industries manager, as a partner. On
...he way to his first company meeting,
...Gray got a phone call offering him a dif-
...erent job. He traveled East to look into
...—and joined Manhattan's Wheelabra-
...r-Frye, a pollution-control-equipment
...ompany, as a senior vice president at
...120,000 a year.

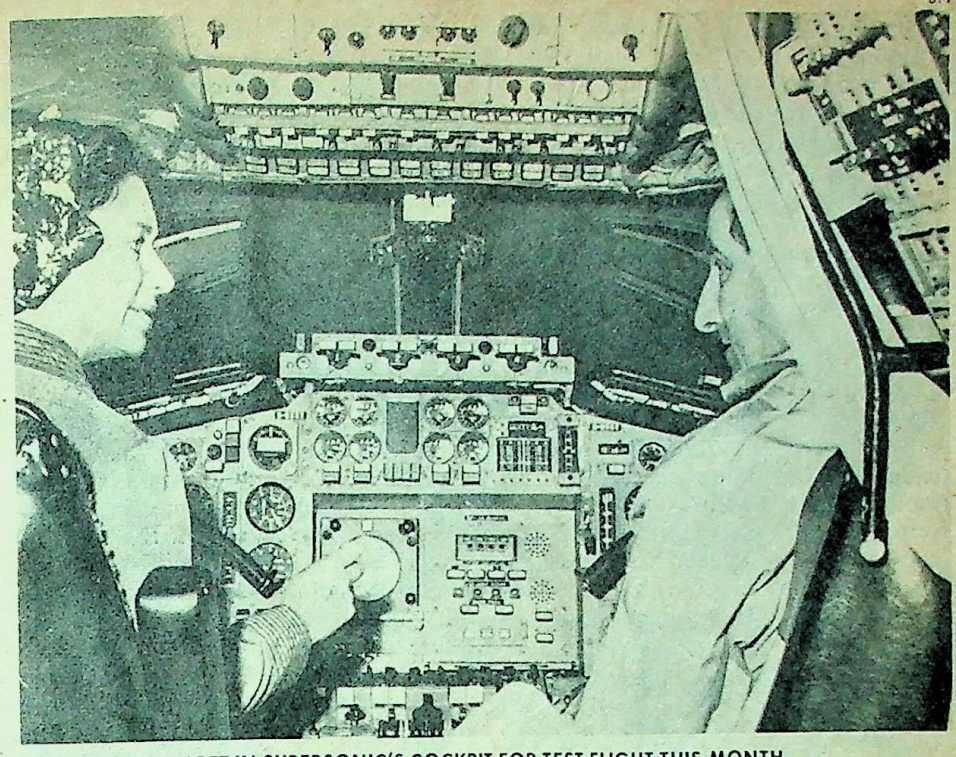
AEROSPACE

Discord over Concorde

The date: June 1975. The place: ...ord Airport, Paris. Passengers are ...hecking in for one of the first super-...onic Concorde flights to New York. ...ach passenger is weighed with his bag-...age, while an adding machine tots up ...he mounting burden: 18,000 lbs. . . . ...9,000 lbs. . . . 19,800 lbs. At that point ...a corpulent Frenchman steps on the ...cales, clocking 220 lbs. "Pardon, ...sieur," says the clerk. "You cannot ...ravel today. Even without your bag-...age you would put the Concorde over ...s weight limit."

That look into the future may not ...e farfetched. The Concorde's small ...ayload, mounting costs and environ-...ental effects are creating discord in ...ritain and France. This week British ...erospace Minister Michael Heseltine ...d French Transport Minister Jean ...hamant meet in Toulouse for urgent ...scussions of ways to ease the prob-...ms surrounding the plane. TIME Eu-...pean Economic Correspondent Roger ...eardwood (210 lbs.) reports:

When the Anglo-French Concorde ...oject was announced a decade ago, ...e estimated cost was $440 million.



PRINCESS MARGARET IN SUPERSONIC'S COCKPIT FOR TEST FLIGHT THIS MONTH

Also mounting costs and limited seating for corpulent capitalists.

This month the two governments gave the latest, far from final estimate: $2.5 billion. Each Concorde will cost some $49.4 million with spare parts, or 83% more than the present price for a 747 jumbo jet. It is small wonder that the builders, British Aircraft Corp. and France's Aérospatiale, do not have a single firm order so far, although 16 airlines have options for 74 planes. The builders do not expect all those options to be taken up. Even state-owned BOAC and Air France have not signed contracts to buy, despite intense pressure from their governments. The two airlines are holding out for the governments to offer low-interest, long-term loans and guarantees against operating losses. The officers of most lines, still struggling with the high costs and excess capacity of the jumbo jets, wish that the Concorde would just go away.

Limited Load. Concorde's small payload over the North Atlantic is the main reason for the airlines' reluctance. Geoffrey Knight, Chairman of British Aircraft Corp.'s commercial division, says that the Concorde will be able to carry at least 100 passengers from Paris to New York in 3 hr. 40 min. But that number assumes a mixture of men, women and children, weighing on average only 200 lbs. with baggage—a total of 20,000 lbs. The Concorde, however, is likely to be a businessmen's jet, since they will be among the few people willing to pay up to $975 for a round trip. Because business travelers are adults, usually males, and often plump, the assumed average weight of 200 lbs. with baggage seems optimistic.

The alternative may be to carry fewer passengers, but that would result in higher fares or larger operating losses —or both. Officers of Scandinavian Airlines, for example, have concluded that the Concorde would not be profitable on their North Atlantic routes, and thus have decided against buying it. Experts doubt that the British and French governments will ever sell enough planes to recover their total investment.

Restricted Routes. Cost is not the only difficulty. Because it creates a sonic boom when it exceeds the speed of sound, the Concorde will be barred from flying over most populated areas at its optimum speed of Mach 2.05. That limitation will reduce the number of routes on which it can be used; for example, it will not be able to fly supersonically between New York and Los Angeles or between London and Rome. Even at subsonic speeds, Concorde is hardly an environmental advance: on takeoff it will be as loud as a Boeing 747 and perhaps louder.

In the face of these drawbacks, Britain and France are going all-out to promote Concorde. French President Georges Pompidou proudly flew to the Azores in one for his summit meeting with President Nixon last fall. Recently Britain's Princess Margaret flew at 1,300 m.p.h. and declared that the Concorde was "a tremendous technological achievement." What has yet to be proved is Concorde's success as a commercial airliner.

EXECUTIVES

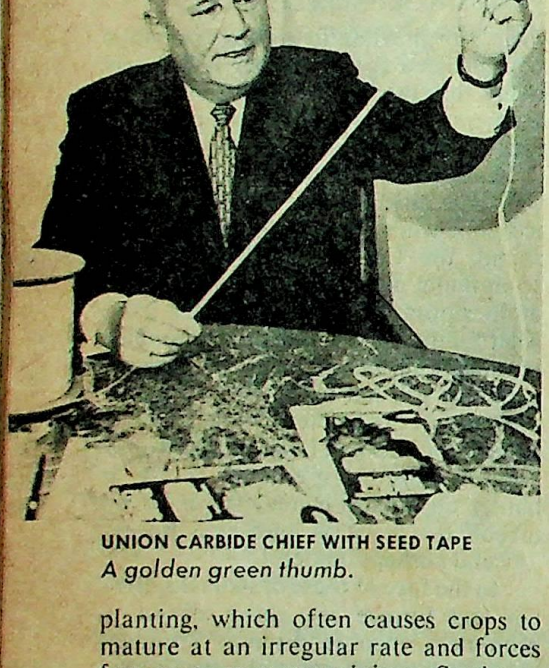
Wilson's Seed Money

F. (for Francis) Perry Wilson is a farm boy who went to the big city 40 years ago and struck it rich, but he never quite left the farm. Now 57, the voluble Wilson still visits the family tobacco and cotton spread near Spray, N.C., that he owns with his three brothers. More important, as chairman and chief executive of Union Carbide Corp., he

is turning the nation's second largest chemical company into a much faster-growing supplier to farmers. As he puts it, Carbide is "developing chemistry-based products to capitalize on the mechanization of agriculture."

Squeezed like all big chemical companies by rising costs and depressed prices because of an excess supply of products, Carbide is searching for new "convenience technology" products to increase profits. Last year the company earned $158 million on $3 billion in revenues, or 15% less earnings than in 1969. Now Carbide is having great success with Seed Tape, a ribbon of polyoxide plastic containing seeds. Using a tractor mounted with a reel of tape, a farmer can plant a crop uniformly. The seeds are evenly spaced, and the tape dissolves when sprayed with water. This eliminates the costly problem of uneven

KEN GRAFF



UNION CARBIDE CHIEF WITH SEED TAPE
A golden green thumb.

planting, which often causes crops to mature at an irregular rate and forces farmers to reap several times. Seed tape has not only sold well to large corporate farmers but has also garnered about 6% of the home gardening market. Carbide is now testing tapes that contain fertilizer or herbicides as well as a single tape that will have both seeds and fertilizers.

An offshoot of Carbide's farming ventures is a $3.50 toy, "Nature's Window." Marketed by Ideal Toy Corp., it is a kit of seeds and two plastic disks containing a chemical gel that retains water; in it, seeds begin to germinate within a couple of days. By year's end Carbide expects to sell 15 million disks to Ideal.

Wilson's farming efforts are spreading from the land to the sea. The company has an experimental fish farm in Puget Sound, where it is developing plate-sized salmon; the only salmon now on the market are 30- to 40-pounders that are caught in the wild with a great deal of labor. These projects are part of Wilson's drive to develop more consumer products, which require less capital investment than the industrial commodities that now bring 78% of Union Carbide's sales. "It won't happen in my lifetime," says Wilson, "but some day we may be 50% consumer and 50% industrial."

CORPORATIONS

Clean-Air Buff

Stiff federal controls on carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon emissions, scheduled to take hold on 1975 model cars, have been a migraine for the automakers. But for Milton Rosenthal, a lawyer who is chief executive of Engelhard Minerals & Chemicals Corp., Washington's demand for cleaner air could produce a bonanza. Engelhard makes a catalytic converter—a steel cylinder containing a platinum-treated honeycomb structure—that changes some toxic gases into harmless substances. The converter, which costs less than $50, shows strong evidence of enabling the automakers to meet the Environmental Protection Agency standards.

Various companies are trying to perfect similar devices, but with the 1975 models already on the planning boards, the auto manufacturers must already begin to line up suppliers. Ford was the first, recently making a "firm commitment" with Engelhard for half of the catalytic converters it will need in 1975. Other U.S. automakers may soon follow Ford's lead, and Rosenthal, 58, a meticulous executive who tries to keep an eye on details, is looking abroad for still more customers. Japan and Canada, he believes, will soon pass restrictive emission standards.

Engelhard is an unusual company. It was long run by flamboyant Charles Engelhard, who before his death last year built up a billion-dollar business, mostly as an international trader and fabricator of precious metals. Engelhard does much business with Anglo-American Corp. of South Africa Ltd., which owns 30% of Engelhard's common stock and is run by Harry Oppenheimer, the South African mining magnate. But Rosenthal clearly would welcome any new business. Last year, on revenues of $1.5 billion, the company's earnings dropped from $36 million to $28 million.

DEVELOPMENT

Those Hot Chile Nights

With their Italian silk suits, Swiss watches and flashing grins, the happy foreigners stood out conspicuously in Santiago, Chile. They came from Swaziland, Barbados, Fiji and other developing states to confront representatives of richer industrial countries in the third United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD). [illegible] 3,000 delegates from 142 countries [illegible] for five weeks in a new $10 million building, which had been specially [illegible] up for them by the nearly broke Chilean government. They listened to [illegible] hours of speeches, mostly impassioned pleas for preferential trade deals, [illegible] fat increases in foreign aid for developing countries. But they made [illegible] progress. As one weary U.S. delegate complained: "The conference presumes that the U.S. is a giant cow and that there should be a teat for every developing country in the world."

Liquid Receptions. Yet as the [illegible] little conference wound toward an [illegible] ficial close last week, delegates from many developing nations considered it [illegible] tending it for some days. And why not? What UNCTAD lacked in substance [illegible] more than made up for in fun and games. The partying was so intense that UNCTAD's founding father, the [illegible] Argentine economist Raúl Prebisch, [illegible] ticeably avoided the meeting, and [illegible] Belgian delegate went on a hunger strike in protest. The Chilean government had laid on a cultural program—symphony and folk music, ballet and theater—but had to cancel it after [illegible] week because of low attendance.

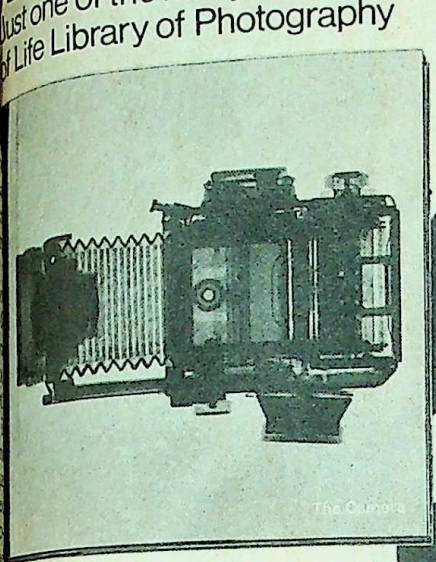
Other nocturnal activities were more pressing. Many delegates boasted of attending three highly liquid receptions a night. In a country where Johnnie Walker Black Label costs upwards of $30 a fifth, the government allowed the delegates to buy three bottles of whisky a week in a duty-free store that was opened for them and increased the ration for parties. One African delegate joked that UNCTAD had set up still another committee, "the extracurricular activities committee, and it is the busiest of all."

Overworked Women. Business was so brisk in nightclubs that prices were raised from $1.05 to $1.55 a drink. The Chilean central bank reported that the delegates changed an average of only $3 a day into escudos at the official rate. Meanwhile, the visitors brought a boom to Santiago's money black market, where dollars were changed for three to four times the official rate. A popular brothel located in a downtown office building reported business up 50% during the UNCTAD meeting and had to add four women to its overworked regular staff of six.

Curiously, the greatest party lovers were the Chinese. Their embassy receptions, awash with plenty of mind-numbing *mao-tai* liquor, were the most popular social events in Santiago. But the Chinese were always tough-bargaining businessmen. Last week three of them huddled with three Chilean girls in a combination bar-brothel and were told that the price of the action would be $75 each, double the pre-UNCTAD rate. The Chinese held a hasty conference and made a decision: they would share one girl.

The Camera!

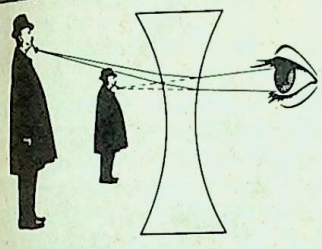
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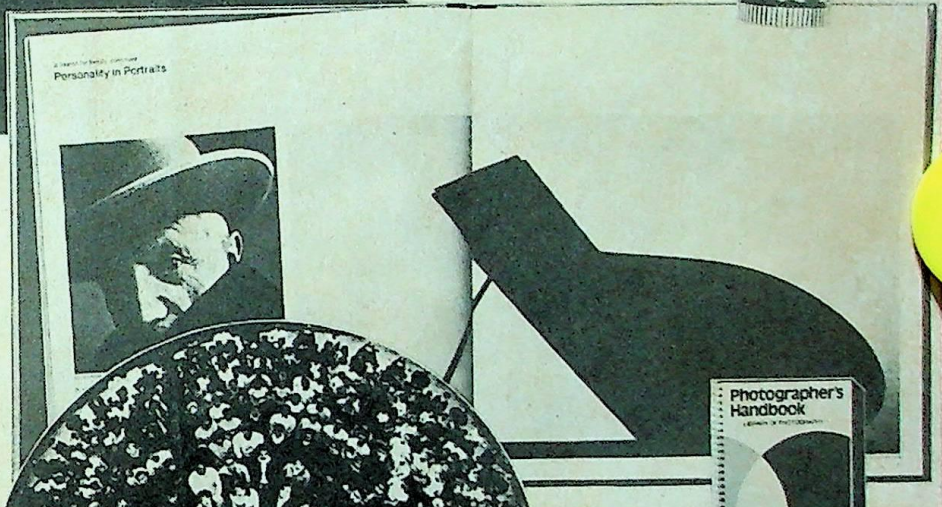


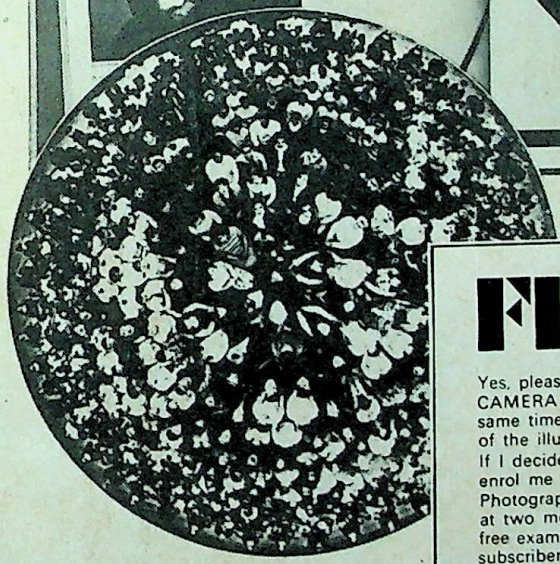




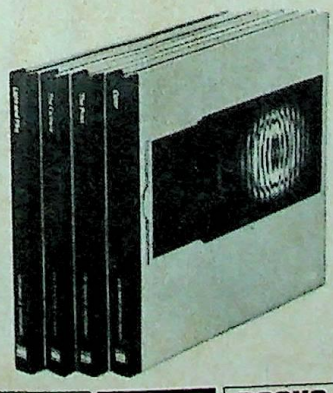












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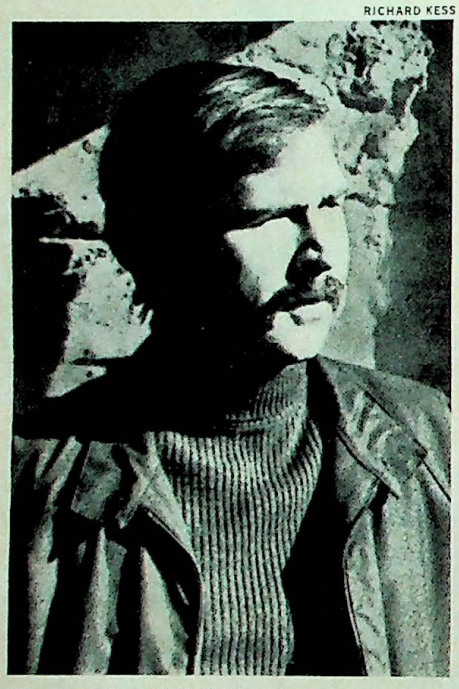
Carnography

FIRST BLOOD
by DAVID MORRELL
252 pages. Evans. $5.95.

Civilization has lately presented us with the meat movie, the kind in which we pay to see meat fly off someone's head as he is shotgunned. Now here is the meat novel.

Two men. Rambo, the Kid; Teasle, the Cop. Rambo hitchhiking, Teasle rodding him on to the edge of town. But Rambo doesn't shuffle down the road. Instead (the reader is cold and sure as the adrenaline shoots: oh, man, it will come . . .) he walks back into town. A second time: the Cop, the Kid, back to the edge of town. And walks back in.

RICHARD KESS



AUTHOR DAVID MORRELL
Blood on the screen.

(The reader: right, right, now let him be a discharged Green Beret . . .)

The third time: Rambo in jail. Won't tell his name (but wait till they find out . . .). Won't let his hair be cut. Teasle starts to cut it anyway; good cop, Korea veteran, a big medal. Rambo, sure enough, an ex-Green Beret (and, my God, a Medal of Honor winner), tries to hold himself in, won't let them force him to start killing again (Come back, Shane!) because this time it won't stop.

Too much; no, he can't; he does: Rambo grabs a straight razor, spills one deputy's guts into his cupped hands, blinds another with a chop, out the door, bashes a motorcyclist off his bike, slews across the fields and into the mountains, gone, bare-bottom naked from the jail shower. Teasle follows.

It is done well. David Morrell, a young Canadian first-novelist, is an expert technician. This is important, an absolute requirement of the genre. When the meat flies off the head, it must fly just right. Through the lens, spraying the viewer with reality. Except that the reader/viewer is safe in his chair. That is the fun of voyeurism—its safety.

A crank's view, if anyone wants it: I am sick of carnography, of sitting safe and watching meat fly. On the screen and watching meat fly. On the screen or on the page. But don't *Moby-Dick* and *Hamlet* also end bloodily? And isn't the reader/viewer always a voyeur?

Well, no, he isn't. But carnography's adrenal rush, quickened pulse rate, and readying of muscles for action are nearly as effective as pornography's sexual flush in blocking out all other emotional and intellectual reactions. This monotonous, mechanical simplification is why porno and carno are properly held in contempt.

The carno question invites endless literary lawyering. Is it not possible, for instance, to write excitingly about violence without being a carnographer? Yes, of course; James Jones' fine combat novel *The Thin Red Line* is not carno, nor is James Dickey's *Deliverance*, nor Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer stories. Mickey Spillane's *I, the Jury* is carno. No, it is not possible to draw a line, and yes, David Morrell's *First Blood* is unmistakably carno, well over the line that can't be drawn.

Is his novel harmful? There are two answers: 1) No. If you liked Lieutenant Calley, you'll love the book; and 2) Yes. For Morrell runs a grave danger of spraining his back carrying his royalties to the bank. ■ John Skow

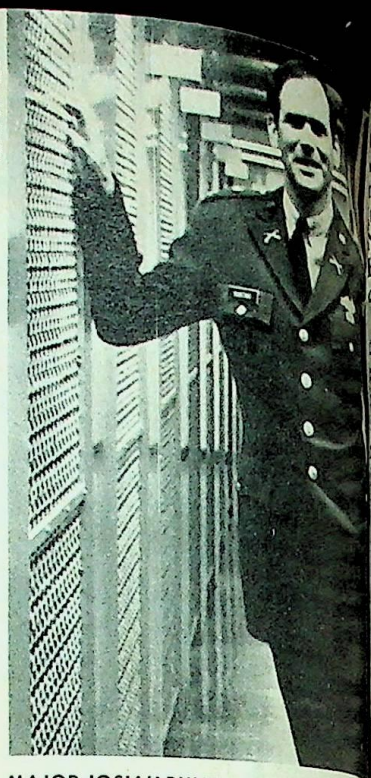
Goodbye to All That

THE LIONHEADS
by JOSIAH BUNTING
213 pages. Braziller. $5.95.

The Lionheads is a valuable oddity —a small, intelligent Viet Nam book written by a career officer who in another time, another war, would be bending his disciplined mind to winning his stars. Instead, Josiah Bunting, a 32-year-old infantry major, has drawn up a novel —really a sort of fictionalized indictment—with the same shrewd logic he used to devote to planning operations in the Mekong Delta. The novel's interest, and the author's impulse, is not so much fictional as political. Because the author gives expert testimony, *The Lionheads* is a notable document of war.

Bunting's villain is a system gone sour. In a war whose moral impetus is ambiguous, even contaminated, Bunting suggests, the "grunts" die uncomprehendingly—"because they felt obliged to be brave in the presence of their buddies." For too many career officers, Viet Nam has simply been a place to get their professional tickets punched, or a proving ground for testing military hardware. Therefore death

BETTY STATLER



MAJOR JOSIAH BUNTING
Disgust with arrogance.

in Viet Nam has a special fa

His complaints are not entirely
But by tracing one misbegotten
combat operation from the division
el to a single Pfc.'s subsequent dea
a night "contact" with the enemy,
ting offers a vivid case history. D
inating the story is Major Ge
George S. Lemming, a brilliant div
commander who represents in
ways the best and worst of the Re
Army. A literary cousin of Nor
Mailer's General Edward Cumming
The Naked and the Dead, Lemm
a kind of Abercrombie & Fitch so
who reads *Lee's Lieutenants* before
goes to sleep. He chides one of his
gade commanders for lack of fero
by saying: "Your body count is a
ing joke." The result of that com
is a microcosmic morality play. L
ming sends the commander's river
force into an attack staged to impre
Secretary of the Navy who never
pears. Almost whimsically, Lemm
denies helicopter support for the
ation. Men needlessly die.

Bunting has a cool eye for A
ican ceremonies of *machismo* in
Nam, including the baronial pro
of General Lemming's briefings and
peculiar delights of a war-loving
jor's exotic gun collection ("The
thing about this one is that it's got
a slow cyclic rate: they can feel
bullet going in"). Reflecting on the
role in Viet Nam, the author quo
passage from C.S. Forester: "In
ways, it was like a debate of a gro
savages as to how to extract a
from a piece of wood. Accustomed
to nails, they made one effort to
out the screw by main force. "They
prying and using pincers with incre
force. But the secret remained in
Major Bunting is saying good
all that. Now an assistant profes
history at West Point, he will

from the Army in July. It will be a somewhat ambiguous end to his career: Bunting has signed a contract to teach military history and decision making at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I. He will also collaborate on a new book called *Military Careerism*.

Moral Growth. At 6 ft. 4 in., Bunting has what is called "command presence." The son of a Haverford, Pa., real estate man, he was expelled from Pennsylvania's Hill School for "general troublemaking," and then, at 17, enlisted in the Marines. After two years, he enrolled at Virginia Military Institute, graduated in 1963 as first captain and third in a class of 185. He won a Rhodes scholarship and studied modern British history at Oxford, then settled down to a military career.

It was in Viet Nam, as a plans officer for the riverine force in the Delta, that his attitude began to change. "It was not a matter of seeing a massacre or anything like that," he explains. "It was a slow, subterranean kind of change: a disgust with the arrogance and unapproachability of the officers, of watching men whose moral growth stopped at the age of twelve. I concluded that we had reached the point that whatever gains we could possibly make, there would never be enough to make up for the suffering we were inflicting."

Such opinions made him increasingly uncomfortable in the military. Sometimes he amuses himself at parties by playing a truculent young Patton ("If we could just blow out those goddamn Vikes up North"). Privately his conversation runs to Gerard Manley Hopkins and Robert Browning. The night the B-52s started bombing Hanoi and Haiphong, Bunting said: "Can we react any more? I don't know. But this makes me physically sick." ■ Lance Morrow

Love and Despair

A CHILD CALLED NOAH
by JOSH GREENFELD
191 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

The twain met in 1960 at the MacDowell Colony, a sylvan artists' preserve in Peterborough, N.H. She, Foumiko Kometani, was a painter from Japan. He, Josh Greenfeld, was a Jewish writer from Greenwich Village. As newlyweds, they began family life simply, with a cat named Brodsky. In 1964 a son, Karl Taro, was born. Two years later Foumiko gave birth to another child, a placid, ethereally beautiful boy whom they named Noah Jiro.

For two talented people, the world promised a balance between domestic life and art. But at the age of 2½ Noah stopped talking. He also stopped feeding himself and using the toilet. He seemed to lose interest in the world. It was as if Noah were attending a private showing of a very exclusive daydream.

Diagnosis proved difficult, expensive and exasperating. Psychologists

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ALLAN GRANT



KARL & NOAH GREENFELD
In a very exclusive daydream.

tended to classify Noah as retarded. Neurologists generalized about brain damage. Terms such as schizophrenia and autism seemed to cover all the ground but never really defined any of it. "The medical profession," Greenfeld writes, "was merely playing Aristotelian nomenclature and classification games at our expense." Considering that 33 of every 1,000 children born in the U.S. are or become severely retarded or disturbed, the cost in money and parental nerves must be enormous.

They went the rounds, from psychiatrists to chiropractors. Most treatments, however, were only shots in the dark. Private facilities offered little hope. State agencies came muffled in bureaucratic cotton, or their funds were frozen in vague categories for the handicapped that excluded Noah. Greenfeld's assessment of the situation: "Have a crazy kid and get to understand the gut meaning of a society."

At U.C.L.A., Noah came under the care of a team of psychologists led by a Norwegian specialist in "operant conditioning"—a therapy similar to animal training. Noah was forced to respond to simple commands. His successes were rewarded with Fritos; his failures were met sternly. Enforced hunger and low-voltage prods were part of the program.

To date, Noah has made some measurable progress. Occasionally he blurts a word or flashes a gesture, indicating a slim connection to this world. But it is likely, as he grows older and harder to handle, that he will have to be institutionalized. It is a prospect that the Greenfelds view with conflicting dread and relief. For as Greenfeld tactfully conveys in this moving collection of a year's journal entries, the family of any abnormal child is almost equally victimized. With a novelist's skill and perceptions, Greenfeld tells not only of the daily burden of Noah but of the guilts and suspicions the boy created between his parents. The book also records moments of tenderness and deep understanding. Yet caught between love and despair, Greenfeld refuses to sentimentalize his or his wife's deflected lives. He is an enduring realist, particularly when forced to define himself. "I am," he says, "a father-writer." ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Ashes

NO NAME IN THE STREET
by JAMES BALDWIN
197 pages. Dial. $5.95.

Despite his credentials as an outsider, James Baldwin has been a middleman between black rights activists and white liberals. Finely written early novels like *Go Tell It on the Mountain* sensitized white readers to life under black skin. The moral essays (*Nobody Knows My Name, The Fire Next Time*) personalized the abstractions of racism with passion and high intelligence. Yet a middleman runs the risk of being caught between both ends. Liberals eventually tired of having their noses rubbed in their own hypocrisy. Radical brothers like Eldridge Cleaver charged Baldwin with caring more about personal needs than black liberation. Indeed, the sad irony of Baldwin's success is that it is based on terms laid down by white society before many black leaders had redefined the terms of success with their blood.

Baldwin seems particularly aware of his vulnerability in *No Name in the Street*, a collection of reminiscences raked from his private disasters and public disappointments. The book is walled in by a profound disillusion based partly on the state of the world as Baldwin sees it and partly on the unchangeable fact that Baldwin is now nearly 48 years old. "What in the world was I now," he laments, "but an aging, lonely, sexually dubious, politically outrageous, unspeakable erratic freak?"

Funeral Suit. He then goes on to prove it. An old friend calls with a grotesque request. He has read in a gossip column that Baldwin never again will wear the suit he wore at Martin Luther King's funeral. The friend, a postal clerk, wants to know if he could have the suit. Baldwin takes it to him and stays for dinner. A few drinks, an attempt by the friend to defend U.S. Indochina policy, and Baldwin explodes in violent profanity before the man and his family. There is also Baldwin torn between directing the legal defense of a New York friend charged with murder or remaining at the glamorous Beverly Hills Hotel to work on a doomed movie script about Malcolm X.

Baldwin seems to have an instinct for no-win situations. It is almost as if he needed them to fulfill a larger need for his incessant self-examinations, which often turn out to be self-deprecations. In recalling his youthful days as an expatriate in Paris, Baldwin ages to equate his attitude toward secuted Algerians with the attitude white Americans toward their countrymen. His feeling of kinship the Algerian cause was accompanied the troubling fact that his American passport granted him special privileges He could not reconcile being regarded as "an African prince" in Europe and "a domestic nigger" in the U.S. The result was guilt about why he was not home paying his dues.

Baldwin consistently main-lines guilt, whose source appears to be an unreasonable sense of inadequacy. He seems truly tortured by the world as it is and by his inability as an artist to change it. The healing Christian love so strongly preached in the earlier writings, proved inadequate but remains a rhetorical echo. The righteous, cleansing fire he summoned for "next time" is now only a vague and sinister "sign of the wrath to come." He talks of morality as a living thing, but he is crushed by the truth that the struggle for political freedom is decided by raw power.

Baldwin the complex artist often succumbs to Baldwin the propagandist and fantasist. When he calls America the Fourth Reich, he sounds as if fascism were a completed fact rather than a terrifying possibility. And when he speaks of "Martin" or "Malcolm" there is a touch of envy in his reverence. It is almost as if Baldwin would rather break the apron strings of his beautiful prose style and become a martyr himself. ■ R.Z.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1—The Word, *Wallace* (1 *last week*)
2—Captains and the Kings, *Caldwell* (3)
3—The Winds of War, *Wouk* (2)
4—My Name Is Asher Lev, *Potok* (4)
5—The Exorcist, *Blatty* (5)
6—The Blue Knight, *Wambaugh* (6)
7—11 Harrowhouse, *Browne* (8)
8—The Assassins, *Kazan* (9)
9—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, *Higgins* (7)
10—Monday the Rabbi Took Off, *Kemelman*

NONFICTION

1—The Boys of Summer, *Kahn* (2)
2—The Game of the Foxes, *Farago* (1)
3—A World Beyond, *Montgomery*
4—Eleanor and Franklin, *Lash* (10)
5—The Truth About Weight Control, *Dr. Neil Solomon with Sally Sheppard* (5)
6—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, *Bach*
7—Report from Engine Co. 82, *Smith* (3)
8—The Washington Pay-Off, *Winter-Berger* (6)
9—Open Marriage, *Nena and George O'Neill* (4)
10—Nutrition & Your Mind, *Watson* (8)

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